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A CHILD'S HISTORY OF
ENGLAND

A HOLIDAY ROMANCE
AND OTHER PIECES

BY

Charles Dickens

ALSO

THE DICKENS DICTIONARY

BY GILBERT A. PIERCE

WITH ADDITIONS BY WILLIAM A. WHEELER



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1922

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE - MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

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A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

ANCIENT ENGLAND AND THE ROMANS

IF you look at a map of the world, you will see, in the left-hand upper corner of the Eastern Hemisphere, two islands lying in the sea. They are England and Scotland, and Ireland. England and Scotland form the greater part of these islands. Ireland is the next in size. The little neighbouring islands, which are so small upon the map as to be mere dots, are chiefly little bits of Scotland, — broken off, I dare say, in the course of a great length of time, by the power of the restless water.

In the old days, a long, long while ago, before our Saviour was born on earth, and lay asleep in a manger, these islands were in the same place; and the stormy sea roared round them, just as it roars now. But the sea was not alive then with great ships and brave sailors, sailing to and from all parts of the world. It was very lonely. The islands lay solitary in the great expanse of water. The foaming waves dashed against their cliffs, and the bleak winds blew over their forests. But the winds and waves brought no adventurers to land upon the islands; and the savage islanders knew nothing of the rest of the world, and the rest of the world knew nothing of them.

It is supposed that the Phœnicians, who were an ancient people, famous for carrying on trade, came in ships to these islands, and found that they produced tin and lead; both very useful things, as you know, and both produced to this very hour upon the sea-coast. The most celebrated tin-mines in Cornwall are still close to the sea. One of them, which I have seen, is so close to it that it is hollowed out underneath the ocean; and the miners say that in stormy weather, when they are at work down in that deep place, they can hear the

noise of the waves thundering above their heads. So the Phœnicians, coasting about the islands, would come, without much difficulty, to where the tin and lead were.

The Phœnicians traded with the islanders for these metals, and gave the islanders some other useful things in exchange. The islanders were at first poor savages, going almost naked, or only dressed in the rough skins of beasts, and staining their bodies, as other savages do, with coloured earths and the juices of plants. But the Phœnicians, sailing over to the opposite coasts of France and Belgium, and saying to the people there, "We have been to those white cliffs across the water, which you can see in fine weather; and from that country, which is called Britain, we bring this tin and lead," tempted some of the French and Belgians to come over also. These people settled themselves on the south coast of England, which is now called Kent; and although they were a rough people, too, they taught the savage Britons some useful arts, and improved that part of the islands. It is probable that other people came over from Spain to Ireland, and settled there.

Thus, by little and little, strangers became mixed with the islanders, and the savage Britons grew into a wild, bold people; almost savage still, especially in the interior of the country, away from the sea, where the foreign settlers seldom went; but hardy, brave, and strong.

The whole country was covered with forests and swamps. The greater part of it was very misty and cold. There were no roads, no bridges, no streets, no houses that you would think deserving of the name. A town was nothing but a collection of straw-covered huts, hidden in a thick wood, with a ditch all round, and a low wall made of mud or the trunks of trees placed one upon another. The people planted little or no corn, but lived upon the flesh of their flocks and cattle. They made no coins, but used metal rings for money. They were clever in basket-work, as savage people often are; and they could make a coarse kind of cloth, and some very bad earthenware. But in building fortresses they were much more clever.

They made boats of basket-work, covered with the skins of animals, but seldom, if ever, ventured far from the shore. They made swords of copper mixed with tin; but these swords were of an awkward shape, and so soft that a heavy blow

would bend one. They made light shields; short, pointed daggers; and spears, which they jerked back, after they had thrown them at an enemy, by a long strip of leather fastened to the stem. The butt end was a rattle, to frighten an enemy's horse. The ancient Britons, being divided into as many as thirty or forty tribes, each commanded by its own little king, were constantly fighting with one another, as savage people usually do; and they always fought with these weapons.

They were very fond of horses. The standard of Kent was the picture of a white horse. They could break them in and manage them wonderfully well. Indeed, the horses (of which they had an abundance, though they were rather small) were so well taught in those days that they can scarcely be said to have improved since; though the men are so much wiser. They understood and obeyed every word of command; and would stand still by themselves, in all the din and noise of battle, while their masters went to fight on foot. The Britons could not have succeeded in their most remarkable art without the aid of these sensible and trusty animals. The art I mean is the construction and management of war chariots or cars; for which they have ever been celebrated in history. Each of the best sort of these chariots, not quite breast-high in front, and open at the back, contained one man to drive, and two or three others to fight, — all standing up. The horses who drew them were so well trained that they would tear, at full gallop, over the most stony ways, and even through the woods; dashing down their masters' enemies beneath their hoofs, and cutting them to pieces with the blades of swords, or scythes, which were fastened to the wheels, and stretched out beyond the car on each side, for that cruel purpose. In a moment, while at full speed, the horses would stop at the driver's command. The men within would leap out, deal blows about them with their swords, like hail, leap on the horses, on the pole, spring back into the chariots anyhow; and as soon as they were safe, the horses tore away again.

The Britons had a strange and terrible religion, called the religion of the Druids. It seems to have been brought over, in very early times, indeed, from the opposite country of France, anciently called Gaul, and to have mixed up the worship of the Serpent, and of the Sun and Moon, with the worship of some of the heathen gods and goddesses. Most of

its ceremonies were kept secret by the priests, — the Druids, — who pretended to be enchanter, and who carried magicians' wands, and wore, each of them, about his neck, what he told the ignorant people was a serpent's egg in a golden case. But it is certain that the Druidical ceremonies included the sacrifice of human victims, the torture of some suspected criminals, and, on particular occasions, even the burning alive, in immense wicker cages, of a number of men and animals together. The Druid priests had some kind of veneration for the oak, and for the mistletoe (the same plant that we hang up in houses at Christmas-time now) when its white berries grew upon the oak. They met together in dark woods, which they called sacred groves; and there they instructed in their mysterious arts young men who came to them as pupils, and who sometimes stayed with them as long as twenty years.

These Druids built great temples and altars, open to the sky, fragments of some of which are yet remaining. Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, is the most extraordinary of these. Three curious stones, called Kits Coty House, on Bluebell Hill, near Maidstone, in Kent, form another. We know, from examination of the great blocks of which such buildings are made, that they could not have been raised without the aid of some ingenious machines which are common now, but which the ancient Britons certainly did not use in making their own uncomfortable houses. I should not wonder if the Druids, and their pupils who stayed with them twenty years, knowing more than the rest of the Britons, kept the people out of sight while they made these buildings, and then pretended that they built them by magic. Perhaps they had a hand in the fortresses, too; at all events, as they were very powerful, and very much believed in, and as they made and executed the laws, and paid no taxes, I don't wonder that they liked their trade. And, as they persuaded the people the more Druids there were the better off the people would be, I don't wonder that there were a good many of them. But it is pleasant to think that there are no Druids *now*, who go on in that way, and pretend to carry enchanter's wands and serpent's eggs; and, of course, there is nothing of the kind anywhere.

Such was the improved condition of the ancient Britons fifty-five years before the birth of our Saviour, when the Romans, under their great general, Julius Cæsar, were masters

of all the rest of the known world. Julius Cæsar had then just conquered Gaul; and hearing in Gaul a good deal about the opposite island with the white cliffs, and about the bravery of the Britons who inhabited it (some of whom had been fetched over to help the Gauls in the war against him), he resolved, as he was so near, to come and conquer Britain next.

So Julius Cæsar came sailing over to this island of ours, with eighty vessels and twelve thousand men. And he came from the French coast between Calais and Boulogne, "because thence was the shortest passage into Britain;" just for the same reason as our steamboats now take the same track every day. He expected to conquer Britain easily. But it was not such easy work as he supposed; for the bold Britons fought most bravely. And what with not having his horse-soldiers with him (for they had been driven back by a storm), and what with having some of his vessels dashed to pieces by a high tide after they were drawn ashore, he ran great risk of being totally defeated. However, for once that the bold Britons beat him, he beat them twice; though not so soundly but that he was very glad to accept their proposals of peace, and go away.

But in the spring of the next year, he came back; this time with eight hundred vessels and thirty thousand men. The British tribes chose, as their general-in-chief, a Briton, whom the Romans in their Latin language called Cassivellaunus, but whose British name is supposed to have been Caswallon. A brave general he was; and well he and his soldiers fought the Roman army! So well that whenever in that war the Roman soldiers saw a great cloud of dust, and heard the rattle of the rapid British chariots, they trembled in their hearts. Besides a number of smaller battles, there was a battle fought near Canterbury, in Kent; there was a battle fought near Chertsey, in Surrey; there was a battle fought near a marshy little town in a wood, the capital of that part of Britain which belonged to Cassivellaunus, and which was probably near what is now St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. However, brave Cassivellaunus had the worst of it, on the whole; though he and his men always fought like lions. As the other British chiefs were jealous of him, and were always quarrelling with him and with one another, he gave up, and proposed peace. Julius Cæsar was very glad to grant peace easily, and to go away again with all

his remaining ships and men. He had expected to find pearls in Britain, and he may have found a few for anything I know; but, at all events, he found delicious oysters. And I am sure he found tough Britons; of whom, I dare say, he made the same complaint as Napoleon Bonaparte, the great French general, did, eighteen hundred years afterwards, when he said they were such unreasonable fellows that they never knew when they were beaten. They never *did* know, I believe, and never will.

Nearly a hundred years passed on; and all that time there was peace in Britain. The Britons improved their towns and mode of life; became more civilised; travelled; and learned a great deal from the Gauls and Romans. At last, the Roman Emperor Claudius sent Aulus Plautius, a skilful general, with a mighty force, to subdue the island; and shortly afterwards arrived himself. They did little; and Ostorius Scapula, another general, came. Some of the British chiefs of tribes submitted. Others resolved to fight to the death. Of these brave men, the bravest was Caractacus, or Caradoc, who gave battle to the Romans with his army among the mountains of North Wales. "This day," said he to his soldiers, "decides the fate of Britain! Your liberty, or your eternal slavery, dates from this hour. Remember your brave ancestors, who drove the great Cæsar himself across the sea." On hearing these words, his men, with a great shout, rushed upon the Romans. But the strong Roman swords and armour were too much for the weaker British weapons in close conflict. The Britons lost the day. The wife and daughter of the brave Caractacus were taken prisoners; his brothers delivered themselves up; he himself was betrayed into the hands of the Romans by his false and base step-mother; and they carried him, and all his family, in triumph to Rome.

But a great man will be great in misfortune, great in prison, great in chains. His noble air and dignified endurance of distress so touched the Roman people, who thronged the streets to see him, that he and his family were restored to freedom. No one knows whether his great heart broke, and he died in Rome, or whether he ever returned to his own dear country. English oaks have grown up from acorns, and withered away when they were hundreds of years old, — and other oaks have sprung up in their places, and died too, very aged, — since the rest of the history of the brave Caractacus was forgotten.

Still the Britons *would not* yield. They rose again and again, and died by thousands, sword in hand. They rose on every possible occasion. Suetonius, another Roman general, came and stormed the Island of Anglesey (then called Mona), which was supposed to be sacred; and he burnt the Druids in their own wicker cages, by their own fires. But even while he was in Britain with his victorious troops, the Britons rose. Because Boadicea, a British queen, the widow of the king of the Norfolk and Suffolk people, resisted the plundering of her property by the Romans who were settled in England, she was scourged by order of Catus, a Roman officer; and her two daughters were shamefully insulted in her presence; and her husband's relations were made slaves. To avenge this injury, the Britons rose with all their might and rage. They drove Catus into Gaul; they laid the Roman possessions waste; they forced the Romans out of London (then a poor little town, but a trading-place); they hanged, burnt, crucified, and slew by the sword seventy thousand Romans in a few days. Suetonius strengthened his army, and advanced to give them battle. They strengthened their army, and desperately attacked his on the field where it was strongly posted. Before the first charge of the Britons was made, Boadicea, in a war chariot, with her fair hair streaming in the wind, and her injured daughters lying at her feet, drove among the troops, and cried to them for vengeance on their oppressors, the licentious Romans. The Britons fought to the last; but they were vanquished with great slaughter, and the unhappy queen took poison.

Still the spirit of the Britons was not broken. When Suetonius left the country, they fell upon his troops, and retook the Island of Anglesey. Agricola came fifteen or twenty years afterwards, and retook it once more, and devoted seven years to subduing the country, especially that part of it which is now called Scotland; but its people, the Caledonians, resisted him at every inch of ground. They fought the bloodiest battles with him; they killed their very wives and children, to prevent his making prisoners of them; they fell, fighting, in such great numbers that certain hills in Scotland are yet supposed to be vast heaps of stones piled up above their graves. Hadrian came thirty years afterwards; and still they resisted him. Severus came nearly a hundred years afterwards; and they worried his great army like dogs, and rejoiced to see them die, by

thousands, in the bogs and swamps. Caracalla, the son and successor of Severus, did the most to conquer them, for a time; but not by force of arms. He knew how little that would do. He yielded up a quantity of land to the Caledonians, and gave the Britons the same privileges as the Romans possessed. There was peace after this for seventy years.

Then new enemies arose. They were the Saxons, a fierce, seafaring people from the countries to the north of the Rhine, the great river of Germany, on the banks of which the best grapes grow to make the German wine. They began to come in pirate ships to the sea-coast of Gaul and Britain, and to plunder them. They were repulsed by Carausius, a native either of Belgium or of Britain, who was appointed by the Romans to the command, and under whom the Britons first began to fight upon the sea. But after this time they renewed their ravages. A few years more, and the Scots (which was then the name for the people of Ireland) and the Picts, a northern people, began to make frequent plundering incursions into the South of Britain. All these attacks were repeated, at intervals, during two hundred years, and through a long succession of Roman emperors and chiefs; during all which length of time the Britons rose against the Romans, over and over again. At last, in the days of the Roman Honorius, when the Roman power all over the world was fast declining, and when Rome wanted all her soldiers at home, the Romans abandoned all hope of conquering Britain, and went away. And still, at last as at first, the Britons rose against them in their old brave manner; for a very little while before, they had turned away the Roman magistrates, and declared themselves an independent people.

Five hundred years had passed since Julius Cæsar's first invasion of the Island, when the Romans departed from it for ever. In the course of that time, although they had been the cause of terrible fighting and bloodshed, they had done much to improve the condition of the Britons. They had made great military roads; they had built forts; they had taught them how to dress and arm themselves much better than they had ever known how to do before; they had refined the whole British way of living. Agricola had built a great wall of earth, more than seventy miles long, extending from Newcastle to beyond Carlisle, for the purpose of keeping out the Picts

and Scots; Hadrian had strengthened it; Severus, finding it much in want of repair, had built it afresh of stone. Above all, it was in the Roman time, and by means of Roman ships, that the Christian religion was first brought into Britain, and its people first taught the great lesson, that, to be good in the sight of God, they must love their neighbours as themselves, and do unto others as they would be done by. The Druids declared that it was very wicked to believe in any such thing, and cursed all the people who did believe it, very heartily. But when the people found that they were none the better for the blessings of the Druids, and none the worse for the curses of the Druids, but that the sun shone and the rain fell without consulting the Druids at all, they just began to think that the Druids were mere men, and that it signified very little whether they cursed or blessed. After which, the pupils of the Druids fell off greatly in numbers, and the Druids took to other trades.

Thus I have come to the end of the Roman time in England. It is but little that is known of those five hundred years; but some remains of them are still found. Often, when labourers are digging up the ground to make foundations for houses or churches, they light on rusty money that once belonged to the Romans. Fragments of plates from which they ate, of goblets from which they drank, and of pavement on which they trod, are discovered among the earth that is broken by the plough, or the dust that is crumbled by the gardener's spade. Wells that the Romans sunk still yield water; roads that the Romans made form part of our highways. In some old battle-fields, British spear-heads and Roman armour have been found, mingled together in decay, as they fell in the thick pressure of the fight. Traces of Roman camps, overgrown with grass, and of mounds that are the burial-places of heaps of Britons, are to be seen in almost all parts of the country. Across the bleak moors of Northumberland, the wall of Severus, overrun with moss and weeds, still stretches, a strong ruin; and the shepherds and their dogs lie sleeping on it in the summer weather. On Salisbury Plain, Stonehenge yet stands, — a monument of the earlier time when the Roman name was unknown in Britain, and when the Druids, with their best magic wands, could not have written it in the sands of the wild sea-shore.

CHAPTER II

ANCIENT ENGLAND UNDER THE EARLY SAXONS

THE Romans had scarcely gone away from Britain when the Britons began to wish they had never left it. For the Roman soldiers being gone, and the Britons being much reduced in numbers by their long wars, the Picts and Scots came pouring in over the broken and unguarded wall of Severus in swarms. They plundered the richest towns, and killed the people; and came back so often for more booty and more slaughter that the unfortunate Britons lived a life of terror. As if the Picts and Scots were not bad enough on land, the Saxons attacked the islanders by sea; and as if something more were still wanting to make them miserable, they quarrelled bitterly among themselves as to what prayers they ought to say, and how they ought to say them. The priests, being very angry with one another on these questions, cursed one another in the heartiest manner; and (uncommonly like the old Druids) cursed all the people whom they could not persuade. So altogether the Britons were very badly off, you may believe.

They were in such distress, in short, that they sent a letter to Rome, entreating help (which they called the groans of the Britons), and in which they said, "The barbarians chase us into the sea; the sea throws us back upon the barbarians; and we have only the hard choice left us of perishing by the sword, or perishing by the waves." But the Romans could not help them, even if they were so inclined; for they had enough to do to defend themselves against their own enemies, who were then very fierce and strong. At last the Britons, unable to bear their hard condition any longer, resolved to make peace with the Saxons, and to invite the Saxons to come into their country, and help them to keep out the Picts and Scots.

It was a British prince named Vortigern who took this resolution, and who made a treaty of friendship with Hengist and Horsa, two Saxon chiefs. Both of these names, in the old

Saxon language, signify horse; for the Saxons, like many other nations in a rough state, were fond of giving men the names of animals, as horse, wolf, bear, hound. The Indians of North America—a very inferior people to the Saxons, though—do the same to this day.

Hengist and Horsa drove out the Piets and Scots; and Vortigern, being grateful to them for that service, made no opposition to their settling themselves in that part of England which is called the Isle of Thanet, or to their inviting over more of their countrymen to join them. But Hengist had a beautiful daughter named Rowena; and when, at a feast, she filled a golden goblet to the brim with wine, and gave it to Vortigern, saying, in a sweet voice, "Dear king, thy health!" the king fell in love with her. My opinion is that the cunning Hengist meant him to do so, in order that the Saxons might have greater influence with him; and that the fair Rowena came to that feast, golden goblet and all, on purpose.

At any rate, they were married; and long afterwards, whenever the king was angry with the Saxons, or jealous of their encroachments, Rowena would put her beautiful arms round his neck, and softly say, "Dear king, they are my people! Be favourable to them, as you loved that Saxon girl who gave you the golden goblet of wine at the feast." And really I don't see how the king could help himself.

Ah! We must all die! In the course of years, Vortigern died (he was dethroned, and put in prison, first, I am afraid); and Rowena died; and generations of Saxons and Britons died; and events that happened during a long, long time would have been quite forgotten but for the tales and songs of the old bards, who used to go about from feast to feast, with their white beards, recounting the deeds of their forefathers. Among the histories of which they sang and talked, there was a famous one concerning the bravery and virtues of King Arthur, supposed to have been a British prince in those old times. But whether such a person really lived, or whether there were several persons whose histories came to be confused together under that one name, or whether all about him was invention, no one knows.

I will tell you shortly what is most interesting in the early Saxon times, as they are described in these songs and stories of the bards.

In, and long after, the days of Vortigern, fresh bodies of Saxons, under various chiefs, came pouring into Britain. One body, conquering the Britons in the East, and settling there, called their kingdom Essex; another body settled in the West, and called their kingdom Wessex; the Northfolk, or Norfolk people, established themselves in one place; the Southfolk, or Suffolk people, established themselves in another; and gradually seven kingdoms, or states, arose in England, which were called the Saxon Heptarchy. The poor Britons, falling back before these crowds of fighting men whom they had innocently invited over as friends, retired into Wales and the adjacent country, into Devonshire, and into Cornwall. Those parts of England long remained unconquered. And in Cornwall now, — where the sea-coast is very gloomy, steep, and rugged; where, in the dark winter-time, ships have often been wrecked close to the land, and every soul on board has perished; where the winds and waves howl drearily, and split the solid rocks into arches and caverns, — there are very ancient ruins, which the people call the ruins of King Arthur's Castle.

Kent is the most famous of the seven Saxon kingdoms, because the Christian religion was preached to the Saxons there (who domineered over the Britons too much to care for what *they* said about their religion, or anything else) by Augustine, a monk from Rome. King Ethelbert of Kent was soon converted; and the moment he said he was a Christian, his courtiers all said *they* were Christians; after which ten thousand of his subjects said they were Christians too. Augustine built a little church close to this king's palace, on the ground now occupied by the beautiful cathedral of Canterbury. Sebert, the king's nephew, built on a muddy, marshy place near London, where there had been a temple to Apollo, a church dedicated to St. Peter; which is now Westminster Abbey. And in London itself, on the foundation of a temple to Diana, he built another little church, which has risen up since that old time to be St. Paul's.

After the death of Ethelbert, Edwin, king of Northumbria, who was such a good king that it was said a woman or child might openly carry a purse of gold, in his reign, without fear, allowed his child to be baptised, and held a great council to consider whether he and his people should all be Christians or not. It was decided that they should be. Coifi, the chief

priest of the old religion, made a great speech on the occasion. In this discourse, he told the people that he had found out the old gods to be impostors. "I am quite satisfied of it," he said. "Look at me! I have been serving them all my life, and they have done nothing for me; whereas, if they had been really powerful, they could not have decently done less, in return for all I have done for them, than make my fortune. As they have never made my fortune, I am quite convinced they are impostors." When this singular priest had finished speaking, he hastily armed himself with sword and lance, mounted a war-horse, rode at a furious gallop, in sight of all the people, to the temple, and flung his lance against it, as an insult. From that time, the Christian religion spread itself among the Saxons, and became their faith.

The next very famous prince was Egbert. He lived about a hundred and fifty years afterwards, and claimed to have a better right to the throne of Wessex than Beortric, another Saxon prince who was at the head of that kingdom, and who married Edburga, the daughter of Offa, king of another of the seven kingdoms. This Queen Edburga was a handsome murderess, who poisoned people when they offended her. One day she mixed a cup of poison for a certain noble belonging to the court; but her husband drank of it, too, by mistake, and died. Upon this the people revolted in great crowds; and running to the palace, and thundering at the gates, cried, "Down with the wicked queen who poisons men!" They drove her out of the country, and abolished the title she had disgraced. When years had passed away, some travellers came home from Italy, and said that in the town of Pavia they had seen a ragged beggar-woman, — who had once been handsome, but was then shrivelled, bent, and yellow, — wandering about the streets, crying for bread; and that this beggar-woman was the poisoning English queen. It was, indeed, Edburga; and so she died, without a shelter for her wretched head.

Egbert, not considering himself safe in England, in consequence of his having claimed the crown of Wessex (for he thought his rival might take him prisoner and put him to death), sought refuge at the court of Charlemagne, king of France. On the death of Beortric, so unhappily poisoned by mistake, Egbert came back to Britain; succeeded to the throne of Wessex; conquered some of the other monarchs of

the seven kingdoms; added their territories to his own; and for the first time, called the country over which he ruled, England.

And now new enemies arose, who, for a long time, troubled England sorely. These were the Northmen, — the people of Denmark and Norway; whom the English called the Danes. They were a warlike people, quite at home upon the sea; not Christians; very daring and cruel. They came over in ships, and plundered and burned wheresoever they landed. Once they beat Egbert in battle. Once Egbert beat them. But they cared no more for being beaten than the English themselves. In the four following short reigns, — of Ethelwulf, and his sons, Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethelred, — they came back, over and over again, burning and plundering, and laying England waste. In the last-mentioned reign, they seized Edmund, king of East England, and bound him to a tree. Then they proposed to him that he should change his religion; but he, being a good Christian, steadily refused. Upon that, they beat him; made cowardly jests upon him, all defenceless as he was; shot arrows at him; and finally struck off his head. It is impossible to say whose head they might have struck off next, but for the death of King Ethelred from a wound he had received in fighting against them, and the succession to his throne of the best and wisest king that ever lived in England.

CHAPTER III

ENGLAND UNDER THE GOOD SAXON, ALFRED

ALFRED THE GREAT was a young man three-and-twenty years of age when he became king. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on journeys which they supposed to be religious; and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for then that at twelve years old he had not been taught to read; although, of the sons of King Ethelwulf, he, the youngest, was the favourite. But he had—as most men who grow up to be great and good are generally found to have had—an excellent mother; and one day this lady, whose name was Osburga, happened, as she was sitting among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long and long after that period; and the book, which was written, was what is called “illuminated” with beautiful bright letters, richly painted. The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, “I will give it to that one of you four princes who first learns to read.” Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them too, by which the false Danes swore they would quit the country. They pretended to consider that they had taken a very solemn oath, in swearing this upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were always buried with them when they died. But they cared little for it; for they thought nothing of breaking oaths, and treaties too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn, as usual. One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, they spread themselves in great numbers over the whole of England; and so dispersed and routed the king's soldiers

that the king was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds, who did not know his face.

Here King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left alone one day by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But being at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come, and thinking deeply of his poor, unhappy subjects, whom the Danes chased through the land, his noble mind forgot the cakes; and they were burnt. "What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king. "You will be ready enough to eat them by and by; and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!"

At length the Devonshire men made head against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast; killed their chief, and captured their flag (on which was represented the likeness of a raven, — a very fit bird for a thievish army like that, I think). The loss of their standard troubled the Danes greatly; for they believed it to be enchanted, — woven by the three daughters of one father in a single afternoon. And they had a story among themselves that, when they were victorious in battle, the raven stretched his wings, and seemed to fly; and that when they were defeated he would droop. He had good reason to droop now, if he could have done anything half so sensible; for King Alfred joined the Devonshire men; made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire; and prepared for a great attempt for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people.

But first, as it was important to know how numerous those pestilent Danes were, and how they were fortified, King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a glee-man or minstrel, and went with his harp to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, — everything that he desired to know. And right soon did this great king entertain them to a different tune; for, summoning all his true followers

to meet him at an appointed place, where they received him with joyful shouts and tears as the monarch whom many of them had given up for lost or dead, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes with great slaughter, and besieged them for fourteen days to prevent their escape. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace, — on condition that they should altogether depart from that western part of England, and settle in the east; and that Guthrum should become a Christian, in remembrance of the divine religion which now taught his conqueror, the noble Alfred, to forgive the enemy who had so often injured him. This Guthrum did. At his baptism, King Alfred was his godfather. And Guthrum was an honourable chief, who well deserved that clemency; for ever afterwards he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful too. They plundered and burned no more, but worked like honest men. They ploughed and sowed and reaped, and led good, honest English lives. And I hope the children of those Danes played many a time with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and that Danish young men fell in love with Saxon girls, and married them, and that English travellers, benighted at the doors of Danish cottages, often went in for shelter until morning; and that Danes and Saxons sat by the red fire, friends, talking of King Alfred the Great.

All the Danes were not like these under Guthrum; for, after some years, more of them came over in the old plundering and burning way, — among them a fierce pirate of the name of Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames to Gravesend with eighty ships. For three years there was a war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and a plague, both upon human creatures and beasts. But King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships nevertheless, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea; and he encouraged his soldiers by his brave example to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last he drove them all away; and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labours to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travellers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him.

for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English; and now another of his labours was to translate Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue, that his people might be interested and improved by their contents. He made just laws, that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that, under the great King Alfred, garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched one. He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. The great desires of his heart were to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, happier in all ways, than he found it. His industry in these efforts was quite astonishing. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burnt down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock. But when the candles were first invented, it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, and through the chinks in the walls, caused them to gutter, and burn unequally. To prevent this, the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanterns ever made in England.

All this time he was afflicted with a terrible, unknown disease; which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it, as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave, good man, until he was fifty-three years old; and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year 901; but long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

In the next reign, which was the reign of Edward, surnamed The Elder, who was chosen in council to succeed, a nephew of King Alfred troubled the country by trying to obtain the throne. The Danes in the east of England took part with this usurper (perhaps because they had honoured his

uncle so much, and honoured him for his uncle's sake), and there was hard fighting; but the king, with the assistance of his sister, gained the day, and reigned in peace for four-and-twenty years. He gradually extended his power over the whole of England; and so the seven kingdoms were united into one.

When England thus became one kingdom, ruled over by one Saxon king, the Saxons had been settled in the country more than four hundred and fifty years. Great changes had taken place in its customs during that time. The Saxons were still greedy eaters and great drinkers, and their feasts were often of a noisy and drunken kind; but many new comforts, and even elegances, had become known, and were fast increasing. Hangings for the walls of rooms (where, in these modern days, we paste up paper) are known to have been sometimes made of silk, ornamented with birds and flowers in needle-work. Tables and chairs were curiously carved in different woods; were sometimes decorated with gold or silver; sometimes even made of those precious metals. Knives and spoons were used at table; golden ornaments were worn, — with silk and cloth, and golden tissues and embroideries; dishes were made of gold and silver, brass and bone. There were varieties of drinking-horns, bedsteads, musical instruments. A harp was passed round at a feast, like the drinking-bowl, from guest to guest; and each one usually sang or played when his turn came. The weapons of the Saxons were stoutly made; and among them was a terrible iron hammer, that gave deadly blows, and was long remembered. The Saxons themselves were a handsome people. The men were proud of their long fair hair, parted on the forehead; their ample beards; their fresh complexions and clear eyes. The beauty of the Saxon women filled all England with a new delight and grace.

I have more to tell of the Saxons yet; but I stop to say this now, because, under the great Alfred, all the best points of the English-Saxon character were first encouraged, and in him first shown. It has been the greatest character among the nations of the earth. Wherever the descendants of the Saxon race have gone, have sailed, or otherwise made their way, even to the remotest regions of the world, they have been patient, persevering, never to be broken in spirit, never to be turned aside from enterprises on which they have resolved. In

Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the whole world over; in the desert, in the forest, on the sea; scorched by a burning sun, or frozen by ice that never melts, — the Saxon blood remains unchanged. Wheresoever that race goes, there law and industry, and safety for life and property, and all the great results of steady perseverance are certain to arise.

I pause to think with admiration of the noble king, who, in his single person, possessed all the Saxon virtues. Whom misfortune could not subdue; whom prosperity could not spoil; whose perseverance nothing could shake. Who was hopeful in defeat, and generous in success. Who loved justice, freedom, truth, and knowledge. Who, in his care to instruct his people, probably did more to preserve the beautiful old Saxon language than I can imagine. Without whom the English tongue in which I tell this story might have wanted half its meaning. As it is said that his spirit still inspires some of our best English laws, so let you and I pray that it may animate our English hearts, at least to this, — to resolve, when we see any of our fellow-creatures left in ignorance, that we will do our best, while life is in us, to have them taught; and to tell those rulers whose duty it is to teach them, and who neglect their duty, that they have profited very little by all the years that have rolled away since the year 901, and that they are far behind the bright example of King Alfred the Great.

CHAPTER IV

ENGLAND UNDER ATHELSTAN AND THE SIX BOY-KINGS

ATHELSTAN, the son of Edward the Elder, succeeded that king. He reigned only fifteen years; but he remembered the glory of his grandfather, the great Alfred, and governed England well. He reduced the turbulent people of Wales, and obliged them to pay him a tribute in money and in cattle, and to send him their best hawks and hounds. He was victorious over the Cornish men, who were not yet quiet under the Saxon government. He restored such of the old laws as were good, and had fallen into disuse; made some wise new laws, and took care of the poor and weak. A strong alliance, made against him by Anlaf, a Danish prince, Constantine, king of the Scots, and the people of North Wales, he broke and defeated in one great battle, long famous for the vast numbers slain in it. After that he had a quiet reign; the lords and ladies about him had leisure to become polite and agreeable; and foreign princes were glad (as they have sometimes been since) to come to England on visits to the English court.

When Athelstan died, at forty-seven years old, his brother Edmund, who was only eighteen, became king. He was the first of six boy-kings, as you will presently know.

They called him the Magnificent, because he showed a taste for improvement and refinement. But he was beset by the Danes, and had a short and troubled reign; which came to a troubled end. One night, when he was feasting in his hall, and had eaten much and drunk deep, he saw among the company a noted robber named Leof, who had been banished from England. Made very angry by the boldness of this man, the king turned to his cup-bearer, and said, "There is a robber sitting at the table yonder, who, for his crimes, is an outlaw in the land, — a hunted wolf, whose life any man may take, at any time. Command that robber to depart!" — "I will not depart!" said Leof. "No?" cried the king. "No, by the

Lord!" said Leof. Upon that the king rose from his seat, and making passionately at the robber, and seizing him by his long hair, tried to throw him down. But the robber had a dagger underneath his cloak, and in the scuffle stabbed the king to death. That done, he set his back against the wall, and fought so desperately that, although he was soon cut to pieces by the king's armed men, and the wall and pavement were splashed with his blood, yet it was not before he had killed and wounded many of them. You may imagine what rough lives the kings of those times led, when one of them could struggle, half drunk, with a public robber in his own dining-hall, and be stabbed in presence of the company who ate and drank with him.

Then succeeded the boy-king Edred, who was weak and sickly in body, but of a strong mind. And his armies fought the Northmen, — the Danes and Norwegians, or the Sea-Kings, as they were called, — and beat them for the time. And in nine years Edred died, and passed away.

Then came the boy-king Edwy, fifteen years of age; but the real king, who had the real power, was a monk named Dunstan — a clever priest, a little mad, and not a little proud and cruel.

Dunstan was then abbot of Glastonbury Abbey, whither the body of King Edmund the Magnificent was carried to be buried. While yet a boy, he had got out of his bed one night (being then in a fever), and walked about Glastonbury Church when it was under repair; and because he did not tumble off some scaffolds that were there, and break his neck, it was reported that he had been shown over the building by an angel. He had also made a harp that was said to play of itself, which it very likely did, as Æolian harps, which are played by the wind, and are understood now, always do. For these wonders he had been once denounced by his enemies, who were jealous of his favour with the late King Athelstan, as a magician; and he had been waylaid, bound hand and foot, and thrown into a marsh. But he got out again, somehow, to cause a great deal of trouble yet.

The priests of those days were generally the only scholars. They were learned in many things. Having to make their own convents and monasteries on uncultivated grounds that were granted to them by the crown, it was necessary that they

should be good farmers and good gardeners, or their lands would have been too poor to support them. For the decoration of the chapels where they prayed, and for the comfort of the refectories where they ate and drank, it was necessary that there should be good carpenters, good smiths, good painters, among them. For their greater safety in sickness and accident, living alone by themselves in solitary places, it was necessary that they should study the virtues of plants and herbs, and should know how to dress cuts, burns, scalds, and bruises, and how to set broken limbs. Accordingly, they taught themselves and one another a great variety of useful arts, and became skilful in agriculture, medicine, surgery, and handicraft. And when they wanted the aid of any little piece of machinery, which would be simple enough now, but was marvellous then, to impose a trick upon the poor peasants, they knew very well how to make it; and *did* make it many a time and often, I have no doubt.

Dunstan, abbot of Glastonbury Abbey, was one of the most sagacious of these monks. He was an ingenious smith, and worked at a forge in a little cell. This cell was made too short to admit of his lying at full length when he went to sleep (as if *that* did any good to anybody!); and he used to tell the most extraordinary lies about demons and spirits, who, he said, came there to persecute him. For instance, he related, that, one day when he was at work, the Devil looked in at the little window, and tried to tempt him to lead a life of idle pleasure; whereupon, having his pincers in the fire, red-hot, he seized the Devil by the nose, and put him to such pain that his bellowings were heard for miles and miles. Some people are inclined to think this nonsense a part of Dunstan's madness (for his head never quite recovered the fever); but I think not. I observe that it induced the ignorant people to consider him a holy man, and that it made him very powerful; which was exactly what he always wanted.

On the day of the coronation of the handsome boy-king Edwy, it was remarked by Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury (who was a Dane by birth), that the king quietly left the coronation feast, while all the company were there. Odo, much displeased, sent his friend Dunstan to seek him. Dunstan finding him in the company of his beautiful young wife Elgiva, and her mother Ethelgiva, a good and virtuous lady,

not only grossly abused them, but dragged the young king back into the feasting hall by force. Some, again, think Dunstan did this because the young king's fair wife was his own cousin, and the monks objected to people marrying their own cousins; but I believe he did it because he was an impetuous, audacious, ill-conditioned priest, who, having loved a young lady himself before he became a sour monk, hated all love now, and everything belonging to it.

The young king was quite old enough to feel this insult. Dunstan had been treasurer in the last reign; and he soon charged Dunstan with having taken some of the last king's money. The Glastonbury abbot fled to Belgium (very narrowly escaping some pursuers who were sent to put out his eyes, as you will wish they had, when you read what follows), and his abbey was given to priests who were married; whom he always, both before and afterwards, opposed. But he quickly conspired with his friend Odo, the Dane, to set up the king's young brother Edgar, as his rival for the throne; and, not content with this revenge, he caused the beautiful queen Elgiva, though a lovely girl of only seventeen or eighteen, to be stolen from one of the royal palaces, branded in the cheek with a red-hot iron, and sold into slavery in Ireland. But the Irish people pitied and befriended her; and they said, "Let us restore the girl-queen to the boy-king, and make the young lovers happy!" And they cured her of her cruel wound, and sent her home as beautiful as before. But the villain Dunstan, and that other villain, Odo, caused her to be waylaid at Gloucester as she was joyfully hurrying to join her husband, and to be hacked and hewn with swords, and to be barbarously maimed and lamed, and left to die. When Edwy the Fair (his people called him so because he was so young and handsome) heard of her dreadful fate, he died of a broken heart; and so the pitiful story of the poor young wife and husband ends. Ah! Better to be two cottagers, in these better times, than king and queen of England in those bad days, though never so fair!

Then came the boy-king Edgar, called the Peaceful, fifteen years old. Dunstan, being still the real king, drove all married priests out of the monasteries and abbeys, and replaced them by solitary monks like himself, of the rigid order called the Benedictines. He made himself Archbishop of Canter-

bury, for his greater glory; and exercised such power over the neighbouring British princes, and so collected them about the king, that once, when the king held his court at Chester, and went on the river Dee to visit the monastery of Saint John, the eight oars of his boat were pulled (as the people used to delight in relating in stories and songs) by eight crowned kings, and steered by the king of England. As Edgar was very obedient to Dunstan and the monks, they took great pains to represent him as the best of kings; but he was really profligate, debauched, and vicious. He once forcibly carried off a young lady from the convent at Wilton; and Dunstan, pretending to be very much shocked, condemned him not to wear his crown upon his head for seven years, — no great punishment, I dare say, as it can hardly have been a more comfortable ornament to wear than a stewpan without a handle. His marriage with his second wife, Elfrida, is one of the worst events of his reign. Hearing of the beauty of this lady, he despatched his favourite courtier, Athelwold, to her father's castle in Devonshire, to see if she were really as charming as fame reported. Now, she was so exceedingly beautiful that Athelwold fell in love with her himself, and married her; but he told the king that she was only rich, not handsome. The king, suspecting the truth when they came home, resolved to pay the newly married couple a visit; and suddenly told Athelwold to prepare for his immediate coming. Athelwold, terrified, confessed to his young wife what he had said and done, and implored her to disguise her beauty by some ugly dress or silly manner, that he might be safe from the king's anger. She promised that she would; but she was a proud woman, who would far rather have been a queen than the wife of a courtier. She dressed herself in her best dress, and adorned herself with her richest jewels; and when the king came presently, he discovered the cheat. So he caused his false friend Athelwold to be murdered in a wood, and married his widow, this bad Elfrida. Six or seven years afterwards he died, and was buried (as if he had been all that the monks said he was) in the abbey of Glastonbury, which he — or Dunstan for him — had much enriched.

England, in one part of this reign, was so troubled by wolves, which, driven out of the open country, hid themselves in the mountains of Wales when they were not attacking travellers and animals, that the tribute payable by the Welsh

people was forgiven them, on condition of their producing every year three hundred wolves' heads. And the Welshmen were so sharp upon the wolves, to save their money, that in four years there was not a wolf left.

Then came the boy-king Edward, called the Martyr, from the manner of his death. Elfrida had a son, named Ethelred, for whom she claimed the throne; but Dunstan did not choose to favour him, and he made Edward king. The boy was hunting one day down in Dorsetshire, when he rode near to Corfe Castle, where Elfrida and Ethelred lived. Wishing to see them kindly, he rode away from his attendants, and galloped to the castle gate; where he arrived at twilight, and blew his hunting horn. "You are welcome, dear king," said Elfrida, coming out, with her brightest smiles. "Pray you dismount and enter." "Not so, dear madam," said the king. "My company will miss me, and fear that I have met with some harm. Please you to give me a cup of wine, that I may drink here in the saddle to you and to my little brother, and so ride away with the good speed I have made in riding here." Elfrida, going in to bring the wine, whispered to an armed servant, one of her attendants, who stole out of the darkening gateway, and crept round behind the king's horse. As the king raised the cup to his lips, saying, "Health!" to the wicked woman who was smiling on him, and to his innocent brother whose hand she held in hers, and who was only ten years old, this armed man made a spring, and stabbed him in the back. He dropped the cup, and spurred his horse away; but, soon fainting with loss of blood, drooped from the saddle, and in his fall entangled one of his feet in the stirrup. The frightened horse dashed on, trailing his rider's curls upon the ground, dragging his smooth young face through ruts and stones and briars and fallen leaves and mud, until the hunters, tracking the animal's course by the king's blood, caught his bridle, and released the disfigured body.

Then came the sixth and last of the boy-kings, Ethelred, whom Elfrida, when he cried out at the sight of his murdered brother riding away from the castle gate, unmercifully beat with a torch which she snatched from one of the attendants. The people so disliked this boy, on account of his cruel mother and the murder she had done to promote him, that Dunstan would not have had him for king; but would have made

Edgitha, the daughter of the dead king Edgar, and of the lady whom he stole out of the convent at Wilton, queen of England, if she would have consented. But she knew the stories of the youthful kings too well, and would not be persuaded from the convent where she lived in peace; so Dunstan put Ethelred on the throne, having no one else to put there, and gave him the nickname of the Unready, — knowing that he wanted resolution and firmness.

At first Elfrida possessed great influence over the young king; but as he grew older, and came of age, her influence declined. The infamous woman, not having it in her power to do any more evil, then retired from court, and, according to the fashion of the time, built churches and monasteries to expiate her guilt. As if a church with a steeple reaching to the very stars would have been any sign of true repentance for the blood of the poor boy whose murdered form was trailed at his horse's heels! As if she could have buried her wickedness beneath the senseless stones of the whole world, piled up one upon another for the monks to live in!

About the ninth or tenth year of this reign, Dunstan died. He was growing old then, but was as stern and artful as ever. Two circumstances that happened in connection with him, in this reign of Ethelred, made a great noise. Once he was present at a meeting of the Church, when the question was discussed, whether priests should have permission to marry; and as he sat with his head hung down, apparently thinking about it, a voice seemed to come out of a crucifix in the room, and warn the meeting to be of his opinion. This was some juggling of Dunstan's, and was probably his own voice disguised. But he played off a worse juggle than that soon afterwards; for another meeting being held on the same subject, and he and his supporters being seated on one side of a great room, and their opponents on the other, he rose and said, "To Christ himself, as Judge, do I commit this cause!" Immediately on these words being spoken, the floor where the opposite party sat gave way; and some were killed, and many wounded. You may be pretty sure that it had been weakened under Dunstan's direction, and that it fell at Dunstan's signal. *His* part of the floor did not go down. No, no! He was too good a workman for that.

When he died, the monks settled that he was a saint, and

called him St. Dunstan ever afterwards. They might just as well have settled that he was a coach-horse, and could just as easily have called him one.

Ethelred the Unready was glad enough, I dare say, to be rid of this holy saint; but, left to himself, he was a poor, weak king, and his reign was a reign of defeat and shame. The restless Danes, led by Sweyn, a son of the king of Denmark, who had quarrelled with his father, and had been banished from home, again came into England, and year after year attacked and despoiled large towns. To coax these sea-kings away, the weak Ethelred paid them money; but the more money he paid, the more money the Danes wanted. At first he gave them ten thousand pounds; on their next invasion, sixteen thousand pounds; on their next invasion, four-and-twenty thousand pounds; to pay which large sums, the unfortunate English people were heavily taxed. But as the Danes still came back, and wanted more, he thought it would be a good plan to marry into some powerful foreign family that would help him with soldiers. So in the year 1002, he courted and married Emma, the sister of Richard, Duke of Normandy, — a lady who was called the Flower of Normandy.

And now a terrible deed was done in England, the like of which was never done on English ground before or since. On the thirteenth of November, in pursuance of secret instructions sent by the king over the whole country, the inhabitants of every town and city armed, and murdered all the Danes who were their neighbours. Young and old, babies and soldiers, men and women, — every Dane was killed. No doubt there were among them many ferocious men, who had done the English great wrong, and whose pride and insolence, in swaggering in the houses of the English, and insulting their wives and daughters, had become unbearable; but, no doubt, there were also among them many peaceful Christian Danes, who had married English women, and become like English men. They were all slain, even to Gunhilda, the sister of the king of Denmark, married to an English lord; who was first obliged to see the murder of her husband and her child, and then was killed herself.

When the king of the sea-kings heard of this deed of blood, he swore that he would have a great revenge. He raised an army, and a mightier fleet of ships than ever yet had sailed to England. And in all his army there was not a slave nor an

old man; but every soldier was a free man, and the son of a free man, and in the prime of life, and sworn to be revenged upon the English nation, for the massacre of that dread thirteenth of November, when his countrymen and countrywomen, and the little children whom they loved, were killed with fire and sword. And so the sea-kings came to England in many great ships, each bearing the flag of its own commander. Golden eagles, ravens, dragons, dolphins, beasts of prey, threatened England from the prows of those ships, as they came onward through the water, and were reflected in the shining shields that hung upon their sides. The ship that bore the standard of the king of the sea-kings was carved and painted like a mighty serpent; and the king, in his anger, prayed that the gods in whom he trusted might all desert him, if his serpent did not strike its fangs into England's heart.

And indeed it did. For the great army, landing from the great fleet near Exeter, went forward, laying England waste, and striking their lances in the earth as they advanced, or throwing them into rivers, in token of their making all the island theirs. In remembrance of the black November night when the Danes were murdered, wheresoever the invaders came they made the Saxons prepare and spread for them great feasts; and when they had eaten those feasts, and had drunk a curse to England with wild rejoicings, they drew their swords, and killed their Saxon entertainers, and marched on. For six long years they carried on this war; burning the crops, farm-houses, barns, mills, granaries; killing the labourers in the fields; preventing the seed from being sown in the ground; causing famine and starvation; leaving only heaps of ruin and smoking ashes, where they had found rich towns. To crown this misery, English officers and men deserted; and even the favourites of Ethelred the Unready, becoming traitors, seized many of the English ships, turned pirates against their own country, and, aided by a storm, occasioned the loss of nearly the whole English navy.

There was but one man of note, at this miserable pass, who was true to his country and the feeble king. He was a priest, and a brave one. For twenty days, the Archbishop of Canterbury defended that city against its Danish besiegers; and when a traitor in the town threw the gates open, and admitted them, he said, in chains, "I will not buy my life with money that

must be extorted from the suffering people. Do with me what you please!" Again and again, he steadily refused to purchase his release with gold wrung from the poor.

At last the Danes, being tired of this, and being assembled at a drunken merry-making, had him brought into the feasting hall.

"Now, bishop," they said, "we want gold."

He looked round on the crowd of angry faces; from the shaggy beards close to him to the shaggy beards against the walls, where men were mounted on tables and forms to see him over the heads of others; and he knew that his time was come.

"I have no gold," said he.

"Get it, bishop!" they all thundered.

"That I have often told you I will not," said he.

They gathered closer round him, threatening; but he stood unmoved. Then one man struck him; then another; then a cursing soldier picked up from a heap in a corner of the hall, where fragments had been rudely thrown at dinner, a great ox-bone, and cast it at his face, from which the blood came spurting forth; then others ran to the same heap, and knocked him down with other bones, and bruised and battered him; until one soldier whom he had baptised (willing, as I hope for the sake of that soldier's soul, to shorten the sufferings of the good man) struck him dead with his battle-axe.

If Ethelred had had the heart to emulate the courage of this noble archbishop, he might have done something yet. But he paid the Danes forty-eight thousand pounds, instead; and gained so little by the cowardly act that Sweyn soon afterwards came over to subdue all England. So broken was the attachment of the English people by this time, to their incapable king and their forlorn country, which could not protect them, that they welcomed Sweyn on all sides as a deliverer. London faithfully stood out as long as the king was within its walls; but when he sneaked away, it also welcomed the Dane. Then all was over; and the king took refuge abroad with the Duke of Normandy, who had already given shelter to the king's wife (once the Flower of that country), and to her children.

Still the English people, in spite of their sad sufferings, could not quite forget the great king Alfred and the Saxon race. When Sweyn died suddenly, in little more than a month after

he had been proclaimed king of England, they generously sent to Ethelred, to say that they would have him for their king again, "if he would only govern them better than he had governed them before." The Unready, instead of coming himself, sent Edward, one of his sons, to make promises for him. At last he followed, and the English declared him king. The Danes declared Canute, the son of Sweyn, king. Thus direful war began again, and lasted for three years; when the Unready died. And I know of nothing better that he did in all his reign of eight-and-thirty years.

Was Canute to be king now? Not over the Saxons, they said: they must have Edmund, one of the sons of the Unready, who was surnamed Ironside, because of his strength and stature. Edmund and Canute thereupon fell to, and fought five battles. O unhappy England! what a fighting-ground it was! And then Ironside, who was a big man, proposed to Canute, who was a little man, that they two should fight it out in single combat. If Canute had been the big man, he would probably have said yes; but, being the little man, he decidedly said no. However, he declared that he was willing to divide the kingdom, — to take all that lay north of Watling Street, as the old Roman military road from Dover to Chester was called, and to give Ironside all that lay south of it. Most men being weary of so much bloodshed, this was done. But Canute soon became sole king of England; for Ironside died suddenly within two months. Some think that he was killed, and killed by Canute's orders. No one knows.

CHAPTER V

ENGLAND UNDER CANUTE THE DANE

CANUTE reigned eighteen years. He was a merciless king at first. After he had clasped the hands of the Saxon chiefs, in token of the sincerity with which he swore to be just and good to them in return for their acknowledging him, he denounced and slew many of them, as well as many relations of the late king. "He who brings me the head of one of my enemies," he used to say, "shall be dearer to me than a brother." And he was so severe in hunting down his enemies that he must have got together a pretty large family of these dear brothers. He was strongly inclined to kill Edmund and Edward, two children, sons of poor Ironside; but, being afraid to do so in England, he sent them over to the king of Sweden, with a request that the king would be so good as to "dispose of them." If the king of Sweden had been like many, many other men of that day, he would have had their innocent throats cut; but he was a kind man, and brought them up tenderly.

Normandy ran much in Canute's mind. In Normandy were the two children of the late king, — Edward and Alfred by name; and their uncle the duke might one day claim the crown for them. But the duke showed so little inclination to do so now that he proposed to Canute to marry his sister, the widow of the Unready; who, being but a showy flower, and caring for nothing so much as becoming a queen again, left her children, and was wedded to him.

Successful and triumphant, assisted by the valour of the English in his foreign wars, and with little strife to trouble him at home, Canute had a prosperous reign, and made many improvements. He was a poet and a musician. He grew sorry, as he grew older, for the blood he had shed at first; and went to Rome in a pilgrim's dress, by way of washing it out. He gave a great deal of money to foreigners on his journey,

but he took it from the English before he started. On the whole, however, he certainly became a far better man when he had no opposition to contend with; and was as great a king as England had known for some time.

The old writers of history relate how that Canute was one day disgusted with his courtiers for their flattery; and how he caused his chair to be set on the sea-shore, and feigned to command the tide as it came up not to wet the edge of his robe, for the land was his; how the tide came up, of course, without regarding him; and how he then turned to his flatterers, and rebuked them, saying, what was the might of any earthly king to the might of the Creator, who could say unto the sea, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" We may learn from this, I think, that a little sense will go a long way in a king; and that courtiers are not easily cured of flattery, nor kings of a liking for it. If the courtiers of Canute had not known, long before, that the king was fond of flattery, they would have known better than to offer it in such large doses. And if they had not known that he was vain of this speech, (anything but a wonderful speech, it seems to me, if a good child had made it!) they would not have been at such great pains to repeat it. I fancy I see them all on the sea-shore together; the king's chair sinking in the sand; the king in a mighty good humour with his own wisdom; and the courtiers pretending to be quite stunned by it!

It is not the sea alone that is bidden to go "thus far, and no farther." The great command goes forth to all the kings upon the earth; and went to Canute in the year 1035, and stretched him dead upon his bed. Beside it stood his Norman wife. Perhaps, as the king looked his last upon her, he, who had so often thought distrustfully of Normandy long ago, thought once more of the two exiled princes in their uncle's court, and of the little favour they could feel for either Danes or Saxons; and of a rising cloud in Normandy that slowly moved towards England.

CHAPTER VI

ENGLAND UNDER HAROLD HAREFOOT, HARDICANUTE, AND
EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

CANUTE left three sons, by name Sweyn, Harold, and Hardicanute; but his queen, Emma, once the Flower of Normandy, was the mother of only Hardicanute. Canute had wished his dominions to be divided between the three, and had wished Harold to have England; but the Saxon people in the south of England, headed by a nobleman with great possessions, called the powerful Earl Godwin (who is said to have been originally a poor cow-boy), opposed this, and desired to have, instead, either Hardicanute, or one of the two exiled princes who were over in Normandy. It seemed so certain that there would be more bloodshed, to settle this dispute, that many people left their homes, and took refuge in the woods and swamps. Happily, however, it was agreed to refer the whole question to a great meeting at Oxford, which decided that Harold should have all the country north of the Thames, with London for his capital city, and that Hardicanute should have all the south. The quarrel was so arranged; and as Hardicanute was in Denmark, troubling himself very little about anything but eating and getting drunk, his mother and Earl Godwin governed the south for him.

They had hardly begun to do so, and the trembling people who had hidden themselves were scarcely at home again, when Edward, the elder of the two exiled princes, came over from Normandy with a few followers, to claim the English crown. His mother Emma, however, who only cared for her last son Hardicanute, instead of assisting him, as he expected, opposed him so strongly with all her influence that he was very soon glad to get safely back. His brother Alfred was not so fortunate. Believing in an affectionate letter, written some time afterwards to him and his brother, in his mother's name (but whether really with or without his mother's knowledge is now

uncertain), he allowed himself to be tempted over to England, with a good force of soldiers; and landing on the Kentish coast, and being met and welcomed by Earl Godwin, proceeded into Surrey, as far as the town of Guildford. Here he and his men halted in the evening to rest, having still the earl in their company; who had ordered lodgings and good cheer for them. But in the dead of the night, when they were off their guard, being divided into small parties, sleeping soundly, after a long march and a plentiful supper, in different houses, they were set upon by the king's troops, and taken prisoners. Next morning they were drawn out in a line, to the number of six hundred men, and were barbarously tortured and killed; with the exception of every tenth man, who was sold into slavery. As to the wretched Prince Alfred, he was stripped naked, tied to a horse, and sent away into the Isle of Ely, where his eyes were torn out of his head, and where in a few days he miserably died. I am not sure that the earl had wilfully entrapped him, but I suspect it strongly.

Harold was now king over all England; though it is doubtful whether the Archbishop of Canterbury (the greater part of the priests were Saxons, and not friendly to the Danes) ever consented to crown him. Crowned or uncrowned, with the archbishop's leave or without it, he was king for four years; after which short reign he died, and was buried, having never done much in life but go a hunting. He was such a fast runner at this, his favourite sport, that the people called him Harold Harefoot.

Hardicanute was then at Bruges, in Flanders, plotting with his mother (who had gone over there after the cruel murder of Prince Alfred), for the invasion of England. The Danes and Saxons, finding themselves without a king, and dreading new disputes, made common cause, and joined in inviting him to occupy the throne. He consented, and soon troubled them enough; for he brought over numbers of Danes, and taxed the people so insupportably to enrich those greedy favourites that there were many insurrections, especially one at Worcester, where the citizens rose, and killed his tax-collectors; in revenge for which he burned their city. He was a brutal king, whose first public act was to order the dead body of poor Harold Harefoot to be dug up, beheaded, and thrown into the river. His end was worthy of such a beginning. He fell

down drunk, with a goblet of wine in his hand, at a wedding feast at Lambeth, given in honour of the marriage of his standard-bearer, a Dane named Towed the Proud. And he never spoke again.

Edward, afterwards called by the monks the Confessor, succeeded; and his first act was to oblige his mother Emma, who had favoured him so little, to retire into the country, where she died, some ten years afterwards. He was the exiled prince whose brother Alfred had been so foully killed. He had been invited over from Normandy by Hardicanute, in the course of his short reign of two years, and had been handsomely treated at court. His cause was now favoured by the powerful Earl Godwin, and he was soon made king. This earl had been suspected by the people, ever since Prince Alfred's cruel death: he had even been tried in the last reign for the prince's murder, but had been pronounced not guilty; chiefly, as it was supposed, because of a present he had made to the swinish king, of a gilded ship with a figure-head of solid gold, and a crew of eighty splendidly armed men. It was his interest to help the new king with his power, if the new king would help him against the popular distrust and hatred. So they made a bargain. Edward the Confessor got the throne. The earl got more power and more land, and his daughter Editha was made queen; for it was a part of their compact that the king should take her for his wife.

But although she was a gentle lady, in all things worthy to be beloved, — good, beautiful, sensible, and kind, — the king from the first neglected her. Her father and her six proud brothers, resenting this cold treatment, harassed the king greatly by exerting all their power to make him unpopular. Having lived so long in Normandy, he preferred the Normans to the English. He made a Norman archbishop, and Norman bishops; his great officers and favourites were all Normans; he introduced the Norman fashions and the Norman language; in imitation of the state custom of Normandy, he attached a great seal to his state documents, instead of merely marking them, as the Saxon kings had done, with the sign of the cross, — just as poor people who have never been taught to write now make the same mark for their names. All this the powerful Earl Godwin and his six proud sons represented to the people as disfavour shown towards the English; and thus they

daily increased their own power, and daily diminished the power of the king.

They were greatly helped by an event that occurred when he had reigned eight years. Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, who had married the king's sister, came to England on a visit. After staying at the court some time, he set forth, with his numerous train of attendants, to return home. They were to embark at Dover. Entering that peaceful town in armour, they took possession of the best houses, and noisily demanded to be lodged and entertained without payment. One of the bold men of Dover, who would not endure to have these domineering strangers jingling their heavy swords and iron corselets up and down his house, eating his meat and drinking his strong liquor, stood in his doorway, and refused admission to the first armed man who came there. The armed man drew and wounded him. The man of Dover struck the armed man dead. Intelligence of what he had done spreading through the streets to where the Count Eustace and his men were standing by their horses, bridle in hand, they passionately mounted, galloped to the house, surrounded it, forced their way in (the doors and windows being closed when they came up), and killed the man of Dover at his own fireside. They then clattered through the streets, cutting down and riding over men, women, and children. This did not last long, you may believe. The men of Dover set upon them with great fury, killed nineteen of the foreigners, wounded many more, and blockading the road to the port, so that they should not embark, beat them out of the town by the way they had come. Hereupon Count Eustace rides as hard as man can ride to Gloucester, where Edward is, surrounded by Norman monks and Norman lords. "Justice," cries the count, "upon the men of Dover, who have set upon and slain my people!" The king sends immediately for the powerful Earl Godwin, who happens to be near; reminds him that Dover is under his government; and orders him to repair to Dover, and do military execution on the inhabitants. "It does not become you," says the proud earl in reply, "to condemn without a hearing those whom you have sworn to protect. I will not do it."

The king, therefore, summoned the earl, on pain of banishment and loss of his titles and property, to appear before the

court to answer this disobedience. The earl refused to appear. He, his eldest son Harold, and his second son Sweyn, hastily raised as many fighting men as their utmost power could collect, and demanded to have Count Eustace and his followers surrendered to the justice of the country. The king, in his turn, refused to give them up, and raised a strong force. After some treaty and delay, the troops of the great earl and his sons began to fall off. The earl, with a part of his family and abundance of treasure, sailed to Flanders; Harold escaped to Ireland; and the power of the great family was for that time gone in England. But the people did not forget them.

Then Edward the Confessor, with the true meanness of a mean spirit, visited his dislike of the once powerful father and sons upon the helpless daughter and sister, his unoffending wife, whom all who saw her (her husband and his monks excepted) loved. He seized rapaciously upon her fortune and her jewels; and, allowing her only one attendant, confined her in a gloomy convent, of which a sister of his, no doubt an unpleasant lady after his own heart, was abbess, or jailer.

Having got Earl Godwin and his six sons well out of his way, the king favoured the Normans more than ever. He invited over William, Duke of Normandy, the son of that duke who had received him and his murdered brother long ago, and of a peasant girl, a tanner's daughter, with whom the duke had fallen in love for her beauty as he saw her washing clothes in a brook. William, who was a great warrior, with a passion for fine horses, dogs, and arms, accepted the invitation; and the Normans in England, finding themselves more numerous than ever when he arrived with his retinue, and held in still greater honour at court than before, became more and more haughty towards the people, and were more and more disliked by them.

The old Earl Godwin, though he was abroad, knew well how the people felt; for with part of the treasure he had carried away with him, he kept spies and agents in his pay all over England. Accordingly he thought the time was come for fitting out a great expedition against the Norman-loving king. With it he sailed to the Isle of Wight, where he was joined by his son Harold, the most gallant and brave of all his family. And so the father and son came sailing up the Thames to Southwark; great numbers of the people declaring

for them, and shouting for the English earl and the English Harold, against the Norman favourites!

The king was at first as blind and stubborn as kings usually have been whensoever they have been in the hands of monks. But the people rallied so thickly round the old earl and his son, and the old earl was so steady in demanding without bloodshed the restoration of himself and his family to their rights, that at last the court took the alarm. The Norman Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Norman Bishop of London, surrounded by their retainers, fought their way out of London, and escaped from Essex to France in a fishing-boat. The other Norman favourites dispersed in all directions. The old earl and his sons (except Sweyn), who had committed crimes against the law, were restored to their possessions and dignities. Editha, the virtuous and lovely queen of the insensible king, was triumphantly released from her prison, the convent, and once more sat in her chair of state, arrayed in the jewels of which, when she had no champion to support her rights, her cold-blooded husband had deprived her.

The old Earl Godwin did not long enjoy his restored fortune. He fell down in a fit at the king's table, and died upon the third day afterwards. Harold succeeded to his power, and to a far higher place in the attachment of the people than his father had ever held. By his valour he subdued the king's enemies in many bloody fights. He was vigorous against rebels in Scotland, — this was the time when Macbeth slew Duncan, upon which event our English Shakespeare, hundreds of years afterwards, wrote his great tragedy, — and he killed the restless Welsh king Griffith, and brought his head to England.

What Harold was doing at sea, when he was driven on the French coast by a tempest, is not at all certain; nor does it at all matter. That his ship was forced by a storm on that shore, and that he was taken prisoner, there is no doubt. In those barbarous days, all shipwrecked strangers were taken prisoners, and obliged to pay ransom. So a certain Count Guy, who was the Lord of Ponthieu, where Harold's disaster happened, seized him, instead of relieving him like a hospitable and Christian lord, as he ought to have done, and expected to make a very good thing of it.

But Harold sent off immediately to Duke William of Nor-

mandy, complaining of this treatment; and the duke no sooner heard of it than he ordered Harold to be escorted to the ancient town of Rouen, where he then was, and where he received him as an honoured guest. Now, some writers tell us that Edward the Confessor, who was by this time old and had no children, had made a will, appointing Duke William of Normandy his successor, and had informed the duke of his having done so. There is no doubt that he was anxious about his successor; because he had even invited over, from abroad, Edward the Outlaw, a son of Ironside, who had come to England with his wife and three children; but whom the king had strangely refused to see when he did come, and who had died in London suddenly (princes were terribly liable to sudden death in those days), and had been buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. The king might possibly have made such a will; or, having always been fond of the Normans, he might have encouraged Norman William to aspire to the English crown, by something that he said to him when he was staying at the English court. But certainly William did now aspire to it; and, knowing that Harold would be a powerful rival, he called together a great assembly of his nobles, offered Harold his daughter Adele in marriage, informed him that he meant on King Edward's death to claim the English crown as his own inheritance, and required Harold then and there to swear to aid him. Harold, being in the duke's power, took this oath upon the missal, or prayer-book. It is a good example of the superstitions of the monks that this missal, instead of being placed upon a table, was placed upon a tub; which, when Harold had sworn, was uncovered, and shown to be full of dead men's bones, — bones, as the monks pretended, of saints. This was supposed to make Harold's oath a great deal more impressive and binding. As if the great name of the Creator of heaven and earth could be made more solemn by a knuckle-bone, or a double-tooth, or a finger-nail, of Dunstan!

Within a week or two after Harold's return to England, the dreary old Confessor was found to be dying. After wandering in his mind like a very weak old man, he died. As he had put himself entirely in the hands of the monks when he was alive, they praised him lustily when he was dead. They had gone so far already as to persuade him that he could work miracles; and had brought people afflicted with a bad disorder

of the skin to him, to be touched and cured. This was called "touching for the king's evil," which afterwards became a royal custom. You know, however, who really touched the sick, and healed them; and you know his sacred name is not among the dusty line of human kings.

CHAPTER VII

ENGLAND UNDER HAROLD THE SECOND, AND CONQUERED BY THE
NORMANS

HAROLD was crowned king of England on the very day of the maudlin Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath, and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them. The Pope sent to Normandy a consecrated banner, and a ring containing a hair which he warranted to have grown on the head of St. Peter. He blessed the enterprise, and cursed Harold; and requested that the Normans would pay "Peter's Pence" — or a tax to himself of a penny a year on every house — a little more regularly in future, if they could make it convenient.

King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother, and this Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight in which the English were commanded by two nobles, and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings with his army, marched to Stamford Bridge upon the River Derwent to give them instant battle.

He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The king of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near."

He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him, if he withdraw his troops, he shall be Earl of North-umberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away, and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend the king of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother, with a smile.

"The king of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back!" said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight!"

He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force that his brother, and the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son, Olave, to whom he gave honourable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors; and messengers all covered with mire, from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in, to report that the Normans had landed in England.

The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy stood pointing towards England. By day, the banner of the Three Lions of Normandy, the diverse coloured sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her masthead. And now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was

the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast, and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed. "The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests." "My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers!"

"The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us, through their pillaged country, with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon!" said Duke William.

Some proposals for a reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day, they arose. There in the faint light were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst, the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army, — every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-axe.

On an opposite hill, in three lines, archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen, was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle-cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle-cry, "God's Rood! Holy Rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another Eng-

lish knight rode out, and he fell, too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the first beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

The English, keeping side by side, in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest; and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces."

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewed, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armour had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars! when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell; and he

and his knights were carousing within; and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro, without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead; and the warrior, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood; and the Three Norman Lions kept watch over the field.

CHAPTER VIII

ENGLAND UNDER WILLIAM THE FIRST, THE NORMAN CONQUEROR

UPON the ground where the brave Harold fell, William the Norman afterwards founded an abbey, which, under the name of Battle Abbey, was a rich and splendid place through many a troubled year, though now it is a grey ruin overgrown with ivy. But the first work he had to do was to conquer the English thoroughly; and that, as you know by this time, was hard work for any man.

He ravaged several counties; he burned and plundered many towns; he laid waste scores upon scores of miles of pleasant country; he destroyed innumerable lives. At length Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, with other representatives of the clergy and the people, went to his camp, and submitted to him. Edgar, the insignificant son of Edmund Ironside, was proclaimed king by others, but nothing came of it. He fled to Scotland afterwards, where his sister, who was young and beautiful, married the Scottish king. Edgar himself was not important enough for anybody to care much about him.

On Christmas Day, William was crowned in Westminster Abbey, under the title of William the First; but he is best known as William the Conqueror. It was a strange coronation. One of the bishops who performed the ceremony asked the Normans, in French, if they would have Duke William for their king. They answered, Yes. Another of the bishops put the same question to the Saxons, in English. They, too, answered Yes, with a loud shout. The noise, being heard by a guard of Norman horse-soldiers outside, was mistaken for resistance on the part of the English. The guard instantly set fire to the neighbouring houses, and a tumult ensued; in the midst of which the king, being left alone in the abbey, with a few priests (and they all being in a terrible fright together), was hurriedly crowned. When the crown was placed upon his head, he swore to govern the English as well as the best

of their own monarchs. I dare say you think, as I do, that, if we except the Great Alfred, he might pretty easily have done that.

Numbers of the English nobles had been killed in the last disastrous battle. Their estates, and the estates of all the nobles who had fought against him there, King William seized upon, and gave to his own Norman knights and nobles. Many great English families of the present time acquired their English lands in this way, and are very proud of it.

But what is got by force must be maintained by force. These nobles were obliged to build castles all over England, to defend their new property; and, do what he would, the king could neither soothe nor quell the nation as he wished. He gradually introduced the Norman language and the Norman customs; yet, for a long time, the great body of the English remained sullen and revengeful. On his going over to Normandy, to visit his subjects there, the oppressions of his half-brother Odo, whom he left in charge of his English kingdom, drove the people mad. The men of Kent even invited over, to take possession of Dover, their old enemy, Count Eustace of Boulogne, who had led the fray when the Dover man was slain at his own fireside. The men of Pereford, aided by the Welsh, and commanded by a chief named Edric the Wild, drove the Normans out of their country. Some of those who had been dispossessed of their lands banded together in the North of England; some in Scotland; some in the thick woods and marshes: and whensoever they could fall upon the Normans, or upon the English who had submitted to the Normans, they fought, despoiled, and murdered, like the desperate outlaws that they were. Conspiracies were set on foot for a general massacre of the Normans, like the old massacre of the Danes. In short, the English were in a murderous mood all through the kingdom.

King William, fearing he might lose his conquest, came back, and tried to pacify the London people by soft words. He then set forth to repress the country people by stern deeds. Among the towns which he besieged, and where he killed and maimed the inhabitants without any distinction, sparing none, young or old, armed or unarmed, were Oxford, Warwick, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Lincoln, York. In all these places, and in many others, fire and sword worked their utmost

horrors, and made the land dreadful to behold. The streams and rivers were discoloured with blood; the sky was blackened with smoke; the fields were wastes of ashes; the waysides were heaped up with dead. Such are the fatal results of conquest and ambition! Although William was a harsh and angry man, I do not suppose that he deliberately meant to work this shocking ruin, when he invaded England. But what he had got by the strong hand, he could only keep by the strong hand; and in so doing he made England a great grave.

Two sons of Harold, by name Edmund and Godwin, came over from Ireland with some ships against the Normans, but were defeated. This was scarcely done, when the outlaws in the woods so harassed York that the governor sent to the king for help. The king despatched a general and a large force to occupy the town of Durham. The bishop of that place met the general outside the town, and warned him not to enter, as he would be in danger there. The general cared nothing for the warning, and went in with all his men. That night, on every hill within sight of Durham, signal fires were seen to blaze. When the morning dawned, the English, who had assembled in great strength, forced the gates, rushed into the town, and slew the Normans every one. The English afterwards besought the Danes to come and help them. The Danes came, with two hundred and forty ships. The outlawed nobles joined them; they captured York, and drove the Normans out of that city. Then William bribed the Danes to go away, and took such vengeance on the English that all the former fire and sword, smoke and ashes, death and ruin, were nothing compared with it. In melancholy songs and doleful stories, it was still sung and told by cottage fires on winter evenings, a hundred years afterwards, how, in those dreadful days of the Normans, there was not, from the River Humber to the River Tyne, one inhabited village left, nor one cultivated field, -- how there was nothing but a dismal ruin, where the human creatures and the beasts lay dead together.

The outlaws had, at this time, what they called a Camp of Refuge, in the midst of the fens of Cambridgeshire. Protected by those marshy grounds, which were difficult of approach, they lay among the reeds and rushes, and were hidden by the mists that rose up from the watery earth. Now, there also was at that time, over the sea in Flanders, an Englishman

named Hereward, whose father had died in his absence, and whose property had been given to a Norman. When he heard of this wrong that had been done him (from such of the exiled English as chanced to wander into that country), he longed for revenge; and, joining the outlaws in their camp of refuge, became their commander. He was so good a soldier that the Normans supposed him to be aided by enchantment. William, even after he had made a road three miles in length across the Cambridgeshire marshes, on purpose to attack this supposed enchanter, thought it necessary to engage an old lady, who pretended to be a sorceress, to come and do a little enchantment in the royal cause. For this purpose she was pushed on before the troops in a wooden tower; but Hereward very soon disposed of this unfortunate sorceress, by burning her, tower and all.

The monks of the convent of Ely, near at hand, however, who were fond of good living, and who found it very uncomfortable to have the country blockaded, and their supplies of meat and drink cut off, showed the king a secret way of surprising the camp. So Hereward was soon defeated. Whether he afterwards died quietly, or whether he was killed after killing sixteen of the men who attacked him (as some old rhymes relate that he did), I cannot say. His defeat put an end to the Camp of Refuge; and, very soon afterwards, the king, victorious both in Scotland and in England, quelled the last rebellious English noble. He then surrounded himself with Norman lords, enriched by the property of English nobles; had a great survey made of all the land in England, which was entered as the property of its new owners, on a roll called *Doomsday Book*; obliged the people to put out their fires and candles at a certain hour every night, on the ringing of a bell which was called the *Curfew*; introduced the Norman dresses and manners; made the Normans masters everywhere, and the English servants; turned out the English bishops, and put Normans in their places; and showed himself to be the Conqueror indeed.

But even with his own Normans, he had a restless life. They were always hungering and thirsting for the riches of the English; and the more he gave, the more they wanted. His priests were as greedy as his soldiers. We know of only one Norman who plainly told his master the king that he had come

with him to England to do his duty as a faithful servant, and that property taken by force from other men had no charms for him. His name was Guilbert. We should not forget his name; for it is good to remember and to honour honest men.

Besides all these troubles, William the Conqueror was troubled by quarrels among his sons. He had three living. Robert, called Curthose, because of his short legs; William, called Rufus, or the Red, from the colour of his hair; and Henry, fond of learning, and called, in the Norman language, Beauclerc, or Fine-Scholar. When Robert grew up, he asked of his father the government of Normandy, which he had nominally possessed, as a child, under his mother Matilda. The king refusing to grant it, Robert became jealous and discontented; and happening one day, while in this temper, to be ridiculed by his brothers, who threw water on him from a balcony as he was walking before the door, he drew his sword, rushed up stairs, and was only prevented by the king himself from putting them to death. That same night, he hotly departed with some followers from his father's court, and endeavoured to take the castle of Rouen by surprise. Failing in this, he shut himself up in another castle in Normandy, which the king besieged, and where Robert one day unhorsed and nearly killed him without knowing who he was. His submission when he discovered his father, and the intercession of the queen and others, reconciled them, but not soundly; for Robert soon strayed abroad, and went from court to court with his complaints. He was a gay, careless, thoughtless fellow, spending all he got on musicians and dancers; but his mother loved him, and often, against the king's command, supplied him with money through a messenger named Samson. At length the incensed king swore he would tear out Samson's eyes; and Samson, thinking that his only hope of safety was in becoming a monk, became one, went on such errands no more, and kept his eyes in his head.

All this time, from the turbulent day of his strange coronation, the Conqueror had been struggling, you see, at any cost of cruelty and bloodshed, to maintain what he had seized. All his reign he struggled still, with the same object ever before him. He was a stern, bold man, and he succeeded in it.

He loved money, and was particular in his eating; but he had only leisure to indulge one other passion, and that was his

love of hunting. He carried it to such a height that he ordered whole villages and towns to be swept away to make forests for the deer. Not satisfied with sixty-eight royal forests, he laid waste an immense district to form another, in Hampshire, called the New Forest. The many thousands of miserable peasants who saw their little houses pulled down, and themselves and children turned into the open country without a shelter, detested him for his merciless addition to their many sufferings; and when, in the twenty-first year of his reign (which proved to be the last), he went over to Rouen, England was as full of hatred against him as if every leaf on every tree in all his royal forests had been a curse upon his head. In the New Forest, his son Richard (for he had four sons) had been gored to death by a stag; and the people said that this so cruelly made forest would yet be fatal to others of the Conqueror's race.

He was engaged in a dispute with the king of France about some territory. While he stayed at Rouen, negotiating with that king, he kept his bed, and took medicines; being advised by his physicians to do so, on account of having grown to an unwieldy size. Word being brought to him that the king of France made light of this, and joked about it, he swore in a great rage that he should rue his jests. He assembled his army, marched into the disputed territory, burnt—his old way!—the vines, the crops, and fruit, and set the town of Mantes on fire. But in an evil hour; for, as he rode over the hot ruins, his horse, setting his hoofs upon some burning embers, started, threw him forward against the pommel of the saddle, and gave him a mortal hurt. For six weeks he lay dying in a monastery near Rouen, and then made his will, giving England to William, Normandy to Robert, and five thousand pounds to Henry. And now his violent deeds lay heavy on his mind. He ordered money to be given to many English churches and monasteries, and—which was much better repentance—released his prisoners of state, some of whom had been confined in his dungeons twenty years.

It was a September morning, and the sun was rising, when the king was awakened from slumber by the sound of a church bell. "What bell is that?" he faintly asked. They told him it was the bell of the chapel of St. Mary. "I commend my soul," said he, "to Mary!" and died.

Think of his name, The Conqueror, and then consider how he lay in death! The moment he was dead, his physicians, priests, and nobles, not knowing what contest for the throne might now take place, or what might happen in it, hastened away, each man for himself and his own property; the mercenary servants of the court began to rob and plunder; the body of the king, in the indecent strife, was rolled from the bed, and lay alone for hours upon the ground. O Conqueror! of whom so many great names are proud now, of whom so many great names thought nothing then, it were better to have conquered one true heart than England!

By and by the priests came creeping in with prayers and candles; and a good knight, named Herluin, undertook (which no one else would do) to convey the body to Caen, in Normandy, in order that it might be buried in St. Stephen's Church there, which the Conqueror had founded. But fire, of which he had made such bad use in his life, seemed to follow him of itself in death. A great conflagration broke out in the town when the body was placed in the church; and those present running out to extinguish the flames, it was once again left alone.

It was not even buried in peace. It was about to be let down in its royal robes into a tomb near the high altar, in presence of a great concourse of people, when a loud voice in the crowd cried out, "This ground is mine! Upon it stood my father's house. This king despoiled me of both ground and house to build this church. In the great name of God, I here forbid this body to be covered with the earth that is my right!" The priests and bishops present, knowing the speaker's right, and knowing that the king had often denied him justice, paid him down sixty shillings for the grave. Even then the corpse was not at rest. The tomb was too small, and they tried to force it in. It broke, a dreadful smell arose, the people hurried out into the air, and for the third time it was left alone.

Where were the Conqueror's three sons, that they were not at their father's burial? Robert was lounging among minstrels, dancers, and gamesters in France or Germany. Henry was carrying his five thousand pounds safely away in a convenient chest he had got made. William the Red was hurrying to England to lay his hands upon the royal treasure and the crown.

CHAPTER IX

ENGLAND UNDER WILLIAM THE SECOND, CALLED RUFUS

WILLIAM THE RED, in breathless haste, secured the three great forts of Dover, Pevensey, and Hastings, and made with hot speed for Winchester, where the royal treasure was kept. The treasurer delivering him the keys, he found that it amounted to sixty thousand pounds in silver, besides gold and jewels. Possessed of this wealth, he soon persuaded the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown him, and became William the Second, King of England.

Rufus was no sooner on the throne than he ordered into prison again the unhappy state captives whom his father had set free, and directed a goldsmith to ornament his father's tomb profusely with gold and silver. It would have been more dutiful in him to have attended the sick Conqueror when he was dying; but England itself, like this Red King who once governed it, has sometimes made expensive tombs for dead men whom it treated shabbily when they were alive.

The king's brother, Robert of Normandy, seeming quite content to be only duke of that country, and the king's other brother, Fine-Scholar, being quiet enough with his five thousand pounds in a chest, the king flattered himself, we may suppose, with the hope of an easy reign. But easy reigns were difficult to have in those days. The turbulent Bishop Odo (who had blessed the Norman army at the battle of Hastings, and who, I dare say, took all the credit of the victory to himself) soon began, in concert with some powerful Norman nobles, to trouble the Red King.

The truth seems to be that this bishop and his friends, who had lands in England and lands in Normandy, wished to hold both under one sovereign; and greatly preferred a thoughtless, good-natured person, such as Robert was, to Rufus; who, though far from being an amiable man in any respect, was keen, and not to be imposed upon. They declared in Robert's

favour, and retired to their castles (those castles were very troublesome to kings) in a sullen humour. The Red King, seeing the Normans thus falling from him, revenged himself upon them by appealing to the English, to whom he made a variety of promises, which he never meant to perform, — in particular, promises to soften the cruelty of the Forest Laws; and who, in return, so aided him with their valour that Odo was besieged in the castle of Rochester, and forced to abandon it, and to depart from England for ever; whereupon the other rebellious Norman nobles were soon reduced and scattered.

Then the Red King went over to Normandy, where the people suffered greatly under the loose rule of Duke Robert. The king's object was to seize upon the duke's dominions. This the duke, of course, prepared to resist; and miserable war between the two brothers seemed inevitable, when the powerful nobles on both sides, who had seen so much of war, interfered to prevent it. A treaty was made. Each of the two brothers agreed to give up something of his claims, and that the longer liver of the two should inherit all the dominions of the other. When they had come to this loving understanding, they embraced, and joined their forces against Fine-Scholar, who had bought some territory of Robert with a part of his five thousand pounds, and was considered a dangerous individual in consequence.

St. Michael's Mount, in Normandy (there is another St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall wonderfully like it), was then, as it is now, a strong place, perched upon the top of a high rock, around which, when the tide is in, the sea flows, leaving no road to the mainland. In this place Fine-Scholar shut himself up with his soldiers, and here he was closely besieged by his two brothers. At one time, when he was reduced to great distress for want of water, the generous Robert not only permitted his men to get water, but sent Fine-Scholar wine from his own table; and, on being remonstrated with by the Red King, said, "What! shall we let our own brother die of thirst? Where shall we get another when he is gone?" At another time the Red King, riding alone on the shore of the bay, looking up at the castle, was taken by two of Fine-Scholar's men, one of whom was about to kill him, when he cried out, "Hold, knave! I am the King of England!" The story says that the soldier raised him from the ground

respectfully and humbly, and that the king took him into his service. The story may or may not be true; but at any rate, it is true that Fine-Scholar could not hold out against his united brothers, and that he abandoned Mount St. Michael, and wandered about, — as poor and forlorn as other scholars have been sometimes known to be.

The Scotch became unquiet in the Red King's time, and were twice defeated, — the second time with the loss of their king, Malcolm, and his son. The Welsh became unquiet, too. Against them Rufus was less successful; for they fought among their native mountains, and did great execution on the king's troops. Robert of Normandy became unquiet, too; and complaining that his brother, the king, did not faithfully perform his part of their agreement, took up arms, and obtained assistance from the king of France, whom Rufus, in the end, bought off with vast sums of money. England became unquiet, too. Lord Mowbray, the powerful Earl of Northumberland, headed a great conspiracy to depose the king, and to place upon the throne Stephen, the Conqueror's near relative. The plot was discovered; all the chief conspirators were seized; some were fined, some were put in prison, some were put to death. The Earl of Northumberland himself was shut up in a dungeon beneath Windsor Castle, where he died an old man thirty long years afterwards. The priests in England were more unquiet than any other class or power; for the Red King treated them with such small ceremony that he refused to appoint new bishops or archbishops when the old ones died, but kept all the wealth belonging to those offices in his own hands. In return for this the priests wrote his life when he was dead, and abused him well. I am inclined to think myself that there was little to choose between the priests and the Red King; that both sides were greedy and designing, and that they were fairly matched.

The Red King was false of heart, selfish, covetous, and mean. He had a worthy minister in his favourite, Ralph, nicknamed — for almost every famous person had a nickname in those rough days — Flambard, or the Firebrand. Once the king, being ill, became penitent and made Anselm, a foreign priest and a good man, Archbishop of Canterbury. But he no sooner got well again than he repented of his repentance, and persisted in wrongfully keeping to himself some of the wealth

belonging to the archbishopric. This led to violent disputes, which were aggravated by there being in Rome, at that time, two rival Popes; each of whom declared he was the only real, original, infallible Pope, who couldn't make a mistake. At last Anselm, knowing the Red King's character, and not feeling himself safe in England, asked leave to return abroad. The Red King gladly gave it; for he knew that as soon as Anselm was gone he could begin to store up all the Canterbury money again for his own use.

By such means, and by taxing and oppressing the English people in every possible way, the Red King became very rich. When he wanted money for any purpose, he raised it by some means or other, and cared nothing for the injustice he did, or the misery he caused. Having the opportunity of buying from Robert the whole duchy of Normandy for five years, he taxed the English people more than ever, and made the very convents sell their plate and valuables to supply him with the means to make the purchase. But he was as quick and eager in putting down revolt as he was in raising money; for a part of the Norman people objecting — very naturally, I think — to being sold in this way, he headed an army against them with all the speed and energy of his father. He was so impatient that he embarked for Normandy in a great gale of wind. And when the sailors told him it was dangerous to go to sea in such angry weather, he replied, "Hoist sail and away! Did you ever hear of a king who was drowned?"

You will wonder how it was that even careless Robert came to sell his dominions. It happened thus. It had long been the custom for many English people to make journeys to Jerusalem, which were called pilgrimages, in order that they might pray beside the tomb of our Saviour there. Jerusalem belonging to the Turks, and the Turks hating Christianity, these Christian travellers were often insulted and ill used. The pilgrims bore it patiently for some time; but at length a remarkable man, of great earnestness and eloquence, called Peter the Hermit, began to preach in various places against the Turks, and to declare that it was the duty of good Christians to drive away those unbelievers from the tomb of our Saviour, and to take possession of it and protect it. An excitement, such as the world had never known before, was created. Thousands and thousands of men, of all ranks and

conditions, departed for Jerusalem to make war against the Turks. The war is called in history the First Crusade; and every Crusader wore a cross marked on his right shoulder.

All the Crusaders were not zealous Christians. Among them were vast numbers of the restless, idle, profligate, and adventurous spirits of the time. Some became Crusaders for the love of change; some in hope of plunder; some because they had nothing to do at home; some because they did what the priests told them; some because they liked to see foreign countries; some because they were fond of knocking men about, and would as soon knock a Turk about as a Christian. Robert of Normandy may have been influenced by all these motives; and by a kind desire, besides, to save the Christian pilgrims from bad treatment in future. He wanted to raise a number of armed men, and go to the Crusade. He could not do so without money. He had no money; and he sold his dominions to his brother, the Red King, for five years. With the large sum thus obtained, he fitted out his Crusaders gallantly, and went away to Jerusalem in martial state. The Red King, who made money out of everything, stayed at home, busily squeezing more money out of Normans and English.

After three years of great hardship and suffering, from shipwreck at sea; from travel in strange lands; from hunger, thirst, and fever, upon the burning sands of the desert; and from the fury of the Turks, — the valiant Crusaders got possession of our Saviour's tomb. The Turks were still resisting and fighting bravely, but this success increased the general desire in Europe to join the Crusade. Another great French duke was proposing to sell his dominions for a term to the rich Red King, when the Red King's reign came to a sudden and violent end.

You have not forgotten the New Forest which the Conqueror made, and which the miserable people whose homes he had laid waste so hated. The cruelty of the forest laws, and the torture and death they brought upon the peasantry, increased this hatred. The poor, persecuted country people believed that the New Forest was enchanted. They said that in thunder-storms, and on dark nights, demons appeared, moving beneath the branches of the gloomy trees. They said that a terrible spectre had foretold to Norman hunters that the Red King should be punished there. And now, in the pleasant

season of May, when the Red King had reigned almost thirteen years, and a second prince of the Conqueror's blood — another Richard, the son of Duke Robert — was killed by an arrow in this dreaded forest, the people said that the second time was not the last, and that there was another death to come.

It was a lonely forest, accursed in the people's hearts for the wicked deeds that had been done to make it; and no man, save the king and his courtiers and huntsmen, liked to stray there. But, in reality, it was like any other forest. In the spring, the green leaves broke out of the buds; in the summer, flourished heartily, and made deep shades; in the winter, shrivelled, and blew down, and lay in brown heaps on the moss. Some trees were stately, and grew high and strong; some had fallen of themselves; some were felled by the forester's axe; some were hollow, and the rabbits burrowed at their roots; some few were struck by lightning, and stood white and bare. There were hillsides covered with rich fern, on which the morning dew so beautifully sparkled; there were brooks where the deer went down to drink, or over which the whole herd bounded, flying from the arrows of the huntsmen; there were sunny glades and solemn places where but little light came through the rustling leaves. The songs of the birds in the New Forest were pleasanter to hear than the shouts of fighting men outside; and even when the Red King and his court came hunting through its solitudes, cursing loud and riding hard, with a jingling of stirrups and bridles and knives and daggers, they did much less harm there than among the English or Normans; and the stags died (as they lived) far easier than the people.

Upon a day in August, the Red King, now reconciled to his brother, Fine-Scholar, came with a great train to hunt in the New Forest. Fine-Scholar was of the party. They were a merry party, and had lain all night at Malwood Keep, a hunting-lodge in the forest, where they had made good cheer, both at supper and breakfast, and had drunk a deal of wine. The party dispersed in various directions, as the custom of hunters then was. The king took with him only Sir Walter Tyrrel, who was a famous sportsman, and to whom he had given, before they mounted horse that morning, two fine arrows.

The last time the king was ever seen alive, he was riding with Sir Walter Tyrrel, and their dogs were hunting together.

It was almost night, when a poor charcoal-burner, passing through the forest with his cart, came upon the solitary body of a dead man, shot with an arrow in the breast, and still bleeding. He got it into his cart. It was the body of the king. Shaken and tumbled, with its red beard all whitened with lime and clotted with blood, it was driven in the cart by the charcoal-burner next day to Winchester Cathedral, where it was received and buried.

Sir Walter Tyrrel, who escaped to Normandy, and claimed the protection of the king of France, swore, in France, that the Red King was suddenly shot dead by an arrow from an unseen hand, while they were hunting together; that he was fearful of being suspected as the king's murderer; and that he instantly set spurs to his horse, and fled to the sea-shore. Others declared that the king and Sir Walter Tyrrel were hunting in company, a little before sunset, standing in bushes opposite one another, when a stag came between them; that the king drew his bow and took aim, but the string broke; that the king then cried, "Shoot, Walter, in the Devil's name!" that Sir Walter shot; that the arrow glanced against a tree, was turned aside from the stag, and struck the king from his horse, dead.

By whose hand the Red King really fell, and whether that hand despatched the arrow to his breast by accident or by design, is only known to God. Some think his brother may have caused him to be killed; but the Red King had made so many enemies, both among priests and people, that suspicion may reasonably rest upon a less unnatural murderer. Men know no more than that he was found dead in the New Forest, which the suffering people had regarded as a doomed ground for his race.

CHAPTER X

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE FIRST, CALLED FINE-SCHOLAR

FINE-SCHOLAR, on hearing of the Red King's death, hurried to Winchester with as much speed as Rufus himself had made, to seize the royal treasure. But the keeper of the treasure, who had been one of the hunting-party in the forest, made haste to Winchester, too, and, arriving there at about the same time, refused to yield it up. Upon this, Fine-Scholar drew his sword, and threatened to kill the treasurer; who might have paid for his fidelity with his life, but that he knew longer resistance to be useless, when he found the prince supported by a company of powerful barons, who declared they were determined to make him king. The treasurer, therefore, gave up the money and jewels of the crown; and on the third day after the death of the Red King, being a Sunday, Fine-Scholar stood before the high altar in Westminster Abbey, and made a solemn declaration that he would resign the Church property which his brother had seized; that he would do no wrong to the nobles; and that he would restore to the people the laws of Edward the Confessor, with all the improvements of William the Conqueror. So began the reign of King Henry the First.

The people were attached to their new king, both because he had known distresses, and because he was an Englishman by birth, and not a Norman. To strengthen this last hold upon them, the king wished to marry an English lady; and could think of no other wife than Maud the Good, the daughter of the king of Scotland. Although this good princess did not love the king, she was so affected by the representations the nobles made to her of the great charity it would be in her to unite the Norman and Saxon races, and prevent hatred and bloodshed between them for the future, that she consented to become his wife. After some disputing among the priests, who said that as she had been in a convent in her youth, and

had worn the veil of a nun, she could not lawfully be married, — against which the princess stated that her aunt, with whom she had lived in her youth, had indeed sometimes thrown a piece of black stuff over her, but for no other reason than because the nun's veil was the only dress the conquering Normans respected in girl or woman, and not because she had taken the vows of a nun, which she never had, — she was declared free to marry, and was made King Henry's queen. A good queen she was, — beautiful, kind-hearted, and worthy of a better husband than the king.

For he was a cunning and unscrupulous man, though firm and clever. He cared very little for his word, and took any means to gain his ends. All this is shown in his treatment of his brother Robert, — Robert, who had suffered him to be refreshed with water, and who had sent him the wine from his own table, when he was shut up, with the crows flying below him, parched with thirst, in the castle on the top of St. Michael's Mount, where his Red brother would have let him die.

Before the king began to deal with Robert, he removed and disgraced all the favourites of the late king; who were for the most part base characters, much detested by the people. Flambard, or Firebrand, whom the late king had made Bishop of Durham, of all things in the world, Henry imprisoned in the Tower; but Firebrand was a great joker and a jolly companion, and made himself so popular with his guards that they pretended to know nothing about a long rope that was sent into his prison at the bottom of a deep flagon of wine. The guards took the wine, and Firebrand took the rope; with which, when they were fast asleep, he let himself down from a window in the night, and so got cleverly aboard ship and away to Normandy.

Now Robert, when his brother Fine-Scholar came to the throne, was still absent in the Holy Land. Henry pretended that Robert had been made sovereign of that country, and he had been away so long that the ignorant people believed it. But, behold, when Henry had been some time king of England, Robert came home to Normandy; having leisurely returned from Jerusalem through Italy, in which beautiful country he had enjoyed himself very much, and had married a lady as beautiful as itself. In Normandy, he found Fire-

brand waiting to urge him to assert his claim to the English crown, and declare war against King Henry. This, after great loss of time in feasting and dancing with his beautiful Italian wife among his Norman friends, he at last did.

The English in general were on King Henry's side, though many of the Normans were on Robert's. But the English sailors deserted the king, and took a great part of the English fleet over to Normandy; so that Robert came to invade this country in no foreign vessels, but in English ships. The virtuous Anselm, however, whom Henry had invited back from abroad, and made Archbishop of Canterbury, was steadfast in the king's cause; and it was so well supported that the two armies, instead of fighting, made a peace. Poor Robert, who trusted anybody and everybody, readily trusted his brother, the king; and agreed to go home and receive a pension from England, on condition that all his followers were fully pardoned. This the king very faithfully promised; but Robert was no sooner gone than he began to punish them.

Among them was the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, on being summoned by the king to answer to five-and-forty accusations, rode away to one of his strong castles, shut himself up therein, called around him his tenants and vassals, and fought for his liberty, but was defeated and banished. Robert, with all his faults, was so true to his word that, when he first heard of this nobleman having risen against his brother, he laid waste the Earl of Shrewsbury's estates in Normandy to show the king that he would favour no breach of their treaty. Finding, on better information, afterwards, that the earl's only crime was having been his friend, he came over to England, in his old thoughtless, warm-hearted way, to intercede with the king, and remind him of the solemn promise to pardon all his followers.

This confidence might have put the false king to the blush, but it did not. Pretending to be very friendly, he so surrounded his brother with spies and traps that Robert, who was quite in his power, had nothing for it but to renounce his pension, and escape while he could. Getting home to Normandy, and understanding the king better now, he naturally allied himself with his old friend the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had still thirty castles in that country. This was exactly what Henry wanted. He immediately declared that Robert had broken the treaty, and next year invaded Normandy.

He pretended that he came to deliver the Normans, at their own request, from his brother's misrule. There is reason to fear that his misrule was bad enough; for his beautiful wife had died, leaving him with an infant son; and his court was again so careless, dissipated, and ill-regulated that it was said he sometimes lay in bed of a day for want of clothes to put on, — his attendants having stolen all his dresses. But he headed his army like a brave prince and a gallant soldier, though he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by King Henry, with four hundred of his knights. Among them was poor harmless Edgar Atheling, who loved Robert well. Edgar was not important enough to be severe with. The king afterwards gave him a small pension, which he lived upon and died upon, in peace, among the quiet woods and fields of England.

And Robert, — poor, kind, generous, wasteful, heedless Robert, with so many faults, and yet with virtues that might have made a better and a happier man, — what was the end of him? If the king had had the magnanimity to say with a kind air, "Brother, tell me, before these noblemen, that from this time you will be my faithful follower and friend, and never raise your hand against me or my forces more," he might have trusted Robert to the death. But the king was not a magnanimous man. He sentenced his brother to be confined for life in one of the royal castles. In the beginning of his imprisonment, he was allowed to ride out, guarded; but he one day broke away from his guard, and galloped off. He had the evil fortune to ride into a swamp, where his horse stuck fast, and he was taken. When the king heard of it, he ordered him to be blinded; which was done by putting a red-hot metal basin on his eyes.

And so, in darkness and in prison, many years, he thought of all his past life, — of the time he had wasted, of the treasure he had squandered, of the opportunities he had lost, of the youth he had thrown away, of the talents he had neglected. Sometimes, on fine autumn mornings, he would sit and think of the old hunting-parties in the free forest, where he had been the foremost and the gayest. Sometimes, in the still nights, he would wake, and mourn for the many nights that had stolen past him at the gaming-table; sometimes would seem to hear, upon the melancholy wind, the old songs of the minstrels; sometimes would dream, in his blindness, of the light and

glitter of the Norman court. Many and many a time, he groped back, in his fancy, to Jerusalem, where he had fought so well; or, at the head of his brave companions, bowed his feathered helmet to the shouts of welcome greeting him in Italy, and seemed again to walk among the sunny vineyards, or on the shore of the blue sea, with his lovely wife. And then, thinking of her grave, and of his fatherless boy, he would stretch out his solitary arms and weep.

At length, one day, there lay in prison, dead, with cruel and disfiguring scars upon his eyelids, bandaged from his jailer's sight, but on which the eternal heavens looked down, a worn old man of eighty. He had once been Robert of Normandy. Pity him!

At the time when Robert of Normandy was taken prisoner by his brother, Robert's little son was only five years old. This child was taken, too, and carried before the king, sobbing and crying; for, young as he was, he knew he had good reason to be afraid of his royal uncle. The king was not much accustomed to pity those who were in his power, but his cold heart seemed for the moment to soften towards the boy. He was observed to make a great effort, as if to prevent himself from being cruel, and ordered the child to be taken away; whereupon a certain baron, who had married a daughter of Duke Robert's (by name Helie of St. Saen), took charge of him tenderly. The king's gentleness did not last long. Before two years were over, he sent messengers to this lord's castle to seize the child and bring him away. The baron was not there at the time; but his servants were faithful, and carried the boy off in his sleep and hid him. When the baron came home, and was told what the king had done, he took the child abroad, and, leading him by the hand, went from king to king and from court to court, relating how the child had a claim to the throne of England, and how his uncle the king, knowing that he had that claim, would have murdered him, perhaps, but for his escape.

The youth and innocence of the pretty little William Fitz-Robert (for that was his name) made him many friends at that time. When he became a young man, the king of France, uniting with the French Counts of Anjou and Flanders, supported his cause against the king of England, and took many of the king's towns and castles in Normandy. But King

Henry, artful and cunning always, bribed some of William's friends with money, some with promises, some with power. He bought off the Count of Anjou, by promising to marry his eldest son, also named William, to the count's daughter; and indeed the whole trust of this king's life was in such bargains; and he believed (as many another king has done since, and as one king did in France a very little time ago) that every man's truth and honour can be bought at some price. For all this, he was so afraid of William Fitz-Robert and his friends that for a long time he believed his life to be in danger; and never lay down to sleep, even in his palace, surrounded by his guards, without having a sword and buckler at his bedside.

To strengthen his power, the king with great ceremony betrothed his eldest daughter, Matilda, then a child only eight years old, to be the wife of Henry the Fifth, the emperor of Germany. To raise her marriage-portion, he taxed the English people in a most oppressive manner; then treated them to a great procession, to restore their good-humour; and sent Matilda away, in fine state, with the German ambassadors, to be educated in the country of her future husband.

And now his queen, Maud the Good, unhappily died. It was a sad thought for that gentle lady that the only hope with which she had married a man whom she had never loved—the hope of reconciling the Norman and English races—had failed. At the very time of her death, Normandy and all France was in arms against England; for, so soon as his last danger was over, King Henry had been false to all the French powers he had promised, bribed, and bought, and they had naturally united against him. After some fighting, however, in which few suffered but the unhappy common people (who always suffered, whatsoever was the matter), he began to promise, bribe, and buy again, and by those means, and by the help of the Pope, who exerted himself to save more bloodshed, and by solemnly declaring, over and over again, that he really was in earnest this time, and would keep his word, the king made peace.

One of the first consequences of this peace was that the king went over to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue, to have the prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles, and to contract the promised marriage (this was one of the many promises the king had broken)

between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing; and on the twenty-fifth of November, in the year 1120, the whole retinue prepared to embark at the port of Barfleur, for the voyage home.

On that day, and at that place, there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said:—

“My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship, with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbour here, called *The White Ship*, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire, to let your servant have the honour of steering you in *The White Ship* to England!”

“I am sorry, friend,” replied the king, “that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot (therefore) sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair *White Ship*, manned by the fifty sailors of renown.”

An hour or two afterward, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of those ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a dissolute, debauched young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard *The White Ship*, with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair *White Ship*.

“Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen,” said the prince, “to the fifty sailors of renown. My father, the king, has sailed out of the harbour. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?”

“Prince,” said Fitz-Stephen, “before morning my fifty and *The White Ship* shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father, the king, if we sail at midnight!”

Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors

drank out the three casks of wine, and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of The White Ship.

When, at last, she shot out of the harbour of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colours to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honour of The White Ship.

Crash ! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the king heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock, — was filling, — going down !

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat, with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not so far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie, the Countess of Perche, calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk ! I cannot bear to leave her !"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was upset. And in the same instant The White Ship went down.

Only two men floated. They both clung to the mainyard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was ? He said, "I am a nobleman, Godrey by name, the son of Gilbert de l'Aigle. And you ?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord, be merciful to us both !" and tried to encourage one another, as they drifted in the cold benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By and by, another man came swimming towards them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince ?" said he. "Gone, gone !" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the king's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except

we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe! woe to me!" and sunk to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sunk; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning, some fishermen saw him floating in his sheep-skin coat, and got him into their boat, — the sole relater of the dismal tale.

For three days, no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king. At length they sent into his presence a little boy, who weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that *The White Ship* was lost with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterwards was seen to smile.

But he plotted again, and promised again, and bribed and bought again, in his old deceitful way. Having no son to succeed him, after all his pains ("The prince will never yoke us to the plough now!" said the English people), he took a second wife, — *Adelais* or *Alice*, a duke's daughter, and the Pope's niece. Having no more children, however, he proposed to the barons to swear that they would recognise as his successor his daughter *Matilda*, whom, as she was now a widow, he married to the eldest son of the Count of Anjou, *Geoffrey*, surnamed *Plantagenet*, from a custom he had of wearing a sprig of flowering broom (called *genêt* in French) in his cap for a feather. As one false man usually makes many, and as a false king, in particular, is pretty certain to make a false court, the barons took the oath about the succession of *Matilda* (and her children after her) twice over, without in the least intending to keep it. The king was now relieved from any remaining fears of *William Fitz-Robert*, by his death in the monastery of *St. Omer*, in France, at twenty-six years old, of a pike-wound in the hand. And, as *Matilda* gave birth to three sons, he thought the succession to the throne secure.

He spent most of the latter part of his life, which was troubled by family quarrels, in Normandy, to be near *Matilda*. When he had reigned upwards of thirty-five years, and was sixty-seven years old, he died of an indigestion and fever,

brought on by eating, when he was far from well, of a fish called lamprey, against which he had often been cautioned by his physicians. His remains were brought over to Reading Abbey to be buried.

You may perhaps hear the cunning and promise-breaking of King Henry the First called "policy" by some people, and "diplomacy" by others. Neither of these fine words will in the least mean that it was true; and nothing that is not true can possibly be good.

His greatest merit, that I know of, was his love of learning. I should have given him greater credit even for that, if it had been strong enough to induce him to spare the eyes of a certain poet he once took prisoner, who was a knight besides. But he ordered the poet's eyes to be torn from his head, because he had laughed at him in his verses; and the poet, in the pain of that torture, dashed out his own brains against his prison-wall. King Henry the First was avaricious, revengeful, and so false that I suppose a man never lived whose word was less to be relied upon.

CHAPTER XI

ENGLAND UNDER MATILDA AND STEPHEN

THE king was no sooner dead than all the plans and schemes he had laboured at so long, and lied so much for, crumbled away like a hollow heap of sand. Stephen, whom he had never mistrusted or suspected, started up to claim the throne.

Stephen was the son of Adela, the Conqueror's daughter, married to the Count of Blois. To Stephen, and to his brother Henry, the late king had been liberal; making Henry Bishop of Winchester, and finding a good marriage for Stephen, and much enriching him. This did not prevent Stephen from hastily producing a false witness, a servant of the late king, to swear that the king had named him for his heir upon his death-bed. On this evidence the Archbishop of Canterbury crowned him. The new king, so suddenly made, lost not a moment in seizing the royal treasure, and hiring foreign soldiers with some of it to protect his throne.

If the dead king had even done as the false witness said, he would have had small right to will away the English people, like so many sheep or oxen, without their consent. But he had, in fact, bequeathed all his territory to Matilda; who, supported by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, soon began to dispute the crown. Some of the powerful barons and priests took her side; some took Stephen's; all fortified their castles; and again the miserable English people were involved in war, from which they could never derive advantage whosoever was victorious, and in which all parties plundered, tortured, starved, and ruined them.

Five years had passed since the death of Henry the First, — and during those five years there had been two terrible invasions by the people of Scotland under their king, David, who was at last defeated with all his army, — when Matilda, attended by her brother Robert and a large force, appeared in England to maintain her claim. A battle was fought between

her troops and King Stephen's, at Lincoln; in which the king himself was taken prisoner, after bravely fighting until his battle-axe and sword were broken, and was carried into strict confinement at Gloucester. Matilda then submitted herself to the priests, and the priests crowned her queen of England.

She did not long enjoy this dignity. The people of London had a great affection for Stephen; many of the barons considered it degrading to be ruled by a woman; and the queen's temper was so haughty that she made innumerable enemies. The people of London revolted; and, in alliance with the troops of Stephen, besieged her at Winchester, where they took her brother Robert prisoner, whom, as her best soldier and chief general, she was glad to exchange for Stephen himself, who thus regained his liberty. Then the long war went on afresh. Once she was pressed so hard in the castle of Oxford, in the winter weather, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, that her only chance of escape was to dress herself all in white, and, accompanied by no more than three faithful knights, dressed in like manner, that their figures might not be seen from Stephen's camp as they passed over the snow, to steal away on foot, cross the frozen Thames, walk a long distance, and at last gallop away on horseback. All this she did, but to no great purpose then; for her brother dying while the struggle was yet going on, she at last withdrew to Normandy.

In two or three years after her withdrawal her cause appeared in England, afresh, in the person of her son Henry, young Plantagenet, who, at only eighteen years of age, was very powerful, not only on account of his mother having resigned all Normandy to him, but also from his having married Eleanor, the divorced wife of the French king, a bad woman, who had great possessions in France. Louis, the French king, not relishing this arrangement, helped Eustace, King Stephen's son, to invade Normandy; but Henry drove their united forces out of that country, and then returned here to assist his partisans, whom the king was then besieging at Wallingford upon the Thames. Here for two days, divided only by the river, the two armies lay encamped opposite to one another, — on the eve, as it seemed to all men, of another desperate fight, when the Earl of Arundel took heart, and said, "that it was not reasonable to prolong the unspeakable miseries of two kingdoms to minister to the ambition of two princes."

Many other noblemen, repeating and supporting this when it was once uttered, Stephen and young Plantagenet went down, each to his own bank of the river, and held a conversation across it, in which they arranged a truce; very much to the dissatisfaction of Eustace, who swaggered away with some followers, and laid violent hands on the abbey of St. Edmund's-Bury, where he presently died mad. The truce led to a solemn council at Winchester, in which it was agreed that Stephen should retain the crown, on condition of his declaring Henry his successor; that William, another son of the king's, should inherit his father's rightful possessions; and that all the crown-lands which Stephen had given away should be recalled, and all the castles he had permitted to be built demolished. Thus terminated the bitter war, which had now lasted fifteen years, and had again laid England waste. In the next year Stephen died, after a troubled reign of nineteen years.

Although King Stephen was, for the time in which he lived, a humane and moderate man, with many excellent qualities; and although nothing worse is known of him than his usurpation of the crown, which he probably excused to himself by the consideration that King Henry the First was an usurper too, — which was no excuse at all, — the people of England suffered more in these dread nineteen years than at any former period even of their suffering history. In the division of the nobility between the two rival claimants of the crown, and in the growth of what is called the Feudal System (which made the peasants the born vassals and mere slaves of the barons), every noble had his strong castle, where he reigned the cruel king of all the neighbouring people. Accordingly, he perpetrated whatever cruelties he chose; and never were worse cruelties committed upon earth than in wretched England in those nineteen years.

The writers who were living then describe them fearfully. They say that the castles were filled with devils rather than with men; that the peasants, men and women, were put into dungeons for their gold and silver, were tortured with fire and smoke, were hung up by the thumbs, were hung up by the heels with great weights to their heads, were torn with jagged irons, killed with hunger, broken to death in narrow chests filled with sharp-pointed stones, murdered in countless fiendish

ways. In England there was no corn, no meat, no cheese, no butter; there were no tilled lands, no harvests. Ashes of burnt towns and dreary wastes were all that the traveller, fearful of the robbers who prowled abroad at all hours, would see in a long day's journey; and from sunrise until night he would not come upon a home.

The clergy sometimes suffered, and heavily, too, from pillage; but many of them had castles of their own, and fought in helmet and armour like the barons, and drew lots with other fighting men for their share of booty. The Pope (or Bishop of Rome), on King Stephen's resisting his ambition, laid England under an interdict at one period of this reign; which means, that he allowed no service to be performed in the churches, no couples to be married, no bells to be rung, no dead bodies to be buried. Any man having the power to refuse these things, no matter whether he were called a pope or a poulterer, would, of course, have the power of afflicting numbers of innocent people. That nothing might be wanting to the miseries of King Stephen's time, the Pope threw in this contribution to the public store, — not very like the widow's contribution, as I think, when our Saviour sat in Jerusalem over against the treasury, "and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing."

CHAPTER XII

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE SECOND

PART THE FIRST

HENRY PLANTAGENET, when he was but twenty-one years old, quietly succeeded to the throne of England, according to his agreement made with the late king at Winchester. Six weeks after Stephen's death, he and his queen, Eleanor, were crowned in that city; into which they rode on horseback in great state, side by side, amidst much shouting and rejoicing, and clashing of music, and strewing of flowers.

The reign of King Henry the Second began well. The king had great possessions, and (what with his own rights, and what with those of his wife) was lord of one-third part of France. He was a young man of vigour, ability, and resolution, and immediately applied himself to remove some of the evils which had arisen in the last unhappy reign. He revoked all the grants of land that had been hastily made on either side during the late struggles; he obliged numbers of disorderly soldiers to depart from England; he reclaimed all the castles belonging to the crown; and he forced the wicked nobles to pull down their own castles, to the number of eleven hundred, in which such dismal cruelties had been inflicted on the people. The king's brother, Geoffrey, rose against him in France, while he was so well employed, and rendered it necessary for him to repair to that country; where, after he had subdued and made a friendly arrangement with his brother (who did not live long), his ambition to increase his possessions involved him in a war with the French king, Louis, with whom he had been on such friendly terms just before that, to the French king's infant daughter, then a baby in the cradle, he had promised one of his little sons in marriage, who was a child of five years old. However, the war came to nothing at last, and the Pope made the two kings friends again.

Now the clergy in the troubles of the last reign had gone on very ill, indeed. There were all kinds of criminals among them, — murderers, thieves, and vagabonds; and the worse of the matter was that the good priests would not give up the bad priests to justice when they committed crimes, but persisted in sheltering and defending them. The king, well knowing that there could be no peace or rest in England while such things lasted, resolved to reduce the power of the clergy, and, when he had reigned seven years, found (as he considered) a good opportunity for doing so in the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury. "I will have for the new archbishop," thought the king, "a friend in whom I can trust, who will help me to humble these rebellious priests, and have them dealt with when they do wrong as other men who do wrong are dealt with." So he resolved to make his favourite the new archbishop; and this favourite was so extraordinary a man, and his story is so curious, that I must tell you all about him.

Once upon a time a worthy merchant of London, named Gilbert à Becket, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was taken prisoner by a Saracen lord. This lord, who treated him kindly, and not like a slave, had one fair daughter, who fell in love with the merchant, and who told him that she wanted to become a Christian, and was willing to marry him if they could fly to a Christian country. The merchant returned her love until he found an opportunity to escape, when he did not trouble himself about the Saracen lady, but escaped with his servant Richard, who had been taken prisoner along with him, and arrived in England, and forgot her. The Saracen lady, who was more loving than the merchant, left her father's house in disguise to follow him, and made her way under many hardships to the sea-shore. The merchant had taught her only two English words (for I suppose he must have learnt the Saracen tongue himself, and made love in that language), of which London was one, and his own name, Gilbert, the other. She went among the ships, saying, "London, London!" over and over again, until the sailors understood that she wanted to find an English vessel that would carry her there; so they showed her such a ship, and she paid for her passage with some of her jewels, and sailed away. Well, the merchant was sitting in his counting-house in London one

day, when he heard a great noise in the street, and presently Richard came running in from the warehouse, with his eyes wide open and his breath almost gone, saying, "Master, master, here is the Saracen lady!" The merchant thought Richard was mad; but Richard said, "No, master; as I live, the Saracen lady is going up and down the city, calling, 'Gilbert, Gilbert!'" Then he took the merchant by the sleeve, and pointed out at window; and there they saw her among the gables and water-spouts of the dark, dirty street, in her foreign dress, so forlorn, surrounded by a wondering crowd, and passing slowly along, calling, "Gilbert, Gilbert!" When the merchant saw her, and thought of the tenderness she had shown him in his captivity, and of her constancy, his heart was moved, and he ran down into the street; and she saw him coming, and with a great cry fainted in his arms. They were married without loss of time, and Richard (who was an excellent man) danced with joy the whole day of the wedding; and they all lived happy ever afterwards.

This merchant and this Saracen lady had one son, Thomas à Becket. He it was who became the favourite of King Henry the Second.

He had become chancellor, when the king thought of making him archbishop. He was clever, gay, well-educated, brave; had fought in several battles in France; had defeated a French knight in single combat, and brought his horse away as a token of the victory. He lived in a noble palace, he was the tutor of the young Prince Henry, he was served by one hundred and forty knights, his riches were immense. The king once sent him as his ambassador to France; and the French people, beholding in what state he travelled, cried out in the streets, "How splendid must the king of England be, when this is only the chancellor!" They had good reason to wonder at the magnificence of Thomas à Becket; for when he entered a French town, his procession was headed by two hundred and fifty singing boys; then came his hounds in couples; then eight wagons, each drawn by five horses, driven by five drivers; two of the wagons filled with strong ale to be given away to the people; four with his gold and silver plate and stately clothes; two with the dresses of his numerous servants. Then came twelve horses, each with a monkey on his back; then a train of people bearing shields, and leading fine war-

horses, splendidly equipped; then falconers with hawks upon their wrists; then a host of knights and gentlemen and priests; then the chancellor, with his brilliant garments flashing in the sun, and all the people capering and shouting with delight.

The king was well pleased with all this, thinking that it only made himself the more magnificent to have so magnificent a favourite; but he sometimes jested with the chancellor upon his splendour, too. Once, when they were riding together through the streets of London in hard winter weather, they saw a shivering old man in rags. "Look at the poor object," said the king. "Would it not be a charitable act to give that aged man a comfortable warm cloak?" "Undoubtedly it would," said Thomas à Becket; "and you do well, sir, to think of such Christian duties." — "Come," cried the king, "then give him your cloak!" It was made of rich crimson trimmed with ermine. The king tried to pull it off; the chancellor tried to keep it on. Both were near rolling from their saddles in the mud, when the chancellor submitted, and the king gave the cloak to the old beggar, much to the beggar's astonishment, and much to the merriment of all the courtiers in attendance; for courtiers are not only eager to laugh when the king laughs, but they really do enjoy a laugh against a favourite.

"I will make," thought King Henry the Second, "this chancellor of mine, Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. He will then be the head of the Church, and, being devoted to me, will help me to correct the Church. He has always upheld my power against the power of the clergy, and once publicly told some bishops (I remember) that men of the Church were equally bound to me with men of the sword. Thomas à Becket is the man, of all other men in England, to help me in my great design." So the king, regardless of all objection, either that he was a fighting man, or a lavish man, or a courtly man, or a man of pleasure, or anything but a likely man for the office, made him archbishop accordingly.

Now Thomas à Becket was proud, and loved to be famous. He was already famous for the pomp of his life, — for his riches, his gold and silver plate, his wagons, horses, and attendants. He could do no more in that way than he had done; and, being tired of that kind of fame (which is a poor one), he longed to have his name celebrated for something else.

Nothing, he knew, would render him so famous in the world as the setting of his utmost power and ability against the utmost power and ability of the king. He resolved with the whole strength of his mind to do it.

He may have had some secret grudge against the king besides. The king may have offended his proud humour at some time or other, for anything I know. I think it likely; because it is a common thing for kings, princes, and other great people, to try the tempers of their favourites rather severely. Even the little affair of the crimson cloak must have been anything but a pleasant one to a haughty man. Thomas à Becket knew better than any one in England what the king expected of him. In all his sumptuous life, he had never yet been in a position to disappoint the king. He could take up that proud stand now, as head of the Church; and he determined that it should be written in history, either that he subdued the king, or that the king subdued him.

So, of a sudden, he completely altered the whole manner of his life. He turned off all his brilliant followers, ate coarse food, drank bitter water, wore next his skin sackcloth covered with dirt and vermin (for it was then thought very religious to be very dirty), flogged his back to punish himself, lived chiefly in a little cell, washed the feet of thirteen poor people every day, and looked as miserable as he possibly could. If he had put twelve hundred monkeys on horseback instead of twelve, and had gone in procession with eight thousand wagons instead of eight, he could not have half astonished the people so much as by this great change. It soon caused him to be more talked about as an archbishop than he had been as a chancellor.

The king was very angry; and was made still more so, when the new archbishop, claiming various estates from the nobles as being rightfully Church property, required the king himself, for the same reason, to give up Rochester Castle, and Rochester City, too. Not satisfied with this, he declared that no power but himself should appoint a priest to any church in the part of England over which he was archbishop; and when a certain gentleman of Kent made such an appointment, as he claimed to have the right to do, Thomas à Becket excommunicated him.

Excommunication was, next to the interdict I told you of

at the close of the last chapter, the great weapon of the clergy. It consisted in declaring the person who was excommunicated an outcast from the Church and from all religious offices; and in cursing him all over, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot, whether he was standing up, lying down, sitting, kneeling, walking, running, hopping, jumping, gaping, coughing, sneezing, or whatever else he was doing. This unchristian nonsense would of course have made no sort of difference to the person cursed, — who could say his prayers at home if he were shut out of church, and whom none but God could judge, — but for the fears and superstitions of the people, who avoided excommunicated persons, and made their lives unhappy. So the king said to the new archbishop, "Take off this excommunication from this gentleman of Kent;" to which the archbishop replied, "I shall do no such thing."

The quarrel went on. A priest in Worcestershire committed a most dreadful murder, that aroused the horror of the whole nation. The king demanded to have this wretch delivered up, to be tried in the same court and in the same way as any other murderer. The archbishop refused, and kept him in the bishop's prison. The king, holding a solemn assembly in Westminster Hall, demanded that in future all priests found guilty before their bishops of crimes against the law of the land should be considered priests no longer, and should be delivered over to the law of the land for punishment. The archbishop again refused. The king required to know whether the clergy would obey the ancient customs of the country? Every priest there, but one, said, after Thomas à Becket, "Saving my order." This really meant that they would only obey those customs when they did not interfere with their own claims; and the king went out of the hall in great wrath.

Some of the clergy began to be afraid, now, that they were going too far. Though Thomas à Becket was otherwise as unmoved as Westminster Hall, they prevailed upon him, for the sake of their fears, to go to the king at Woodstock, and promise to observe the ancient customs of the country, without saying anything about his order. The king received this submission favourably, and summoned a great council of the clergy to meet at the Castle of Clarendon, by Salisbury. But when the council met, the archbishop again insisted on the words, "saving my order;" and he still insisted, though lords

entreated him, and priests wept before him and knelt to him, and an adjoining room was thrown open, filled with armed soldiers of the king, to threaten him. At length he gave way, for that time; and the ancient customs (which included what the king had demanded in vain) were stated in writing, and were signed and sealed by the chief of the clergy, and were called the Constitutions of Clarendon.

The quarrel went on, for all that. The archbishop tried to see the king. The king would not see him. The archbishop tried to escape from England. The sailors on the coast would launch no boat to take him away. Then he again resolved to do his worst in opposition to the king, and began openly to set the ancient customs at defiance.

The king summoned him before a great council at Northampton, where he accused him of high treason, and made a claim against him, which was not a just one, for an enormous sum of money. Thomas à Becket was alone against the whole assembly; and the very bishops advised him to resign his office, and abandon his contest with the king. His great anxiety and agitation stretched him on a sick-bed for two days, but he was still undaunted. He went to the adjourned council, carrying a great cross in his right hand, and sat down, holding it erect before him. The king angrily retired into an inner room. The whole assembly angrily retired, and left him there; but there he sat. The bishops came out again in a body, and renounced him as a traitor. He only said, "I hear!" and sat there still. They retired again into an inner room, and his trial proceeded without him. By and by, the Earl of Leicester, heading the barons, came out to read his sentence. He refused to hear it, denied the power of the court, and said he would refer his cause to the Pope. As he walked out of the hall, with the cross in his hand, some of those present picked up rushes, — rushes were strewn upon the floors in those days by way of carpet, — and threw them at him. He proudly turned his head, and said that, were he not archbishop, he would chastise those cowards with the sword he had known how to use in bygone days. He then mounted his horse, and rode away, cheered and surrounded by the common people, to whom he threw open his house that night and gave a supper, supping with them himself. That same night he secretly departed from the town; and so, travelling

by night and hiding by day, and calling himself "Brother Dearman," got away, not without difficulty, to Flanders.

The struggle still went on. The angry king took possession of the revenues of the archbishopric, and banished all the relations and servants of Thomas à Becket, to the number of four hundred. The Pope and the French king both protected him, and an abbey was assigned for his residence. Stimulated by this support, Thomas à Becket, on a great festival day, formally proceeded to a great church crowded with people, and going up into the pulpit publicly cursed and excommunicated all who had supported the Constitutions of Clarendon, mentioning many English noblemen by name, and not distantly hinting at the king of England himself.

When intelligence of this new affront was carried to the king in his chamber, his passion was so furious that he tore his clothes, and rolled like a madman on his bed of straw and rushes. But he was soon up and doing. He ordered all the ports and coasts of England to be narrowly watched, that no letters of interdict might be brought into the kingdom; and sent messengers and bribes to the Pope's palace at Rome. Meanwhile, Thomas à Becket, for his part, was not idle at Rome, but constantly employed his utmost arts in his own behalf. Thus the contest stood, until there was peace between France and England (which had been for some time at war), and until the two children of the two kings were married in celebration of it. Then the French king brought about a meeting between Henry and his old favourite, so long his enemy.

Even then, though Thomas à Becket knelt before the king, he was obstinate and immovable as to those words about his order. King Louis of France was weak enough in his veneration for Thomas à Becket, and such men; but this was a little too much for him. He said that à Becket "wanted to be greater than the saints, and better than St. Peter," and rode away from him with the king of England. His poor French Majesty asked à Becket's pardon for so doing, however, soon afterwards, and cut a very pitiful figure.

At last, and after a world of trouble, it came to this. There was another meeting on French ground between King Henry and Thomas à Becket; and it was agreed that Thomas à Becket should be Archbishop of Canterbury, according to the customs

of former archbishops, and that the king should put him in possession of the revenues of that post. And now, indeed, you might suppose the struggle at an end, and Thomas à Becket at rest. No: not even yet; for Thomas à Becket hearing, by some means, that King Henry, when he was in dread of his kingdom being placed under an interdict, had had his eldest son, Prince Henry, secretly crowned, not only persuaded the Pope to suspend the Archbishop of York, who had performed that ceremony, and to excommunicate the bishops who had assisted at it, but sent a messenger of his own into England, in spite of all the king's precautions along the coast, who delivered the letters of excommunication into the bishop's own hands. Thomas à Becket then came over to England himself, after an absence of seven years. He was privately warned that it was dangerous to come, and that an ireful knight, named Ranulf de Broc, had threatened that he should not live to eat a loaf of bread in England; but he came.

The common people received him well, and marched about with him in a soldierly way, armed with such rustic weapons as they could get. He tried to see the young prince who had once been his pupil, but was prevented. He hoped for some little support among the nobles and priests, but found none. He made the most of the peasants who attended him, and feasted them, and went from Canterbury to Harrow-on-the-Hill, and from Harrow-on-the-Hill back to Canterbury, and on Christmas Day preached in the cathedral there, and told the people in his sermon that he had come to die among them, and that it was likely he would be murdered. He had no fear, however, or, if he had any, he had much more obstinacy; for he, then and there, excommunicated three of his enemies, of whom Ranulf de Broc, the ireful knight, was one.

As men in general had no fancy for being cursed, in their sitting and walking, and gaping and sneezing, and all the rest of it, it was very natural in the persons so freely excommunicated to complain to the king. It was equally natural in the king, who had hoped that this troublesome opponent was at last quieted, to fall into a mighty rage when he heard of these new affronts; and, on the Archbishop of York telling him that he never could hope for rest while Thomas à Becket lived, to cry out hastily before his court, "Have I no one here who will deliver me from this man?" There were four knights present,

who, hearing the king's words, looked at one another, and went out.

The names of these knights were Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito; three of whom had been in the train of Thomas à Becket in the old days of his splendour. They rode away on horseback, in a very secret manner, and on the third day after Christmas Day arrived at Saltwood House, not far from Canterbury, which belonged to the family of Ranulf de Broc. They quietly collected some followers here, in case they should need any; and, proceeding to Canterbury, suddenly appeared (the four knights and twelve men) before the archbishop, in his own house, at two o'clock in the afternoon. They neither bowed nor spoke, but sat down on the floor in silence, staring at the archbishop.

Thomas à Becket said, at length, "What do you want?"

"We want," said Reginald Fitzurse, "the excommunication taken from the bishops, and you to answer for your offences to the king."

Thomas à Becket defiantly replied that the power of the clergy was above the power of king; that it was not for such men as they were to threaten him; that if he were threatened by all the swords in England, he would never yield.

"Then we will do more than threaten!" said the knights. And they went out with the twelve men, and put on their armour, and drew their shining swords, and came back.

His servants, in the mean time, had shut up and barred the great gate of the palace. At first, the knights tried to shatter it with their battle-axes; but being shown a window by which they could enter, they let the gate alone, and climbed in that way. While they were battering at the door, the attendants of Thomas à Becket had implored him to take refuge in the cathedral; in which, as a sanctuary or sacred place, they thought the knights would dare to do no violent deed. He told them, again and again, that he would not stir. Hearing the distant voices of the monks singing the evening service, however, he said it was now his duty to attend; and therefore, and for no other reason, he would go.

There was a near way between his palace and the cathedral, by some beautiful old cloisters which you may yet see. He went into the cathedral, without any hurry, and having the cross carried before him as usual. When he was safely there,

his servants would have fastened the door; but he said, No: it was the house of God, and not a fortress.

As he spoke, the shadow of Reginald Fitzurse appeared in the cathedral doorway, darkening the little light there was outside, on the dark winter evening. This knight said, in a strong voice, "Follow me, loyal servants of the king!" The rattle of the armour of the other knights echoed through the cathedral, as they came clashing in.

It was so dark, in the lofty aisles and among the stately pillars of the church, and there were so many hiding-places in the crypt below and in the narrow passages above, that Thomas à Becket might even at that pass have saved himself if he would. But he would not. He told the monks resolutely that he would not. And though they all dispersed, and left him there with no other follower than Edward Gryme, his faithful cross-bearer, he was as firm then as ever he had been in his life.

The knights came on, through the darkness, making a terrible noise with their armed tread upon the stone pavement of the church. "Where is the traitor?" they cried out. He made no answer. But when they cried, "Where is the archbishop?" he said proudly, "I am here!" and came out of the shade, and stood before them.

The knights had no desire to kill him, if they could rid the king and themselves of him by any other means. They told him he must either fly or go with them. He said he would do neither; and he threw William Tracy off with such force, when he took hold of his sleeve, that Tracy reeled again. By his reproaches and his steadiness, he so incensed them, and exasperated their fierce humour, that Reginald Fitzurse, whom he called by an ill name, said, "Then die!" and struck at his head. But the faithful Edward Gryme put out his arm, and there received the main force of the blow, so that it only made his master bleed. Another voice from among the knights again called to Thomas à Becket to fly; but with his blood running down his face, and his hands clasped, and his head bent, he commended himself to God, and stood firm. Then they cruelly killed him, close to the altar of St. Bennet; and his body fell upon the pavement, which was dirtied with his blood and brains.

It is an awful thing to think of the murdered mortal, who

had so showered his curses about, lying, all disfigured, in the church, where a few lamps, here and there, were but red specks on a pall of darkness; and to think of the guilty knights riding away on horseback, looking over their shoulders at the dim cathedral, and remembering what they had left inside.

PART THE SECOND

When the king heard how Thomas à Becket had lost his life in Canterbury Cathedral, through the ferocity of the four knights, he was filled with dismay. Some have supposed that when the king spoke those hasty words, "Have I no one here who will deliver me from this man?" he wished and meant à Becket to be slain. But few things are more unlikely; for, besides that the king was not naturally cruel (though very passionate), he was wise, and must have known full well what any stupid man in his dominions must have known, namely, that such a murder would rouse the Pope and the whole Church against him.

He sent respectful messengers to the Pope, to represent his innocence (except in having uttered the hasty words); and he swore solemnly and publicly to his innocence, and contrived, in time, to make his peace. As to the four guilty knights, who fled into Yorkshire, and never again dared to show themselves at court, the Pope excommunicated them; and they lived miserably for some time, shunned by all their countrymen. At last they went humbly to Jerusalem, as a penance, and there died and were buried.

It happened fortunately for the pacifying of the Pope that an opportunity arose very soon after the murder of à Becket for the king to declare his power in Ireland; which was an acceptable undertaking to the Pope, as the Irish, who had been converted to Christianity by one Patricius (otherwise St. Patrick) long ago, before any pope existed, considered that the Pope had nothing at all to do with them, or they with the Pope, and accordingly refused to pay him Peter's Pence, or that tax of a penny a house which I have elsewhere mentioned. The king's opportunity arose in this way.

The Irish were, at that time, as barbarous a people as you can well imagine. They were continually quarrelling and

fighting, cutting one another's throats, slicing one another's noses, burning one another's houses, carrying away one another's wives, and committing all sorts of violence. The country was divided into five kingdoms, — Desmond, Thomond, Connaught, Ulster, and Leinster, — each governed by a separate king, of whom one claimed to be the chief of the rest. Now, one of these kings, named Dermond MacMurrough (a wild kind of name, spelt in more than one wild kind of way), had carried off the wife of a friend of his, and concealed her on an island in a bog. The friend, resenting this (though it was quite the custom of the country), complained to the chief king, and, with the chief king's help, drove Dermond MacMurrough out of his dominions. Dermond came over to England for revenge; and offered to hold his realm as a vassal of King Henry, if King Henry would help him to regain it. The king consented to these terms; but only assisted him then with what were called letters-patent, authorising any English subjects, who were so disposed, to enter into his service, and aid his cause.

There was at Bristol a certain Earl Richard de Clare, called Strongbow, of no very good character, needy and desperate, and ready for anything that offered him a chance of improving his fortunes. There were, in South Wales, two other broken knights of the same good-for-nothing sort, called Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Fitz-Gerald. These three, each with a small band of followers, took up Dermond's cause; and it was agreed that, if it proved successful, Strongbow should marry Dermond's daughter Eva, and be declared his heir.

The trained English followers of these knights were so superior in all the discipline of battle to the Irish that they beat them against immense superiority of numbers. In one fight, early in the war, they cut off three hundred heads and laid them before MacMurrough, who turned them every one up with his hands, rejoicing; and coming to one which was the head of a man whom he had much disliked, grasped it by the hair and ears, and tore off the nose and lips with his teeth. You may judge from this what kind of a gentleman an Irish king in those times was. The captives, all through this war, were horribly treated; the victorious party making nothing of breaking their limbs, and casting them into the sea from the tops of high rocks. It was in the midst of the miseries and

cruelties attendant on the taking of Waterford, where the dead lay piled in the streets, and the filthy gutters ran with blood, that Strongbow married Eva. An odious marriage-company those mounds of corpses must have made, I think, and one quite worthy of the young lady's father.

He died, after Waterford and Dublin had been taken, and various successes achieved; and Strongbow became king of Leinster. Now came King Henry's opportunity. To restrain the growing power of Strongbow, he himself repaired to Dublin, as Strongbow's royal master, and deprived him of his kingdom, but confirmed him in the enjoyment of great possessions. The king, then holding state in Dublin, received the homage of nearly all the Irish kings and chiefs, and so came home again with a great addition to his reputation as Lord of Ireland, and with a new claim on the favour of the Pope. And now their reconciliation was completed, — more easily and mildly by the Pope than the king might have expected, I think.

At this period of his reign, when his troubles seemed so few and his prospects so bright, those domestic miseries began which gradually made the king the most unhappy of men, reduced his great spirit, wore away his health, and broke his heart.

He had four sons. Henry, now aged eighteen, — his secret crowning of whom had given such offence to Thomas à Becket; Richard, aged sixteen; Geoffrey, fifteen; and John, his favourite, a young boy whom the courtiers named Lackland, because he had no inheritance, but to whom the king meant to give the Lordship of Ireland. All these misguided boys, in their turn, were unnatural sons to him, and unnatural brothers to each other. Prince Henry, stimulated by the French king, and by his bad mother, Queen Eleanor, began the undutiful history.

First, he demanded that his young wife, Margaret, the French king's daughter, should be crowned as well as he. His father, the king, consented, and it was done. It was no sooner done than he demanded to have a part of his father's dominions during his father's life. This being refused, he made off from his father in the night, with his bad heart full of bitterness, and took refuge at the French king's court. Within a day or two, his brothers Richard and Geoffrey followed. Their mother tried to join them, escaping in man's

clothes; but she was seized by King Henry's men, and immured in prison, where she lay, deservedly, for sixteen years. Every day, however, some grasping English nobleman, to whom the king's protection of his people from their avarice and oppression had given offence, deserted him, and joined the princes. Every day he heard some fresh intelligence of the princes levying armies against him; of Prince Henry's wearing a crown before his own ambassadors at the French court, and being called the Junior King of England; of all the princes swearing never to make peace with him, their father, without the consent and approval of the barons of France. But with his fortitude and energy unshaken, King Henry met the shock of these disasters with a resolved and cheerful face. He called upon all royal fathers who had sons to help him, for his cause was theirs; he hired, out of his riches, twenty thousand men to fight the false French king, who stirred his own blood against him; and he carried on the war with such vigour that Louis soon proposed a conference to treat for peace.

The conference was held beneath an old, wide-spreading, green elm-tree, upon a plain in France. It led to nothing. The war recommenced. Prince Richard began his fighting career by leading an army against his father; but his father beat him and his army back, and thousands of his men would have rued the day in which they fought in such a wicked cause, had not the king received news of an invasion of England by the Scots, and promptly come home through a great storm to repress it. And whether he really began to fear that he suffered these troubles because à Becket had been murdered; or whether he wished to rise in favour of the Pope, who had now declared à Becket to be a saint; or in the favour of his own people, of whom many believed that even à Becket's senseless tomb could work miracles, I don't know; but the king no sooner landed in England than he went straight to Canterbury; and when he came within sight of the distant cathedral, he dismounted from his horse, took off his shoes, and walked with bare and bleeding feet to à Becket's grave. There he lay down on the ground, lamenting, in the presence of many people; and by and by he went into the Chapter-House, and, removing his clothes from his back and shoulders, submitted himself to be beaten with knotted cords (not beaten very hard, I dare say, though) by eighty priests, one after

another. It chanced that, on the very day when the king made this curious exhibition of himself, a complete victory was obtained over the Scots; which very much delighted the priests, who said that it was won because of his great example of repentance. For the priests in general had found out, since a Becket's death, that they admired him of all things, though they hated him very cordially when he was alive.

The Earl of Flanders, who was at the head of the base conspiracy of the king's undutiful sons and their foreign friends, took the opportunity of the king being thus employed at home to lay siege to Rouen, the capital of Normandy. But the king, who was extraordinarily quick and active in all his movements, was at Rouen, too, before it was supposed possible that he could have left England; and there he so defeated the said Earl of Flanders that the conspirators proposed peace, and his bad sons, Henry and Geoffrey, submitted. Richard resisted for six weeks; but, being beaten out of castle after castle, he at last submitted, too, and his father forgave him.

To forgive these unworthy princes was only to afford them breathing-time for new faithlessness. They were so false, disloyal, and dishonourable that they were no more to be trusted than common thieves. In the very next year, Prince Henry rebelled again, and was again forgiven. In eight years more, Prince Richard rebelled against his elder brother; and Prince Geoffrey infamously said that the brothers could never agree well together, unless they were united against their father. In the very next year after their reconciliation by the king, Prince Henry again rebelled against his father; and again submitted, swearing to be true, and was again forgiven; and again rebelled with Geoffrey.

But the end of this perfidious prince was come. He fell sick at a French town; and his conscience terribly reproaching him with his baseness, he sent messengers to the king his father, imploring him to come and see him, and to forgive him for the last time on his bed of death. The generous king, who had a royal and forgiving mind towards his children always, would have gone; but this prince had been so unnatural that the noblemen about the king suspected treachery, and represented to him that he could not safely trust his life with such a traitor, though his own eldest son. Therefore the king sent him a ring from off his finger as a token of forgiveness;

and when the prince had kissed it, with much grief and many tears, and had confessed to those around him how bad and wicked and undutiful a son he had been, he said to the attendant priests, "Oh, tie a rope about my body, and draw me out of bed, and lay me down upon a bed of ashes, that I may die with prayers to God in a repentant manner!" And so he died, at twenty-seven years old.

Three years afterwards, Prince Geoffrey, being unhorsed at a tournament, had his brains trampled out by a crowd of horses passing over him. So there only remained Prince Richard, and Prince John, — who had grown to be a young man now, and had solemnly sworn to be faithful to his father. Richard soon rebelled again, encouraged by his friend the French king, Philip the Second (son of Louis, who was dead), and soon submitted, and was again forgiven, swearing on the New Testament never to rebel again; and, in another year or so, rebelled again, and, in the presence of his father, knelt down on his knee before the king of France, and did the French king homage, and declared that with his aid he would possess himself, by force, of all his father's French dominions.

And yet this Richard called himself a soldier of our Saviour! And yet this Richard wore the cross, which the kings of France and England had both taken, in the previous year, at a brotherly meeting underneath the old wide-spreading elm-tree on the plain, when they had sworn (like him) to devote themselves to a new Crusade, for the love and honour of the truth!

Sick at heart, wearied out by the falsehood of his sons, and almost ready to lie down and die, the unhappy king, who had so long stood firm, began to fail. But the Pope, to his honour, supported him; and obliged the French king and Richard, though successful in fight, to treat for peace. Richard wanted to be crowned king of England, and pretended that he wanted to be married (which he really did not) to the French king's sister, his promised wife, whom King Henry detained in England. King Henry wanted, on the other hand, that the French king's sister should be married to his favourite son, John, — the only one of his sons (he said) who had never rebelled against him. At last King Henry, deserted by his nobles one by one, distressed, exhausted, broken-hearted, consented to establish peace.

One final heavy sorrow was reserved for him, even yet. When they brought him the proposed treaty of peace, in writing, as he lay very ill in bed, they brought him also the list of the deserters from their allegiance, whom he was required to pardon. The first name upon this list was John, his favourite son, in whom he had trusted to the last.

"Oh, John! child of my heart!" exclaimed the king, in a great agony of mind; "oh, John! whom I have loved the best; oh, John! for whom I have contended through these many troubles, — have you betrayed me, too!" And then he lay down with a heavy groan, and said, "Now let the world go as it will: I care for nothing more."

After a time, he told his attendants to take him to the French town of Chinon, — a town he had been fond of during many years. But he was fond of no place now: it was too true that he could care for nothing more upon this earth. He wildly cursed the hour when he was born, and cursed the children whom he left behind him, and expired.

As, one hundred years before, the servile followers of the court had abandoned the Conqueror in the hour of his death, so they now abandoned his descendant. The very body was stripped, in the plunder of the royal chamber; and it was not easy to find the means of carrying it for burial to the abbey-church of Fontevraud.

Richard was said in after years, by way of flattery, to have the heart of a lion. It would have been far better, I think, to have the heart of a man. His heart, whatever it was, had cause to beat remorsefully within his breast, when he came — as he did — into the solemn abbey, and looked on his dead father's uncovered face. His heart, whatever it was, had been a black and perjured heart, in all its dealings with the deceased king, and more deficient in a single touch of tenderness than any wild beast's in the forest.

There is a pretty story told of this reign, called the story of Fair Rosamond. It relates how the king doted on Fair Rosamond, who was the loveliest girl in all the world; and how he had a beautiful bower built for her in a park at Woodstock; and how it was erected in a labyrinth, and could only be found by a clue of silk. How the bad Queen Eleanor, becoming jealous of Fair Rosamond, found out the secret of the clue, and one day appeared before her, with a dagger and a cup of

poison, and left her to the choice between those deaths. How Fair Rosamond after shedding many piteous tears, and offering many useless prayers to the cruel queen, took the poison, and fell dead in the midst of the beautiful bower, while the unconscious birds sang gayly all around her.

Now there *was* a fair Rosamond, and she was (I dare say) the loveliest girl in all the world, and the king was certainly very fond of her, and the bad Queen Eleanor was certainly made jealous. But I am afraid — I say afraid, because I like the story so much — that there was no bower, no labyrinth, no silken clue, no dagger, no poison. I am afraid Fair Rosamond retired to a nunnery near Oxford, and died there peaceably; her sister nuns hanging a silken drapery over her tomb, and often dressing it with flowers, in remembrance of the youth and beauty that had enchanted the king when he, too, was young, and when his life lay fair before him.

It was dark and ended now; faded and gone. Henry Plantagenet lay quiet in the abbey-church of Fontevraud, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, — never to be completed, — after governing England well for nearly thirty-five years.

CHAPTER XIII

ENGLAND UNDER RICHARD THE FIRST, CALLED THE LION-HEART

IN the year of our Lord 1189, Richard of the Lion Heart succeeded to the throne of King Henry the Second, whose paternal heart he had done so much to break. He had been, as we have seen, a rebel from his boyhood; but the moment he became a king against whom others might rebel, he found out that rebellion was a great wickedness. In the heat of this pious discovery, he punished all the leading people who had befriended him against his father. He could scarcely have done anything that would have been a better instance of his real nature, or a better warning to fawners and parasites not to trust in lion-hearted princes.

He likewise put his late father's treasurer in chains, and locked him up in a dungeon, from which he was not set free until he had relinquished, not only all the crown treasure, but all his own money, too. So Richard certainly got the lion's share of the wealth of this wretched treasurer, whether he had a lion's heart or not.

He was crowned king of England, with great pomp, at Westminster; walking to the cathedral under a silken canopy stretched on the tops of four lances, each carried by a great lord. On the day of his coronation, a dreadful murdering of the Jews took place, which seems to have given great delight to numbers of savage persons calling themselves Christians. The king had issued a proclamation forbidding the Jews (who were generally hated, though they were the most useful merchants in England) to appear at the ceremony; but as they had assembled in London from all parts, bringing presents to show their respect for the new sovereign, some of them ventured down to Westminster Hall with their gifts, which were very readily accepted. It is supposed now that some noisy fellow in the crowd, pretending to be a very delicate Christian, set up a howl at this, and struck a Jew who was trying to get

in at the hall-door with his present. A riot arose; the Jews who had got into the hall were driven forth; and some of the rabble cried out that the new king had commanded the unbelieving race to be put to death. Thereupon the crowd rushed through the narrow streets of the city, slaughtering all the Jews they met; and when they could find no more out of doors (on account of their having fled to their houses, and fastened themselves in), they ran madly about, breaking open all the houses where the Jews lived, rushing in and stabbing or spearing them, sometimes even flinging old people and children out of window into blazing fires they had lighted up below. This great cruelty lasted four-and-twenty hours, and only three men were punished for it. Even they forfeited their lives, not for murdering and robbing the Jews, but for burning the houses of some Christians.

King Richard, who was a strong, restless, burly man, with one idea always in his head, and that the very troublesome idea of breaking the heads of other men, was mightily impatient to go on a crusade to the Holy Land, with a great army. As great armies could not be raised to go, even to the Holy Land, without a great deal of money, he sold the crown-domains, and even the high offices of state; recklessly appointing noblemen to rule over his English subjects, not because they were fit to govern, but because they could pay high for the privilege. In this way, and by selling pardons at a dear rate, and by varieties of avarice and oppression, he scraped together a large treasure. He then appointed two bishops to take care of his kingdom in his absence, and gave great powers and possessions to his brother John, to secure his friendship. John would rather have been made Regent of England; but he was a sly man, and friendly to the expedition, saying to himself, no doubt, "The more fighting, the more chance of my brother being killed; and when he *is* killed, then I become King John!"

Before the newly levied army departed from England, the recruits and the general populace distinguished themselves by astonishing cruelties on the unfortunate Jews, whom in many large towns they murdered by hundreds in the most horrible manner.

At York, a large body of Jews took refuge in the castle, in the absence of its governor, after the wives and children of

many of them had been slain before their eyes. Presently came the governor, and demanded admission. "How can we give it thee, O Governor!" said the Jews upon the walls, "when, if we open the gate by so much as the width of a foot the roaring crowd behind thee will press in and kill us?"

Upon this the unjust governor became angry, and told the people that he approved of their killing those Jews; and a mischievous maniac of a friar, dressed all in white, put himself at the head of the assault, and they assaulted the castle for three days.

Then said Jocen, the head Jew (who was a rabbi or priest), to the rest, "Brethren, there is no hope for us with the Christians who are hammering at the gates and walls, and who must soon break in. As we and our wives and children must die, either by Christian hands or by our own, let it be by our own. Let us destroy by fire what jewels and other treasure we have here, then fire the castle, and then perish."

A few could not resolve to do this, but the greater part complied. They made a blazing heap of all their valuables, and, when those were consumed, set the castle in flames. While the flames roared and crackled around them, and, shooting up into the sky, turned it blood-red, Jocen cut the throat of his beloved wife and stabbed himself. All the others who had wives or children did the like dreadful deed. When the populace broke in, they found (except the trembling few, cowering in corners, whom they soon killed) only heaps of greasy cinders, with here and there something like part of the blackened trunk of a burnt tree, but which had lately been a human creature, formed by the beneficent hand of the Creator, as they were.

After this bad beginning, Richard and his troops went on, in no very good manner, with the holy crusade. It was undertaken jointly by the king of England and his old friend Philip of France. They commenced the business by reviewing their forces, to the number of a hundred thousand men. Afterwards they severally embarked their troops for Messina, in Sicily, which was appointed as the next place of meeting.

King Richard's sister had married the king of this place, but he was dead; and his uncle Tancred had usurped the crown, cast the royal widow into prison, and possessed himself of her estates. Richard fiercely demanded his sister's release,

the restoration of her lands, and (according to the royal custom of the island) that she should have a golden chair, a golden table, four-and-twenty silver cups, and four-and-twenty silver dishes. As he was too powerful to be successfully resisted, Tancred yielded to his demands; and then the French king grew jealous, and complained that the English king wanted to be absolute in the Island of Messina and everywhere else. Richard, however, cared little or nothing for this complaint; and in consideration of a present of twenty thousand pieces of gold, promised his pretty little nephew Arthur, then a child of two years old, in marriage to Tancred's daughter. We shall hear again of pretty little Arthur by and by.

This Sicilian affair arranged without anybody's brains being knocked out (which must have rather disappointed him), King Richard took his sister away, and also a fair lady named Berengaria, with whom he had fallen in love in France, and whom his mother, Queen Eleanor (so long in prison, you remember, but released by Richard on his coming to the throne), had brought out there to be his wife, and sailed with them for Cyprus.

He soon had the pleasure of fighting the king of the Island of Cyprus, for allowing his subjects to pillage some of the English troops who were shipwrecked on the shore; and, easily conquering this poor monarch, he seized his only daughter, to be a companion to the lady Berengaria, and put the king himself into silver fetters. He then sailed away again with his mother, sister, wife, and the captive princess; and soon arrived before the town of Acre, which the French king with his fleet was besieging from the sea. But the French king was in no triumphant condition; for his army had been thinned by the swords of the Saracens, and wasted by the plague; and Saladin, the brave sultan of the Turks, at the head of the numerous army, was at that time gallantly defending the place from the hills that rise above it.

Wherever the united army of Crusaders went, they agreed in few points except in gaming, drinking, and quarrelling, in a most unholy manner; in debauching the people among whom they tarried, whether they were friends or foes; and in carrying disturbance and ruin into quiet places. The French king was jealous of the English king, and the English king was jealous of the French king, and the disorderly and violent

soldiers of the two nations were jealous of one another; consequently the two kings could not at first agree, even upon a joint assault on Acre; but when they did make up their quarrel for that purpose, the Saracens promised to yield the town, to give up the Christians the wood of the holy cross, to set at liberty all their Christian captives, and to pay two hundred thousand pieces of gold. All this was to be done within forty days; but not being done, King Richard ordered some three thousand Saracen prisoners to be brought out in the front of his camp, and there, in full view of their own countrymen, to be butchered.

The French king had no part in this crime; for he was by that time travelling homeward with the greater part of his men, being offended by the overbearing conduct of the English king, being anxious to look after his own dominions, and being ill, besides, from the unwholesome air of that hot and sandy country. King Richard carried on the war without him, and remained in the East, meeting with a variety of adventures, nearly a year and a half. Every night when his army was on the march, and came to a halt, the heralds cried out three times, to remind all the soldiers of the cause in which they were engaged, "Save the holy sepulchre!" and then all the soldiers knelt and said, "Amen!" Marching or encamping, the army had continually to strive with the hot air of the glaring desert, or with the Saracen soldiers animated and directed by the brave Saladin, or with both together. Sick-ness and death, battle and wounds, were always among them; but through every difficulty King Richard fought like a giant, and worked like a common labourer. Long and long after he was quiet in his grave, his terrible battle-axe, with twenty English pounds of English steel in its mighty head, was a legend among the Saracens; and when all the Saracen and Christian hosts had been dust for many a year, if a Saracen horse started at any object by the wayside, his rider would exclaim, "What dost thou fear, fool? Dost thou think King Richard is behind it?"

No one admired this king's renown for bravery more than Saladin himself, who was a generous and gallant enemy. When Richard lay ill of a fever, Saladin sent him fresh fruits from Damascus, and snow from the mountain-tops. Courtly messages and compliments were frequently exchanged between

them; and then King Richard would mount his horse, and kill as many Saracens as he could, and Saladin would mount his, and kill as many Christians as he could. In this way King Richard fought to his heart's content at Arsoof and at Jaffa; and finding himself with nothing exciting to do at Ascalon, except to rebuild, for his own defence, some fortifications there which the Saracens had destroyed, he kicked his ally, the Duke of Austria, for being too proud to work at them.

The army at last came within sight of the holy city of Jerusalem, but being then a mere nest of jealousy, and quarrelling and fighting, soon retired, and agreed with the Saracens upon a truce for three years, three months, three days, and three hours. Then the English Christians, protected by the noble Saladin from Saracen revenge, visited our Saviour's tomb; and then King Richard embarked with a small force at Acre to return home.

But he was shipwrecked in the Adriatic Sea, and was fain to pass through Germany under an assumed name. Now there were many people in Germany who had served in the Holy Land under that proud Duke of Austria who had been kicked; and some of them, easily recognising a man so remarkable as King Richard, carried their intelligence to the kicked duke, who straightway took him prisoner at a little inn near Vienna.

The duke's master, the emperor of Germany, and the king of France, were equally delighted to have so troublesome a monarch in safe-keeping. Friendships which are founded on a partnership in doing wrong are never true; and the king of France was now quite as heartily King Richard's foe as he had ever been his friend in his unnatural conduct to his father. He monstously pretended that King Richard had designed to poison him in the East; he charged him with having murdered there a man whom he had in truth befriended; he bribed the emperor of Germany to keep him close prisoner; and finally, through the plotting of these two princes, Richard was brought before the German legislature, charged with the foregoing crimes, and many others. But he defended himself so well that many of the assembly were moved to tears by his eloquence and earnestness. It was decided that he should be treated, during the rest of his captivity, in a manner more becoming his dignity than he had been, and that he should be

set free on the payment of a heavy ransom. This ransom the English people willingly raised. When Queen Eleanor took it over to Germany, it was at first evaded and refused. But she appealed to the honour of all the princes of the German Empire in behalf of her son, and appealed so well that it was accepted, and the king released. Thereupon the king of France wrote to Prince John, "Take care of thyself: the Devil is unchained!"

Prince John had reason to fear his brother; for he had been a traitor to him in his captivity. He had secretly joined the French king, had vowed to the English nobles and people that his brother was dead, and had vainly tried to seize the crown. He was now in France, at a place called Evreux. Being the meanest and basest of men, he contrived a mean and base expedient for making himself acceptable to his brother. He invited the French officers of the garrison in that town to dinner, murdered them all, and then took the fortress. With this recommendation to the good-will of a lion-hearted monarch, he hastened to King Richard, fell on his knees before him, and obtained the intercession of Queen Eleanor. "I forgive him," said the king; "and I hope I may forget the injury he has done me, as easily as I know he will forget my pardon."

While King Richard was in Sicily, there had been trouble in his dominions at home; one of the bishops whom he had left in charge thereof arresting the other, and making, in his pride and ambition, as great a show as if he were king himself. But the king hearing of it at Messina, and appointing a new regency, this Longchamp (for that was his name) had fled to France in a woman's dress, and had there been encouraged and supported by the French king. With all these causes of offence against Philip in his mind, King Richard had no sooner been welcomed home by his enthusiastic subjects with great display and splendour, and had no sooner been crowned afresh at Winchester, than he resolved to show the French king that the Devil was unchained, indeed, and made war against him with great fury.

There was fresh trouble at home about this time, arising out of the discontents of the poor people, who complained that they were far more heavily taxed than the rich, and who found a spirited champion in William Fitz-Osbert, called Longbeard.

He became the leader of a secret society, comprising fifty thousand men: he was seized by surprise; he stabbed the citizen who first laid hands upon him, and retreated, bravely fighting, to a church, which he maintained four days, until he was dislodged by fire, and run through the body as he came out. He was not killed, though; for he was dragged, half dead, at the tail of a horse to Smithfield, and there hanged. Death was long a favourite remedy for silencing the people's advocates; but as we go on with this history, I fancy we shall find them difficult to make an end of, for all that.

The French war, delayed occasionally by a truce, was still in progress when a certain lord named Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, chanced to find in his ground a treasure of ancient coins. As the king's vassal, he sent the king half of it; but the king claimed the whole. The lord refused to yield the whole. The king besieged the lord in his castle, swore that he would take the castle by storm, and hang every man of its defenders on the battlements.

There was a strange old song in that part of the country, to the effect that in Limoges an arrow would be made by which King Richard would die. It may be that Bertrand de Gourdon, a young man who was one of the defenders of the castle, had often sung it, or heard it sung of a winter night, and remembered it when he saw, from his post upon the ramparts, the king, attended only by his chief officer, riding below the walls, surveying the place. He drew an arrow to the head, took steady aim, said between his teeth, "Now, I pray God speed thee well, arrow!" discharged it, and struck the king in the left shoulder.

Although the wound was not at first considered dangerous, it was severe enough to cause the king to retire to his tent, and direct the assault to be made without him. The castle was taken; and every man of its defenders was hanged, as the king had sworn all should be, except Bertrand de Gourdon, who was reserved until the royal pleasure respecting him should be known.

By that time unskilful treatment had made the wound mortal, and the king knew that he was dying. He directed Bertrand to be brought into his tent. The young man was brought there heavily chained. King Richard looked at him steadily. He looked as steadily at the king.

"Knavel!" said King Richard, "what have I done to thee, that thou shouldst take my life?"

"What hast thou done to me?" replied the young man. "With thine own hands thou hast killed my father and my two brothers. Myself thou wouldst have hanged. Let me die, now, by any torture that thou wilt. My comfort is that no torture can save thee. Thou, too, must die; and, through me, the world is quit of thee."

Again the king looked at the young man steadily. Again the young man looked steadily at him. Perhaps some remembrance of his generous enemy Saladin, who was not a Christian, came into the mind of the dying king.

"Youth," he said, "I forgive thee. Go unhurt!"

Then, turning to the chief officer who had been riding in his company when he received the wound, King Richard said:—

"Take off his chains, give him a hundred shillings, and let him depart."

He sunk down on his couch, and a dark mist seemed in his weakened eyes to fill the tent wherein he had so often rested, and he died. His age was forty-two: he had reigned ten years. His last command was not obeyed; for the chief officer flayed Bertrand de Gourdon alive, and hanged him.

There is an old tune yet known—a sorrowful air will sometimes outlive many generations of strong men, and even last longer than battle-axes with twenty pounds of steel in the head—by which this king is said to have been discovered in his captivity. Blondel, a favourite minstrel of King Richard, as the story relates, faithfully seeking his royal master, went singing it outside the gloomy walls of many foreign fortresses and prisons, until, at last, he heard it echoed from within a dungeon, and knew the voice, and cried out in ecstasy, "O Richard! O my king!" You may believe it, if you like: it would be easy to believe worse things. Richard was himself a minstrel and poet. If he had not been a prince, too, he might have been a better man perhaps, and might have gone out of the world with less bloodshed and waste of life to answer for.

CHAPTER XIV

ENGLAND UNDER KING JOHN, CALLED LACKLAND

At two-and-thirty years of age, John became king of England. His pretty little nephew Arthur had the best claim to the throne; but John seized the treasure, and made fine promises to the nobility, and got himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks after his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the crown could possibly have been put upon the head of a meaner coward, or a more detestable villain, if England had been searched from end to end to find him out.

The French king, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favour of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy: it merely suited his ambitious schemes to oppose the king of England. So John and the French king went to war about Arthur.

He was a handsome boy, at that time only twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament; and, besides the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother (Constance by name), lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession, to the French king, who pretended to be very much his friend, and who made him a knight, and promised him his daughter in marriage; but who cared so little about him in reality that, finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did so without the least consideration for the poor little prince, and heartlessly sacrificed all his interests.

Young Arthur, for two years afterwards, lived quietly; and in the course of that time his mother died. But the French king, then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John again, again made Arthur his pretence, and invited the orphan boy to court. "You know your rights, Prince," said the

French king, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a king!" — "Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping king of England, has taken possession. I myself, meanwhile, will head a force against him in Normandy." Poor Arthur was so flattered, and so grateful, that he signed a treaty with the crafty French king, agreeing to consider him his superior lord, and that the French king should keep for himself whatever he could take from King John.

Now King John was so bad in all ways, and King Philip was so perfidious, that Arthur, between the two, might as well have been a lamb between a fox and a wolf. But, being so young, he was ardent and flushed with hope; and when the people of Brittany (which was his inheritance) sent him five hundred more knights and five thousand foot-soldiers, he believed his fortune was made. The people of Brittany had been fond of him from his birth, and had requested that he might be called Arthur, in remembrance of that dimly famous English Arthur of whom I told you early in this book, whom they believed to have been the brave friend and companion of an old king of their own. They had tales among them about a prophet called Merlin (of the same old time), who had foretold that their own king should be restored to them after hundreds of years; and they believed that the prophecy would be fulfilled in Arthur; that the time would come when he would rule them with a crown of Brittany upon his head, and when neither king of France nor king of England would have any power over them. When Arthur found himself riding in a glittering suit of armour, on a richly caparisoned horse, at the head of his train of knights and soldiers, he began to believe this, too, and to consider old Merlin a very superior prophet.

He did not know — how could he, being so innocent and inexperienced? — that his little army was a mere nothing against the power of the king of England. The French king knew it; but the poor boy's fate was little to him, so that the king of England was worried and distressed. Therefore, King Philip went his way into Normandy; and Prince Arthur went

his way towards Mirebeau, a French town near Poitiers, both very well pleased.

Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau, because his grandmother Eleanor, who has so often made her appearance in this history (and who had always been his mother's enemy), was living there, and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king your uncle to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time, — eighty; but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with *his* army. So here was a strange family party: the boy-prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him!

This position of affairs did not last long. One summer night King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's force, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the prince himself in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanely treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.

One day while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep, dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle, the king, standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.

"Arthur," said the king, with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the gentleness, the friendship, and the truthfulness of your loving uncle?"

"I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question."

The king looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy close prisoner," said he to the warden of the castle.

Then the king took secret counsel with the worst of his

nobles how the prince was to be got rid of. Some said, "Put out his eyes and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept." Others said, "Have him stabbed." Others, "Have him hanged." Others, "Have him poisoned."

King John feeling that in any case, whatever was done afterwards, it would be a satisfaction to his mind to have those handsome eyes burnt out that had looked at him so proudly while his own royal eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red-hot irons. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them, and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert de Bourg (or Burgh), the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was an honourable, tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honour he prevented the torture from being performed, and, at his own risk, sent the savages away.

The chafed and disappointed king bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next, and, with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. "I am a gentleman, and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain.

But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellow. "To despatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it."

King John, very well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he courageously sent this reply to save the prince or gain time, despatched messengers to convey the young prisoner to the castle of Rouen.

Arthur was soon forced from the good Hubert, of whom he had never stood in greater need than then, carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison; where, through his grated window, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine rippling against the stone wall below.

One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming perhaps of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hurriedly dressed himself and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from the

river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch, and put it out. Then Arthur, in the darkness, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat. And in that boat he found his uncle and one other man.

He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him, and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke the tower-door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

The news of this atrocious murder being spread in England awakened a hatred of the king (already odious for his many vices, and for his having stolen away and married a noble lady while his own wife was living) that never slept again through his whole reign. In Brittany the indignation was intense. Arthur's own sister Eleanor was in the power of John, and shut up in a convent at Bristol; but his half-sister Alice was in Brittany. The people chose her, and the murdered prince's father-in-law, the last husband of Constance, to represent them, and carried their fiery complaints to King Philip. King Philip summoned King John (as the holder of territory in France) to come before him and defend himself. King John refusing to appear, King Philip declared him false, perjured, and guilty, and again made war. In a little time, by conquering the greater part of his French territory, King Philip deprived him of one-third of his dominions. And through all the fighting that took place, King John was always found either to be eating and drinking like a gluttonous fool when the danger was at a distance, or to be running away like a beaten cur when it was near.

You might suppose that when he was losing his dominions at this rate, and when his own nobles cared so little for him or his cause that they plainly refused to follow his banner out of England, he had enemies enough. But he made another enemy of the Pope, which he did in this way.

The Archbishop of Canterbury dying, the junior monks of that place, wishing to get the start of the senior monks in the appointment of his successor, met together at midnight, secretly elected a certain Reginald, and sent him off to Rome to get the Pope's approval. The senior monks and the king soon finding this out, and being very angry about it, the junior monks gave way; and all the monks together elected

the Bishop of Norwich, who was the king's favourite. The Pope, hearing the whole story, declared that neither election would do for him, and that *he* elected Stephen Langton. The monks submitting to the Pope, the king turned them all out bodily, and banished them as traitors. The Pope sent three bishops to the king to threaten him with an interdict. The king told the bishops that, if any interdict were laid upon his kingdom, he would tear out the eyes and cut off the noses of all the monks he could lay hold of, and send them over to Rome in that undecorated state as a present for their master. The bishops, nevertheless, soon published the interdict, and fled.

After it had lasted a year, the Pope proceeded to his next step, which was excommunication. King John was declared excommunicated, with all the usual ceremonies. The king was so incensed at this, and was made so desperate by the disaffection of his barons and the hatred of his people, that it is said he even privately sent ambassadors to the Turks in Spain, offering to renounce his religion, and hold his kingdom of them, if they would help him. It is related that the ambassadors were admitted to the presence of the Turkish emir through long lines of Moorish guards, and that they found the emir with his eyes seriously fixed on the pages of a large book, from which he never once looked up; that they gave him a letter from the king, containing his proposals, and were gravely dismissed; that presently the emir sent for one of them, and conjured him, by his faith in his religion, to say what kind of man the king of England truly was; that the ambassador, thus pressed, replied that the king of England was a false tyrant, against whom his own subjects would soon rise; and that this was quite enough for the emir.

Money being, in his position, the next best thing to men, King John spared no means of getting it. He set on foot another oppressing and torturing of the unhappy Jews (which was quite in his way), and invented a new punishment for one wealthy Jew of Bristol. Until such time as that Jew should produce a certain large sum of money, the king sentenced him to be imprisoned, and every day to have one tooth violently wrenched out of his head; beginning with the double teeth. For seven days, the oppressed man bore the daily pain and lost the daily tooth; but on the eighth he paid the money. With

the treasure raised in such ways, the king made an expedition into Ireland, where some English nobles had revolted. It was one of the very few places from which he did not run away; because no resistance was shown. He made another expedition into Wales, whence he *did* run away in the end, but not before he had got from the Welsh people, as hostages, twenty-seven young men of the best families; every one of whom he caused to be slain in the following year.

To interdict and excommunication, the Pope now added his last sentence, deposition. He proclaimed John no longer king, absolved all his subjects from their allegiance, and sent Stephen Langton and others to the king of France, to tell him that, if he would invade England, he should be forgiven all his sins; at least, should be forgiven them by the Pope, if that would do.

As there was nothing that King Philip desired more than to invade England, he collected a great army at Rouen, and a fleet of seventeen hundred ships to bring them over. But the English people, however bitterly they hated the king, were not a people to suffer invasion quietly. They flocked to Dover, where the English standard was, in such great numbers, to enroll themselves as defenders of their native land, that there were not provisions for them; and the king could only select and retain sixty thousand. But at this crisis the Pope, who had his own reasons for objecting to either King John or King Philip being too powerful, interfered. He intrusted a legate, whose name was Pandolf, with the easy task of frightening King John. He sent him to the English camp, from France, to terrify him with exaggerations of King Philip's power, and his own weakness in the discontent of the English barons and people. Pandolf discharged his commission so well that King John, in a wretched panic, consented to acknowledge Stephen Langton; to resign his kingdom "to God, St. Peter, and St. Paul," which meant the Pope; and to hold it ever afterwards by the Pope's leave, on payment of an annual sum of money. To this shameful contract he publicly bound himself in the church of the Knights Templars at Dover; where he laid at the legate's feet a part of the tribute, which the legate haughtily trampled upon. But they *do* say that this was merely a genteel flourish, and that he was afterwards seen to pick it up and pocket it.

There was an unfortunate prophet, of the name of Peter, who had greatly increased King John's terrors by predicting that he would be unknighthed (which the king supposed to signify that he would die) before the Feast of the Ascension should be past. That was the day after this humiliation. When the next morning came, and the king, who had been trembling all night, found himself alive and safe, he ordered the prophet, and his son, too, to be dragged through the streets at the tails of horses, and then hanged, for having frightened him.

As King John had now submitted, the Pope, to King Philip's great astonishment, took him under his protection, and informed King Philip that he found he could not give him leave to invade England. The angry Philip resolved to do it without his leave; but he gained nothing, and lost much; for the English, commanded by the Earl of Salisbury, went over in five hundred ships to the French coast, before the French fleet had sailed away from it, and utterly defeated the whole.

The Pope then took off his three sentences, one after another, and empowered Stephen Langton publicly to receive King John into the favour of the Church again, and to ask him to dinner. The king, who hated Langton with all his might and main, — and with reason, too, for he was a great and good man, with whom such a king could have no sympathy, — pretended to cry and be very grateful. There was a little difficulty about settling how much the king should pay as a recompense to the clergy for the losses he had caused them; but the end of it was that the superior clergy got a good deal, and the inferior clergy got little or nothing; which has also happened since King John's time, I believe.

When all these matters were arranged, the king in his triumph became more fierce and false and insolent to all around him than he had ever been. An alliance of sovereigns against King Philip gave him an opportunity of landing an army in France, with which he even took a town! but, on the French king's gaining a great victory, he ran away, of course, and made a truce for five years.

And now the time approached when he was to be still further humbled, and made to feel, if he could feel anything, what a wretched creature he was. Of all men in the world, Stephen Langton seemed raised up by Heaven to oppose and

subdue him. When he ruthlessly burnt and destroyed the property of his own subjects, because their lords, the barons, would not serve him abroad, Stephen Langton fearlessly reproved and threatened him. When he swore to restore the laws of King Edward, or the laws of King Henry the First, Stephen Langton knew his falsehood, and pursued him through all his evasions. When the barons met at the abbey of St. Edmund's-Bury, to consider their wrongs and the king's oppressions, Stephen Langton roused them by his fervid words to demand a solemn charter of rights and liberties from their perjured master, and to swear, one by one, on the high altar, that they would have it, or would wage war against him to the death. When the king hid himself in London from the barons, and was at last obliged to receive them, they told him roundly they would not believe him unless Stephen Langton became a surety that he would keep his word. When he took the cross to invest himself with some interest, and belong to something that was received with favour, Stephen Langton was still immovable. When he appealed to the Pope, and the Pope wrote to Stephen Langton in behalf of his new favourite, Stephen Langton was deaf, even to the Pope himself, and saw before him nothing but the welfare of England and the crimes of the English king.

At Easter-time, the barons assembled at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, in proud array, and marching near to Oxford, where the king was, delivered into the hands of Stephen Langton and two others a list of grievances. "And these," they said, "he must redress, or we will do it for ourselves!" When Stephen Langton told the king as much, and read the list to him, he went half mad with rage. But that did him no more good than his afterwards trying to pacify the barons with lies. They called themselves and their followers, "The army of God and the Holy Church." Marching through the country, with the people thronging to them everywhere (except at Northampton, where they failed in an attack upon the castle), they at last triumphantly set up their banner in London itself, whither the whole land, tired of the tyrant, seemed to flock to join them. Seven knights alone, of all the knights in England, remained with the king; who, reduced to this strait, at last sent the Earl of Pembroke to the barons to say that he approved of everything, and would meet them to sign their

charter when they would. "Then," said the barons, "let the day be the 15th of June, and the place Runny-Mead."

On Monday, the 15th of June, 1214, the king came from Windsor Castle, and the barons came from the town of Staines, and they met on Runny-Mead, which is still a pleasant meadow by the Thames, where rushes grow in the clear water of the winding river, and its banks are green with grass and trees. On the side of the barons came the general of their army: Robert Fitz-Walter, and a great concourse of the nobility of England. With the king came, in all, some four-and-twenty persons of any note, most of whom despised him, and were merely his advisers in form. On that great day, and in that great company, the king signed Magna Charta, — the Great Charter of England, — by which he pledged himself to maintain the Church in its rights; to relieve the barons of oppressive obligations as vassals of the crown (of which the barons, in their turn, pledged themselves to relieve *their* vassals, the people); to respect the liberties of London and all other cities and boroughs; to protect foreign merchants who came to England; to imprison no man without a fair trial; and to sell, delay, or deny justice to none. As the barons knew his falsehood well, they further required, as their securities, that he should send out of his kingdom all his foreign troops; that for two months they should hold possession of the city of London, and Stephen Langton of the tower; and that five-and-twenty of their body, chosen by themselves, should be a lawful committee to watch the keeping of the charter, and to make war upon him if he broke it.

All this he was obliged to yield. He signed the charter with a smile, and, if he could have looked agreeable, would have done so, as he departed from the splendid assembly. When he got home to Windsor Castle, he was quite a madman in his helpless fury. And he broke the charter immediately afterwards.

He sent abroad for foreign soldiers, and sent to the Pope for help, and plotted to take London by surprise, while the barons should be holding a great tournament at Stamford, which they had agreed to hold there as a celebration of the charter. The barons, however, found him out, and put it off. Then, when the barons desired to see him, and tax him with his treachery, he made numbers of appointments with them and kept none.

and shifted from place to place, and was constantly sneaking and skulking about. At last he appeared at Dover, to join his foreign soldiers, of whom numbers came into his pay; and with them he besieged and took Rochester Castle, which was occupied by knights and soldiers of the barons. He would have hanged them, every one; but the leader of the foreign soldiers, fearful of what the English people might afterwards do to him, interfered to save the knights; therefore the king was fain to satisfy his vengeance with the death of all the common men. Then he sent the Earl of Salisbury, with one portion of his army, to ravage the eastern part of his own dominions, while he carried fire and slaughter into the northern part; torturing, plundering, killing, and inflicting every possible cruelty upon the people; and every morning setting a worthy example to his men by setting fire, with his own monster-hands, to the house where he had slept last night. Nor was this all; for the Pope, coming to the aid of his precious friend, laid the kingdom under an interdict again, because the people took part with the barons. It did not much matter; for the people had grown so used to it now that they had begun to think nothing about it. It occurred to them, — perhaps to Stephen Langton, too, — that they could keep their churches open, and ring their bells, without the Pope's permission as well as with it. So they tried the experiment, and found that it succeeded perfectly.

It being now impossible to bear the country, as a wilderness of cruelty, or longer to hold any terms with such a forsworn outlaw of a king, the barons sent to Louis, son of the French monarch, to offer him the English crown. Caring as little for the Pope's excommunication of him if he accepted the offer as it is possible his father may have cared for the Pope's forgiveness of his sins, he landed at Sandwich (King John immediately running away from Dover, where he happened to be), and went on to London. The Scottish king, with whom many of the Northern English lords had taken refuge, numbers of the foreign soldiers, numbers of the barons, and numbers of the people went over to him every day; King John the while continually running away in all directions. The career of Louis was checked, however, by the suspicions of the barons, founded on the dying declaration of a French lord, that when the kingdom was conquered he was sworn to banish them as

traitors, and to give their estates to some of his own nobles. Rather than suffer this, some of the barons hesitated; others even went over to King John.

It seemed to be the turning-point of King John's fortunes; for in his savage and murderous course he had now taken some towns and met with some successes. But, happily for England and humanity, his death was near. Crossing a dangerous quicksand, called the wash, not very far from Wisbeach, the tide came up, and nearly drowned his army. He and his soldiers escaped; but, looking back from the shore when he was safe, he saw the roaring water sweep down in torrents, overturn the wagons, horses, and men that carried his treasure, and engulf them in a raging whirlpool from which nothing could be delivered.

Cursing and swearing, and gnawing his fingers, he went on to Swinestead Abbey, where the monks set before him quantities of pears and peaches and new cider, — some say poison, too, but there is very little reason to suppose so, — of which he ate and drank in an immoderate and beastly way. All night he lay ill of a burning fever, and haunted with horrible fears. Next day they put him in a horse-litter, and carried him to Sleaford Castle, where he passed another night of pain and horror. Next day they carried him, with greater difficulty than on the day before, to the castle of Newark upon Trent; and there, on the 18th of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his vile reign, was an end of this miserable brute.

CHAPTER XV

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE THIRD, CALLED HENRY THE THIRD
OF WINCHESTER

IF any of the English barons remembered the murdered Arthur's sister, Eleanor, the fair maid of Brittany, shut up in her convent at Bristol, none among them spoke of her now, or maintained her right to the crown. The dead usurper's eldest boy, Henry by name, was taken by the Earl of Pembroke, the marshal of England, to the city of Gloucester, and there crowned in great haste when he was only ten years old. As the crown itself had been lost with the king's treasure, in the raging water, and, as there was no time to make another, they put a circle of plain gold upon his head instead. "We have been the enemies of this child's father," said Lord Pembroke, a good and true gentleman, to the few lords who were present, "and he merited our ill-will; but the child himself is innocent, and his youth demands our friendship and protection." Those lords felt tenderly towards the little boy, remembering their own young children; and they bowed their heads, and said, "Long live King Henry the Third!"

Next, a great council met at Bristol, revised Magna Charta, and made Lord Pembroke Regent or Protector of England, as the king was too young to reign alone. The next thing to be done was to get rid of Prince Louis of France, and to win over those English barons who were still ranged under his banner. He was strong in many parts of England, and in London itself; and he held, among other places, a certain castle called the castle of Mount Sorel, in Leicestershire. To this fortress, after some skirmishing and truce-making, Lord Pembroke laid siege. Louis despatched an army of six hundred knights and twenty thousand soldiers to relieve it. Lord Pembroke, who was not strong enough for such a force, retired with all his men. The army of the French prince, which had marched there with fire and plunder, marched away with fire

and plunder, and came, in a boastful, swaggering manner, to Lincoln. The town submitted; but the castle in the town, held by a brave widow lady, named Nichola de Camville (whose property it was), made such a sturdy resistance that the French count in command of the army of the French prince found it necessary to besiege this castle. While he was thus engaged, word was brought to him that Lord Pembroke, with four hundred knights, two hundred and fifty men with cross-bows, and a stout force both of horse and foot, was marching towards him. "What care I?" said the French count. "The Englishman is not so mad as to attack me and my great army in a walled town!" But the Englishman did it for all that, and did it, not so madly but so wisely that he decoyed the great army into the narrow, ill-paved lanes and byways of Lincoln, where its horse-soldiers could not ride in any strong body; and there he made such havoc with them that the whole force surrendered themselves prisoners, except the count, who said that he would never yield to any English traitor alive, and accordingly got killed. The end of this victory, which the English called, for a joke, the Fair of Lincoln, was the usual one in those times, — the common men were slain without any mercy, and the knights and gentlemen paid ransom and went home.

The wife of Louis, the fair Blanche of Castile, dutifully equipped a fleet of eighty good ships, and sent it over from France to her husband's aid. An English fleet of forty ships, some good and some bad, gallantly met them near the mouth of the Thames, and took or sunk sixty-five in one fight. This great loss put an end to the French prince's hopes. A treaty was made at Lambeth, in virtue of which the English barons who had remained attached to his cause returned to their allegiance; and it was engaged on both sides that the prince and all his troops should retire peacefully to France. It was time to go; for war had made him so poor that he was obliged to borrow money from the citizens of London to pay his expenses home.

Lord Pembroke afterwards applied himself to governing the country justly, and to healing the quarrels and disturbances that had arisen among men in the days of the bad King John. He caused Magna Charta to be still more improved, and so amended the Forest Laws that a peasant was no longer put to

death for killing a stag in a royal forest, but was only imprisoned. It would have been well for England if it could have had so good a protector many years longer; but that was not to be. Within three years after the young king's coronation, Lord Pembroke died; and you may see his tomb, at this day, in the old Temple Church in London.

The protectorship was now divided. Peter de Roches, whom King John had made Bishop of Winchester, was intrusted with the care of the person of the young sovereign; and the exercise of the royal authority was confided to Earl Hubert de Burgh. These two personages had from the first no liking for each other, and soon became enemies. When the young king was declared of age, Peter de Roches, finding that Hubert increased in power and favour, retired discontentedly, and went abroad. For nearly ten years afterwards Hubert had full sway alone.

But ten years is a long time to hold the favour of a king. This king, too, as he grew up, showed a strong resemblance to his father, in feebleness, inconsistency, and irresolution. The best that can be said of him is that he was not cruel. De Roches coming home again, after ten years, and being a novelty, the king began to favour him, and to look coldly on Hubert. Wanting money besides, and having made Hubert rich, he began to dislike Hubert. At last he was made to believe, or pretended to believe, that Hubert had misappropriated some of the royal treasure; and ordered him to furnish an account of all he had done in his administration. Besides which, the foolish charge was brought against Hubert that he had made himself the king's favourite by magic. Hubert, very well knowing that he could never defend himself against such nonsense, and that his old enemy must be determined on his ruin, instead of answering the charges, fled to Merton Abbey. Then the king, in a violent passion; sent for the mayor of London, and said to the mayor, "Take twenty thousand citizens, and drag me Hubert de Burgh out of that abbey, and bring him here." The mayor posted off to do it; but the Archbishop of Dublin (who was a friend of Hubert's) warning the king that an abbey was a sacred place, and that if he committed any violence there he must answer for it to the Church, the king changed his mind, and called the mayor back, and declared that Hubert should have four months to

prepare his defence, and should be safe and free during that time.

Hubert, who relied upon the king's word, though I think he was old enough to have known better, came out of Merton Abbey upon these conditions, and journeyed away to see his wife, a Scottish princess, who was then at St. Edmund's-Bury.

Almost as soon as he had departed from the sanctuary, his enemies persuaded the weak king to send out one Sir Godfrey de Crancumb, who commanded three hundred vagabonds called the Black Band, with orders to seize him. They came up with him at a little town in Essex, called Brentwood, when he was in bed. He leaped out of bed, got out of the house, fled to the church, ran up to the altar, and laid his hand upon the cross. Sir Godfrey and the Black Band, caring neither for church, altar, nor cross, dragged him forth to the church-door, with their drawn swords flashing round his head, and sent for a smith to rivet a set of chains upon him. When the smith (I wish I knew his name) was brought, all dark and swarthy with the smoke of his forge, and panting with the speed he had made, and the Black Band, falling aside to show him the prisoner, cried with a loud uproar, "Make the fetters heavy, make them strong!" the smith dropped upon his knee, — but not to the Black Band, — and said, "This is the brave Earl Hubert de Burgh, who fought at Dover Castle, and destroyed the French fleet, and has done his country much good service. You may kill me if you like, but I will never make a chain for Earl Hubert de Burgh!"

The Black Band never blushed, or they might have blushed at this. They knocked the smith about from one to another, and swore at him, and tied the earl on horseback, undressed as he was, and carried him off to the Tower of London. The bishops, however, were so indignant at the violation of the sanctuary of the Church that the frightened king soon ordered the Black Band to take him back again; at the same time commanding the Sheriff of Essex to prevent his escaping out of Brentwood Church. Well, the sheriff dug a deep trench all round the church, and erected a high fence, and watched the church night and day; the Black Band and their captain watched it, too, like three hundred and one black wolves. For thirty-nine days Hubert de Burgh remained within. At length, upon the fortieth day, cold and hunger were too much

for him ; and he gave himself up to the Black Band, who carried him off, for the second time, to the Tower. When his trial came on, he refused to plead ; but at last it was arranged that he should give up all the royal lands which had been bestowed upon him, and should be kept at the Castle of Devizes, in what was called "free prison," in charge of four knights appointed by four lords. There he remained almost a year, until, learning that a follower of his old enemy the bishop was made keeper of the castle, and fearing that he might be killed by treachery, he climbed the ramparts one dark night, dropped from the top of the high castle-wall into the moat, and, coming safely to the ground, took refuge in another church. From this place he was delivered by a party of horse despatched to his help by some nobles, who were by this time in revolt against the king, and assembled in Wales. He was finally pardoned, and restored to his estate ; but he lived privately, and never more aspired to a high post in the realm, or to a high place in the king's favour. And thus end — more happily than the stories of many favourites of kings — the adventures of Earl Hubert de Burgh.

The nobles, who had risen in revolt, were stirred up to rebellion by the overbearing conduct of the Bishop of Winchester, who, finding that the king secretly hated the Great Charter which had been forced from his father, did his utmost to confirm him in that dislike, and in the preference he showed to foreigners over the English. Of this, and of his even publicly declaring that the barons of England were inferior to those of France, the English lords complained with such bitterness that the king, finding them well supported by the clergy, became frightened for his throne, and sent away the bishop and all his foreign associates. On his marriage, however, with Eleanor, a French lady, the daughter of the Count of Provence, he openly favoured the foreigners again ; and so many of his wife's relations came over, and made such an immense family party at court, and got so many good things, and pocketed so much money, and were so high with the English whose money they pocketed, that the bolder English barons murmured openly about a clause there was in the Great Charter which provided for the banishment of unreasonable favourites. But the foreigners only laughed disdainfully, and said, "What are your English laws to us ?"

King Philip of France had died, and had been succeeded by Prince Louis, who had also died after a short reign of three years, and had been succeeded by his son of the same name, — so moderate and just a man that he was not the least in the world like a king, as kings went. Isabella, King Henry's mother, wished very much (for a certain spite she had) that England should make war against this king; and, as King Henry was a mere puppet in anybody's hands who knew how to manage his feebleness, she easily carried her point with him. But the Parliament were determined to give him no money for such a war. So, to defy the Parliament, he packed up thirty large casks of silver, — I don't know how he got so much; I dare say he screwed it out of the miserable Jews, — and put them aboard ship, and went away himself to carry war into France, accompanied by his mother and his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who was rich and clever. But he only got well beaten, and came home.

The good-humour of the Parliament was not restored by this. They reproached the king with wasting the public money to make greedy foreigners rich, and were so stern with him, and so determined not to let him have more of it to waste if they could help it, that he was at his wit's end for some, and tried so shamelessly to get all he could from his subjects, by excuses or by force, that the people used to say the king was the sturdiest beggar in England. He took the cross, thinking to get some money by that means; but as it was very well known that he never meant to go on a crusade, he got none. In all this contention, the Londoners were particularly keen against the king, and the king hated them warmly in return. Hating or loving, however, made no difference; he continued in the same condition for nine or ten years, when, at last, the barons said that, if he would solemnly confirm their liberties afresh, the Parliament would vote him a large sum.

As he readily consented, there was a great meeting held in Westminster Hall, one pleasant day in May, when all the clergy, dressed in their robes, and holding every one of them a burning candle in his hand, stood up (the barons being also there) while the Archbishop of Canterbury read the sentence of excommunication against any man, and all men, who should henceforth, in any way, infringe the Great Charter of the kingdom. When he had done, they all put out their burning

candles with a curse upon the soul of any one, and every one, who should merit that sentence. The king concluded with an oath to keep the charter, "As I am a man, as I am a Christian, as I am a knight, as I am a king!"

It was easy to make oaths, and easy to break them; and the king did both, as his father had done before him. He took to his old courses again when he was supplied with money, and soon cured of their weakness the few who had ever really trusted him. When his money was gone, and he was once more borrowing and begging everywhere with a meanness worthy of his nature, he got into a difficulty with the Pope respecting the crown of Sicily, which the Pope said he had a right to give away, and which he offered to King Henry for his second son, Prince Edmund. But if you or I give away what we have not got, and what belongs to somebody else, it is likely that the person to whom we give it will have some trouble in taking it. It was exactly so in this case. It was necessary to conquer the Sicilian crown before it could be put upon young Edmund's head. It could not be conquered without money. The Pope ordered the clergy to raise money. The clergy, however, were not so obedient to him as usual, — they had been disputing with him for some time about his unjust preference of Italian priests in England; and they had begun to doubt whether the king's chaplain, whom he allowed to be paid for preaching in seven hundred churches, could possibly be, even by the Pope's favour, in seven hundred places at once. "The Pope and the king together," said the Bishop of London, "may take the mitre off my head; but if they do, they will find that I shall put on a soldier's helmet. I pay nothing." The Bishop of Worcester was as bold as the Bishop of London, and would pay nothing either. Such sums as the more timid or more helpless of the clergy did raise were squandered away, without doing any good to the king, or bringing the Sicilian crown an inch nearer to Prince Edmund's head. The end of the business was, that the Pope gave the crown to the brother of the king of France (who conquered it for himself), and sent the king of England in a bill of one hundred thousand pounds for the expenses of not having won it.

The king was now so much distressed that we might almost pity him, if it were possible to pity a king so shabby and ridiculous. His clever brother Richard had bought the title of

the king of the Romans from the German people, and was no longer near him, to help him with advice. The clergy, resisting the very Pope, were in alliance with the barons. The barons were headed by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, married to King Henry's sister, and, though a foreigner himself, the most popular man in England against the foreign favourites. When the king next met his Parliament, the barons, led by this earl, came before him, armed from head to foot, and cased in armour. When the Parliament again assembled, in a month's time, at Oxford, this earl was at their head; and the king was obliged to consent, on oath, to what was called a Committee of Government, consisting of twenty-four members, twelve chosen by the barons, and twelve chosen by himself.

But at a good time for him, his brother Richard came back. Richard's first act (the barons would not admit him into England on other terms) was to swear to be faithful to the Committee of Government, which he immediately began to oppose with all his might. Then the barons began to quarrel among themselves, especially the proud Earl of Gloucester with the Earl of Leicester, who went abroad in disgust. Then the people began to be dissatisfied with the barons, because they did not do enough for them. The king's chances seemed so good again at length that he took heart enough, or caught it from his brother, to tell the Committee of Government that he abolished them,—as to his oath, never mind that, the Pope said!—and to seize all the money in the mint, and to shut himself up in the Tower of London. Here he was joined by his eldest son, Prince Edward; and from the Tower he made public a letter of the Pope's to the world in general, informing all men that he had been an excellent and just king for five-and-forty years.

As everybody knew he had been nothing of the sort, nobody cared much for this document. It so chanced that the proud Earl of Gloucester, dying, was succeeded by his son; and that his son, instead of being the enemy of the Earl of Leicester, was (for the time) his friend. It fell out, therefore, that these two earls joined their forces, took several of the royal castles in the country, and advanced as hard as they could on London. The London people, always opposed to the king, declared for them with great joy. The king himself remained shut up, not at all gloriously, in the Tower. Prince Edward made the best

of his way to Windsor Castle. His mother the queen attempted to follow him by water; but the people seeing her barge rowing up the river, and hating her with all their hearts, ran to London Bridge, got together a quantity of stones and mud, and pelted the barge as it came through, crying furiously, "Drown the witch! Drown her!" They were so near doing it that the mayor took the old lady under his protection, and shut her up in St. Paul's until the danger was past.

It would require a great deal of writing on my part, and a great deal of reading on yours, to follow the king through his disputes with the barons, and to follow the barons through their disputes with one another; so I will make short work of it for both of us, and only relate the chief events which arose out of these quarrels. The good king of France was asked to decide between them. He gave it as his opinion that the king must maintain the Great Charter, and that the barons must give up the Committee of Government, and all the rest that had been done by the Parliament at Oxford, which the royalists, or king's party, scornfully called the Mad Parliament. The barons declared that these were not fair terms, and they would not accept them. Then they caused the great bell of St. Paul's to be tolled, for the purpose of rousing up the London people, who armed themselves at the dismal sound, and formed quite an army in the streets. I am sorry to say, however, that instead of falling upon the king's party, with whom their quarrel was, they fell upon the miserable Jews, and killed at least five hundred of them. They pretended that some of these Jews were on the king's side, and that they kept hidden in their houses, for the destruction of the people, a certain terrible composition called Greek Fire, which could not be put out with water, but only burnt the fiercer for it. What they really did keep in their houses was money; and this their cruel enemies wanted, and this their cruel enemies took, like robbers and murderers.

The Earl of Leicester put himself at the head of these Londoners and other forces, and followed the king to Lewes in Sussex, where he lay encamped with his army. Before giving the king's forces battle here, the earl addressed his soldiers, and said that King Henry the Third had broken so many oaths that he had become the enemy of God, and therefore they would wear white crosses on their breasts, as if they were arrayed, not against a fellow-Christian, but against a Turk. White-crossed,

accordingly, they rushed into the fight. They would have lost the day, — the king having on his side all the foreigners in England; and from Scotland, John Comyn, John Baliol, and Robert Bruce, with all their men, — but for the impatience of Prince Edward, who, in his hot desire to have vengeance on the people of London, threw the whole of his father's army into confusion. He was taken prisoner; so was the king; so was the king's brother, the king of the Romans; and five thousand Englishmen were left dead upon the bloody grass.

For this success the Pope excommunicated the Earl of Leicester, which neither the earl nor the people cared at all about. The people loved him and supported him; and he became the real king, having all the power of the government in his own hands, though he was outwardly respectful to King Henry the Third, whom he took with him wherever he went, like a poor old limp court-card. He summoned a parliament (in the year 1265), which was the first parliament in England that the people had any real share in electing; and he grew more and more in favour with the people every day, and they stood by him in whatever he did.

Many of the other barons, and particularly the Earl of Gloucester, who had become by this time as proud as his father, grew jealous of this powerful and popular earl, who was proud too, and began to conspire against him. Since the battle of Lewes, Prince Edward had been kept as a hostage, and, though he was otherwise treated like a prince, had never been allowed to go without attendants appointed by the Earl of Leicester, who watched him. The conspiring lords found means to propose to him, in secret, that they should assist him to escape, and should make him their leader; to which he very heartily consented.

So on a day that was agreed upon, he said to his attendants after dinner (being then at Hereford), "I should like to ride on horseback, this fine afternoon, a little way into the country." As they, too, thought it would be very pleasant to have a canter in the sunshine, they all rode out of the town together in a gay little troop. When they came to a fine level piece of turf, the prince fell to comparing their horses one with another, and offering bets that one was faster than another; and the attendants, suspecting no harm, rode galloping matches until their horses were quite tired. The prince rode no matches himself, but

looked on from his saddle, and staked his money. Thus they passed the whole merry afternoon. Now the sun was setting, and they were all going slowly up a hill, the prince's horse very fresh and all the other horses very weary, when a strange rider mounted on a grey steed appeared at the top of the hill, and waved his hat. "What does the fellow mean?" said the attendants, one to another. The prince answered on the instant by setting spurs to his horse, dashing away at his utmost speed, joining the man, riding into the midst of a little crowd of horsemen, who were then seen waiting under some trees, and who closed around him; and so he departed in a cloud of dust, leaving the road empty of all but the baffled attendants, who sat looking at one another, while their horses drooped their ears and panted.

The prince joined the Earl of Gloucester at Ludlow. The Earl of Leicester, with a part of the army and the stupid old king, was at Hereford. One of the Earl of Leicester's sons, Simon de Montfort, with another part of the army, was in Sussex. To prevent these two parts from uniting was the prince's first object. He attacked Simon de Montfort by night, defeated him, seized his banners and treasure, and forced him into Kenilworth Castle in Warwickshire, which belonged to his family.

His father, the Earl of Leicester, in the mean while, not knowing what had happened, marched out of Hereford, with his part of the army and the king to meet him. He came on a bright morning in August to Evesham, which is watered by the pleasant river Avon. Looking rather anxiously across the prospect towards Kenilworth, he saw his own banners advancing, and his face brightened with joy. But it clouded darkly when he presently perceived that the banners were captured and in the enemy's hands, and he said, "It is over. The Lord have mercy on our souls! for our bodies are Prince Edward's."

He fought like a true knight, nevertheless. When his horse was killed under him, he fought on foot. It was a fierce battle, and the dead lay in heaps everywhere. The old king, stuck up in a suit of armour on a big war-horse, which did n't mind him at all, and which carried him into all sorts of places where he didn't want to go, got into everybody's way, and very nearly got knocked on the head by one of his son's men. But he managed to pipe out, "I am Harry of Winchester!" and the

prince, who heard him, seized his bridle, and took him out of peril. The Earl of Leicester still fought bravely, until his best son, Henry, was killed, and the bodies of his best friends choked his path; and then he fell, still fighting, sword in hand. They mangled his body, and sent it as a present to a noble lady, — but a very unpleasant lady, I should think, — who was the wife of his worst enemy. They could not mangle his memory in the minds of the faithful people, though. Many years afterwards they loved him more than ever, and regarded him as a saint, and always spoke of him as “Sir Simon the Righteous.”

And even though he was dead, the cause for which he had fought still lived, and was strong, and forced itself upon the king in the very hour of victory. Henry found himself obliged to respect the Great Charter, however much he hated it, and to make laws similar to the laws of the great Earl of Leicester, and to be moderate and forgiving towards the people at last, — even towards the people of London, who had so long opposed him. There were more risings before all this was done; but they were set at rest by these means, and Prince Edward did his best in all things to restore peace. One Sir Adam de Gourdon was the last dissatisfied knight in arms; but the prince vanquished him in single combat, in a wood, and nobly gave him his life and became his friend, instead of slaying him. Sir Adam was not ungrateful. He ever afterwards remained devoted to his generous conqueror.

When the troubles of the kingdom were thus calmed, Prince Edward and his cousin Henry took the cross, and went away to the Holy Land, with many English lords and knights. Four years afterwards the king of the Romans died; and next year (1272), his brother, the weak king of England, died. He was sixty-eight years old then, and had reigned fifty-six years. He was as much of a king in death as he had ever been in life. He was the mere pale shadow of a king at all times.

CHAPTER XVI

ENGLAND UNDER EDWARD THE FIRST, CALLED LONGSHANKS

IT was now the year of our Lord 1272 ; and Prince Edward, the heir to the throne, being away in the Holy Land, knew nothing of his father's death. The barons, however, proclaimed him king, immediately after the royal funeral ; and the people very willingly consented, since most men knew too well by this time what the horrors of a contest for the crown were. So King Edward the First, called, in a not very complimentary manner, Longshanks, because of the slenderness of his legs, was peacefully accepted by the English nation.

His legs had need to be strong, however long and thin they were ; for they had to support him through many difficulties on the fiery sands of Asia, where his small force of soldiers fainted, died, deserted, and seemed to melt away. But his prowess made light of it ; and he said, " I will go on, if I go on with no other follower than my groom ! "

A prince of this spirit gave the Turks a deal of trouble. He stormed Nazareth, at which place, of all places on earth, I am sorry to relate, he made a frightful slaughter of innocent people ; and then he went to Acre, where he got a truce of ten years from the sultan. He had very nearly lost his life in Acre, through the treachery of a Saracen noble, called the Emir of Jaffa, who, making the pretence that he had some idea of turning Christian, and wanted to know all about that religion, sent a trusty messenger to Edward, very often, — with a dagger in his sleeve. At last, one Friday in Whitsun-week, when it was very hot, and all the sandy prospect lay beneath the blazing sun, burnt up like a great overdone biscuit, and Edward was lying on a couch, dressed for coolness in only a loose robe, the messenger, with his chocolate-coloured face and his bright dark eyes and white teeth, came creeping in with a letter, and kneeled down like a tame tiger. But the moment Edward stretched out his hand to take the letter, the tiger made a spring

at his heart. He was quick, but Edward was quick, too. He seized the traitor by his chocolate throat, threw him to the ground, and slew him with the very dagger he had drawn. The weapon had struck Edward in the arm, and, although the wound itself was slight, it threatened to be mortal, for the blade of the dagger had been smeared with poison. Thanks, however, to a better surgeon than was often to be found in those times, and to some wholesome herbs, and, above all, to his faithful wife, Eleanor, who devotedly nursed him, and is said by some to have sucked the poison from the wound with her own red lips (which I am very willing to believe), Edward soon recovered and was sound again.

As the king his father had sent entreaties to him to return home, he now began the journey. He had got as far as Italy, when he met messengers who brought him intelligence of the king's death. Hearing that all was quiet at home, he made no haste to return to his own dominions, but paid a visit to the Pope, and went in state through various Italian towns, where he was welcomed with acclamations as a mighty champion of the cross from the Holy Land, and where he received presents of purple mantles and prancing horses, and went along in great triumph. The shouting people little knew that he was the last English monarch who would ever embark in a crusade, or that within twenty years every conquest which the Christians had made in the Holy Land, at the cost of so much blood, would be won back by the Turks. But all this came to pass.

There was, and there is, an old town standing in a plain in France, called Châlons. When the king was coming towards the place on his way to England, a wily French lord, called the Count of Châlons, sent him a polite challenge to come with his knights and hold a fair tournament with the count and *his* knights, and make a day of it with sword and lance. It was represented to the king that the Count of Châlons was not to be trusted, and that, instead of a holiday fight for mere show and in good-humour, he secretly meant a real battle, in which the English should be defeated by superior force.

The king, however, nothing afraid, went to the appointed place on the appointed day with a thousand followers. When the count came with two thousand, and attacked the English in earnest, the English rushed at them with such valour that the count's men and the count's horses soon began to be tumbled

down all over the field. The count himself seized the king round the neck ; but the king tumbled *him* out of his saddle in return for the compliment, and, jumping from his own horse and standing over him, beat away at his iron armour like a blacksmith hammering on his anvil. Even when the count owned himself defeated, and offered his sword, the king would not do him the honour to take it, but made him yield it up to a common soldier. There had been such fury shown in this fight that it was afterwards called the little battle of Châlons.

The English were very well disposed to be proud of their king after these adventures ; so when he landed at Dover in the year 1274 (being then thirty-six years old), and went on to Westminster, where he and his good queen were crowned with great magnificence, splendid rejoicings took place. For the coronation feast there were provided, among other eatables, four hundred oxen, four hundred sheep, four hundred and fifty pigs, eighteen wild boars, three hundred flitches of bacon, and twenty thousand fowls. The fountains and conduits in the street flowed with red and white wine instead of water ; the rich citizens hung silks and cloths of the brightest colours out of their windows to increase the beauty of the show, and threw out gold and silver by whole handfuls to make scrambles for the crowd. In short, there was such eating and drinking, such music and capering, such a ringing of bells and tossing of caps, such a shouting and singing, and revelling, as the narrow, overhanging streets of old London City had not witnessed for many a long day. All the people were merry, — except the poor Jews, who, trembling within their houses, and scarcely daring to peep out, began to foresee that they would have to find the money for this joviality sooner or later.

To dismiss this sad subject of the Jews for the present, I am sorry to add that in this reign they were most unmercifully pillaged. They were hanged in great numbers, on accusations of having clipped the king's coin, — which all kinds of people had done. They were heavily taxed ; they were disgracefully badged ; they were, on one day, thirteen years after the coronation, taken up with their wives and children, and thrown into beastly prisons, until they purchased their release by paying to the king twelve thousand pounds. Finally, every kind of property belonging to them was seized by the king, except so little as would defray the charge of their taking themselves away into

foreign countries. Many years elapsed before the hope of gain induced any of their race to return to England, where they had been treated so heartlessly and had suffered so much.

If King Edward the First had been as bad a king to Christians as he was to Jews, he would have been bad indeed. But he was, in general, a wise and great monarch, under whom the country much improved. He had no love for the Great Charter, — few kings had, through many, many years, — but he had high qualities. The first bold object which he conceived when he came home was to unite under one sovereign England, Scotland, and Wales; the two last of which countries had each a little king of its own about whom the people were always quarrelling and fighting, and making a prodigious disturbance, — a great deal more than he was worth. In the course of King Edward's reign, he was engaged, besides, in a war with France. To make these quarrels clearer, we will separate their histories and take them thus: Wales, first; France, second; Scotland, third.

Llewellyn was the Prince of Wales. He had been on the side of the barons in the reign of the stupid old king, but had afterwards sworn allegiance to him. When King Edward came to the throne, Llewellyn was required to swear allegiance to him also, which he refused to do. The king, being crowned and in his own dominions, three times more required Llewellyn to come and do homage; and three times more Llewellyn said he would rather not. He was going to be married to Eleanor de Montfort, a young lady of the family mentioned in the last reign; and it chanced that this young lady, coming from France with her youngest brother, Emeric, was taken by an English ship, and was ordered by the English king to be detained. Upon this the quarrel came to a head. The king went with his fleet to the coast of Wales, where, so encompassing Llewellyn that he could only take refuge in the bleak mountain region of Snowdon, in which no provisions could reach him, he was soon starved into an apology, and into a treaty of peace, and into paying the expenses of the war. The king, however, forgave him some of the hardest conditions of the treaty, and consented to his marriage. And he now thought he had reduced Wales to obedience.

But the Welsh, although they were naturally a gentle, quiet, pleasant people, who liked to receive strangers in their cottages

among the mountains, and to set before them with free hospitality whatever they had to eat and drink, and to play to them on their harps, and sing their native ballads to them, were a people of great spirit when their blood was up. Englishmen, after this affair, began to be insolent in Wales, and to assume the air of masters; and the Welsh pride could not bear it. Moreover, they believed in that unlucky old Merlin, some of whose unlucky old prophecies somebody always seemed doomed to remember when there was a chance of its doing harm; and just at this time some blind old gentleman, with a harp and a long white beard, who was an excellent person, but had become of an unknown age and tedious, burst out with a declaration that Merlin had predicted that, when English money had become round, a prince of Wales would be crowned in London. Now, King Edward had recently forbid the English penny to be cut into halves and quarters for halfpence and farthings, and had actually introduced a round coin; therefore the Welsh people said this was the time Merlin meant, and rose accordingly.

King Edward had bought over Prince David, Llewellyn's brother, by heaping favours upon him; but he was the first to revolt, being perhaps troubled in his conscience. One stormy night, he surprised the castle of Hawarden, in possession of which an English nobleman had been left, killed the whole garrison, and carried off the nobleman a prisoner to Snowdon. Upon this the Welsh people rose like one man. King Edward, with his army, marching from Worcester to the Menai Strait, crossed it — near to where the wonderful tubular iron bridge now, in days so different, makes a passage for railway trains — by a bridge of boats that enabled forty men to march abreast. He subdued the island of Anglesea, and sent his men forward to observe the enemy. The sudden appearance of the Welsh created a panic among them, and they fell back to the bridge. The tide had in the mean time risen and separated the boats; the Welsh pursuing them, they were driven into the sea, and there they sunk, in their heavy iron armour, by thousands. After this victory, Llewellyn, helped by the severe winter weather of Wales, gained another battle; but the king ordering a portion of his English army to advance through South Wales, and catch him between two foes, and Llewellyn bravely turning to meet this new enemy, he was surprised and killed, — very meanly, for he was unarmed and defenceless. His head was struck off,

and sent to London, where it was fixed upon the Tower, encircled with a wreath, some say of ivy, some say of willow, some say of silver, to make it look like a ghastly coin in ridicule of the prediction.

David, however, still held out for six months, though eagerly sought after by the king, and hunted by his own countrymen. One of them finally betrayed him, with his wife and children. He was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; and from that time this became the established punishment of traitors in England, — a punishment wholly without excuse, as being revolting, vile, and cruel, after its object is dead; and which has no sense in it, as its only real degradation (and that nothing can blot out) is to the country that permits on any consideration such abominable barbarity.

Wales was now subdued. The queen giving birth to a young prince in the castle of Carnarvon, the king showed him to the Welsh people as their countryman, and called him Prince of Wales, — a title that has ever since been borne by the heir-apparent to the English throne, which that little prince soon became by the death of his elder brother. The king did better things for the Welsh than that, by improving their laws, and encouraging their trade. Disturbances still took place, chiefly occasioned by the avarice and pride of the English lords, on whom Welsh lands and castles had been bestowed; but they were subdued, and the country never rose again. There is a legend that, to prevent the people from being incited to rebellion by the songs of their bards and harpers, Edward had them all put to death. Some of them may have fallen among other men who held out against the king; but this general slaughter is, I think, a fancy of the harpers themselves, who, I dare say, made a song about it many years afterwards and sang it by the Welsh firesides until it came to be believed.

The foreign war of the reign of Edward the First arose in this way. The crews of two vessels, one a Norman ship and the other an English ship, happened to go to the same place in their boats to fill their casks with fresh water. Being rough, angry fellows, they began to quarrel, and then to fight, — the English with their fists, the Normans with their knives, — and in the fight a Norman was killed. The Norman crew, instead of revenging themselves upon those English sailors with whom they

had quarrelled (who were too strong for them, I suspect), took to their ship again in a great rage, attacked the first English ship they met, laid hold of an unoffending merchant who happened to be on board, and brutally hanged him in the rigging of their own vessel with a dog at his feet. This so enraged the English sailors that there was no restraining them; and whenever and wherever English sailors met Norman sailors, they fell upon each other tooth and nail. The Irish and Dutch sailors took part with the English, the French and Genoese sailors helped the Normans; and thus the greater part of the mariners sailing over the sea became, in their way, as violent and raging as the sea itself when it is disturbed.

King Edward's fame had been so high abroad that he had been chosen to decide a difference between France and another foreign power, and had lived upon the Continent three years. At first, neither he nor the French king Philip (the good Louis had been dead some time) interfered in these quarrels; but when a fleet of eighty English ships engaged and utterly defeated a Norman fleet of two hundred in a pitched battle fought round a ship at anchor, in which no quarter was given, the matter became too serious to be passed over. King Edward, as Duke of Guienne, was summoned to present himself before the king of France at Paris, and answer for the damage done by his sailor subjects. At first he sent the Bishop of London as his representative, and then his brother Edmund, who was married to the French queen's mother. I am afraid Edmund was an easy man, and allowed himself to be talked over by his charming relations, the French-court ladies; at all events, he was induced to give up his brother's dukedom forty days, — as a mere form, the French king said, to satisfy his honour, — and he was so very much astonished, when the time was out, to find that the French king had no idea of giving it up again that I should not wonder if it hastened his death, which soon took place.

King Edward was a king to win his foreign dukedom back again, if it could be won by energy and valour. He raised a large army, renounced his allegiance as Duke of Guienne, and crossed the sea to carry war into France. Before any important battle was fought, however, a truce was agreed upon for two years, and in the course of that time the Pope effected a reconciliation. King Edward, who was now a widower, having lost his affectionate

and good wife, Eleanor, married the French king's sister, Margaret; and the Prince of Wales was contracted to the French king's daughter, Isabella.

Out of bad things, good things sometimes arise. Out of this hanging of the innocent merchant, and the bloodshed and strife it caused, there came to be established one of the greatest powers that the English people now possess. The preparations for the war being very expensive, and King Edward greatly wanting money, and being very arbitrary in his ways of raising it, some of the barons began firmly to oppose him. Two of them in particular, Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, were so stout against him that they maintained he had no right to command them to head his forces in Guienne, and flatly refused to go there. "By Heaven, Sir Earl," said the king to the Earl of Hereford, in a great passion, "you shall either go or be hanged!" "By Heaven, Sir King," replied the earl, "I will neither go nor yet will I be hanged;" and both he and the other earl sturdily left the court, attended by many lords. The king tried every means of raising money. He taxed the clergy, in spite of all the Pope said to the contrary; and when they refused to pay reduced them to submission by saying, Very well, then they had no claim upon the government for protection, and any man might plunder them who would, — which a good many men were very ready to do, and very readily did, and which the clergy found too losing a game to be played at long. He seized all the wool and leather in the hands of the merchants, promising to pay for it some fine day; and he set a tax upon the exportation of wool, which was so unpopular among the traders that it was called "The evil toll." But all would not do. The barons, led by those two great earls, declared any taxes imposed without the consent of Parliament unlawful; and the Parliament refused to impose taxes, until the king should confirm afresh the two Great Charters, and should solemnly declare in writing that there was no power in the country to raise money from the people evermore but the power of Parliament representing all ranks of the people. The king was very unwilling to diminish his own power by allowing this great privilege in the Parliament; but there was no help for it, and he at last complied. We shall come to another king, by and by, who might have saved his head from rolling off, if he had profited by this example.

The people gained other benefits in Parliament from the good sense and wisdom of this king. Many of the laws were much improved ; provision was made for the greater safety of travellers, and the apprehension of thieves and murderers ; the priests were prevented from holding too much land, and so becoming too powerful ; and justices of the peace were first appointed (though not at first under that name) in various parts of the country.

And now we come to Scotland, which was the great and lasting trouble of the reign of King Edward the First.

About thirteen years after King Edward's coronation, Alexander the Third, the king of Scotland, died of a fall from his horse. He had been married to Margaret, King Edward's sister. All their children being dead, the Scottish crown became the right of a young princess only eight years old, the daughter of Eric, king of Norway, who had married a daughter of the deceased sovereign. King Edward proposed that the Maiden of Norway, as this princess was called, should be engaged to be married to his eldest son ; but unfortunately, as she was coming over to England, she fell sick, and, landing on one of the Orkney Islands, died there. A great commotion immediately began in Scotland, where as many as thirteen noisy claimants to the vacant throne started up, and made a general confusion.

King Edward being much renowned for his sagacity and justice, it seems to have been agreed to refer the dispute to him. He accepted the trust, and went with an army to the Border land where England and Scotland joined. There, he called upon the Scottish gentlemen to meet him at the castle of Norham, on the English side of the river Tweed ; and to that castle they came. But before he would take any step in the business, he required those Scottish gentlemen, one and all, to do homage to him as their superior lord ; and when they hesitated, he said, " By holy Edward, whose crown I wear, I will have my rights, or I will die maintaining them ! " The Scottish gentlemen, who had not expected this, were disconcerted, and asked for three weeks to think about it.

At the end of the three weeks, another meeting took place, on a green plain on the Scottish side of the river. Of all the competitors for the Scottish throne, there were only two who had any real claim, in right of their near kindred to the royal

family. These were John Baliol and Robert Bruce; and the right was, I have no doubt, on the side of John Baliol. At this particular meeting John Baliol was not present, but Robert Bruce was; and on Robert Bruce being formally asked whether he acknowledged the king of England for his superior lord, he answered plainly and distinctly, Yes, he did. Next day John Baliol appeared, and said the same. This point settled, some arrangements were made for inquiring into their titles.

The inquiry occupied a pretty long time, — more than a year. While it was going on, King Edward took the opportunity of making a journey through Scotland, and calling upon the Scottish people of all degrees to acknowledge themselves his vassals, or be imprisoned until they did. In the mean while, commissioners were appointed to conduct the inquiry, a parliament was held at Berwick about it, the two claimants were heard at full length, and there was a vast amount of talking. At last, in the great hall of the castle of Berwick, the king gave judgment in favour of John Baliol; who, consenting to receive his crown by the king of England's favour and permission, was crowned at Scone, in an old stone chair which had been used for ages in the abbey there, at the coronations of Scottish kings. Then King Edward caused the great seal of Scotland, used since the late king's death, to be broken in four pieces, and placed in the English treasury; and considered that he now had Scotland (according to the common saying) under his thumb.

Scotland had a strong will of its own yet, however. King Edward, determined that the Scottish king should not forget he was his vassal, summoned him repeatedly to come and defend himself and his judges before the English Parliament when appeals from the decisions of Scottish courts of justice were being heard. At length John Baliol, who had no great heart of his own, had so much heart put into him by the brave spirit of the Scottish people, who took this as a national insult, that he refused to come any more. Thereupon, the king further required him to help him in his war abroad (which was then in progress), and to give up, as security for his good behaviour in future, the three strong Scottish castles of Jedburgh, Roxburgh, and Berwick. Nothing of this being done, — on the contrary, the Scottish people concealing their king among their mountains in the highlands, and showing a determination to resist, — Edward marched to Berwick with an army of thirty

thousand foot and four thousand horse, took the castle, and slew its whole garrison, and the inhabitants of the town as well, — men, women, and children. Lord Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, then went on to the castle of Dunbar, before which a battle was fought, and the whole Scottish army defeated with great slaughter. The victory being complete, the Earl of Surrey was left as guardian of Scotland; the principal offices in that kingdom were given to Englishmen; the more powerful Scottish nobles were obliged to come and live in England; the Scottish crown and sceptre were brought away; and even the old stone chair was carried off, and placed in Westminster Abbey, where you may see it now. Baliol had the Tower of London lent him for a residence, with permission to range about within a circle of twenty miles. Three years afterwards he was allowed to go to Normandy, where he had estates, and where he passed the remaining six years of his life; far more happily, I dare say, than he had lived for a long while in angry Scotland.

Now, there was in the west of Scotland a gentleman of small fortune, named William Wallace, the second son of a Scottish knight. He was a man of great size and great strength; he was very brave and daring; when he spoke to a body of his countrymen, he could rouse them in a wonderful manner by the power of his burning words; he loved Scotland dearly, and he hated England with his utmost might. The domineering conduct of the English who now held the places of trust in Scotland made them as intolerable to the proud Scottish people as they had been under similar circumstances to the Welsh; and no man in all Scotland regarded them with so much smothered rage as William Wallace. One day an Englishman in office, little knowing what he was, affronted *him*. Wallace instantly struck him dead; and taking refuge among the rocks and hills, and there joining with his countryman, Sir William Douglas, who was also in arms against King Edward, became the most resolute and undaunted champion of a people struggling for their independence that ever lived upon the earth.

The English guardian of the kingdom fled before him; and, thus encouraged, the Scottish people revolted everywhere, and fell upon the English without mercy. The Earl of Surrey, by the king's commands, raised all the power of the Border counties, and two English armies poured into Scotland. Only one chief, in the face of those armies, stood by Wallace, who, with a force

of forty thousand men, awaited the invaders at a place on the river Forth, within two miles of Stirling. Across the river there was only one poor wooden bridge, called the Bridge of Kildean, — so narrow that but two men could cross it abreast. With his eyes upon this bridge, Wallace posted the greater part of his men among some rising grounds, and waited calmly. When the English army came up on the opposite bank of the river, messengers were sent forward to offer terms. Wallace sent them back with a defiance, in the name of the freedom of Scotland. Some of the officers of the Earl of Surrey, in command of the English, with *their* eyes also on the bridge, advised him to be discreet and not hasty. He, however, urged to immediate battle by some other officers, and particularly by Cressingham, King Edward's treasurer, and a rash man, gave the word of command to advance. One thousand English crossed the bridge, two abreast; the Scottish troops were as motionless as stone images. Two thousand English crossed; three thousand, four thousand, five. Not a feather, all this time, had been seen to stir among the Scottish bonnets. Now they all fluttered. "Forward, one party, to the foot of the bridge!" cried Wallace, "and let no more English cross! The rest, down with me on the five thousand who have come over, and cut them all to pieces!" It was done, in the sight of the whole remainder of the English army, who could give no help. Cressingham himself was killed, and the Scotch made whips for their horses of his skin.

King Edward was abroad at this time, and during the successes on the Scottish side which followed, and which enabled bold Wallace to win the whole country back again, and even to ravage the English borders. But after a few winter months, the king returned, and took the field with more than his usual energy. One night, when a kick from his horse, as they both lay on the ground together, broke two of his ribs, and a cry arose that he was killed, he leaped into his saddle, regardless of the pain that he suffered, and rode through the camp. Day then appearing, he gave the word (still, of course, in that bruised and aching state) forward! and led his army on to near Falkirk, where the Scottish forces were seen drawn up on some stony ground, behind a morass. Here he defeated Wallace, and killed fifteen thousand of his men. With the shattered remainder, Wallace drew back to Stirling; but being

pursued, set fire to the town that it might give no help to the English, and escaped. The inhabitants of Perth afterwards set fire to their houses for the same reason; and the king, unable to find provisions, was forced to withdraw his army.

Another Robert Bruce, the grandson of him who had disputed the Scottish crown with Baliol, was now in arms against the king (that elder Bruce being dead), and also John Comyn, Baliol's nephew. These two young men might agree in opposing Edward, but could agree in nothing else, as they were rivals for the throne of Scotland. Probably it was because they knew this, and knew what troubles must arise, even if they could hope to get the better of the great English king, that the principal Scottish people applied to the Pope for his interference. The Pope, on the principle of losing nothing for want of trying to get it, very coolly claimed that Scotland belonged to him; but this was a little too much, and the Parliament in a friendly manner told him so.

In the spring-time of the year 1303, the king sent Sir John Segrave, whom he made governor of Scotland, with twenty thousand men to reduce the rebels. Sir John was not as careful as he should have been, but encamped at Rosslyn, near Edinburgh, with his army divided into three parts. The Scottish forces saw their advantage, fell on each part separately, defeated each, and killed all the prisoners. Then came the king himself once more, as soon as a great army could be raised; he passed through the whole north of Scotland, laying waste whatsoever came in his way; and he took up his winter quarters at Dunfermline. The Scottish cause now looked so hopeless that Comyn and the other nobles made submission, and received their pardons. Wallace alone stood out. He was invited to surrender, though on no distinct pledge that his life should be spared; but he still defied the ireful king, and lived among the steep crags of the Highland glens, where the eagles made their nests, and where the mountain torrents roared, and the white snow was deep, and the bitter winds blew round his unsheltered head, as he lay through many a pitch-dark night wrapped up in his plaid. Nothing could break his spirit; nothing could lower his courage; nothing could induce him to forget or to forgive his country's wrongs. Even when the castle of Stirling, which had long held out, was besieged by the king with every kind of military engine then in use; even

when the lead upon cathedral roofs was taken down to help to make them; even when the king, though an old man, commanded in the siege as if he were a youth, being so resolved to conquer; even when the brave garrison (then found with amazement to be not two hundred people, including several ladies) were starved and beaten out, and were made to submit on their knees and with every form of disgrace that could aggravate their sufferings, — even then, when there was not a ray of hope in Scotland, William Wallace was as proud and firm as if he had beheld the powerful and relentless Edward lying dead at his feet.

Who betrayed William Wallace in the end is not quite certain. That he was betrayed — probably by an attendant — is too true. He was taken to the castle of Dumbarton, under Sir John Menteith, and thence to London, where the great fame of his bravery and resolution attracted immense concourses of people to behold him. He was tried in Westminster Hall, with a crown of laurel on his head, — it is supposed because he was reported to have said that he ought to wear, or that he would wear, a crown there, — and was found guilty as a robber, a murderer, and a traitor. What they called a robber (he said to those who tried him) he was, because he had taken spoil from the king's men. What they called a murderer, he was, because he had slain an insolent Englishman. What they called a traitor, he was not, for he had never sworn allegiance to the king, and had ever scorned to do it. He was dragged at the tails of horses to West Smithfield, and there hanged on a high gallows, torn open before he was dead, beheaded, and quartered. His head was set upon a pole on London Bridge, his right arm was sent to Newcastle, his left arm to Berwick, his legs to Perth and Aberdeen. But if King Edward had had his body cut into inches, and had sent every separate inch into a separate town, he could not have dispersed it half so far and wide as his fame. Wallace will be remembered in songs and stories while there are songs and stories in the English tongue; and Scotland will hold him dear while her lakes and mountains last.

Released from this dreaded enemy, the king made a fairer plan of government for Scotland, divided the offices of honour among Scottish gentlemen and English gentlemen, forgave past offences, and thought, in his old age, that his work was done.

But he deceived himself. Comyn and Bruce conspired, and

made an appointment to meet at Dumfries, in the church of the Minorites. There is a story that Comyn was false to Bruce, and had informed against him to the king; that Bruce was warned of his danger and the necessity of flight, by receiving one night as he sat at supper, from his friend the Earl of Gloucester, twelve pennies and a pair of spurs; that as he was riding angrily to keep his appointment (through a snow-storm, with his horse's shoes reversed that he might not be tracked), he met an evil-looking serving-man, a messenger of Comyn, whom he killed, and concealed in whose dress he found letters that proved Comyn's treachery. However this may be, they were likely enough to quarrel in any case, being hot-headed rivals; and whatever they quarrelled about, they certainly did quarrel in the church where they met; and Bruce drew his dagger, and stabbed Comyn, who fell upon the pavement. When Bruce came out, pale and disturbed, the friends who were waiting for him asked what was the matter. "I think I have killed Comyn," said he. "You only think so?" returned one of them: "I will make sure!" and going into the church, and finding him alive, stabbed him again and again. Knowing that the king would never forgive this new deed of violence, the party then declared Bruce king of Scotland; got him crowned at Scone, — without the chair; and set up the rebellious standard once again.

When the king heard of it, he kindled with fiercer anger than he had ever shown yet. He caused the Prince of Wales and two hundred and seventy of the young nobility to be knighted, — the trees in the Temple Gardens were cut down to make room for their tents, and they watched their armour all night, according to the old usage, some in the Temple Church, some in Westminster Abbey; and at the public feast which then took place, he swore, by Heaven, and by two swans covered with gold network which his minstrels placed upon the table, that he would avenge the death of Comyn, and would punish the false Bruce. And before all the company, he charged the prince, his son, in case that he should die before accomplishing his vow, not to bury him until it was fulfilled. Next morning, the prince and the rest of the young knights rode away to the Border country to join the English army, and the king, now weak and sick, followed in a horse-litter.

Bruce, after losing a battle, and undergoing many dangers

and much misery, fled to Ireland, where he lay concealed through the winter. That winter, Edward passed in hunting down and executing Bruce's relations and adherents, sparing neither youth nor age, showing no touch of pity or sign of mercy. In the following spring, Bruce reappeared, and gained some victories. In these frays, both sides were grievously cruel; for instance, Bruce's two brothers, being taken captives, desperately wounded, were ordered by the king to instant execution. Bruce's friend, Sir John Douglas, taking his own castle of Douglas out of the hands of an English lord, roasted the dead bodies of the slaughtered garrison in a great fire made of every movable within it; which dreadful cookery his men called the Douglas larder. Bruce, still successful, however, drove the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Gloucester into the castle of Ayr, and laid siege to it.

The king, who had been laid up all the winter, but had directed the army from his sick-bed, now advanced to Carlisle, and there, causing the litter in which he had travelled to be placed in the cathedral as an offering to Heaven, mounted his horse once more, and for the last time. He was now sixty-nine years old, and had reigned thirty-five years. He was so ill that in four days he could go no more than six miles; still, even at that pace, he went on, and resolutely kept his face towards the Border. At length he lay down at the village of Burgh-upon-Sands; and there, telling those around him to impress upon the prince that he was to remember his father's vow, and was never to rest until he had thoroughly subdued Scotland, he yielded up his last breath.

CHAPTER XVII

ENGLAND UNDER EDWARD THE SECOND

KING EDWARD THE SECOND, the first Prince of Wales, was twenty-three years old when his father died. There was a certain favourite of his, a young man from Gascony, named Piers Gaveston, of whom his father had so much disapproved that he had ordered him out of England, and had made his son swear by the side of his sick-bed never to bring him back. But the prince no sooner found himself king than he broke his oath, as so many other princes and kings did (they were far too ready to take oaths), and sent for his dear friend immediately.

Now this same Gaveston was handsome enough, but was a reckless, insolent, audacious fellow. He was detested by the proud English lords; not only because he had such power over the king, and made the court such a dissipated place, but also because he could ride better than they at tournaments, and was used, in his impudence, to cut very bad jokes on them — calling one the old hog; another the stage-player; another the Jew; another the black dog of Ardenne. This was as poor wit as need be, but it made those lords very wroth; and the surly Earl of Warwick, who was the black dog, swore that the time should come when Piers Gaveston should feel the black dog's teeth.

It was not come yet, however, nor did it seem to be coming. The king made him Earl of Cornwall, and gave him vast riches; and when the king went over to France to marry the French princess, Isabella, daughter of Philip le Bel, who was said to be the most beautiful woman in the world, he made Gaveston regent of the kingdom. His splendid marriage ceremony in the Church of Our Lady at Boulogne, where there were four kings and three queens present (quite a pack of court-cards, for I dare say the knaves were not wanting), being over, he seemed to care little or nothing for his beautiful wife, but was wild with impatience to meet Gaveston again.

When he landed at home, he paid no attention to anybody else, but ran into the favourite's arms before a great concourse of people, and hugged him, and kissed him, and called him his brother. At the coronation which soon followed, Gaveston was the richest and brightest of all the glittering company there, and had the honour of carrying the crown. This made the proud lords fiercer than ever; the people, too, despised the favourite, and would never call him Earl of Cornwall, however much he complained to the king and asked him to punish them for not doing so, but persisted in styling him plain Piers Gaveston.

The barons were so unceremonious with the king in giving him to understand that they would not bear this favourite, that the king was obliged to send him out of the country. The favourite himself was made to take an oath (more oaths!) that he would never come back; and the barons supposed him to be banished in disgrace, until they heard that he was appointed governor of Ireland. Even this was not enough for the besotted king, who brought him home again in a year's time, and not only disgusted the court and the people by his dotting folly, but offended his beautiful wife, too, who never liked him afterwards.

He had now the old royal want, — of money, — and the barons had the new power of positively refusing to let him raise any. He summoned a parliament at York; the barons refused to make one while the favourite was near him. He summoned another parliament at Westminster, and sent Gaveston away. Then the barons came completely armed, and appointed a committee of themselves to correct abuses in the state, and in the king's household. He got some money on these conditions, and directly set off with Gaveston to the Border country, where they spent it in idling away the time and feasting, while Bruce made ready to drive the English out of Scotland. For though the old king had even made this poor weak son of his swear (as some say) that he would not bury his bones, but would have them boiled clean in a caldron, and carried before the English army until Scotland was entirely subdued, the second Edward was so unlike the first that Bruce gained strength and power every day.

The committee of nobles, after some months of deliberation, ordained that the king should henceforth call a parliament together once every year, and even twice if necessary, instead

of summoning it only when he chose. Further, that Gaveston should once more be banished, and this time on pain of death if he ever came back. The king's tears were of no avail; he was obliged to send his favourite to Flanders. As soon as he had done so, however, he dissolved the Parliament, with the low cunning of a mere fool, and set off to the north of England, thinking to get an army about him to oppose the nobles. And once again he brought Gaveston home and heaped upon him all the riches and titles of which the barons had deprived him.

The lords saw now that there was nothing for it but to put the favourite to death. They could have done so legally, according to the terms of his banishment; but they did so, I am sorry to say, in a shabby manner. Led by the Earl of Lancaster, the king's cousin, they first of all attacked the king and Gaveston at Newcastle. They had time to escape by sea; and the mean king, having his precious Gaveston with him, was quite content to leave his lovely wife behind. When they were comparatively safe, they separated: the king went to York to collect a force of soldiers; and the favourite shut himself up in the mean time in Scarborough Castle, overlooking the sea. This was what the barons wanted. They knew that the castle could not hold out; they attacked it, and made Gaveston surrender. He delivered himself up to the Earl of Pembroke—that lord whom he had called the Jew—on the earl's pledging his faith and knightly word that no harm should happen to him and no violence be done him.

Now, it was agreed with Gaveston that he should be taken to the castle of Wallingford, and there kept in honourable custody. They travelled as far as Dedington, near Banbury, where, in the castle of that place, they stopped for a night to rest. Whether the Earl of Pembroke left his prisoner there, knowing what would happen, or really left him, thinking no harm, and only going (as he pretended) to visit his wife, the countess, who was in the neighbourhood, is no great matter now; in any case, he was bound as an honourable gentleman to protect his prisoner, and he did not do it. In the morning, while the favourite was yet in bed, he was required to dress himself, and come down into the courtyard. He did so without any mistrust, but started and turned pale when he found it full of strange armed men. "I think you know me?" said their leader, also armed from head to foot. "I am the black dog of Ardenne."

The time was come when Piers Gaveston was to feel the black dog's teeth indeed. They set him on a mule, and carried him in mock state and with military music to the black dog's kennel, Warwick Castle, where a hasty council, composed of some great noblemen, considered what should be done with him. Some were for sparing him; but one loud voice—it was the black dog's bark, I dare say—sounded through the castle hall, uttering these words, "You have the fox in your power. Let him go now, and you must hunt him again."

They sentenced him to death. He threw himself at the feet of the Earl of Lancaster, — the old hog; but the old hog was as savage as the dog. He was taken out upon the pleasant road leading from Warwick to Coventry, where the beautiful river Avon, by which, long afterwards, William Shakespeare was born and now lies buried, sparkled in the bright landscape of the beautiful May day; and there they struck off his wretched head, and stained the dust with his blood.

When the king heard of this black deed, in his grief and rage he denounced relentless war against his barons; and both sides were in arms for half a year. But it then became necessary for them to join their forces against Bruce, who had used the time well while they were divided, and had now a great power in Scotland.

Intelligence was brought that Bruce was then besieging Stirling Castle, and that the governor had been obliged to pledge himself to surrender it, unless he should be relieved before a certain day. Hereupon the king ordered his nobles and their fighting men to meet him at Berwick; but the nobles cared so little for the king, and so neglected the summons and lost time, that only on the day before that appointed for the surrender did the king find himself at Stirling, and even then with a smaller force than he had expected. However, he had altogether a hundred thousand men, and Bruce had not more than forty thousand; but Bruce's army was strongly posted in three square columns, on the ground lying between the Burn or Brook of Bannock and the walls of Stirling Castle.

On the very evening when the king came up, Bruce did a brave act that encouraged his men. He was seen by a certain Henry de Bohun, an English knight, riding about before his army on a little horse, with a light battle-axe in his hand, and a crown of gold on his head. This English knight, who was

mounted on a strong war-horse, cased in steel, strongly armed, and able (as he thought) to overthrow Bruce by crushing him with his mere weight, set spurs to his great charger, rode on him, and made a thrust at him with his heavy spear. Bruce parried the thrust, and with one blow of his battle-axe split his skull.

The Scottish men did not forget this, next day, when the battle raged. Randolph, Bruce's valiant nephew, rode, with the small body of men he commanded, into such a host of the English, all shining in polished armour in the sunlight, that they seemed to be swallowed up and lost, as if they had plunged into the sea. But they fought so well, and did such dreadful execution, that the English staggered. Then came Bruce himself upon them, with all the rest of his army. While they were thus hard pressed and amazed, there appeared upon the hills what they supposed to be a new Scottish army, but what were really only the camp-followers, in number fifteen thousand, whom Bruce had taught to show themselves at that place and time. The Earl of Gloucester, commanding the English horse, made a last rush to change the fortune of the day, but Bruce (like Jack the Giant-Killer in the story) had had pits dug in the ground, and covered over with turfs and stakes. Into these, as they gave way beneath the weight of the horses, riders and horses rolled by hundreds. The English were completely routed; all their treasure, stores, and engines were taken by the Scottish men; so many wagons and other wheeled vehicles were seized that it is related that they would have reached, if they had been drawn out in a line, one hundred and eighty miles. The fortunes of Scotland were, for the time, completely changed; and never was a battle won more famous upon Scottish ground than this great battle of Bannockburn.

Plague and famine succeeded in England; and still the powerless king and his disdainful lords were always in contention. Some of the turbulent chiefs of Ireland made proposals to Bruce to accept the rule of that country. He sent his brother Edward to them, who was crowned king of Ireland. He afterwards went himself to help his brother in his Irish wars; but his brother was defeated in the end and killed. Robert Bruce, returning to Scotland, still increased his strength there.

As the king's ruin had begun in a favourite, so it seemed

likely to end in one. He was too poor a creature to rely at all upon himself; and his new favourite was one Hugh le Despenser, the son of a gentleman of ancient family. Hugh was handsome and brave; but he was the favourite of a weak king, whom no man cared a rush for, and that was a dangerous place to hold. The nobles leagued against him, because the king liked him; and they lay in wait both for his ruin and his father's. Now, the king had married him to the daughter of the late Earl of Gloucester, and had given both him and his father great possessions in Wales. In their endeavours to extend these, they gave violent offence to an angry Welsh gentleman, namd John de Mowbray, and to divers other angry Welsh gentlemen, who resorted to arms, took their castles, and seized their estates. The Earl of Lancaster had first placed the favourite (who was a poor relation of his own) at court, and he considered his own dignity offended by the preference he received and the honours he acquired; so he, and the barons who were his friends, joined the Welshmen, marched on London, and sent a message to the king demanding to have the favourite and his father banished. At first the king unaccountably took it into his head to be spirited, and to send them a bold reply; but when they quartered themselves around Holborn and Clerkenwell, and went down armed to the Parliament at Westminster, he gave way, and complied with their demands.

His turn of triumph came sooner than he expected. It arose out of an accidental circumstance. The beautiful queen, hapening to be travelling, came one night to one of the royal castles, and demanded to be lodged and entertained there until morning. The governor of this castle, who was one of the enraged lords, was away, and in his absence, his wife refused admission to the queen; a scuffle took place among the common men on either side, and some of the royal attendants were killed. The people, who cared nothing for the king, were very angry that their beautiful queen should be thus rudely treated in her own dominions; and the king, taking advantage of this feeling, besieged the castle, took it, and then called the two Despensers home. Upon this, the confederate lords and the Welshmen went over to Bruce. The king encountered them at Boroughbridge, gained the victory, and took a number of distinguished prisoners; among them, the Earl of Lancaster, now an old man, upon whose destruction he was resolved. This earl

was taken to his own castle of Pontefract, and there tried and found guilty by an unfair court appointed for the purpose; he was not even allowed to speak in his own defence. He was insulted, pelted, mounted on a starved pony without saddle or bridle, carried out, and beheaded. Eight-and-twenty knights were hanged, drawn, and quartered. When the king had despatched this bloody work, and had made a fresh and a long truce with Bruce, he took the Despensers into greater favour than ever, and made the father Earl of Winchester.

One prisoner, and an important one, who was taken at Boroughbridge, made his escape, however, and turned the tide against the king. This was Roger Mortimer, always resolutely opposed to him, who was sentenced to death, and placed for safe custody in the Tower of London. He treated his guards to a quantity of wine into which he had put a sleeping potion; and, when they were insensible, broke out of his dungeon, got into a kitchen, climbed up the chimney, let himself down from the roof of the building with a rope ladder, passed the sentries, got down to the river, and made away in a boat to where servants and horses were waiting for him. He finally escaped to France, where Charles le Bel, the brother of the beautiful queen, was king. Charles sought to quarrel with the king of England, on pretence of his not having come to do him homage at his coronation. It was proposed that the beautiful queen should go over to arrange the dispute; she went, and wrote home to the king that, as he was sick and could not come to France himself, perhaps it would be better to send over the young prince, their son, who was only twelve years old, who could do homage to her brother in his stead, and in whose company she would immediately return. The king sent him; but both he and the queen remained at the French court, and Roger Mortimer became the queen's lover.

When the king wrote, again and again, to the queen to come home, she did not reply that she despised him too much to live with him any more (which was the truth), but said she was afraid of the two Despensers. In short, her design was to overthrow the favourites' power, and the king's power, such as it was, and invade England. Having obtained a French force of two thousand men, and being joined by all the English exiles then in France, she landed, within a year, at Orewell, in Suffolk, where she was immediately joined by the earls of Kent and

Norfolk, the king's two brothers; by other powerful noblemen; and lastly, by the first English general who was despatched to check her, who went over to her with all his men. The people of London, receiving these tidings, would do nothing for the king, but broke open the Tower, let out all his prisoners, and threw up their caps and hurraed for the beautiful queen.

The king, with his two favourites, fled to Bristol, where he left old Despenser in charge of the town and castle, while he went on with the son to Wales. The Bristol men being opposed to the king, and it being impossible to hold the town with enemies everywhere within the walls, Despenser yielded it up on the third day, and was instantly brought to trial for having traitorously influenced what was called "the king's mind," — though I doubt if the king ever had any. He was a venerable old man, upwards of ninety years of age; but his age gained no respect or mercy. He was hanged, torn open while he was yet alive, cut up into pieces, and thrown to the dogs. His son was soon taken, tried at Hereford before the same judge on a long series of foolish charges, found guilty, and hanged upon a gallows fifty feet high, with a chaplet of nettles round his head. His poor old father and he were innocent enough of any worse crimes than the crime of having been friends of a king, on whom, as a mere man, they would never have deigned to cast a favourable look. It is a bad crime, I know, and leads to worse; but many lords and gentlemen — I even think some ladies, too, if I recollect right — have committed it in England, who have neither been given to the dogs, nor hanged up fifty feet high.

The wretched king was running here and there, all this time, and never getting anywhere in particular, until he gave himself up, and was taken off to Kenilworth Castle. When he was safely lodged there, the queen went to London, and met the Parliament. And the Bishop of Hereford, who was the most skilful of her friends, said, What was to be done now? Here was an imbecile, indolent, miserable king upon the throne: would n't it be better to take him off, and put his son there instead? I don't know whether the queen really pitied him at this pass, but she began to cry; so the bishop said, "Well, my lords and gentlemen, what do you think, upon the whole, of sending down to Kenilworth, and seeing if his Majesty (God bless him, and forbid we should depose him!) won't resign?"

My lords and gentlemen thought it a good notion ; so a deputation of them went down to Kenilworth, and there the king came into the great hall of the castle, commonly dressed in a poor black gown ; and, when he saw a certain bishop among them, fell down, poor feeble-headed man, and made a wretched spectacle of himself. Somebody lifted him up ; and then Sir William Trussel, the Speaker of the House of Commons, almost frightened him to death by making him a tremendous speech, to the effect that he was no longer a king, and that everybody renounced allegiance to him. After which, Sir Thomas Blount, the Steward of the Household, nearly finished him, by coming forward and breaking his white wand, which was a ceremony only performed at a king's death. Being asked in this pressing manner what he thought of resigning, the king said he thought it was the best thing he could do. So he did it, and they proclaimed his son next day.

I wish I could close his history by saying that he lived a harmless life in the castle and the castle-gardens at Kenilworth, many years ; that he had a favourite, and plenty to eat and drink ; and, having that, wanted nothing. But he was shamefully humiliated. He was outraged and slighted, and had dirty water from ditches given him to shave with, and wept, and said he would have clean warm water, and was altogether very miserable. He was moved from this castle to that castle, and from that castle to the other castle, because this lord, or that lord, or the other lord, was too kind to him ; until at last he came to Berkeley Castle, near the river Severn, where (the Lord Berkeley being then ill and absent) he fell into the hands of two black ruffians, called Thomas Gournay and William Ogle.

One night, — it was the night of September 21, 1327, — dreadful screams were heard, by the startled people in the neighbouring town, ringing through the thick walls of the castle, and the dark deep night ; and they said, as they were thus horribly awakened from their sleep, "May Heaven be merciful to the king ; for those cries forebode that no good is being done to him in his dismal prison !" Next morning he was dead, — not bruised, or stabbed, or marked upon the body, but much distorted in the face ; and it was whispered afterwards that those two villains, Gournay and Ogle, had burnt up his inside with a red-hot iron.

If you ever come near Gloucester, and see the centre tower of its beautiful cathedral, with its four rich pinnacles rising lightly in the air, you may remember that the wretched Edward the Second was buried in the old abbey of that ancient city, at forty-three years old, after being for nineteen years and a half a perfectly incapable king.

CHAPTER XVIII

ENGLAND UNDER EDWARD THE THIRD

ROGER MORTIMER, the queen's lover (who escaped to France in the last chapter), was far from profiting by the examples he had had of the fate of favourites. Having through the queen's influence come into possession of the estates of the two Despensers, he became extremely proud and ambitious, and sought to be the real ruler of England. The young king, who was crowned at fourteen years of age with all the usual solemnities, resolved not to bear this, and soon pursued Mortimer to his ruin.

The people themselves were not fond of Mortimer,—first, because he was a royal favourite; secondly, because he was supposed to have helped to make a peace with Scotland which now took place, and in virtue of which the young king's sister Joan, only seven years old, was promised in marriage to David, the son and heir of Robert Bruce, who was only five years old. The nobles hated Mortimer because of his pride, riches, and power. They went so far as to take up arms against him; but were obliged to submit. The Earl of Kent, one of those who did so, but who afterwards went over to Mortimer and the queen, was made an example of in the following cruel manner.

He seems to have been anything but a wise old earl; and he was persuaded by the agents of the favourite and the queen that poor King Edward the Second was not really dead; and thus was betrayed into writing letters favouring his rightful claim to the throne. This was made out to be high treason; and he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. They took the poor old lord outside the town of Winchester, and there kept him waiting some three or four hours, until they could find somebody to cut off his head. At last, a convict said he would do it if the government would pardon him in return; and they gave him the pardon, and, at one blow, he put the Earl of Kent out of his last suspense.

While the queen was in France, she had found a lovely and good young lady named Philippa, who she thought would make an excellent wife for her son. The young king married this lady soon after he came to the throne ; and her first child, Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards became celebrated, as we shall presently see, under the famous title of Edward the Black Prince.

The young king, thinking the time ripe for the downfall of Mortimer, took counsel with Lord Montacute how he should proceed. A parliament was going to be held at Nottingham ; and that lord recommended that the favourite should be seized by night in Nottingham Castle, where he was sure to be. Now this, like many other things, was more easily said than done ; because, to guard against treachery, the great gates of the castle were locked every night, and the great keys were carried up stairs to the queen, who laid them under her own pillow. But the castle had a governor ; and the governor, being Lord Montacute's friend, confided to him how he knew of a secret passage underground, hidden from observation by the weeds and brambles with which it was overgrown ; and how through that passage the conspirators might enter in the dead of the night, and go straight to Mortimer's room. Accordingly, upon a certain dark night at midnight, they made their way through this dismal place, startling the rats, and frightening the owls and bats ; and came safely to the bottom of the main tower of the castle, where the king met them, and took them up a profoundly dark staircase in a deep silence. They soon heard the voice of Mortimer in council with some friends ; and bursting into the room with a sudden noise, took him prisoner. The queen cried out from her bedchamber, " Oh, my sweet son, my dear son, spare my gentle Mortimer ! " They carried him off, however ; and before the next Parliament, accused him of having made differences between the young king and his mother, and of having brought about the death of the Earl of Kent, and even of the late king ; for as you know by this time, when they wanted to get rid of a man in those old days, they were not very particular of what they accused him. Mortimer was found guilty of all this, and was sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn. The king shut his mother up in genteel confinement, where she passed the rest of her life ; and now he became king in earnest.

The first effort he made was to conquer Scotland. The

English lords who had lands in Scotland, finding that their rights were not respected under the late peace, made war on their own account; choosing for their general, Edward, the son of John Baliol, who made such a vigorous fight that in less than two months he won the whole Scottish kingdom. He was joined, when thus triumphant, by the king and Parliament; and he and the king in person besieged the Scottish forces in Berwick. The whole Scottish army coming to the assistance of their countrymen, such a furious battle ensued that thirty thousand men are said to have been killed in it. Baliol was then crowned king of Scotland, doing homage to the king of England; but little came of his successes after all; for the Scottish men rose against him, within no very long time, and David Bruce came back within ten years and took his kingdom.

France was a far richer country than Scotland, and the king had a much greater mind to conquer it. So he let Scotland alone, and pretended that he had a claim to the French throne in right of his mother. He had, in reality, no claim at all; but that mattered little in those times. He brought over to his cause many little princes and sovereigns, and even courted the alliance of the people of Flanders,—a busy, working community, who had very small respect for kings, and whose head man was a brewer. With such forces as he raised by these means, Edward invaded France; but he did little by that, except run into debt in carrying on the war to the extent of three hundred thousand pounds. The next year he did better, gaining a great sea fight in the harbor of Sluys. This success, however, was very short-lived; for the Flemings took fright at the siege of St. Omer and ran away, leaving their weapons and baggage behind them. Philip, the French king, coming up with his army, and Edward being very anxious to decide the war, proposed to settle the difference by single combat with him, or by a fight of one hundred knights on each side. The French king said he thanked him; but being very well as he was, he would rather not. So after some skirmishing and talking, a short peace was made.

It was soon broken by King Edward's favouring the cause of John, Earl of Montford, a French nobleman, who asserted a claim of his own against the French king, and offered to do homage to England for the crown of France, if he could obtain it through England's help. This French lord himself was soon

defeated by the French king's son, and shut up in a tower in Paris ; but his wife, a courageous and beautiful woman, who is said to have had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion, assembled the people of Brittany where she then was ; and showing them her infant son, made many pathetic entreaties to them not to desert her and their young lord. They took fire at this appeal, and rallied round her in the strong castle of Hennebon. Here she was not only besieged without by the French under Charles de Blois, but was endangered within by a dreary old bishop, who was always representing to the people what horrors they must undergo if they were faithful, — first from famine, and afterwards from fire and sword. But this noble lady, whose heart never failed her, encouraged her soldiers by her own example ; went from post to post like a great general ; even mounted on horseback fully armed, and, issuing from the castle by a bye-path, fell upon the French camp, set fire to the tents, and threw the whole force into disorder. This done, she got safely back to Hennebon again, and was received with loud shouts of joy by the defenders of the castle, who had given her up for lost. As they were now very short of provisions, however, and as they could not dine off enthusiasm, and as the old bishop was always saying, " I told you what it would come to ! " they began to lose heart, and to talk of yielding the castle up. The brave countess retiring to an upper room, and looking with great grief out to sea, where she expected relief from England, saw, at this very time, the English ships in the distance, and was relieved and rescued. Sir Walter Manning, the English commander, so admired her courage that, being come into the castle with the English knights, and having made a feast there, he assaulted the French by way of dessert, and beat them off triumphantly. Then he and the knights came back to the castle with great joy ; and the countess, who had watched them from a high tower, thanked them with all her heart, and kissed them every one.

This noble lady distinguished herself afterwards in a sea fight with the French off Guernsey, when she was on her way to England to ask for more troops. Her great spirit roused another lady, the wife of another French lord (whom the French king very barbarously murdered), to distinguish herself scarcely less. The time was fast coming, however, when Edward, Prince of Wales, was to be the great star of this French and English war.

It was in the month of July, 1346, when the king embarked at Southampton for France, with an army of about thirty thousand men in all, attended by the Prince of Wales and by several of the chief nobles. He landed at La Hogue in Normandy; and burning and destroying as he went, according to custom, advanced up the left bank of the river Seine, and fired the small towns, even close to Paris; but being watched from the right bank of the river by the French king and all his army, it came to this at last that Edward found himself, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of August, 1346, on a rising ground, behind the little French village of Crécy, face to face with the French king's force. And although the French king had an enormous army,—in number more than eight times his,—he there resolved to beat him or be beaten.

The young prince, assisted by the Earl of Oxford and the Earl of Warwick, led the first division of the English army; two other great earls led the second; and the king the third. When the morning dawned, the king received the sacrament and heard prayers, and then, mounted on horseback with a white wand in his hand, rode from company to company, and rank to rank, cheering and encouraging both officers and men. Then the whole army breakfasted, each man sitting on the ground where he had stood; and then they remained quietly on the ground with their weapons ready.

Up came the French king with all his great force. It was dark and angry weather; there was an eclipse of the sun; there was a thunder-storm, accompanied with tremendous rain; the frightened birds flew screaming above the soldiers' heads. A certain captain in the French army advised the French king, who was by no means cheerful, not to begin the battle until the morrow. The king, taking this advice, gave the word to halt. But those behind not understanding it, or desiring to be foremost with the rest, came pressing on. The roads for a great distance were covered with this immense army, and with the common people from the villages, who were flourishing their rude weapons, and making a great noise. Owing to these circumstances, the French army advanced in the greatest confusion; every French lord doing what he liked with his own men, and putting out the men of every other French lord.

Now their king relied strongly upon a great body of cross-bowmen from Genoa; and these he ordered to the front to begin

the battle on finding that he could not stop it. They shouted once, they shouted twice, they shouted three times, to alarm the English archers; but the English would have heard them shout three thousand times and would have never moved. At last the cross-bowmen went forward a little, and began to discharge their bolts, upon which the English let fly such a hail of arrows that the Genoese speedily made off; for their cross-bows, besides being heavy to carry, required to be wound up with a handle, and consequently took time to reload; the English, on the other hand, could discharge their arrows almost as fast as the arrows could fly.

When the French king saw the Genoese turning, he cried out to his men to kill those scoundrels, who were doing harm instead of service. This increased the confusion. Meanwhile the English archers, continuing to shoot as fast as ever, shot down great numbers of the French soldiers and knights, whom certain sly Cornishmen and Welshmen, from the English army, creeping along the ground, despatched with great knives.

The prince and his division were at this time so hard pressed that the Earl of Warwick sent a message to the king, who was overlooking the battle from a windmill, beseeching him to send more aid.

"Is my son killed?" said the king.

"No, sire, please God!" returned the messenger.

"Is he wounded?" said the king.

"No, sire."

"Is he thrown to the ground?" said the king.

"No, sire, not so; but he is very hard pressed."

"Then," said the king, "go back to those who sent you, and tell them I shall send no aid; because I set my heart upon my son proving himself this day a brave knight, and because I am resolved, please God! that the honour of a victory shall be his."

These bold words, being reported to the prince and his division, so raised their spirits that they fought better than ever. The king of France charged gallantly with his men many times; but it was of no use. Night closing in, his horse was killed under him by an English arrow; and the knights and nobles, who had clustered thick about him early in the day, were now completely scattered. At last, some of his few remaining followers led him off the field by force, since he would not retire.

of himself; and they journeyed away to Amiens. The victorious English, lighting their watch-fires, made merry on the field; and the king, riding to meet his gallant son, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him that he had acted nobly, and proved himself worthy of the day and of the crown. While it was yet night, King Edward was hardly aware of the great victory he had gained; but next day it was discovered that eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand common men lay dead upon the French side. Among these was the King of Bohemia, an old blind man; who, having been told that his son was wounded in the battle, and that no force could stand against the Black Prince, called to him two knights, put himself on horseback between them, fastened the three bridles together, and dashed in among the English, where he was presently slain. He bore as his crest three white ostrich feathers, with the motto, *Ich dien*, signifying, in English, "I serve." This crest and motto were taken by the Prince of Wales in remembrance of that famous day, and have been borne by the Prince of Wales ever since.

Five days after this great battle, the king laid siege to Calais. This siege — ever afterwards memorable — lasted nearly a year. In order to starve the inhabitants out, King Edward built so many wooden houses for the lodgings of his troops that it is said their quarters looked like a second Calais suddenly sprung up around the first. Early in the siege, the governor of the town drove out what he called the useless mouths, to the number of seventeen hundred persons, men and women, young and old. King Edward allowed them to pass through his lines, and even fed them, and dismissed them with money; but later in the siege he was not so merciful, — five hundred more, who were afterwards driven out, dying of starvation and misery. The garrison were so hard pressed at last that they sent a letter to King Philip, telling him that they had eaten all the horses, all the dogs, and all the rats and mice that could be found in the place; and that, if he did not relieve them, they must either surrender to the English, or eat one another. Philip made one effort to give them relief; but they were so hemmed in by the English power that he could not succeed, and was fain to leave the place. Upon this they hoisted the English flag, and surrendered to King Edward. "Tell your general," said he to the humble messengers who came out of the town, "that I require

to have sent here six of the most distinguished citizens, bare-legged and in their shirts, with ropes about their necks; and let those six men bring with them the keys of the castle and the town."

When the governor of Calais related this to the people in the market-place, there was great weeping and distress, in the midst of which, one worthy citizen, named Eustace de St. Pierre, rose up and said, that, if the six men required were not sacrificed, the whole population would be, therefore he offered himself as the first. Encouraged by this bright example, five other worthy citizens rose up, one after another, and offered themselves to save the rest. The governor, who was too badly wounded to be able to walk, mounted a poor old horse that had not been eaten, and conducted these good men to the gate, while all the people cried and mourned.

Edward received them wrathfully, and ordered the heads of the whole six to be struck off. However, the good queen fell upon her knees, and besought the king to give them up to her. The king replied, "I wish you had been somewhere else; but I cannot refuse you." So she had them properly dressed, made a feast for them, and sent them back with a handsome present, to the great rejoicing of the whole camp. I hope the people of Calais loved the daughter to whom she gave birth soon afterwards, for her gentle mother's sake.

Now came that terrible disease, the plague, into Europe, hurrying from the heart of China, and killed the wretched people — especially the poor — in such enormous numbers that one-half of the inhabitants of England are related to have died of it. It killed the cattle in great numbers too; and so few working-men remained alive that there were not enough left to till the ground.

After eight years of differing and quarrelling, the Prince of Wales again invaded France with an army of sixty thousand men. He went through the south of the country, burning and plundering wheresoever he went; while his father, who had still the Scottish war upon his hands, did the like in Scotland, but was harassed and worried in his retreat from that country by the Scottish men, who repaid his cruelties with interest.

The French king, Philip, was now dead, and was succeeded by his son John. The Black Prince, called by that name from the colour of the armour he wore to set off his fair complexion,

continuing to burn and destroy in France, roused John into determined opposition; and so cruel had the Black Prince been in his campaign, and so severely had the French peasants suffered, that he could not find one who, for love, or money, or the fear of death, would tell him what the French king was doing, or where he was. Thus it happened that he came upon the French king's forces, all of a sudden, near the town of Poitiers, and found that the whole neighbouring country was occupied by a vast French army. "God help us!" said the Black Prince; "we must make the best of it."

So on a Sunday morning, the 18th of September, the prince, whose army was now reduced to ten thousand men in all, prepared to give battle to the French king, who had sixty thousand horse alone. While he was so engaged, there came riding from the French camp a cardinal, who had persuaded John to let him offer terms, and try to save the shedding of Christian blood. "Save my honour," said the prince to this good priest, "and save the honour of my army, and I will make any reasonable terms." He offered to give up all the towns, castles, and prisoners he had taken, and to swear to make no war in France for seven years; but as John would hear of nothing but his surrender, with a hundred of his chief knights, the treaty was broken off, and the prince said quietly, "God defend the right; we shall fight to-morrow!"

Therefore, on the Monday morning, at break of day, the two armies prepared for battle. The English were posted in a strong place, which could only be approached by one narrow lane, skirted by hedges on both sides. The French attacked them by this lane, but were so galled and slain by English arrows from behind the hedge that they were forced to retreat. Then went six hundred English bowmen round about, and, coming upon the rear of the French army, rained arrows on them thick and fast. The French knights, thrown into confusion, quit their banners, and dispersed in all directions. Said Sir John Chandos to the prince, "Ride forward, noble prince, and the day is yours. The King of France is so valiant a gentleman that I know he will never fly, and may be taken prisoner." Said the prince to this, "Advance, English banners, in the name of God and St. George!" and on they pressed until they came up with the French king, fighting fiercely with his battle-axe, and when all his nobles had forsaken him, attended faithfully to the last by

his youngest son Philip, only sixteen years of age. Father and son fought well; and the king had already two wounds in his face, and had been beaten down, when he at last delivered himself to a banished French knight, and gave him his right-hand glove in token that he had done so.

The Black Prince was generous as well as brave; and he invited his royal prisoner to supper in his tent, and waited upon him at table, and, when they afterwards rode into London in a gorgeous procession, mounted the French king on a fine cream coloured horse, and rode at his side on a little pony. This was all very kind; but I think it was, perhaps, a little theatrical too, and has been made more meritorious than it deserved to be, especially as I am inclined to think that the greatest kindness to the king of France would have been not to have shown him to the people at all. However, it must be said for these acts of politeness that, in course of time, they did much to soften the horrors of war and the passions of conquerors. It was a long, long time before the common soldiers began to have the benefit of such courtly deeds; but they did at last; and thus it is possible that a poor soldier who asked for quarter at the battle of Waterloo, or any other such great fight, may have owed his life indirectly to Edward the Black Prince.

At this time there stood in the Strand, in London, a palace called the Savoy, which was given up to the captive king of France and his son for their residence. As the king of Scotland had now been King Edward's captive for eleven years, too, his success was at this time tolerably complete. The Scottish business was settled by the prisoner being released under the title of Sir David, king of Scotland, and by his engaging to pay a large ransom. The state of France encouraged England to propose harder terms to that country, where the people rose against the unspeakable cruelty and barbarity of its nobles; where the nobles rose and turned against the people; where the most frightful outrages were committed on all sides; and where the insurrection of the peasants, called the insurrection of the Jacquerie, from Jacques, a common Christian name among the country people of France, awakened terrors and hatreds that have scarcely yet passed away. A treaty, called the Great Peace, was at last signed, under which King Edward agreed to give up the greater part of his conquests, and King John to pay, within six years, a ransom of three million crowns of gold. He was se

beset by his own nobles and courtiers for having yielded to these conditions — though they could help him to no better — that he came back of his own will to his old palace-prison of the Savoy, and there died.

There was a sovereign of Castile at that time called Pedro the Cruel, who deserved the name remarkably well, having committed, among other cruelties, a variety of murders. This amiable monarch, being driven from his throne for his crimes, went to the province of Bordeaux, where the Black Prince — now married to his cousin Joan, a pretty widow — was residing, and besought his help. The prince, who took to him much more kindly than a prince of such fame ought to have taken to such a ruffian, readily listened to his fair promises, and, agreeing to help him, sent secret orders to some troublesome disbanded soldiers of his and his father's who called themselves the Free Companions, and who had been a pest to the French people for some time, to aid this Pedro. The prince himself, going into Spain to head the army of relief, soon set Pedro on his throne again, — where he no sooner found himself than, of course, he behaved like the villain he was, broke his word without the least shame, and abandoned all the promises he had made to the Black Prince.

Now, it had cost the prince a good deal of money to pay soldiers to support this murderous king; and finding himself, when he came back disgusted to Bordeaux, not only in bad health, but deeply in debt, he began to tax his French subjects to pay his creditors. They appealed to the French king, Charles; war again broke out; and the French town of Limoges, which the prince had greatly benefited, went over to the French king. Upon this he ravaged the province of which it was the capital; burnt and plundered and killed in the old sickening way; and refused mercy to the prisoners, men, women, and children, taken in the offending town, though he was so ill and so much in need of pity himself from Heaven that he was carried in a litter. He lived to come home, and make himself popular with the people and Parliament, and he died on Trinity Sunday, the eighth of June, 1376, at forty-six years old.

The whole nation mourned for him as one of the most renowned and beloved princes it had ever had; and he was buried with great lamentations in Canterbury Cathedral. Near to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, his monument, with his figure,

carved in stone, and represented in the old black armour, lying on its back, may be seen at this day, with an ancient coat of mail, a helmet, and a pair of gauntlets hanging from a beam above it, which most people like to believe were once worn by the Black Prince.

King Edward did not outlive his renowned son long. He was old ; and one Alice Perrers, a beautiful lady, had contrived to make him so fond of her in his old age that he could refuse her nothing, and made himself ridiculous. She little deserved his love, or — what I dare say she valued a great deal more — the jewels of the late queen, which he gave her among other rich presents. She took the very ring from his finger on the morning of the day when he died, and left him to be pillaged by his faithless servants. Only one good priest was true to him, and attended him to the last.

Besides being famous for the great victories I have related, the reign of King Edward the Third was rendered memorable in better ways, by the growth of architecture and the erection of Windsor Castle. In better ways still, by the rising up of Wickliffe, originally a poor parish priest, who devoted himself to exposing, with wonderful power and success, the ambition and corruption of the Pope, and of the whole church of which he was the head.

Some of those Flemings were induced to come to England in this reign, too, and to settle in Norfolk, where they made better woollen cloths than the English had ever had before. The Order of the Garter (a very fine thing in its way, but hardly so important as good clothes for the nation) also dates from this period. The king is said to have picked up a lady's garter at a ball, and to have said, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* ; in English, "Evil be to him who evil thinks of it." The courtiers were usually glad to imitate what the king said or did, and hence from a slight incident the Order of the Garter was instituted and became a great dignity. So the story goes.

CHAPTER XIX

ENGLAND UNDER RICHARD THE SECOND

RICHARD, son of the Black Prince, a boy eleven years of age, succeeded to the crown, under the title of King Richard the Second. The whole English nation were ready to admire him for the sake of his brave father. As to the lords and ladies about the court, they declared him to be the most beautiful, the wisest, and the best, even of princes, whom the lords and ladies about the court generally declare to be the most beautiful, the wisest, and the best of mankind. To flatter a poor boy in this base manner was not a very likely way to develop whatever good was in him; and it brought him to anything but a good or happy end.

The Duke of Lancaster, the young king's uncle, — commonly called John of Gaunt, from having been born at Ghent, which the common people so pronounced, — was supposed to have some thoughts of the throne himself; but as he was not popular, and the memory of the Black Prince was, he submitted to his nephew.

The war with France being still unsettled, the government of England wanted money to provide for the expenses that might arise out of it; accordingly a certain tax, called the poll-tax, which had originated in the last reign, was ordered to be levied on the people. This was a tax on every person in the kingdom, male and female, above the age of fourteen, of three groats (or three fourpenny pieces) a year; clergymen were charged more, and only beggars were exempt.

I have no need to repeat that the common people of England had long been suffering under great oppression. They were still the mere slaves of the lords of the land on which they lived, and were on most occasions harshly and unjustly treated. But they had begun by this time to think very seriously of not bearing quite so much; and probably were emboldened by that French insurrection I mentioned in the last chapter.

The people of Essex rose against the poll-tax, and, being

severely handled by the government officers, killed some of them. At this very time one of the tax-collectors, going his rounds from house to house, at Dartford in Kent came to the cottage of one Wat, a tiler by trade, and claimed the tax upon his daughter. Her mother, who was at home, declared that she was under the age of fourteen; upon that, the collector (as other collectors had already done in different parts of England) behaved in a savage way, and brutally insulted Wat Tyler's daughter. The daughter screamed, the mother screamed. Wat the Tiler, who was at work not far off, ran to the spot, and did what any honest father under such provocation might have done, — struck the collector dead at a blow.

Instantly the people of that town uprose as one man. They made Wat Tyler their leader; they joined with the people of Essex, who were in arms under a priest called Jack Straw; they took out of prison another priest named John Ball; and, gathering in numbers as they went along, advanced, in a great confused army of poor men, to Blackheath. It is said that they wanted to abolish all property, and to declare all men equal. I do not think this very likely; because they stopped the travellers on the roads, and made them swear to be true to King Richard and the people. Nor were they at all disposed to injure those who had done them no harm, merely because they were of high station; for the king's mother, who had to pass through their camp at Blackheath, on her way to her young son, lying for safety in the Tower of London, had merely to kiss a few dirty-faced, rough-bearded men who were noisily fond of royalty, and so got away in perfect safety. Next day the whole mass marched on to London Bridge.

There was a drawbridge in the middle, which William Walworth, the mayor, caused to be raised to prevent their coming into the city, but they soon terrified the citizens into lowering it again, and spread themselves, with great uproar, over the streets. They broke open the prisons; they burned the papers in Lambeth Palace, they destroyed the Duke of Lancaster's palace, the Savoy, in the Strand, said to be the most beautiful and splendid in England; they set fire to the books and documents in the Temple, and made a great riot. Many of these outrages were committed in drunkenness, since those citizens who had well-filled cellars were only too glad to throw them open to save the rest of their property; but even the drunken rioters were very

careful to steal nothing. They were so angry with one man, who was seen to take a silver cup at the Savoy Palace, and put it in his breast, that they drowned him in the river, cup and all.

The young king had been taken out to treat with them before they committed these excesses; but he and the people about him were so frightened by the riotous shouts, that they got back to the Tower in the best way they could. This made the insurgents bolder; so they went on rioting away, striking off the heads of those who did not, at a moment's notice, declare for King Richard and the people; and killing as many of the unpopular persons whom they supposed to be their enemies as they could by any means lay hold of. In this manner they passed one very violent day, and then proclamation was made that the king would meet them at Mile End, and grant their request.

The rioters went to Mile End to the number of sixty thousand, and the king met them there; and to the king the rioters peaceably proposed four conditions. First, that neither they, nor their children, nor any coming after them, should be made slaves any more. Secondly, that the rent of land should be fixed at a certain price in money, instead of being paid in service. Thirdly, that they should have liberty to buy and sell in all markets and public places, like other free men. Fourthly, that they should be pardoned for past offences. Heaven knows there was nothing very unreasonable in these proposals! The young king deceitfully pretended to think so, and kept thirty clerks up all night writing out a charter accordingly.

Now, Wat Tyler himself wanted more than this. He wanted the entire abolition of the forest laws. He was not at Mile End with the rest; but while that meeting was being held, broke into the Tower of London, and slew the archbishop and the treasurer, for whose heads the people had cried out loudly the day before. He and his men even thrust their swords into the bed of the Princess of Wales, while the princess was in it, to make certain that none of their enemies were concealed there.

So Wat and his men still continued armed, and rode about the city. Next morning, the king with a small train of some sixty gentlemen — among whom was Walworth, the mayor — rode into Smithfield, and saw Wat and his people at a little distance. Says Wat to his men, "There is the king. I will go speak with him, and tell him what we want."

Straightway Wat rode up to him, and began to talk. "King," says Wat, "dost thou see all my men there?"

"Ah!" says the king. "Why?"

"Because," says Wat, "they are all at my command, and have sworn to do whatever I bid them."

Some declared afterwards that, as Wat said this, he laid his hand on the king's bridle. Others declared that he was seen to play with his own dagger. I think, myself, that he just spoke to the king like a rough, angry man, as he was, and did nothing more. At any rate, he was expecting no attack, and preparing for no resistance, when Walworth, the mayor, did the not very valiant deed of drawing a short sword, and stabbing him in the throat. He dropped from his horse, and one of the king's people speedily finished him. So fell Wat Tyler. Fawners and flatterers made a mighty triumph of it, and set up a cry which will occasionally find an echo to this day. But Wat was a hard-working man, who had suffered much, and had been foully outraged; and it is probable that he was a man of much higher nature and a much braver spirit than any of the parasites who exulted then, or have exulted since, over his defeat.

Seeing Wat down, his men immediately bent their bows to avenge his fall. If the young king had not had presence of mind at that dangerous moment, both he and the mayor to boot might have followed Tyler pretty fast. But the king, riding up to the crowd, cried out that Tyler was a traitor, and that he would be their leader. They were so taken by surprise that they set up a great shouting, and followed the boy until he was met at Islington by a large body of soldiers.

The end of this rising was the then usual end. As soon as the king found himself safe, he unsaid all he had said, and undid all he had done; some fifteen hundred of the rioters were tried (mostly in Essex), with great rigour, and executed with great cruelty. Many of them were hanged on gibbets, and left there as a terror to the country people; and because their miserable friends took some of the bodies down to bury, the king ordered the rest to be chained up, — which was the beginning of the barbarous custom of hanging in chains. The king's falsehood in this business makes such a pitiful figure, that I think Wat Tyler appears in history as beyond comparison the truer and more respectable man of the two.

Richard was now sixteen years of age, and married Anne of

Bohemia, an excellent princess, who was called "the good Queen Anne." She deserved a better husband: for the king had been fawned and flattered into a treacherous, wasteful, dissolute, bad young man.

There were two popes at this time (as if one were not enough!), and their quarrels involved Europe in a great deal of trouble. Scotland was still troublesome too; and at home there was much jealousy and distrust, and plotting and counter-plotting, because the king feared the ambition of his relations, and particularly of his uncle, the Duke of Lancaster; and the duke had his party against the king, and the king had his party against the duke. Nor were these home troubles lessened when the duke went to Castile to urge his claim to the crown of that kingdom; for then the Duke of Gloucester, another of Richard's uncles, opposed him, and influenced the Parliament to demand the dismissal of the king's favourite ministers. The king said, in reply, that he would not for such men dismiss the meanest servant in his kitchen. But it had begun to signify little what a king said when a Parliament was determined; so Richard was at last obliged to give way, and to agree to another government of the kingdom, under a commission of fourteen nobles, for a year. His uncle of Gloucester was at the head of this commission, and in fact appointed everybody composing it.

Having done all this, the king declared, as soon as he saw an opportunity, that he had never meant to do it, and that it was all illegal; and he got the judges secretly to sign a declaration to that effect. The secret oozed out directly, and was carried to the Duke of Gloucester. The Duke of Gloucester, at the head of forty thousand men, met the king on his entering into London to enforce his authority; the king was helpless against him; his favourites and ministers were impeached and were mercilessly executed. Among them were two men whom the people regarded with very different feelings, — one, Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice, who was hated for having made what was called "the bloody circuit" to try the rioters; the other, Sir Simon Burley, an honourable knight, who had been the dear friend of the Black Prince, and the governor and guardian of the king. For this gentleman's life the good queen even begged of Gloucester on her knees; but Gloucester (with or without reason) feared and hated him, and replied that if she valued her husband's crown she had better beg no more. All

this was done under what was called by some the wonderful — and by others, with better reason, the merciless — Parliament.

But Gloucester's power was not to last for ever. He held it for only a year longer; in which year the famous battle of Otterbourne, sung in the old ballad of Chevy Chase, was fought. When the year was out, the king, turning suddenly to Gloucester, in the midst of a great council, said, "Uncle, how old am I?" — "Your highness," returned the duke, "is in your twenty-second year." — "Am I so much?" said the king; "then I will manage my own affairs! I am much obliged to you, my good lords, for your past services, but I need them no more." He followed this up by appointing a new chancellor and a new treasurer, and announced to the people that he had resumed the government. He held it for eight years without opposition. Through all that time, he kept his determination to revenge himself some day upon his uncle Gloucester in his own breast.

At last the good queen died; and then the king, desiring to take a second wife, proposed to his council that he should marry Isabella of France, the daughter of Charles the Sixth, who, the French courtiers said (as the English courtiers had said of Richard), was a marvel of beauty and wit, and quite a phenomenon, — of seven years old. The council was divided about this marriage, but it took place. It secured peace between England and France for a quarter of a century; but it was strongly opposed to the prejudices of the English people. The Duke of Gloucester, who was anxious to take the occasion of making himself popular, declaimed against it loudly; and this at length decided the king to execute the vengeance he had been nursing so long.

He went with a gay company to the Duke of Gloucester's house, Pleshey Castle, in Essex, where the duke, suspecting nothing, came out into the courtyard to receive his royal visitor. While the king conversed in a friendly manner with the duchess, the duke was quietly seized, hurried away, shipped for Calais, and lodged in the castle there. His friends, the earls of Arundel and Warwick, were taken in the same treacherous manner, and confined to their castles. A few days after, at Nottingham, they were impeached for high treason. The Earl of Arundel was condemned and beheaded, and the Earl of Warwick was banished. Then a writ was sent by a messenger

to the governor of Calais, requiring him to send the Duke of Gloucester over to be tried. In three days, he returned an answer that he could not do that, because the Duke of Gloucester had died in prison. The duke was declared a traitor, his property was confiscated to the king, a real or pretended confession he had made in prison to one of the justices of the common pleas was produced against him, and there was an end of the matter. How the unfortunate duke died very few cared to know. Whether he really died naturally, whether he killed himself, whether by the king's order he was strangled, or smothered between two beds (as a serving-man of the governor's, named Hall, did afterwards declare), cannot be discovered. There is not much doubt that he was killed, somehow or other, by his nephew's orders. Among the most active nobles in these proceedings were the king's cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, whom the king had made Duke of Hereford to smooth down the old family quarrels, and some others, who had in the family plotting-times done just such acts themselves as they now condemned in the duke. They seem to have been a corrupt set of men; but such men were easily found about the court in such days.

The people murmured at all this, and were still very sore about the French marriage. The nobles saw how little the king cared for law, and how crafty he was, and began to be somewhat afraid of themselves. The king's life was a life of continued feasting and excess; his retinue, down to the meanest servants, were dressed in the most costly manner, and caroused at his tables, it is related, to the number of ten thousand every day. He himself, surrounded by a body of ten thousand archers, and enriched by a duty on wool, which the Commons had granted him for life, saw no danger of ever being otherwise than powerful and absolute, and was as fierce and haughty as a king could be.

He had two of his old enemies left, in the persons of the dukes of Hereford and Norfolk. Sparing these no more than the others, he tampered with the Duke of Hereford until he got him to declare, before the Council, that the Duke of Norfolk had lately held some treasonable talk with him as he was riding near Brentford; and that he had told him, among other things, that he could not believe the king's oath, — which nobody could, I should think. For this treachery he obtained a pardon, and the

Duke of Norfolk was summoned to appear and defend himself. As he denied the charge, and said his accuser was a liar and a traitor, both noblemen, according to the manner of those times, were held in custody, and the truth was ordered to be decided by wager of battle at Coventry. This wager of battle meant that whosoever won the combat was to be considered in the right; which nonsense meant, in effect, that no strong man could ever be wrong. A great holiday was made; a great crowd assembled, with much parade and show; and the two combatants were about to rush at each other with their lances, when the king, sitting in a pavilion to see fair, threw down the truncheon he carried in his hand, and forbade the battle. The Duke of Hereford was to be banished for ten years, and the Duke of Norfolk was to be banished for life. So said the king. The Duke of Hereford went to France, and went no farther. The Duke of Norfolk made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and afterwards died at Venice of a broken heart.

Faster and fiercer, after this, the king went on in his career. The Duke of Lancaster, who was the father of the Duke of Hereford, died soon after the departure of his son; and the king, although he had solemnly granted to that son leave to inherit his father's property, if it should come to him during his banishment, immediately seized it all, like a robber. The judges were so afraid of him, that they disgraced themselves by declaring this theft to be just and lawful. His avarice knew no bounds. He outlawed seventeen counties at once, on a frivolous pretence, merely to raise money by way of fines for misconduct. In short, he did as many dishonest things as he could; and cared so little for the discontent of his subjects — though even the spaniel favourites began to whisper to him that there was such a thing as discontent afloat — that he took that time, of all others, for leaving England, and making an expedition against the Irish.

He was scarcely gone, leaving the Duke of York regent in his absence, when his cousin, Henry of Hereford, came over from France to claim the rights of which he had been so monstrously deprived. He was immediately joined by the two great earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland; and his uncle, the regent, finding the king's cause unpopular, and the disinclination of the army to act against Henry very strong, withdrew with the royal forces towards Bristol. Henry, at the head

of an army, came from Yorkshire (where he had landed) to London, and followed him. They joined their forces, — how they brought that about is not distinctly understood, — and proceeded to Bristol Castle, whither three noblemen had taken the young queen. The castle surrendering, they presently put those three noblemen to death. The regent then remained there, and Henry went on to Chester.

All this time the boisterous weather had prevented the king from receiving intelligence of what had occurred. At length it was conveyed to him in Ireland; and he sent over the Earl of Salisbury, who, landing at Conway, rallied the Welshmen, and waited for the king a whole fortnight; at the end of that time the Welshmen, who were perhaps not very warm for him in the beginning, quite cooled down, and went home. When the king did land on the coast at last, he came with a pretty good power; but his men cared nothing for him and quickly deserted. Supposing the Welshmen to be still at Conway, he disguised himself as a priest, and made for that place in company with his two brothers and some few of their adherents. But there were no Welshmen left, — only Salisbury and a hundred soldiers. In this distress, the king's two brothers, Exeter and Surrey, offered to go to Henry to learn what his intentions were. Surrey, who was true to Richard, was put into prison. Exeter, who was false, took the royal badge, which was a hart, off his shield, and assumed the rose, the badge of Henry. After this it was pretty plain to the king what Henry's intentions were, without sending any more messengers to ask.

The fallen king, thus deserted, hemmed in on all sides and pressed with hunger, rode here and rode there, and went to this castle and went to that castle, endeavouring to obtain some provisions, but could find none. He rode wretchedly back to Conway, and there surrendered himself to the Earl of Northumberland, who came from Henry, in reality to take him prisoner, but in appearance to offer terms, and whose men were hidden not far off. By this earl he was conducted to the castle of Flint, where his cousin Henry met him, and dropped on his knee as if he were still respectful to his sovereign.

"Fair cousin of Lancaster," said the king, "you are very welcome" (very welcome, no doubt; but he would have been more so in chains, or without a head).

"My lord," replied Henry, "I am come a little before my

time ; but, with your good pleasure, I will show you the reason. Your people complain, with some bitterness, that you have ruled them rigorously for two-and-twenty years. Now, if it please God, I will help you to govern them better in future."

"Fair cousin," replied the abject king, "since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me mightily."

After this, the trumpets sounded, and the king was stuck on a wretched horse, and carried prisoner to Chester, where he was made to issue a proclamation calling a Parliament. From Chester he was taken on towards London. At Litchfield he tried to escape by getting out of a window, and letting himself down into a garden ; it was all in vain, however ; and he was carried on and shut up in the Tower, where no one pitied him, and where the whole people, whose patience he had quite tired out, reproached him without mercy. Before he got there, it is related that his very dog left him, and departed from his side to lick the hand of Henry.

The day before the Parliament met, a deputation went to this wretched king, and told him that he had promised the Earl of Northumberland, at Conway Castle, to resign the crown. He said he was quite ready to do it, and signed a paper in which he renounced his authority, and absolved his people from their allegiance to him. He had so little spirit left that he gave his royal ring to his triumphant cousin Henry with his own hand, and said, that if he could have had leave to appoint a successor that same Henry was the man of all others whom he would have named. Next day the Parliament assembled in Westminster Hall, where Henry sat at the side of the throne, which was empty, and covered with a cloth of gold. The paper just signed by the king was read to the multitude amid shouts of joy, which were echoed through all the streets ; when some of the noise had died away, the king was formally deposed. Then Henry arose, and, making the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast, challenged the realm of England as his right — the archbishops of Canterbury and York seated him on the throne.

The multitude shouted again, and the shouts re-echoed throughout all the streets. No one remembered now that Richard the Second had ever been the most beautiful, the wisest, and the best of princes ; and he now made, living (to my thinking), a far more sorry spectacle in the Tower of London

than Wat Tyler had made, lying dead, among the hoofs of the royal horses in Smithfield.

The poll-tax died with Wat. The smiths to the king and royal family could make no chains in which the king could hang the people's recollection of him; so the poll-tax was never collected.

CHAPTER XX

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE FOURTH, CALLED BOLINGBROKE

DURING the last reign, the preaching of Wickliffe against the pride and cunning of the Pope, and all his men, had made a great noise in England. Whether the new king wished to be in favour with the priests, or whether he hoped, by pretending to be very religious, to cheat Heaven itself into the belief that he was not a usurper, I don't know. Both suppositions are likely enough. It is certain that he began his reign by making a strong show against the followers of Wickliffe, who were called Lollards, or heretics, — although his father, John of Gaunt, had been of that way of thinking, as he himself had been more than suspected of being. It is no less certain that he first established in England the detestable and atrocious custom, brought from abroad, of burning those people as a punishment for their opinions. It was the importation into England of one of the practices of what was called the Holy Inquisition; which was the most *unholy* and the most infamous tribunal that ever disgraced mankind, and made men more like demons than followers of our Saviour.

No real right to the crown, as you know, was in this king. Edward Mortimer, the young Earl of March, — who was only eight or nine years old, and who was descended from the Duke of Clarence, the elder brother of Henry's father, — was by succession the real heir to the throne. However, the king got his son declared Prince of Wales; and, obtaining possession of the young Earl of March and his little brother, kept them in confinement (but not severely) in Windsor Castle. He then required the Parliament to decide what was to be done with the deposed king, who was quiet enough, and who only said that he hoped his cousin Henry would be "a good lord" to him. The Parliament replied that they would recommend his being kept in some secret place, where the people could not resort, and where his friends could be admitted to see him. Henry accord-

ingly passed this sentence upon him; and it now began to be pretty clear to the nation that Richard the Second would not live very long.

It was a noisy Parliament, as it was an unprincipled one; and the lords quarrelled so violently among themselves as to which of them had been loyal and which disloyal, and which consistent and which inconsistent, that forty gauntlets are said to have been thrown upon the floor at one time as challenges to as many battles; the truth being, that they were all false and base together, and had been at one time with the old king, and at another time with the new one, and seldom true for any length of time to any one. They soon began to plot again. A conspiracy was formed to invite the king to a tournament at Oxford, and then to take him by surprise and kill him. This murderous enterprise, which was agreed upon at secret meetings in the house of the Abbot of Westminster, was betrayed by the Earl of Rutland, one of the conspirators. The king, instead of going to the tournament, or staying at Windsor (where the conspirators suddenly went, on finding themselves discovered, with the hope of seizing him), retired to London, proclaimed them all traitors, and advanced upon them with a great force. They retired into the west of England, proclaiming Richard king; but the people rose against them, and they were all slain. Their treason hastened the death of the deposed monarch. Whether he was killed by hired assassins, or whether he was starved to death, or whether he refused food on hearing of his brothers being killed (who were in that plot), is very doubtful. He met his death somehow; and his body was publicly shown at St. Paul's Cathedral with only the lower part of the face uncovered. I can scarcely doubt that he was killed by the king's orders.

The French wife of the miserable Richard was now only ten years old; and when her father, Charles of France, heard of her misfortunes and of her lonely condition in England, he went mad, as he had several times done before during the last five or six years. The French dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon took up the poor girl's cause, without caring much about it, but on the chance of getting something out of England. The people of Bordeaux, who had a sort of superstitious attachment to the memory of Richard, because he was born there, swore by the Lord that he had been the best man in all his

kingdom, — which was going rather far, — and promised to do great things against the English. Nevertheless, when they came to consider that they and the whole people of France were ruined by their own nobles, and that the English rule was much the better of the two, they cooled down again; and the two dukes, although they were very great men, could do nothing without them. Then began negotiations between France and England for the sending home to Paris of the poor little queen, with all her jewels, and her fortune of two hundred thousand francs in gold. The king was quite willing to restore the young lady, and even the jewels; but he said he really could not part with the money. So at last she was safely deposited at Paris without her fortune; and then the Duke of Burgundy (who was cousin to the French king) began to quarrel with the Duke of Orleans (who was brother to the French king) about the whole matter; and those two dukes made France even more wretched than ever.

As the idea of conquering Scotland was still popular at home, the king marched to the River Tyne, and demanded homage of the king of that country. This being refused, he advanced to Edinburgh, but did little there; for his army being in want of provisions, and the Scotch being very careful to hold him in check without giving battle, he was obliged to retire. It is to his immortal honour, that in this sally he burnt no villages and slaughtered no people, but was particularly careful that his army should be merciful and harmless. It was a great example in those ruthless times.

A war among the Border people of England and Scotland went on for twelve months; and then the Earl of Northumberland, the nobleman who had helped Henry to the crown, began to rebel against him, probably because nothing that Henry could do for him would satisfy his extravagant expectations. There was a certain Welsh gentleman, named Owen Glendower, who had been a student in one of the inns of court, and had afterwards been in the service of the late king, whose Welsh property was taken from him by a powerful lord related to the present king, who was his neighbour. Appealing for redress, and getting none, he took up arms, was made an outlaw, and declared himself sovereign of Wales. He pretended to be a magician; and not only were the Welsh people stupid enough to believe him, but even Henry believed him too; for, making

three expeditions into Wales, and being three times driven back by the wildness of the country, the bad weather, and the skill of Glendower, he thought he was defeated by the Welshman's magic arts. However, he took Lord Grey and Sir Edmund Mortimer prisoners, and allowed the relatives of Lord Grey to ransom him, but would not extend such favour to Sir Edmund Mortimer. Now, Henry Percy, called Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, who was married to Mortimer's sister, is supposed to have taken offence at this; and therefore, in conjunction with his father and some others, to have joined Owen Glendower, and risen against Henry. It is by no means clear that this was the real cause of the conspiracy; but perhaps it was made the pretext. It was formed, and was very powerful, including Scroop, Archbishop of York, and the Earl of Douglas, a powerful and brave Scottish nobleman. The king was prompt and active, and the two armies met at Shrewsbury.

There were about fourteen thousand men in each. The old Earl of Northumberland being sick, the rebel forces were led by his son. The king wore plain armour to deceive the enemy; and four noblemen, with the same object, wore the royal arms. The rebel charge was so furious that every one of those gentlemen was killed, the royal standard was beaten down, and the young Prince of Wales was severely wounded in the face. But he was one of the bravest and best soldiers that ever lived; and he fought so well, and the king's troops were so encouraged by his bold example, that they rallied immediately and cut the enemy's forces all to pieces. Hotspur was killed by an arrow in the brain; and the route was so complete that the whole rebellion was struck down by this one blow. The Earl of Northumberland surrendered himself soon after hearing of the death of his son, and received a pardon for all his offences.

There were some lingerings of rebellion yet; Owen Glendower being retired to Wales, and a preposterous story being spread among the ignorant people that King Richard was still alive. How they could have believed such nonsense it is difficult to imagine; but they certainly did suppose that the court fool of the late king, who was something like him, was he himself; so that it seemed as if, after giving so much trouble to the country in his life, he was still to trouble it after his death. This was not the worst. The young Earl of March and his brother were stolen out of Windsor Castle.

Being retaken, and being found to have been spirited away by one Lady Spencer, she accused her own brother, that Earl of Rutland who was in the former conspiracy and was now Duke of York, of being in the plot. For this he was ruined in fortune, though not put to death; and then another plot arose among the old Earl of Northumberland, some other lords, and that same Scroop, Archbishop of York, who was with the rebels before. These conspirators caused a writing to be posted on the church doors, accusing the king of a variety of crimes; but the king being eager and vigilant to oppose them, they were all taken, and the archbishop was executed. This was the first time that a great churchman had been slain by the law in England; but the king was resolved that it should be done, and done it was.

The next most remarkable event of this time was the seizure by Henry of the heir to the Scottish throne, — James, a boy of nine years old. He had been put aboard ship by his father, the Scottish King Robert, to save him from the designs of his uncle, when, on his way to France, he was accidentally taken by some English cruisers. He remained a prisoner in England for nineteen years, and became in his prison a student and a famous poet.

With the exception of occasional troubles with the Welsh and with the French, the rest of King Henry's reign was quiet enough. But the king was far from happy, and probably was troubled in his conscience by knowing that he had usurped the crown, and had occasioned the death of his miserable cousin. The Prince of Wales, though brave and generous, is said to have been wild and dissipated, and even to have drawn his sword on Gascoigne, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, because he was firm in dealing impartially with one of his dissolute companions. Upon this the chief justice is said to have ordered him immediately to prison; the Prince of Wales is said to have submitted with a good grace; and the king is said to have exclaimed, "Happy is the monarch who has so just a judge, and a son so willing to obey the laws." This is all very doubtful; and so is another story (of which Shakespeare has made beautiful use), that the prince once took the crown out of his father's chamber as he was sleeping, and tried it on his own head.

The king's health sank more and more, and he became sub-

ject to violent eruptions on the face and to bad epileptic fits, and his spirits sank every day. At last, as he was praying before the shrine of St. Edward, at Westminster Abbey, he was seized with a terrible fit, and was carried into the abbot's chamber, where he presently died. It had been foretold that he would die at Jerusalem, which certainly is not, and never was, Westminster. But as the abbot's room had long been called the Jerusalem Chamber, people said it was all the same thing, and were quite satisfied with the prediction.

The king died on the twentieth of March, 1413, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and the fourteenth of his reign. He was buried in Canterbury Cathedral. He had been twice married, and had, by his first wife, a family of four sons and two daughters. Considering his duplicity before he came to the throne, his unjust seizure of it, and, above all, his making that monstrous law for the burning of what the priests called heretics, he was a reasonably good king, as kings went.

CHAPTER XXI

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE FIFTH

PART THE FIRST

THE Prince of Wales began his reign like a generous and honest man. He set the young Earl of March free; he restored their estates and their honours to the Percy family, who had lost them by their rebellion against his father; he ordered the imbecile and unfortunate Richard to be honourably buried among the kings of England; and he dismissed all his wild companions, with assurances that they should not want, if they would resolve to be steady, faithful, and true.

It is much easier to burn men than to burn their opinions; and those of the Lollards were spreading every day. The Lollards were represented by the priests — probably falsely for the most part — to entertain treasonable designs against the new king; and Henry, suffering himself to be worked upon by these representations, sacrificed his friend Sir John Oldcastle, the Lord Cobham, to them, after trying in vain to convert him by arguments. He was declared guilty, as the head of the sect, and sentenced to the flames; but he escaped from the Tower before the day of execution (postponed for fifty days by the king himself), and summoned the Lollards to meet him near London on a certain day. So the priests told the king, at least. I doubt whether there was any conspiracy beyond such as was got up by their agents. On the day appointed, instead of five-and-twenty thousand men, under the command of Sir John Oldcastle, in the meadows of St. Giles, the king found only eighty men, and no Sir John at all. There was in another place an addle-headed brewer, who had gold trappings to his horses, and a pair of gilt spurs in his breast, expecting to be made a knight next day by Sir John, and so to gain the right to wear them; but there was no Sir John, nor did anybody

give information respecting him, though the king offered great rewards for such intelligence. Thirty of these unfortunate Lollards were hanged and drawn immediately, and were then burnt, gallows and all; and the various prisons in and around London were crammed full of others. Some of these unfortunate men made various confessions of treasonable designs; but such confessions were easily got, under torture and the fear of fire, and are very little to be trusted. To finish the sad story of Sir John Oldcastle at once, I may mention that he escaped into Wales and remained there safely for four years. When discovered by Lord Powis, it is very doubtful if he would have been taken alive — so great was the old soldier's bravery — if a miserable old woman had not come behind him and broken his legs with a stool. He was carried to London in a horse-litter, was fastened by an iron chain to a gibbet, and so roasted to death.

To make the state of France as plain as I can in a few words, I should tell you that the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy, commonly called "John without fear," had had a grand reconciliation of their quarrel in the last reign, and had appeared to be quite in a heavenly state of mind. Immediately after which, on a Sunday, in the public streets of Paris, the Duke of Orleans was murdered by a party of twenty men, set on by the Duke of Burgundy, according to his own deliberate confession. The widow of King Richard had been married in France to the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans. The poor mad king was quite powerless to help her; and the Duke of Burgundy became the real master of France. Isabella dying, her husband (Duke of Orleans, since the death of his father) married the daughter of the Count of Armagnac, who, being a much abler man than his young son-in-law, headed his party; thence called after him Armagnacs. Thus France was now in this terrible condition, that it had in it the party of the king's son, the Dauphin Louis; the party of the Duke of Burgundy, who was the father of the dauphin's ill-used wife; and the party of the Armagnacs, — all hating each other, all fighting together, all composed of the most depraved nobles that the earth has ever known, and all tearing unhappy France to pieces.

The late king had watched these dissensions from England, sensible (like the French people) that no enemy of France could injure her more than her own nobility. The present king now

advanced a claim to the French throne. His demand being, of course, refused, he reduced his proposal to a certain large amount of French territory, and to demanding the French Princess Catherine in marriage, with a fortune of two millions of golden crowns. He was offered less territory, and fewer crowns, and no princess; but he called his ambassadors home, and prepared for war. Then he proposed to take the princess with one million of crowns. The French court replied that he should have the princess with two hundred thousand crowns less; he said this would not do (he had never seen the princess in his life), and assembled his army at Southampton. There was a short plot at home, just at that time, for deposing him, and making the Earl of March king; but the conspirators were all speedily condemned and executed, and the king embarked for France.

It is dreadful to observe how long a bad example will be followed; but it is encouraging to know that a good example is never thrown away. The king's first act, on disembarking at the mouth of the river Seine, three miles from Harfleur, was to imitate his father, and to proclaim his solemn orders that the lives and property of the peaceable inhabitants should be respected on pain of death. It is agreed by French writers, to his lasting renown, that, even while his soldiers were suffering the greatest distress from want of food, these commands were rigidly obeyed.

With an army in all of thirty thousand men, he besieged the town of Harfleur both by sea and land for five weeks; at the end of which time the town surrendered, and the inhabitants were allowed to depart with only fivepence each, and a part of their clothes. All the rest of their possessions was divided amongst the English army. But that army suffered so much, in spite of its successes, from disease and privation, that it was already reduced one-half. Still the king was determined not to retire until he had struck a greater blow. Therefore, against the advice of all his counsellors, he moved on with his little force towards Calais. When he came up to the river Somme he was unable to cross, in consequence of the fort being fortified; and as the English moved up the left bank of the river, looking for a crossing, the French, who had broken all the bridges, moved up the right bank, watching them, and waiting to attack them when they should try to pass it. At last the

English found a crossing, and got safely over. The French held a council of war at Rouen, resolved to give the English battle, and sent heralds to King Henry to know by which road he was going. "By the road that will take me straight to Calais!" said the king, and sent them away with a present of a hundred crowns.

The English moved on until they beheld the French, and then the king gave orders to form in line of battle. The French not coming on, the army broke up, after remaining in battle array till night, and got good rest and refreshment at a neighbouring village. The French were now all lying in another village, through which they knew the English must pass. They were resolved that the English should begin the battle. The English had no means of retreat, if their king had any such intention; and so the two armies passed the night close together.

To understand these armies well, you must bear in mind that the immense French army had, among its notable persons, almost the whole of that wicked nobility whose debauchery had made France a desert; and so besotted were they by pride, and by contempt for the common people, that they had scarcely any bowmen (if indeed they had any at all) in their whole enormous number, which, compared with the English army, was at least as six to one; for these proud fools had said that the bow was not a fit weapon for knightly hands, and that France must be defended by gentlemen only. We shall see presently what hand the gentlemen made of it.

Now, on the English side, among the little force, there was a good proportion of men who were not gentlemen, by any means, but who were good stout archers for all that. Among them, in the morning, — having slept little at night, while the French were carousing and making sure of victory, — the king rode, on a grey horse; wearing on his head a helmet of shining steel, surmounted by a crown of gold, sparkling with precious stones; and bearing over his armour, embroidered together, the arms of England and the arms of France. The archers looked at the shining helmet, and the crown of gold, and the sparkling jewels, and admired them all; but what they admired most was the king's cheerful face, and his bright blue eye, as he told them that, for himself, he had made up his mind to conquer there or to die there, and that England should never have a

ransom to pay for *him*. There was one brave knight, who chanced to say that he wished some of the many gallant gentlemen and good soldiers, who were then idle at home in England, were there to increase their numbers. But the king told him that, for his part, he did not wish for one more man. "The fewer we have," said he, "the greater will be the honour we shall win!" His men, being now all in good heart, were refreshed with bread and wine, and heard prayers, and waited quietly for the French. The king waited for the French, because they were drawn up thirty deep (the little English force was only three deep), on very difficult and heavy ground; and he knew, that, when they moved, there must be confusion among them.

As they did not move, he sent off two parties, — one to lie concealed in a wood on the left of the French, the other to set fire to some houses behind the French after the battle should be begun. This was scarcely done, when three of the proud French gentlemen, who were to defend their country without any help from the base peasants, came riding out, calling upon the English to surrender. The king warned those gentlemen himself to retire with all speed, if they cared for their lives, and ordered the English banners to advance. Upon that, Sir Thomas Erpingham, a great English general who commanded the archers, threw his truncheon into the air joyfully; and all the Englishmen, kneeling down upon the ground, and biting it as if they took possession of the country, rose up with a great shout, and fell upon the French.

Every archer was furnished with a great stake tipped with iron; and his orders were, to thrust this stake into the ground, to discharge his arrow, and then to fall back when the French horsemen came on. As the haughty French gentlemen who were to break the English archers, and utterly destroy them with their knightly lances, came riding up, they were received with such a blinding storm of arrows that they broke and turned. Horses and men rolled over one another, and the confusion was terrific. Those who rallied and charged the archers got among the stakes on slippery and boggy ground, and were so bewildered that the English archers — who wore no armour, and even took off their leathern coats to be more active — cut them to pieces, root and branch. Only three French horsemen got within the stakes, and those were instantly despatched. All

this time the dense French army, being in armour, were sinking knee-deep into the mire ; while the light English archers, half-naked, were as fresh and active as if they were fighting on a marble floor.

But now the second division of the French, coming to the relief of the first, closed up in a firm mass ; the English, headed by the king, attacked them ; and the deadliest part of the battle began. The king's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was struck down, and numbers of the French surrounded him ; but King Henry, standing over the body, fought like a lion, until they were beaten off. Presently came up a band of eighteen French knights, bearing the banner of a certain French lord, who had sworn to kill or take the English king. One of them struck him such a blow with a battle-axe that he reeled and fell upon his knees ; but his faithful men, immediately closing round him, killed every one of those eighteen knights, and so that French lord never kept his oath.

The French Duke of Alençon, seeing this, made a desperate charge, and cut his way close up to the royal standard of England. He beat down the Duke of York, who was standing near it ; and when the king came to his rescue, struck off a piece of the crown he wore. But he never struck another blow in this world ; for, even as he was in the act of saying who he was, and that he surrendered to the king, and even as the king stretched out his hand to give him a safe and honourable acceptance of the offer, he fell dead, pierced by innumerable wounds.

The death of this nobleman decided the battle. The third division of the French army, which had never struck a blow yet, and which was, in itself, more than double the whole English power, broke and fled. At this time of the fight, the English, who as yet had made no prisoners, began to take them in immense numbers, and were still occupied in doing so, or in killing those who would not surrender, when a great noise arose in the rear of the French, — their flying banners were seen to stop, — and King Henry, supposing a great re-enforcement to have arrived, gave orders that all the prisoners should be put to death. As soon, however, as it was found that the noise was only occasioned by a body of plundering peasants, the terrible massacre was stopped.

Then King Henry called to him the French herald, and asked him to whom the victory belonged.

The herald replied, "To the king of England."

"*We* have not made this havoc and slaughter," said the king. "It is the wrath of heaven on the sins of France. What is the name of that castle yonder?"

The herald answered him, "My lord, it is the castle of Azincourt."

Said the king, "From henceforth this battle shall be known to posterity by the name of the battle of Azincourt."

Our English historians have made it Agincourt; but under that name it will ever be famous in English annals.

The loss upon the French side was enormous. Three dukes were killed, two more were taken prisoners; seven counts were killed, three more were taken prisoners; and ten thousand knights and gentlemen were slain upon the field. The English loss amounted to sixteen hundred men, among whom were the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk.

War is a dreadful thing; and it is appalling to know how the English were obliged, next morning, to kill those prisoners, mortally wounded, who yet writhed in agony upon the ground; how the dead upon the French side were stripped by their own countrymen and countrywomen, and afterwards buried in great pits; how the dead upon the English side were piled up in a great barn, and how their bodies and the barn were all burned together! It is in such things, and in many more much too horrible to relate, that the real desolation and wickedness of war consists. Nothing can make war otherwise than horrible. But the dark side of it was little thought of and soon forgotten; and it cast no shade of trouble on the English people, except on those who had lost friends or relations in the fight. They welcomed their king home with shouts of rejoicing, and plunged into the water to bear him ashore on their shoulders, and flocked out in crowds to welcome him in every town through which he passed, and hung rich carpets and tapestries out of the windows, and strewed the streets with flowers, and made the fountains run with wine, as the great field of Agincourt had run with blood.

PART THE SECOND

That proud and wicked French nobility who dragged their country to destruction, and who were every day and every year regarded with deeper hatred and detestation in the hearts of the French people, learned nothing, even from the defeat of Agincourt. So far from uniting against the common enemy, they became, among themselves, more violent, more bloody, and more false — if that were possible — than they had been before. The Count of Armagnac persuaded the French king to plunder of her treasures Queen Isabella of Bavaria, and to make her a prisoner. She, who had hitherto been the bitter enemy of the Duke of Burgundy, proposed to join him, in revenge. He carried her off to Troyes, where she proclaimed herself regent of France, and made him her lieutenant. The Armagnac party were at that time possessed of Paris; but one of the gates of the city being secretly opened on a certain night to a party of the duke's men, they got into Paris, threw into the prisons all the Armagnacs upon whom they could lay their hands, and, a few nights afterwards, with the aid of a furious mob of sixty thousand people, broke the prisons open, and killed them all. The former dauphin was now dead, and the king's third son bore the title. Him, in the height of this murderous scene, a French knight hurried out of bed, wrapped in a sheet, and bore away to Poitiers. So, when the revengeful Isabella and the Duke of Burgundy entered Paris in triumph after the slaughter of their enemies, the dauphin was proclaimed at Poitiers as the real regent.

King Henry had not been idle since his victory of Agincourt, but had repulsed a brave attempt of the French to recover Harfleur, had gradually conquered a great part of Normandy, and, at this crisis of affairs, took the important town of Rouen, after a siege of half a year. This great loss so alarmed the French, that the Duke of Burgundy proposed that a meeting to treat of peace should be held between the French and the English kings in a plain by the river Seine. On the appointed day, King Henry appeared there, with his two brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, and a thousand men. The unfortunate French king, being more mad than usual that day, could not come; but the queen came, and with her the Princess Catherine, who was a

very lovely creature, and who made a real impression on King Henry, now that he saw her for the first time. This was the most important circumstance that arose out of the meeting.

As if it were impossible for a French nobleman of that time to be true to his word of honour in anything, Henry discovered that the Duke of Burgundy was, at that very moment, in secret treaty with the dauphin; and he therefore abandoned the negotiation.

The Duke of Burgundy and the dauphin, each of whom, with the best reason, distrusted the other as a noble ruffian surrounded by a party of noble ruffians, were rather at a loss how to proceed after this; but at length they agreed to meet on a bridge over the river Yonne, where it was arranged that there should be two strong gates put up, with an empty space between them, and that the Duke of Burgundy should come into that space by one gate, with ten men only, and that the dauphin should come into that space by the other gate, also with ten men, and no more.

So far the dauphin kept his word; but no farther. When the Duke of Burgundy was on his knee before him, in the act of speaking, one of the dauphin's noble ruffians cut the said duke down with a small axe, and others speedily finished him.

It was in vain for the dauphin to pretend that this base murder was not done with his consent; it was too bad, even for France, and caused a general horror. The duke's heir hastened to make a treaty with King Henry, and the French queen engaged that her husband should consent to it, whatever it was. Henry made peace, on condition of receiving the Princess Catherine in marriage, and being made regent of France during the rest of the king's lifetime, and succeeding to the French crown at his death. He was soon married to the beautiful princess, and took her proudly home to England, where she was crowned with great honour and glory.

This peace was called the Perpetual Peace: we shall soon see how long it lasted. It gave great satisfaction to the French people, although they were so poor and miserable that, at the time of the celebration of the royal marriage, numbers of them were dying with starvation, on the dunghills in the streets of Paris. There was some resistance on the part of the dauphin in some few parts of France, but King Henry beat it all down.

And now, with his great possessions in France secured, and

his beautiful wife to cheer him, and a son born to give him greater happiness, all appeared bright before him. But in the fulness of his triumph and the height of his power, death came upon him, and his day was done. When he fell ill at Vincennes, and found that he could not recover, he was very calm and quiet, and spoke serenely to those who wept around his bed. His wife and child, he said, he left to the loving care of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, and his other faithful nobles. He gave them his advice that England should establish a friendship with the new Duke of Burgundy, and offer him the regency of France; that it should not set free the royal princes who had been taken at Agincourt; and that, whatever quarrel might arise with France, England should never make peace without holding Normandy. Then he laid down his head, and asked the attendant priests to chaunt the penitential psalms. Amid which solemn sounds, on the thirty-first of August, 1422, in only the thirty-fourth year of his age and the tenth of his reign, King Henry the Fifth passed away.

Slowly and mournfully they carried his embalmed body in a procession of great state to Paris, and thence to Rouen, where his queen was; from whom the sad intelligence of his death was concealed until he had been dead some days. Thence, lying on a bed of crimson and gold, with a golden crown upon the head, and a golden ball and sceptre lying in the nerveless hands, they carried it to Calais, with such a great retinue as seemed to dye the road black. The king of Scotland acted as chief mourner, all the royal household followed, the knights wore black armour and black plumes of feathers; crowds of men bore torches, making the night as light as day; and the widowed princess followed last of all. At Calais there was a fleet of ships to bring the funeral host to Dover. And so, by way of London Bridge, where the service for the dead was chaunted as it passed along, they brought the body to Westminster Abbey, and there buried it with great respect.

CHAPTER XXII

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE SIXTH

PART THE FIRST

It had been the wish of the late king, that while his infant son, King Henry the Sixth, at this time only nine months old, was under age, the Duke of Gloucester should be appointed regent. The English Parliament, however, preferred to appoint a council of regency with the Duke of Bedford at its head, to be represented in his absence only, by the Duke of Gloucester. The Parliament would seem to have been wise in this; for Gloucester soon showed himself to be ambitious and troublesome, and, in the gratification of his own personal schemes, gave dangerous offence to the Duke of Burgundy, which was with difficulty adjusted.

As that duke declined the regency of France, it was bestowed by the poor French king upon the Duke of Bedford. But the French king dying within two months, the dauphin instantly asserted his claim to the French throne, and was actually crowned under the title of Charles the Seventh. The Duke of Bedford, to be a match for him, entered into a friendly league with the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, and gave them his two sisters in marriage. War with France was immediately renewed, and the perpetual peace came to an untimely end.

In the first campaign, the English, aided by this alliance, were speedily successful. As Scotland, however, had sent the French five thousand men, and might send more, or attack the North of England while England was busy with France, it was considered that it would be a good thing to offer the Scottish King James, who had been so long imprisoned, his liberty, on his paying forty thousand pounds for his board and lodging during nineteen years, and engaging to forbid his subjects from serving under the flag of France. It is pleasant to know, not only that the amiable captive at last regained his freedom upon

these terms, but that he married a noble English lady, with whom he had been long in love, and became an excellent king. I am afraid we have met with some kings in this history, and shall meet with some more, who would have been very much the better, and would have left the world much happier, if they had been imprisoned nineteen years too.

In the second campaign, the English gained a considerable victory at Verneuil, in a battle which was chiefly remarkable, otherwise, for their resorting to the odd expedient of tying their baggage-horses together by the heads and tails, and jumbling them up with the baggage, so as to convert them into a sort of live fortification, — which was found useful to the troops, but which I should think was not agreeable to the horses. For three years afterwards very little was done, owing to both sides being too poor for war, which is a very expensive entertainment; but a council was then held in Paris, in which it was decided to lay siege to the town of Orleans, which was a place of great importance to the dauphin's cause. An English army of ten thousand men was despatched on this service, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, a general of fame. He being unfortunately killed early in the siege, the Earl of Suffolk took his place; under whom (re-enforced by Sir John Falstaff, who brought up four hundred wagons laden with salt herrings, and other provisions for the troops, and beating off the French, who tried to intercept him, came victorious out of a hot skirmish, which was afterwards called in jest the Battle of the Herrings) the town of Orleans was so completely hemmed in, that the besieged proposed to yield it up to their countryman, the Duke of Burgundy. The English general, however, replied that his Englishmen had won it, so far, by their blood and valour, and that his Englishmen must have it. There seemed to be no hope for the town, or for the dauphin, who was so dismayed that he even thought of flying to Scotland or to Spain, when a peasant girl rose up, and changed the whole state of affairs.

The story of this peasant girl I have now to tell.

PART THE SECOND

THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC

In a remote village among some wild hills in the province of Lorraine, there lived a countryman whose name was Jacques d'Arc. He had a daughter, Joan of Arc, who was at this time in her twentieth year. She had been a solitary girl from her childhood; she had often tended sheep and cattle for whole days where no human figure was seen or human voice heard; and she had often knelt, for hours together, in the gloomy little village chapel, looking up at the altar and at the dim lamp burning before it, until she fancied that she saw shadowy figures standing there, and even that she heard them speak to her. The people in that part of France were very ignorant and superstitious; and they had many ghostly tales to tell about what they had dreamed, and what they saw among the lonely hills when the clouds and the mists were resting on them. So they easily believed that Joan saw strange sights; and they whispered among themselves that angels and spirits talked to her.

At last, Joan told her father that she had one day been surprised by a great unearthly light, and had afterwards heard a solemn voice, which said it was St. Michael's voice, telling her that she was to go and help the dauphin. Soon after this (she said), St. Catherine and St. Margaret had appeared to her with sparkling crowns upon their heads, and had encouraged her to be virtuous and resolute. These visions had returned sometimes, but the voices very often; and the voices always said, "Joan, thou art appointed by Heaven to go and help the dauphin!" She almost always heard them while the chapel-bells were ringing.

There is no doubt, now, that Joan believed she saw and heard these things. It is very well known that such delusions are a disease which is not by any means uncommon. It is probable enough that there were figures of St. Michael and St. Catherine and St. Margaret in the little chapel (where they would be very likely to have shining crowns upon their heads), and that they first gave Joan the idea of those three personages. She had long been a moping, fanciful girl; and though she was a very good girl, I dare say she was a little vain, and wishful for notoriety.

Her father, something wiser than his neighbours, said, "I tell thee, Joan, it is thy fancy. Thou hadst better have a kind husband to take care of thee, girl, and work to employ thy mind!" But Joan told him in reply, that she had taken a vow never to have a husband, and that she must go, as Heaven directed her, to help the dauphin.

It happened, unfortunately for her father's persuasions, and most unfortunately for the poor girl too, that a party of the dauphin's enemies found their way into the village, while Joan's disorder was at this point, and burnt the chapel, and drove out the inhabitants. The cruelties she saw committed touched Joan's heart, and made her worse. She said that the voices and the figures were now continually with her; that they told her she was the girl who, according to an old prophecy, was to deliver France, and she must go and help the dauphin, and must remain with him until he should be crowned at Rheims; and that she must travel a long way to a certain lord, named Baudricourt, who could, and would, bring her into the dauphin's presence.

As her father still said, "I tell thee, Joan, it is thy fancy," she set off to find out this lord, accompanied by an uncle, a poor village wheelwright and cartmaker, who believed in the reality of her visions. They travelled a long way, and went on and on, over a rough country, full of the Duke of Burgundy's men, and of all kind of robbers and marauders, until they came to where this lord was.

When his servants told him that there was a poor peasant girl named Joan of Arc, accompanied by nobody but an old village wheelwright and cartmaker, who wished to see him, because she was commanded to help the dauphin and save France, Baudricourt burst out a laughing, and bade them send the girl away. But he soon heard so much about her lingering in the town, and praying in the churches, and seeing visions, and doing harm to no one, that he sent for her and questioned her. As she said the same things after she had been well sprinkled with holy water as she had said before the sprinkling, Baudricourt began to think there might be something in it. At all events, he thought it worth while to send her on to the town of Chinon, where the dauphin was. So he bought her a horse, and a sword, and gave her two squires to conduct her. As the voices had told Joan that she was to wear a man's dress, now she put one

on, and girded her sword to her side, and bound spurs to her heels, and mounted her horse, and rode away with her two squires. As to her uncle, the wheelwright, he stood staring at his niece in wonder until she was out of sight, — as well he might, — and then went home again. The best place too.

Joan and her two squires rode on and on, until they came to Chinon, where she was, after some doubt, admitted into the dauphin's presence. Picking him out immediately from all his court, she told him that she came commanded by Heaven to subdue his enemies, and conduct him to his coronation at Rheims. She also told him (or he pretended so afterwards, to make the greater impression upon his soldiers) a number of his secrets known only to himself, and, furthermore, she said there was an old, old sword in the Cathedral of St. Catherine at Fierbois, marked with five old crosses on the blade, which St. Catherine had ordered her to wear.

Now, nobody knew anything about this old, old sword; but when the cathedral came to be examined, which was immediately done, there, sure enough, the sword was found! The dauphin then required a number of grave priests and bishops to give him their opinion whether the girl derived her power from good spirits or from evil spirits; which they held prodigiously long debates about, in the course of which several learned men fell fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last, when one gruff old gentleman had said to Joan, "What language do your voices speak?" and when Joan had replied to the gruff old gentleman, "A pleasanter language than yours," they agreed that it was all correct, and that Joan of Arc was inspired from Heaven. This wonderful circumstance put new heart into the dauphin's soldiers when they heard of it, and dispirited the English army, who took Joan for a witch.

So Joan mounted horse again, and again rode on and on, until she came to Orleans. But she rode now as never peasant girl had ridden yet. She rode upon a white war-horse, in a suit of glittering armour; with the old, old sword from the cathedral, newly burnished, in her belt; with a white flag carried before her, upon which were a picture of God, and the words Jesus Maria. In this splendid state, at the head of a great body of troops escorting provisions of all kinds for the starving inhabitants of Orleans, she appeared before that beleaguered city.

When the people on the walls beheld her, they cried out, "The Maid is come! the Maid of the prophecy is come to deliver us!" And this, and the sight of the maid fighting at the head of their men, made the French so bold, and made the English so fearful, that the English line of forts was soon broken, the troops and provisions were got into the town, and Orleans was saved.

Joan, henceforth called the Maid of Orleans, remained within the walls for a few days, and caused letters to be thrown over, ordering Lord Suffolk and his Englishmen to depart from before the town according to the will of Heaven. As the English general very positively declined to believe that Joan knew anything about the will of Heaven (which did not mend the matter with his soldiers; for they stupidly said if she were not inspired she was a witch, and it was of no use to fight against a witch), she mounted her white war-horse again, and ordered her white banner to advance.

The besiegers held the bridge, and some strong towers upon the bridge; and here the Maid of Orleans attacked them. The fight was fourteen hours long. She planted a scaling-ladder with her own hands, and mounted a tower-wall, but was struck by an English arrow in the neck, and fell into the trench. She was carried away, and the arrow was taken out, during which operation she screamed and cried with the pain, as any other girl might have done; but presently she said that the voices were speaking to her, and soothing her to rest. After a while she got up, and was again foremost in the fight. When the English, who had seen her fall and supposed her dead, saw this, they were troubled with the strangest fears; and some of them cried out that they beheld St. Michael on a white horse (probably Joan herself) fighting for the French. They lost the bridge, and lost the towers, and next day set their chain of forts on fire, and left the place.

But as Lord Suffolk himself retired no farther than the town of Jargeau, which was only a few miles off, the Maid of Orleans besieged him there, and he was taken prisoner. As the white banner scaled the wall, she was struck upon the head with a stone, and was again tumbled down into the ditch; but she only cried all the more, as she lay there, "On, on, my countrymen! and fear nothing; for the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" After this new success of the Maid's, several other

fortresses and places which had previously held out against the dauphin were delivered up without a battle; and at Patay she defeated the remainder of the English army, and set up her victorious white banner on a field where twelve hundred Englishmen lay dead.

She now urged the dauphin (who always kept out of the way when there was any fighting) to proceed to Rheims, as the first part of her mission was accomplished; and to complete the whole by being crowned there. The dauphin was in no particular hurry to do this, as Rheims was a long way off, and the English and the Duke of Burgundy were still strong in the country through which the road lay. However, they set forth, with ten thousand men, and again the Maid of Orleans rode on and on, upon her white war-horse, and in her shining armour. Whenever they came to a town which yielded readily, the soldiers believed in her; but whenever they came to a town which gave them any trouble, they began to murmur that she was an impostor. The latter was particularly the case at Troyes, which finally yielded, however, through the persuasion of one Richard, a friar of the place. Friar Richard was in the old doubt about the Maid of Orleans, until he had sprinkled her well with holy water, and had also well sprinkled the threshold of the gate by which she came into the city. Finding that it made no change in her or the gate, he said, as the other grave old gentleman had said, that it was all right, and became her great ally.

So at last, by dint of riding on and on, the Maid of Orleans, and the dauphin, and the ten thousand sometimes believing and sometimes unbelieving men, came to Rheims. And in the great Cathedral of Rheims the dauphin actually was crowned Charles the Seventh in a great assembly of the people. Then the Maid, who, with her white banner, stood beside the king in that hour of his triumph, kneeled down upon the pavement at his feet, and said, with tears, that what she had been inspired to do was done, and that the only recompense she asked for was, that she should now have leave to go back to her distant home, and her sturdily incredulous father, and her first simple escort, the village wheelwright and cartmaker. But the king said, "No!" and made her and her family as noble as a king could, and settled upon her the income of a count.

Ah! happy had it been for the Maid of Orleans if she had resumed her rustic dress that day, and had gone home to the

little chapel and the wild hills, and had forgotten all these things, and had been a good man's wife, and had heard no stranger voices than the voices of little children!

It was not to be; and she continued helping the king (she did a world for him, in alliance with Friar Richard), and trying to improve the lives of the coarse soldiers, and leading a religious, an unselfish, and a modest life herself, beyond any doubt. Still many times she prayed the king to let her go home; and once she even took off her bright armour, and hung it up in a church, meaning never to wear it more. But the king always won her back again, — while she was of any use to him; and so she went on and on and on, to her doom.

When the Duke of Bedford, who was a very able man, began to be active for England, and by bringing the war back into France, and by holding the Duke of Burgundy to his faith, to distress and disturb Charles very much, Charles sometimes asked the Maid of Orleans what the voices said about it? But the voices had become (very like ordinary voices in perplexed times), contradictory and confused, so that now they said one thing, and now said another, and the Maid lost credit every day. Charles marched on Paris, which was opposed to him, and attacked the suburb of St. Honoré. In this fight, being again struck down into the ditch, she was abandoned by the whole army. She lay unaided among a heap of dead, and crawled out how she could. Then some of her believers went over to an opposition maid, Catherine of La Rochelle, who said she was inspired to tell where there were treasures of buried money — though she never did; and then Joan accidentally broke the old, old sword, and others said that her power was broken with it. Finally, at the siege of Compiègne, held by the Duke of Burgundy, where she did valiant service, she was basely left alone in a retreat, though facing about and fighting to the last; and an archer pulled her off her horse.

Oh, the uproar that was made, and the thanksgivings that were sung, about the capture of this one poor country girl! Oh, the way in which she was demanded to be tried for sorcery and heresy, and anything else you like, by the Inquisitor-General of France, and by this great man, and by that great man, until it is wearisome to think of! She was bought at last by the Bishop of Beauvais for ten thousand francs, and was shut up in her narrow prison, — plain Joan of Arc again, and Maid of Orleans no more.

I should never have done if I were to tell you how they had Joan out to examine her, and cross-examine her, and re-examine her, and worry her into saying anything and everything; and how all sorts of scholars and doctors bestowed their utmost tediousness upon her. Sixteen times she was brought out and shut up again, and worried and entrapped and argued with, until she was heart-sick of the dreary business. On the last occasion of this kind she was brought into a burial-place at Rouen, dismally decorated with a scaffold and a stake and fagots, and the executioner, and a pulpit with a friar therein, and an awful sermon ready. It is very affecting to know that even at that pass the poor girl honoured the mean vermin of a king, who had so used her for his purposes and so abandoned her; and that, while she had been regardless of reproaches heaped upon herself, she spoke out courageously for him.

It was natural in one so young to hold to life. To save her life, she signed a declaration prepared for her, — signed it with a cross, for she could n't write, — that all her visions and voices had come from the Devil. Upon her recanting the past, and protesting that she would never wear a man's dress in future, she was condemned to imprisonment for life, "on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction."

But on the bread of sorrow and water of affliction, the visions and the voices soon returned. It was quite natural that they should do so; for that kind of disease is much aggravated by fasting, loneliness, and anxiety of mind. It was not only got out of Joan that she considered herself inspired again, but she was taken in a man's dress, which had been left — to entrap her — in her prison, and which she put on in her solitude; perhaps in remembrance of her past glories, perhaps because the imaginary voices told her. For this relapse into the sorcery and heresy and anything else you like, she was sentenced to be burnt to death. And in the market-place of Rouen, in the hideous dress which the monks had invented for such spectacles, with priests and bishops sitting in a gallery looking on, — though some had the Christian grace to go away, unable to endure the infamous scene, — the shrieking girl, last seen amidst the smoke and fire holding a crucifix between her hands, last heard calling upon Christ, was burnt to ashes. They threw her ashes in the river Seine; but they will rise against her murderers on the last day.

From the moment of her capture, neither the French king nor one single man in all his court raised a finger to save her. It was no defence of them that they may have never really believed in her, or that they may have won her victories by their skill and bravery. The more they pretended to believe in her the more they had caused her to believe in herself; and she had ever been true to them, ever brave, ever nobly devoted. But it is no wonder that they who were in all things false to themselves, false to one another, false to their country, false to Heaven, false to earth, should be monsters of ingratitude and treachery to a helpless peasant girl.

In the picturesque old town of Rouen, where weeds and grass grow high on the cathedral towers, and the venerable Norman streets are still warm in the blessed sunlight, though the monkish fires that once gleamed horribly upon them have long grown cold, there is a statue of Joan of Arc, in the scene of her last agony, the square to which she has given its present name. I knew some statues of modern times, — even in the world's metropolis, I think, — which commemorate less constancy, less earnestness, smaller claims upon the world's attention, and much greater impostors.

PART THE THIRD

Bad deeds seldom prosper, happily for mankind; and the English cause gained no advantage from the cruel death of Joan of Arc. For a long time the war went heavily on. The Duke of Bedford died, the alliance with the Duke of Burgundy was broken, and Lord Talbot became a great general on the English side in France. But two of the consequences of wars are, famine, because the people cannot peacefully cultivate the ground, and pestilence, which comes of want, misery, and suffering. Both these horrors broke out in both countries, and lasted for two wretched years. Then the war went on again, and came by slow degrees to be so badly conducted by the English government that, within twenty years from the execution of the Maid of Orleans, of all the great French conquests, the town of Calais alone remained in English hands.

While these victories and defeats were taking place in the course of time, many strange things happened at home. The young king, as he grew up, proved to be very unlike his great

father, and showed himself a miserable, puny creature. There was no harm in him. He had a great aversion to shedding blood, which was something ; but he was a weak, silly, helpless young man, and a mere shuttlecock to the great lordly battledores about the court.

Of these battledores, Cardinal Beaufort, a relation of the king, and the Duke of Gloucester, were at first the most powerful. The Duke of Gloucester had a wife who was nonsensically accused of practising witchcraft to cause the king's death and lead to her husband's coming to the throne, he being the next heir. She was charged with having, by the help of a ridiculous woman named Margery (who was called a witch), made a little waxen doll in the king's likeness, and put it before a slow fire that it might gradually melt away. It was supposed, in such cases, that the death of the person whom the doll was made to represent was sure to happen. Whether the duchess was as ignorant as the rest of them, and really did make such a doll with such an intention, I don't know ; but you and I know very well that she might have made a thousand dolls, if she had been stupid enough, and might have melted them all without hurting the king or anybody else. However, she was tried for it, and so was old Margery, and so was one of the duke's chaplains, who was charged with having assisted them. Both he and Margery were put to death ; and the duchess, after being taken on foot, and bearing a lighted candle, three times round the city, as a penance, was imprisoned for life. The duke himself took all this pretty quietly, and made as little stir about the matter as if he were rather glad to be rid of the duchess.

But he was not destined to keep himself out of trouble long. The royal shuttlecock being three-and-twenty, the battledores were very anxious to get him married. The Duke of Gloucester wanted him to marry a daughter of the Count of Armagnac ; but the cardinal and the Earl of Suffolk were all for Margaret, the daughter of the king of Sicily, who they knew was a resolute, ambitious woman, and would govern the king as she chose. To make friends with this lady, the Earl of Suffolk, who went over to arrange the match, consented to accept her for the king's wife without any fortune, and even to give up the two most valuable possessions England then had in France. So the marriage was arranged, on terms very advantageous to the lady ; and Lord Suffolk brought her to England, and she was married



at Westminster. On what pretence this queen and her party charged the Duke of Gloucester with high treason within a couple of years, it is impossible to make out, the matter is so confused; but they pretended that the king's life was in danger, and they took the duke prisoner. A fortnight afterwards, he was found dead in bed (they said), and his body was shown to the people, and Lord Suffolk came in for the best part of his estates. You know by this time how strangely liable state prisoners were to sudden death.

If Cardinal Beaufort had any hand in this matter, it did him no good; for he died within six weeks, thinking it very hard and curious — at eighty years old! — that he could not live to be pope.

This was the time when England had completed her loss of all her great French conquests. The people charged the loss principally upon the Earl of Suffolk, now a duke, who had made those easy terms about the royal marriage, and who, they believed, had even been bought by France. So he was impeached as a traitor, on a great number of charges, but chiefly on accusations of having aided the French king, and of designing to make his own son king of England. The commons and the people being violent against him, the king was made (by his friends) to interpose to save him, by banishing him for five years, and proroguing the Parliament. The duke had much ado to escape from a London mob, two thousand strong, who lay in wait for him in St. Giles's Fields; but he got down to his own estates in Suffolk, and sailed away from Ipswich. Sailing across the Channel, he sent into Calais to know if he might land there; but they kept his boat and men in the harbour, until an English ship, carrying a hundred and fifty men, and called Nicholas of the Tower, came alongside his little vessel, and ordered him on board. "Welcome, traitor, as men say," was the captain's grim and not very respectful salutation. He was kept on board, a prisoner, for eight-and-forty hours, and then a small boat appeared rowing toward the ship. As this boat came nearer, it was seen to have in it a block, a rusty sword, and an executioner in a black mask. The duke was handed down into it, and there his head was cut off with six strokes of the rusty sword. Then the little boat rowed away to Dover Beach, where the body was cast out and left until the duchess claimed it. By whom, high in authority, this murder

was committed, has never appeared. No one was ever punished for it.

There now arose in Kent an Irishman who gave himself the name of Mortimer, but whose real name was Jack Cade. Jack, in imitation of Wat Tyler, though he was a very different and inferior sort of man, addressed the Kentish men upon their wrongs, occasioned by the bad government of England, among so many battledores and such a poor shuttlecock; and the Kentish men rose up to the number of twenty thousand. Their place of assembly was Blackheath, where, headed by Jack, they put forth two papers, which they called "The Complaint of the Commons of Kent," and "The Requests of the Captain of the Great Assembly in Kent." They then retired to Seven-oaks. The royal army coming up with them here, they beat it, and killed their general. Then Jack dressed himself in the dead general's armour, and led his men to London.

Jack passed into the city from Southwark, over the bridge, and entered it in triumph, giving the strictest orders to his men not to plunder. Having made a show of his forces there while the citizens looked on quietly, he went back into Southwark in good order, and passed the night. Next day he came back again, having got hold in the mean time of Lord Say, an unpopular nobleman. Says Jack to the lord mayor and judges, "Will you be so good as to make a tribunal in Guildhall, and try me this nobleman?" The court being hastily made, he was found guilty; and Jack and his men cut his head off on Cornhill. They also cut off the head of his son-in-law, and then went back in good order to Southwark again.

But although the citizens could bear the beheading of an unpopular lord, they could not bear to have their houses pillaged. And it did so happen that Jack, after dinner, — perhaps he had drunk a little too much, — began to plunder the house where he lodged; upon which, of course, his men began to imitate him. Wherefore the Londoners took council with Lord Scales, who had a thousand soldiers in the Tower, and defended London Bridge, and kept Jack and his people out. This advantage gained, it was resolved by divers great men to divide Jack's army in the old way, by making a great many promises, on behalf of the state, that were never intended to be performed. This *did* divide them: some of Jack's men saying that they ought to take the conditions which were offered,

and others saying that they ought not, for they were only a snare; some going home at once; others staying where they were; and all doubting and quarrelling among themselves.

Jack, who was in two minds about fighting or accepting a pardon, and who indeed did both, saw at last that there was nothing to expect from his men, and that it was very likely some of them would deliver him up, and get a reward of a thousand marks, which was offered for his apprehension. So after they had travelled and quarrelled all the way from Southwark to Blackheath, and from Blackheath to Rochester, he mounted a good horse, and galloped away into Sussex. But there galloped after him, on a better horse, one Alexander Iden, who came up with him, had a hard fight with him, and killed him. Jack's head was set aloft on London Bridge, with the face looking towards Blackheath, where he had raised his flag; and Alexander Iden got the thousand marks.

It is supposed by some, that the Duke of York, who had been removed from a high post abroad through the queen's influence, and sent out of the way to govern Ireland, was at the bottom of this rising of Jack and his men, because he wanted to trouble the government. He claimed (though not yet publicly) to have a better right to the throne than Henry of Lancaster, as one of the family of the Earl of March, whom Henry the Fourth had set aside. Touching this claim, which, being through female relationship, was not according to the usual descent, it is enough to say that Henry the Fourth was the free choice of the people and the Parliament, and that his family had now reigned undisputed for sixty years. The memory of Henry the Fifth was so famous, and the English people loved it so much, that the Duke of York's claim would, perhaps, never have been thought of (it would have been so hopeless) but for the unfortunate circumstance of the present king's being by this time quite an idiot, and the country very ill-governed. These two circumstances gave the Duke of York a power he could not otherwise have had.

Whether the duke knew anything of Jack Cade, or not, he came over from Ireland while Jack's head was on London Bridge; being secretly advised that the queen was setting up his enemy, the Duke of Somerset, against him. He went to Westminster at the head of four thousand men, and on his knees before the king represented to him the bad state of the

country, and petitioned him to summon a Parliament to consider it. This the king promised. When the Parliament was summoned, the Duke of York accused the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Somerset accused the Duke of York; and, both in and out of Parliament, the followers of each party were full of violence and hatred towards the other. At length, the Duke of York put himself at the head of a large force of his tenants, and, in arms, demanded the reformation of the government. Being shut out of London, he encamped at Dartford, and the royal army encamped at Blackheath. According as either side triumphed, the Duke of York was arrested, or the Duke of Somerset was arrested. The trouble ended, for the moment, in the Duke of York renewing his oath of allegiance, and going in peace to one of his own castles.

Half a year afterwards the queen gave birth to a son, who was very ill received by the people, and not believed to be the son of the king. It shows the Duke of York to have been a moderate man, unwilling to involve England in new troubles, that he did not take advantage of the general discontent at this time, but really acted for the public good. He was made a member of the cabinet; and the king being now so much worse that he could not be carried about and shown to the people with any decency, the duke was made Lord Protector of the kingdom, until the king should recover, or the prince should come of age. At the same time the Duke of Somerset was committed to the Tower. So now the Duke of Somerset was down, and the Duke of York was up. By the end of the year, however, the king recovered his memory and some spark of sense; upon which the queen used her power, which recovered with him, to get the protector disgraced, and her favourite released. So now the Duke of York was down, and the Duke of Somerset was up.

These ducal ups and downs gradually separated the whole nation into the two parties of York and Lancaster, and led to those terrible civil wars long known as the Wars of the Red and White Roses, because the red rose was the badge of the House of Lancaster, and the white rose was the badge of the House of York.

The Duke of York, joined by some other powerful noblemen of the White Rose party, and leading a small army, met the king with another small army at St. Alban's, and demanded

that the Duke of Somerset should be given up. The poor king, being made to say in answer that he would sooner die, was instantly attacked. The Duke of Somerset was killed; and the king himself was wounded in the neck, and took refuge in the house of a poor tanner. Whereupon the Duke of York went to him, led him with great submission to the abbey, and said he was very sorry for what had happened. Having now the king in his possession, he got a Parliament summoned, and himself once more made Protector, but only for a few months; for on the king getting a little better again, the queen and her party got him into their possession, and disgraced the duke once more. So now the Duke of York was down again.

Some of the best men in power, seeing the danger of these constant changes, tried even then to prevent the Red and the White Rose Wars. They brought about a great council in London between the two parties. The White Roses assembled in Blackfriars, the Red Roses in Whitefriars; and some good priests communicated between them, and made the proceedings known at evening to the king and the judges. They ended in a peaceful agreement that there should be no more quarrelling; and there was a great royal procession to St. Paul's, in which the queen walked arm in arm with her old enemy, the Duke of York, to show the people how comfortable they all were. This state of peace lasted half a year, when a dispute between the Earl of Warwick (one of the duke's powerful friends) and some of the king's servants at court led to an attack upon that earl, — who was a White Rose, — and to a sudden breaking-out of all old animosities. So here were greater ups and downs than ever.

There were even greater ups and downs than these soon after. After various battles, the Duke of York fled to Ireland, and his son, the Earl of March, to Calais, with their friends, the earls of Salisbury and Warwick; and a Parliament was held declaring them all traitors. Little the worse for this, the Earl of Warwick presently came back, landed in Kent, was joined by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other powerful noblemen and gentlemen, engaged the king's forces at Northampton, signally defeated them, and took the king himself prisoner, who was found in his tent. Warwick would have been glad, I dare say, to have taken the queen and prince too; but they escaped into Wales, and thence into Scotland.

The king was carried by the victorious force straight to London, and made to call a new Parliament, which immediately declared that the Duke of York and those other noblemen were not traitors, but excellent subjects. Then back comes the duke from Ireland at the head of five hundred horsemen, rides from London to Westminster, and enters the House of Lords. There he laid his hand upon the cloth of gold which covered the empty throne, as if he had half a mind to sit down in it; but he did not. On the Archbishop of Canterbury asking him if he would visit the king, who was in his palace close by, he replied, "I know no one in this country, my lord, who ought not to visit *me*." None of the lords present spoke a single word; so the duke went out as he had come in, established himself royally in the king's palace, and, six days afterwards, sent in to the lords a formal statement of his claim to the throne. The lords went to the king on this momentous subject; and after a great deal of discussion, in which the judges and the other law-officers were afraid to give an opinion on either side, the question was compromised. It was agreed that the present king should retain the crown for his life, and that it should then pass to the Duke of York and his heirs.

But the resolute queen, determined on asserting her son's right, would hear of no such thing. She came from Scotland to the North of England, where several powerful lords armed in her cause. The Duke of York, for his part, set off with some five thousand men, a little time before Christmas Day, 1460, to give her battle. He lodged at Sandal Castle, near Wakefield; and the Red Rose defied him to come out on Wakefield Green, and fight them then and there. His generals said he had best wait until his gallant son, the Earl of March, came up with his power; but he was determined to accept the challenge. He did so in an evil hour. He was hotly pressed on all sides, two thousand of his men lay dead on Wakefield Green, and he himself was taken prisoner. They set him down in mock state on an ant-hill, and twisted grass about his head, and pretended to pay court to him on their knees, saying, "O King! without a kingdom, and Prince! without a people, we hope your gracious majesty is very well and happy." They did worse than this: they cut his head off, and handed it on a pole to the queen, who laughed with delight when she saw it (you recollect their walking so religiously and comfortably to St. Paul's!), and had

it fixed, with a paper crown upon its head, on the walls of York. The Earl of Salisbury lost his head too; and the Duke of York's second son, a handsome boy, who was flying with his tutor over Wakefield Bridge, was stabbed in the heart by a murderous lord, — Lord Clifford by name, — whose father had been killed by the White Roses in the fight at St. Alban's. There was awful sacrifice of life in this battle; for no quarter was given, and the queen was wild for revenge. When men unnaturally fight against their own countrymen, they are always observed to be more unnaturally cruel and filled with rage than they are against any other enemy.

But Lord Clifford had stabbed the second son of the Duke of York, not the first. The eldest son, Edward, Earl of March, was at Gloucester; and vowing vengeance for the death of his father, his brother, and their faithful friends, he began to march against the queen. He had to turn and fight a great body of Welsh and Irish first, who worried his advance. These he defeated in a great fight at Mortimer's Cross, near Hereford, where he beheaded a number of the Red Roses taken in battle, in retaliation for the beheading of the White Roses at Wakefield. The queen had the next turn of beheading. Having moved towards London, and falling in, between St. Alban's and Barnet, with the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Norfolk, White Roses both, who were there with an army to oppose her, and had got the king with them, she defeated them with great loss, and struck off the heads of two prisoners of note, who were in the king's tent with him, and to whom the king had promised his protection. Her triumph, however, was very short. She had no treasure, and her army subsisted by plunder. This caused them to be hated and dreaded by the people, and particularly by the London people, who were wealthy. As soon as the Londoners heard that Edward, Earl of March, united with the Earl of Warwick, was advancing towards the city, they refused to send the queen supplies, and made a great rejoicing.

The queen and her men retreated with all speed; and Edward and Warwick came on, greeted with loud acclamations on every side. The courage, beauty, and virtues of young Edward could not be sufficiently praised by the whole people. He rode into London like a conqueror, and met with an enthusiastic welcome. A few days afterwards, Lord Falconbridge and the Bishop of

Exeter assembled the citizens in St. John's Field, Clerkenwell, and asked them if they would have Henry of Lancaster for their king? To this they all roared, "No, no, no!" and "King Edward! King Edward!" Then, said these noblemen, would they love and serve young Edward? To this they all cried, "Yes, yes!" and threw up their caps, and clapped their hands, and cheered tremendously.

Therefore it was declared that, by joining the queen, and not protecting those two prisoners of note, Henry of Lancaster had forfeited the crown; and Edward of York was proclaimed king. He made a great speech to the applauding people at Westminster, and sat down as sovereign of England on that throne, on the golden covering of which his father — worthy of a better fate than the bloody axe which cut the thread of so many lives in England, through so many years — had laid his hand.

CHAPTER XXIII

ENGLAND UNDER EDWARD THE FOURTH

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH was not quite twenty-one years of age when he took that unquiet seat upon the throne of England. The Lancaster party, the Red Roses, were then assembling in great numbers near York, and it was necessary to give them battle instantly. But the stout Earl of Warwick, leading for the young king, and the young king himself closely following him, and the English people crowding round the royal standard, the White and the Red Roses met, on a wild March day, when the snow was falling heavily, at Towton; and there such a furious battle raged between them, that the total loss amounted to forty thousand men, — all Englishmen, fighting, upon English ground, against one another. The young king gained the day, took down the heads of his father and brother from the walls of York, and put up the heads of some of the most famous noblemen engaged in the battle on the other side. Then he went to London, and was crowned with great splendour.

A new Parliament met. No fewer than one hundred and fifty of the principal noblemen and gentlemen on the Lancaster side were declared traitors; and the king, who had very little humanity, though he was handsome in person and agreeable in manners, resolved to do all he could to pluck up the Red Rose, root and branch.

Queen Margaret, however, was still active for her young son. She obtained help from Scotland and from Normandy, and took several important English castles. But Warwick soon retook them; the queen lost all her treasure on board ship in a great storm; and both she and her son suffered great misfortunes. Once, in the winter weather, as they were riding through a forest, they were attacked and plundered by a party of robbers; and when they had escaped from these men, and were passing alone and on foot through a thick, dark part of the wood, they came, all at once, upon another robber. So the queen, with a stout

heart, took the little prince by the hand, and going straight up to that robber, said to him, "My friend, this is the young son of your lawful king! I confide him to your care." The robber was surprised, but took the boy in his arms, and faithfully restored him and his mother to their friends. In the end, the queen's soldiers being beaten and dispersed, she went abroad again, and kept quiet for the present.

Now, all this time, the deposed King Henry was concealed by a Welsh knight, who kept him close in his castle. But next year the Lancaster party, recovering their spirits, raised a large body of men, and called him out of his retirement to put him at their head. They were joined by some powerful noblemen who had sworn fidelity to the new king, but who were ready, as usual, to break their oaths whenever they thought there was anything to be got by it. One of the worst things in the history of the war of the Red and White Roses is the ease with which these noblemen, who should have set an example of honour to the people, left either side as they took slight offence, or were disappointed in their greedy expectations, and joined the other. Well, Warwick's brother soon beat the Lancastrians; and the false noblemen, being taken, were beheaded without a moment's loss of time. The deposed king had a narrow escape; three of his servants were taken; and one of them bore his cap of estate, which was set with pearls, and embroidered with two golden crowns. However, the head to which the cap belonged got safely into Lancashire, and lay pretty quietly there (the people in the secret being very true) for more than a year. At length an old monk gave such intelligence as led to Henry's being taken while he was sitting at dinner in a place called Waddington Hall. He was immediately sent to London, and met at Islington by the Earl of Warwick, by whose directions he was put upon a horse, with his legs tied under it, and paraded three times round the pillory. Then he was carried off to the Tower, where they treated him well enough.

The White Rose being so triumphant, the young king abandoned himself entirely to pleasure, and led a jovial life. But thorns were springing up under his bed of roses, as he soon found out; for having been privately married to Elizabeth Woodville, a young widow lady, very beautiful and very captivating, and at last resolving to make his secret known and to declare her his queen, he gave some offence to the Earl of Warwick,

who was usually called the Kingmaker, because of his power and influence, and because of his having lent such great help to placing Edward on the throne. This offence was not lessened by the jealousy with which the Nevil family (the Earl of Warwick's) regarded the promotion of the Woodville family. For the young queen was so bent on providing for her relations that she made her father an earl and a great officer of state, married her five sisters to young noblemen of the highest rank, and provided for her younger brother, a young man of twenty, by marrying him to an immensely rich old duchess of eighty. The Earl of Warwick took all this pretty graciously for a man of his proud temper, until the question arose to whom the king's sister, Margaret, should be married. The Earl of Warwick said, "To one of the French king's sons," and was allowed to go over to the French king to make friendly proposals for that purpose, and to hold all manner of friendly interviews with him. But while he was so engaged, the Woodville party married the young lady to the Duke of Burgundy. Upon this he came back in great rage and scorn, and shut himself up discontented in his castle at Middleham.

A reconciliation, though not a very sincere one, was patched up between the Earl of Warwick and the king, and lasted until the earl married his daughter, against the king's wishes, to the Duke of Clarence. While the marriage was being celebrated at Calais, the people in the North of England, where the influence of the Nevil family was strongest, broke out into rebellion; their complaint was, that England was oppressed and plundered by the Woodville family, whom they demanded to have removed from power. As they were joined by great numbers of people, and as they openly declared that they were supported by the Earl of Warwick, the king did not know what to do. At last, as he wrote to the earl beseeching his aid, he and his new son-in-law came over to England, and began to arrange the business by shutting the king up in Middleham Castle in the safe keeping of the Archbishop of York: so England was not only in the strange position of having two kings at once, but they were both prisoners at the same time.

Even as yet, however, the Kingmaker was so far true to the king that he dispersed a new rising of the Lancastrians, took their leader prisoner, and brought him to the king, who ordered him to be immediately executed. He presently allowed the

king to return to London, and there innumerable pledges of forgiveness and friendship were exchanged between them, and between the Nevils and the Woodvilles; the king's eldest daughter was promised in marriage to the heir of the Nevil family; and more friendly oaths were sworn, and more friendly promises made, than this book would hold.

They lasted about three months. At the end of that time, the Archbishop of York made a feast for the king, the Earl of Warwick, and the Duke of Clarence, at his house, the Moor, in Hertfordshire. The king was washing his hands before supper, when some one whispered him that a body of a hundred men were lying in ambush outside the house. Whether this were true or untrue, the king took fright, mounted his horse, and rode through the dark night to Windsor Castle. Another reconciliation was patched up between him and the Kingmaker; but it was a short one, and it was the last. A new rising took place in Lincolnshire, and the king marched to repress it. Having done so, he proclaimed that both the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence were traitors, who had secretly assisted it, and who had been prepared publicly to join it on the following day. In these dangerous circumstances, they both took ship and sailed away to the French court.

And here a meeting took place between the Earl of Warwick and his old enemy, the Dowager Queen Margaret, through whom his father had had his head struck off, and to whom he had been a bitter foe. But now, when he said that he had done with the ungrateful and perfidious Edward of York, and that henceforth he devoted himself to the restoration of the House of Lancaster, either in the person of her husband or of her little son, she embraced him as if he had ever been her dearest friend. She did more than that; she married her son to his second daughter, the Lady Anne. However agreeable this marriage was to the new friends, it was very disagreeable to the Duke of Clarence, who perceived that his father-in-law, the Kingmaker, would never make *him* king now. So, being but a weak-minded young traitor, possessed of very little worth or sense, he readily listened to an artful court lady sent over for the purpose, and promised to turn traitor once more, and go over to his brother, King Edward, when a fitting opportunity should come.

The Earl of Warwick, knowing nothing of this, soon redeemed his promise to the Dowager Queen Margaret, by

invading England, and landing at Plymouth, where he instantly proclaimed King Henry, and summoned all Englishmen between the ages of sixteen and sixty to join his banner. Then, with his army increasing as he marched along, he went northward, and came so near King Edward, who was in that part of the country, that Edward had to ride hard for it to the coast of Norfolk, and thence to get away, in such ships as he could find, to Holland. Thereupon the triumphant Kingmaker and his false son-in-law, the Duke of Clarence, went to London, took the old king out of the Tower, and walked him in a great procession to St. Paul's Cathedral with the crown upon his head. This did not improve the temper of the Duke of Clarence, who saw himself further off from being king than ever; but he kept his secret, and said nothing. The Nevil family were restored to all their honours and glories, and the Woodvilles and the rest were disgraced. The Kingmaker, less sanguinary than the king, shed no blood except that of the Earl of Worcester, who had been so cruel to the people as to have gained the title of the Butcher. Him they caught hidden in a tree, and him they tried and executed. No other death stained the Kingmaker's triumph.

To dispute this triumph, back came King Edward again, next year, landing at Ravenspur, coming on to York, causing all his men to cry, "Long live King Henry!" and swearing on the altar, without a blush, that he came to lay no claim to the crown. Now was the time for the Duke of Clarence, who ordered his men to assume the White Rose, and declare for his brother. The Marquis of Montague, though the Earl of Warwick's brother, also declining to fight King Edward, he went on successfully to London, where the Archbishop of York let him into the city, and where the people made great demonstration in his favour. For this they had four reasons. Firstly, there were great numbers of the king's adherents hiding in the city and ready to break out; secondly, the king owed them a great deal of money, which they could never hope to get if he were unsuccessful; thirdly, there was a young prince to inherit the crown; and fourthly, the king was gay and handsome, and more popular than a better man might have been with the city ladies. After a stay of only two days with these worthy supporters, the king marched out to Barnet Common to give the Earl of Warwick battle. And now it was to be seen, for

the last time, whether the king or the Kingmaker was to carry the day.

While the battle was yet pending, the faint-hearted Duke of Clarence began to repent, and sent over secret messages to his father-in-law, offering his services in mediation with the king. But the Earl of Warwick disdainfully rejected them, and replied that Clarence was false and perjured, and that he would settle the quarrel by the sword. The battle began at four o'clock in the morning, and lasted until ten; and during the greater part of the time it was fought in a thick mist, absurdly supposed to be raised by a magician. The loss of life was very great, for the hatred was strong on both sides. The Kingmaker was defeated, and the king triumphed. Both the Earl of Warwick and his brother were slain; and their bodies lay in St. Paul's for some days, as a spectacle to the people.

Margaret's spirit was not broken even by this great blow. Within five days she was in arms again, and raised her standard in Bath, whence she set off with her army to try and join Lord Pembroke, who had a force in Wales. But the king coming up with her outside the town of Tewkesbury, and ordering his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, who was a brave soldier, to attack her men, she sustained an entire defeat, and was taken prisoner, together with her son, now only eighteen years of age. The conduct of the king to this poor youth was worthy of his cruel character. He ordered him to be led into his tent. "And what," said he, "brought *you* to England?" — "I came to England," replied the prisoner, with a spirit which a man of spirit might have admired in a captive, "to recover my father's kingdom, which descended to him as his right, and from him descends to me as mine." The king, drawing off his iron gauntlet, struck him with it in the face; and the Duke of Clarence and some other lords, who were there, drew their noble swords and killed him.

His mother survived him, a prisoner, for five years; after her ransom by the king of France, she survived for six years more. Within three weeks of this murder, Henry died one of those convenient sudden deaths which were so common in the Tower; in plainer words, he was murdered by the king's order.

Having no particular excitement on his hands after this great defeat of the Lancaster party, and being perhaps desirous to get rid of some of his fat (for he was now getting too corpulent to

be handsome), the king thought of making war on France. As he wanted more money for this purpose than the Parliament could give him, though they were usually ready enough for war, he invented a new way of raising it, by sending for the principal citizens of London, and telling them, with a grave face, that he was very much in want of cash, and would take it very kind in them if they would lend him some. It being impossible for them safely to refuse, they complied; and the moneys thus forced from them were called, — no doubt to the great amusement of the king and the court, — as if they were free gifts, “benevolences.” What with grants from Parliament, and what with benevolences, the king raised an army, and passed over to Calais. As nobody wanted war, however, the French king made proposals of peace, which were accepted; and a truce was concluded for seven long years. The proceedings between the kings of France and England on this occasion were very friendly, very splendid, and very distrustful. They finished with a meeting between the two kings, on a temporary bridge over the river Somme, where they embraced through two holes in a strong wooden grating, like a lion’s cage, and made several bows and fine speeches to one another.

It was time now that the Duke of Clarence should be punished for his treacheries; and Fate had his punishment in store. He was, probably, not trusted by the king (for who could trust him who knew him?); and he had certainly a powerful opponent in his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who, being avaricious and ambitious, wanted to marry that widowed daughter of the Earl of Warwick’s who had been espoused to the deceased young prince at Calais. Clarence, who wanted all the family wealth for himself, secreted this lady, whom Richard found disguised as a servant in the City of London, and whom he married; arbitrators appointed by the king then divided the property between the brothers. This led to ill-will and mistrust between them. Clarence’s wife dying, and he wishing to make another marriage which was obnoxious to the king, his ruin was hurried by that means too. At first the court struck at his retainers and dependants, and accused some of them of magic and witchcraft, and similar nonsense. Successful against this small game, it then mounted to the duke himself, who was impeached by his brother the king, in person, on a variety of such charges. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be pub-

licly executed. He never was publicly executed; but he met his death somehow in the Tower, and, no doubt, through some agency of the king or his brother Gloucester, or both. It was supposed at the time that he was told to choose the manner of his death, and that he chose to be drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. I hope the story may be true; for it would have been a becoming death for such a miserable creature.

The king survived him some five years. He died in the forty-second year of his life, and the twenty-third of his reign. He had a very good capacity, and some good points; but he was selfish, careless, sensual, and cruel. He was a favourite with the people for his showy manners; and the people were a good example to him in the constancy of their attachment. He was penitent on his death-bed for his "benevolences" and other extortions, and ordered restitution to be made to the people who had suffered from them. He also called about his bed the enriched members of the Woodville family, and the proud lords whose honours were of older date, and endeavoured to reconcile them, for the sake of the peaceful succession of his son, and the tranquillity of England.

CHAPTER XXIV

ENGLAND UNDER EDWARD THE FIFTH

THE late king's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, called Edward, after him, was only thirteen years of age at his father's death. He was at Ludlow Castle with his uncle, the Earl of Rivers. The prince's brother, the Duke of York, only eleven years of age, was in London with his mother. The boldest, most crafty, and most dreaded nobleman in England at that time was their uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and everybody wondered how the two poor boys would fare with such an uncle for a friend or a foe.

The queen their mother, being exceedingly uneasy about this, was anxious that instructions should be sent to Lord Rivers to raise an army to escort the young king safely to London. But Lord Hastings, who was of the court party opposed to the Woodvilles, and who disliked the thought of giving them that power, argued against the proposal, and obliged the queen to be satisfied with an escort of two thousand horse. The Duke of Gloucester did nothing, at first, to justify suspicion. He came from Scotland (where he was commanding an army) to York, and was there the first to swear allegiance to his nephew. He then wrote a condoling letter to the queen mother, and set off to be present at the coronation in London.

Now, the young king, journeying towards London too, with Lord Rivers and Lord Grey, came to Stony Stratford as his uncle came to Northampton, about ten miles distant; and when those two lords heard that the Duke of Gloucester was so near, they proposed to the young king that they should go back and greet him in his name. The boy being very willing that they should do so, they rode off and were received with great friendliness, and asked by the Duke of Gloucester to stay and dine with him. In the evening, while they were merry together, up came the Duke of Buckingham with three hundred horsemen; and next morning the two lords, and the two dukes, and the

three hundred horsemen rode away together to rejoin the king. Just as they were entering Stony Stratford, the Duke of Gloucester, checking his horse, turned suddenly on the two lords, charged them with alienating from him the affections of his sweet nephew, and caused them to be arrested by the three hundred horsemen and taken back. Then he and the Duke of Buckingham went straight to the king (whom they had now in their power), to whom they made a show of kneeling down, and offering great love and submission; and then they ordered his attendants to disperse, and took him, alone with them, to Northampton.

A few days afterwards they conducted him to London, and lodged him in the bishop's palace. But he did not remain there long; for the Duke of Buckingham, with a tender face, made a speech, expressing how anxious he was for the royal boy's safety, and how much safer he would be in the Tower until his coronation, than he could be anywhere else. So to the Tower he was taken, very carefully, and the Duke of Gloucester was named Protector of the State.

Although Gloucester had proceeded thus far with a very smooth countenance; and although he was a clever man, fair of speech, and not ill-looking, in spite of one of his shoulders being something higher than the other; and although he had come into the city riding bareheaded at the king's side, and looking very fond of him,—he had made the king's mother more uneasy yet; and when the royal boy was taken to the Tower, she became so alarmed that she took sanctuary in Westminster with her five daughters.

Nor did she do this without reason; for the Duke of Gloucester, finding that the lords who were opposed to the Woodville family were faithful to the young king nevertheless, quickly resolved to strike a blow for himself. Accordingly, while those lords met in council at the Tower, he and those who were in his interest met in separate council at his own residence, Crosby Palace, in Bishopsgate Street. Being at last quite prepared, he one day appeared unexpectedly at the council in the Tower, and appeared to be very jocular and merry. He was particularly gay with the Bishop of Ely: praising the strawberries that grew in his garden on Holborn Hill, and asking him to have some gathered that he might eat them at dinner. The bishop, quite proud of the honour, sent one of his

men to fetch some; and the duke, still very jocular and gay, went out, and the council all said what a very agreeable duke he was! In a little time, however, he came back quite altered; not at all jocular, frowning and fierce; and suddenly said, —

“What do those persons deserve who have compassed my destruction; I being the king’s lawful, as well as natural, protector?”

To this strange question, Lord Hastings replied, that they deserved death, whosoever they were.

“Then,” said the duke, “I tell you that they are that sorceress, my brother’s wife,” — meaning the queen, — “and that other sorceress, Jane Shore, who, by witchcraft, have withered my body, and caused my arm to shrink as I now show you.”

He then pulled up his sleeve, and showed them his arm, which was shrunken, it is true, but which had been so, as they all very well knew, from the hour of his birth.

Jane Shore, being then the lover of Lord Hastings, as she had formerly been of the late king, that lord knew that he himself was attacked. So he said, in some confusion, “Certainly, my lord, if they have done this, they be worthy of punishment.”

“If?” said the Duke of Gloucester. “Do you talk to me of ifs? I tell you that they *have* so done; and I will make it good upon thy body, thou traitor!”

With that, he struck the table a great blow with his fist. This was a signal to some of his people outside to cry “Treason!” They immediately did so, and there was a rush into the chamber of so many armed men that it was filled in a moment.

“First,” said the Duke of Gloucester to Lord Hastings, “I arrest thee, traitor! And let him,” he added to the armed men who took him, “have a priest at once; for, by St. Paul, I will not dine until I have seen his head off!”

Lord Hastings was hurried to the green by the Tower chapel, and there beheaded on a log of wood that happened to be lying on the ground. Then the duke dined with a good appetite; and after dinner, summoning the principal citizens to attend him, told them that Lord Hastings, and the rest, had designed to murder both himself and the Duke of Buckingham, who stood by his side, if he had not providentially discovered their

design. He requested them to be so obliging as to inform their fellow-citizens of the truth of what he said, and issued a proclamation (prepared and neatly copied out beforehand) to the same effect.

On the same day that the duke did these things in the Tower, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, the boldest and most undaunted of his men, went down to Pontefract, arrested Lord Rivers, Lord Grey, and two other gentlemen; and publicly executed them on the scaffold, without any trial, for having intended the duke's death. Three days afterwards, the duke, not to lose time, went down the river to Westminster in his barge, attended by divers bishops, lords, and soldiers, and demanded that the queen should deliver her second son, the Duke of York, into his safe-keeping. The queen, being obliged to comply, resigned the child after she had wept over him; and Richard of Gloucester placed him with his brother in the Tower. Then he seized Jane Shore; and, because she had been the lover of the late king, confiscated her property, and got her sentenced to do public penance in the streets, by walking, in a scanty dress, with bare feet, and carrying a lighted candle, to St. Paul's Cathedral, through the most crowded part of the city.

Having now all things ready for his own advancement, he caused a friar to preach a sermon at the cross which stood in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which he dwelt upon the profligate manners of the late king, and upon the late shame of Jane Shore, and hinted that the princes were not his children. "Whereas, good people," said the friar, whose name was Shaw, "my Lord the Protector, the noble Duke of Gloucester, that sweet prince, the pattern of all the noblest virtues, is the perfect image and express likeness of his father." There had been a little plot between the duke and the friar, that the duke should appear in the crowd at this moment, when it was expected that the people would cry, "Long live King Richard!" But either through the friar saying the words too soon, or through the duke's coming too late, the duke and the words did not come together, and the people only laughed, and the friar sneaked off ashamed.

The Duke of Buckingham was a better hand at such business than the friar; so he went to the Guildhall the next day, and addressed the citizens in the Lord Protector's behalf. A few dirty men, who had been hired and stationed there for the pur-

pose, crying, when he had done, "God save King Richard!" he made them a great bow, and thanked them with all his heart. Next day, to make an end of it, he went with the mayor and some lords and citizens to Bayard Castle, by the river, where Richard then was, and read an address, humbly entreating him to accept the crown of England. Richard, who looked down upon them out of a window, and pretended to be in great uneasiness and alarm, assured them there was nothing he desired less, and that his deep affection for his nephews forbade him to think of it. To this the Duke of Buckingham replied, with pretended warmth, that the free people of England would never submit to his nephew's rule; and that if Richard, who was the lawful heir, refused the crown, why then they must find some one else to wear it. The Duke of Gloucester returned, that since he used that strong language, it became his painful duty to think no more of himself, and to accept the crown.

Upon that the people cheered and dispersed; and the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Buckingham passed a pleasant evening, talking over the play they had just acted with so much success, and every word of which they had prepared together.

CHAPTER XXV

ENGLAND UNDER RICHARD THE THIRD

KING RICHARD THE THIRD was up betimes in the morning, and went to Westminster Hall. In the hall was a marble seat, upon which he sat himself down between two great noblemen, and told the people that he began the new reign in that place, because the first duty of a sovereign was to administer the laws equally to all, and to maintain justice. He then mounted his horse, and rode back to the city, where he was received by the clergy and the crowd as if he really had a right to the throne, and really were a just man. The clergy and the crowd must have been rather ashamed of themselves in secret, I think, for being such poor-spirited knaves.

The new king and his queen were soon crowned with a great deal of show and noise, which the people liked very much; and then the king set forth on a royal progress through his dominions. He was crowned a second time at York, in order that the people might have show and noise enough; and wherever he went was received with shouts of rejoicing, — from a good many people of strong lungs, who were paid to strain their throats in crying “God save King Richard!” The plan was so successful, that I am told it has been imitated since, by other usurpers, in other progresses through other dominions.

While he was on this journey, King Richard stayed a week at Warwick. And from Warwick he sent instructions home for one of the wickedest murders that ever was done, — the murder of the two young princes, his nephews, who were shut up in the Tower of London.

Sir Robert Brackenbury was at that time governor of the Tower. To him, by the hands of a messenger named John Green, did King Richard send a letter, ordering him by some means to put the two young princes to death. But Sir Robert — I hope because he had children of his own, and loved them — sent John Green back again, riding and spurring along the

dusty roads, with the answer that he could not do so horrible a piece of work. The king, having frowningly considered a little, called to him Sir James Tyrrel, his master of the horse, and to him gave authority to take command of the Tower, whenever he would, for twenty-four hours, and to keep all the keys of the Tower during that space of time. Tyrrel, well knowing what was wanted, looked about him for two hardened ruffians, and chose John Dighton, one of his own grooms, and Miles Forest, who was a murderer by trade. Having secured these two assistants, he went upon a day in August to the Tower, showed his authority from the king, took the command for four-and-twenty hours, and obtained possession of the keys. And when the black night came, he went creeping, creeping, like a guilty villain as he was, up the dark stone winding stairs, and along the dark stone passages, until he came to the door of the room where the two young princes, having said their prayers, lay fast asleep, clasped in each other's arms. And while he watched and listened at the door, he sent in those evil demons, John Dighton and Miles Forest, who smothered the two princes with the bed and pillows, and carried their bodies down the stairs, and buried them under a great heap of stones at the staircase foot. And when the day came, he gave up the command of the Tower, and restored the keys, and hurried away without once looking behind him; and Sir Robert Brackenbury went with fear and sadness to the princes' room, and found the princes gone for ever.

You know through all this history, how true it is that traitors are never true; and you will not be surprised to learn that the Duke of Buckingham soon turned against King Richard, and joined a great conspiracy that was formed to dethrone him, and to place the crown upon its rightful owner's head. Richard had meant to keep the murder secret; but when he heard through his spies that this conspiracy existed, and that many lords and gentlemen drank in secret to the healths of the two young princes in the Tower, he made it known that they were dead. The conspirators, though thwarted for a moment, soon resolved to set up for the crown, against the murderous Richard, Henry, Earl of Richmond, grandson of Catherine, that widow of Henry the Fifth who married Owen Tudor. And as Henry was of the house of Lancaster, they proposed that he should marry the Princess Elizabeth, the

eldest daughter of the late king, now the heiress of the house of York, and thus by uniting the rival families put an end to the fatal wars of the Red and White Roses. All being settled, a time was appointed for Henry to come over from Brittany and for a great rising against Richard to take place in several parts of England at the same hour. On a certain day, therefore, in October, the revolt took place; but unsuccessfully. Richard was prepared, Henry was driven back at sea by a storm, his followers in England were dispersed, and the Duke of Buckingham was taken, and at once beheaded in the market-place at Salisbury.

The time of his success was a good time, Richard thought, for summoning a Parliament, and getting some money. So a Parliament was called; and it flattered and fawned upon him as much as he could possibly desire, and declared him to be the rightful king of England, and his only son Edward, then eleven years of age, the next heir to the throne.

Richard knew full well that, let the Parliament say what it would, the Princess Elizabeth was remembered by people as the heiress of the house of York; and having accurate information besides, of its being designed by the conspirators to marry her to Henry of Richmond, he felt that it would much strengthen him and weaken them, to be beforehand with them, and marry her to his son. With this view he went to the sanctuary at Westminster, where the late king's widow and her daughter still were, and besought them to come to court; where (he swore by anything and everything) they should be safely and honourably entertained. They came accordingly; but had scarcely been at court a month when his son died suddenly, — or was poisoned, — and his plan was crushed to pieces.

In this extremity King Richard, always active, thought, "I must make another plan." And he made the plan of marrying the Princess Elizabeth himself, although she was his niece. There was one difficulty in the way: his wife, the Queen Anne, was alive. But he knew (remembering his nephews) how to remove that obstacle; and he made love to the Princess Elizabeth, telling her he felt perfectly confident that the queen would die in February. The princess was not a very scrupulous young lady: for instead of rejecting the murderer of her brothers with scorn and hatred, she openly declared she loved him dearly; and when February came, and the queen did not

die, she expressed her impatient opinion that she was too long about it. However, King Richard was not so far out in his prediction but that she died in March, — he took good care of that; and then this precious pair hoped to be married. But they were disappointed; for the idea of such a marriage was so unpopular in the country that the king's chief counsellors, Ratcliffe and Catseby, would by no means undertake to propose it, and the king was even obliged to declare in public that he had never thought of such a thing.

He was by this time dreaded and hated by all classes of his subjects. His nobles deserted every day to Henry's side; he dared not call another Parliament, lest his crimes should be denounced there; and for want of money, he was obliged to get "benevolences" from the citizens, which exasperated them all against him. It was said too, that, being stricken by his conscience, he dreamed frightful dreams, and started up in the night-time, wild with terror and remorse. Active to the last through all this, he issued vigorous proclamations against Henry of Richmond and all his followers, when he heard that they were coming against him with a fleet from France, and took the field as fierce and savage as a wild boar, — the animal represented on his shield.

Henry of Richmond landed with six thousand men at Milford Haven, and came on against King Richard, then encamped at Leicester with an army twice as great, through North Wales. On Bosworth Field the two armies met; and Richard, looking along Henry's ranks, and seeing them crowded with the English nobles who had abandoned him, turned pale when he beheld the powerful Lord Stanley and his son (whom he had tried hard to retain) among them. But he was as brave as he was wicked, and plunged into the thickest of the fight. He was riding hither and thither, laying about him in all directions, when he observed the Earl of Northumberland — one of his few great allies — to stand inactive, and the main body of his troops to hesitate. At the same moment, his desperate glance caught Henry of Richmond among a little group of his knights. Riding hard at him, and crying, "Treason!" he killed his standard-bearer, fiercely unhorsed another gentleman, and aimed a powerful stroke at Henry himself, to cut him down. But Sir William Stanley parried it as it fell; and, before Richard could raise his arm again, he was borne down in a press of numbers, unhorsed,

and killed. Lord Stanley picked up the crown, all bruised and trampled, and stained with blood, and put it upon Richmond's head, amid loud and rejoicing cries of "Long live King Henry!"

That night, a horse was led up to the Church of the Grey Friars at Leicester, across whose back was tied, like some worthless sack, a naked body brought there for burial. It was the body of the last of the Plantagenet line, King Richard the Third, usurper and murderer, slain at the battle of Bosworth Field in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of two years.

CHAPTER XXVI

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE SEVENTH

KING HENRY THE SEVENTH did not turn out to be as fine a fellow as the nobility and people hoped, in the first joy of their deliverance from Richard the Third. He was very cold, crafty, and calculating, and would do almost anything for money. He possessed considerable ability ; but his chief merit appears to have been that he was not cruel when there was nothing to be got by it.

The new king had promised the nobles who had espoused his cause that he would marry the Princess Elizabeth. The first thing he did was to direct her to be removed from the castle of Sheriff Hutton in Yorkshire, where Richard had placed her, and restored to the care of her mother in London. The young Earl of Warwick, Edward Plantagenet, son and heir of the late Duke of Clarence, had been kept a prisoner in the same old Yorkshire castle with her. This boy, who was now fifteen, the new king placed in the Tower for safety. Then he came to London in great state, and gratified the people with a fine procession ; on which kind of show he often very much relied for keeping them in good-humour. The sports and feasts which took place were followed by a terrible fever, called the sweating sickness ; of which great numbers of people died. Lord mayors and aldermen are thought to have suffered most from it ; whether because they were in the habit of over-eating themselves, or because they were very jealous of preserving filth and nuisances in the city (as they have been since), I don't know.

The king's coronation was postponed on account of the general ill-health ; and he afterwards deferred his marriage, as if he were not very anxious that it should take place ; and, even after that, deferred the queen's coronation so long that he gave offence to the York party. However, he set these things right in the end, by hanging some men, and seizing on the rich possessions of others, by granting more popular pardons to the followers of the late king than could at first be got from him ;

and by employing about his court some not very scrupulous persons who had been employed in the previous reign.

As this reign was principally remarkable for two very curious impostures which have become famous in history, we will make those two stories its principal feature.

There was a priest at Oxford of the name of Simons, who had for a pupil a handsome boy named Lambert Simnel, the son of a baker. Partly to gratify his own ambitious ends, and partly to carry out the designs of a secret party formed against the king, this priest declared that his pupil, the boy, was no other than the young Earl of Warwick, who (as everybody might have known) was safely locked up in the Tower of London. The priest and the boy went over to Ireland; and at Dublin enlisted in their cause all ranks of the people, who seem to have been generous enough, but exceedingly irrational. The Earl of Kildare, the governor of Ireland, declared that he believed the boy to be what the priest represented; and the boy, who had been well tutored by the priest, told them such things of his childhood, and gave them so many descriptions of the royal family, that they were perpetually shouting and hurrahing, and drinking his health, and making all kinds of noisy and thirsty demonstrations to express their belief in him. Nor was this feeling confined to Ireland alone; for the Earl of Lincoln, whom the late usurper had named as his successor, went over to the young pretender; and, after holding a secret correspondence with the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy, the sister of Edward the Fourth, who detested the present king and all his race, sailed to Dublin with two thousand German soldiers of her providing. In this promising state of the boy's fortunes, he was crowned there, with a crown taken off the head of a statue of the Virgin Mary; and was then, according to the Irish custom of those days, carried home on the shoulders of a big chieftain possessing a great deal more strength than sense. Father Simons, you may be sure, was mighty busy at the coronation.

Ten days afterwards, the Germans and the Irish, and the priest and the boy, and the Earl of Lincoln, all landed in Lancashire to invade England. The king, who had good intelligence of their movements, set up his standard at Nottingham, where vast numbers resorted to him every day, while the Earl of Lincoln could gain but very few. With his small force he tried

to make for the town of Newark ; but the king's army getting between him and that place, he had no choice but to risk a battle at Stoke. It soon ended in the complete destruction of the pretender's forces, one half of whom were killed ; among them the earl himself. The priest and the baker's boy were taken prisoners. The priest, after confessing the trick, was shut up in prison, where he afterwards died, — suddenly perhaps. The boy was taken into the king's kitchen, and made a turnspit. He was afterwards raised to the station of one of the king's falconers ; and so ended this strange imposition.

There seems reason to suspect that the dowager queen — always a restless and busy woman — had had some share in tutoring the baker's son. The king was very angry with her, whether or no. He seized upon her property, and shut her up in a convent at Bermondsey.

One might suppose that the end of this story would have put the Irish people on their guard ; but they were quite ready to receive a second impostor, as they had received the first, and that same troublesome Duchess of Burgundy soon gave them the opportunity. All of a sudden there appeared at Cork, in a vessel arriving from Portugal, a young man of excellent abilities, of very handsome appearance and most winning manners, who declared himself to be Richard, Duke of York, the second son of King Edward the Fourth. "Oh," said some, even of those ready Irish believers, "but surely that young prince was murdered by his uncle in the tower!" — "It *is* supposed so," said the engaging young man ; "and my brother *was* killed in that gloomy prison ; but I escaped, — it don't matter how at present, — and have been wandering about the world for seven long years." This explanation being quite satisfactory to numbers of the Irish people, they began again to shout and to hurrah, and to drink his health, and to make the noisy and thirsty demonstrations all over again. And the big chieftain in Dublin began to look out for another coronation, and another young king to be carried home on his back.

Now, King Henry being then on bad terms with France, the French king, Charles the Eighth, saw, that, by pretending to believe in the handsome young man, he could trouble his enemy sorely. So he invited him over to the French court, and appointed him a body-guard, and treated him in all respects as if he really were the Duke of York. Peace, however, being

soon concluded between the two kings, the pretended duke was turned adrift, and wandered for protection to the Duchess of Burgundy. She, after feigning to inquire into the reality of his claims, declared him to be the very picture of her dear departed brother, gave him a body-guard at her court of thirty halberdiers, and called him by the sounding name of the White Rose of England.

The leading members of the White Rose party in England sent over an agent, named Sir Robert Clifford, to ascertain whether the White Rose's claims were good; the king also sent over his agents to inquire into the Rose's history. The White Roses declared the young man to be really the Duke of York; the king declared him to be Perkin Warbeck, the son of a merchant of the city of Tournay, who had acquired his knowledge of England, its language and manners, from the English merchants who traded in Flanders; it was also stated by the royal agents that he had been in the service of Lady Brompton, the wife of an exiled English nobleman, and that the Duchess of Burgundy had caused him to be trained and taught expressly for this deception. The king then required the Archduke Philip — who was the sovereign of Burgundy — to banish this new pretender, or to deliver him up; but as the archduke replied that he could not control the duchess in her own land, the king, in revenge, took the market of English cloth away from Antwerp, and prevented all commercial intercourse between the two countries.

He also, by arts and bribes, prevailed on Sir Robert Clifford to betray his employers; and he denouncing several famous English noblemen as being secretly the friends of Perkin Warbeck, the king had three of the foremost executed at once. Whether he pardoned the remainder because they were poor, I do not know; but it is only too probable that he refused to pardon one famous nobleman against whom the same Clifford soon afterwards informed separately, because he was rich. This was no other than Sir William Stanley, who had saved the king's life at the battle of Bosworth Field. It is very doubtful whether his treason amounted to much more than his having said that, if he were sure the young man was the Duke of York, he would not take arms against him. Whatever he had done he admitted, like an honourable spirit; and he lost his head for it, and the covetous king gained all his wealth.

Perkin Warbeck kept quiet for three years; but as the Flemings began to complain heavily of the loss of their trade by the stoppage of the Antwerp market on his account, and as it was not unlikely that they might even go so far as to take his life, or give him up, he found it necessary to do something. Accordingly, he made a desperate sally, and landed, with only a few hundred men, on the coast of Deal. But he was soon glad to get back to the place from whence he came; for the country people rose against his followers, killed a great many, and took a hundred and fifty prisoners, who were all driven to London, tied together with ropes, like a team of cattle. Every one of them was hanged on some part or other of the sea-shore, in order that, if any more men should come over with Perkin Warbeck, they might see the bodies as a warning before they landed.

Then the wary king, by making a treaty of commerce with the Flemings, drove Perkin Warbeck out of that country; and, by completely gaining over the Irish to his side, deprived him of that asylum too. He wandered away to Scotland, and told his story at that court. King James the Fourth of Scotland, who was no friend to King Henry, and had no reason to be (for King Henry had bribed his Scotch lords to betray him more than once, but had never succeeded in his plots), gave him a great reception, called him his cousin, and gave him in marriage the Lady Catherine Gordon, a beautiful and charming creature, related to the royal house of Stuart.

Alarmed by this successful reappearance of the pretender, the king still undermined and bought and bribed, and kept his doings and Perkin Warbeck's story in the dark, when he might, one would imagine, have rendered the matter clear to all England. But for all this bribing of the Scotch lords, at the Scotch king's court, he could not procure the pretender to be delivered up to him. James, though not very particular in many respects, would not betray him; and the ever-busy Duchess of Burgundy so provided him with arms and good soldiers, and with money besides, that he had soon a little army of fifteen hundred men of various nations. With these, and aided by the Scottish king in person, he crossed the Border into England, and made a proclamation to the people; in which he called the king "Henry Tudor," offered large rewards to any one who should take or distress him, and announced himself as King Richard

the Fourth, come to receive the homage of his faithful subjects. His faithful subjects, however, cared nothing for him, and hated his faithful troops, who, being of different nations, quarrelled also among themselves. Worse than this, if worse were possible, they began to plunder the country; upon which the White Rose said, that he would rather lose his rights than gain them through the miseries of the English people. The Scottish king made a jest of his scruples; but they and their whole force went back again without fighting a battle.

The worst consequence of this attempt was, that a rising took place among the people of Cornwall, who considered themselves too heavily taxed to meet the charges of the expected war. Stimulated by Flammock a lawyer, and Joseph a blacksmith, and joined by Lord Audley and some other country gentlemen, they marched on all the way to Deptford Bridge, where they fought a battle with the king's army. They were defeated, though the Cornish men fought with great bravery; and the lord was beheaded, and the lawyer and the blacksmith were hanged, drawn, and quartered. The rest were pardoned. The king, who believed every man to be as avaricious as himself, and thought that money could settle anything, allowed them to make bargains for their liberty with the soldiers who had taken them.

Perkin Warbeck, doomed to wander up and down, and never to find rest anywhere, — a sad fate, almost a sufficient punishment for an imposture which he seems in time to have half believed himself, — lost his Scottish refuge through a truce being made between the two kings, and found himself once more without a country before him in which he could lay his head. But James (always honourable and true to him, alike when he melted down his plate, and even the great gold chain he had been used to wear, to pay soldiers in his cause, and now, when that cause was lost and hopeless) did not conclude the treaty until he had safely departed out of the Scottish dominions. He and his beautiful wife, who was faithful to him under all reverses, and left her state and home to follow his poor fortunes, were put aboard ship with everything necessary for their comfort and protection, and sailed for Ireland.

But the Irish people had had enough of counterfeit Earls of Warwick and Dukes of York for one while, and would give the White Rose no aid. So the White Rose — encircled by thorns

indeed — resolved to go with his beautiful wife to Cornwall as a forlorn resource, and see what might be made of the Cornish men, who had risen so valiantly a little while before, and who had fought so bravely at Deptford Bridge.

To Whitsand Bay, in Cornwall, accordingly, came Perkin Warbeck and his wife; and the lovely lady he shut up for safety in the castle of St. Michael's Mount, and then marched into Devonshire at the head of three thousand Cornish men. These were increased to six thousand by the time of his arrival in Exeter; but there the people made a stout resistance, and he went on to Taunton, where he came in sight of the king's army. The stout Cornish men, although they were few in number, and badly armed, were so bold that they never thought of retreating, but bravely looked forward to a battle on the morrow. Unhappily for them, the man who was possessed of so many engaging qualities, and who attracted so many people to his side when he had nothing else with which to tempt them, was not as brave as they. In the night, when the two armies lay opposite to each other, he mounted a swift horse and fled. When morning dawned, the poor confiding Cornish men, discovering that they had no leader, surrendered to the king's power. Some of them were hanged, and the rest were pardoned, and went miserably home.

Before the king pursued Perkin Warbeck to the sanctuary of Beaulieu in the New Forest, where it was soon known that he had taken refuge, he sent a body of horsemen to St. Michael's Mount to seize his wife. She was soon taken, and brought as a captive before the king. But she was so beautiful and so good, and so devoted to the man in whom she believed, that the king regarded her with compassion, treated her with great respect, and placed her at court, near the queen's person. And many years after Perkin Warbeck was no more, and when his strange story had become like a nursery tale, *she* was called the White Rose, by the people, in remembrance of her beauty.

The sanctuary at Beaulieu was soon surrounded by the king's men; and the king, pursuing his usual dark, artful ways, sent pretended friends to Perkin Warbeck to persuade him to come out and surrender himself. This he soon did; the king having taken a good look at the man of whom he had heard so much, from behind a screen, directed him to be well mounted, and to ride behind him at a little distance, guarded, but not bound in

any way. So they entered London with the king's favourite show, — a procession ; and some of the people hooted as the pretender rode slowly through the streets to the Tower, but the greater part were quiet, and very curious to see him. From the Tower he was taken to the palace at Westminster, and there lodged like a gentleman, though closely watched. He was examined every now and then as to his imposture ; but the king was so secret in all he did, that even then he gave it a consequence which it cannot be supposed to have in itself deserved.

At last Perkin Warbeck ran away, and took refuge in another sanctuary near Richmond in Surrey. From this he was again persuaded to deliver himself up ; and, being conveyed to London, he stood in the stocks for a whole day, outside Westminster Hall, and there read a paper purporting to be his full confession, and relating his history as the king's agents had originally described it. He was then shut up in the Tower again, in the company of the Earl of Warwick, who had now been there for fourteen years, — ever since his removal out of Yorkshire, except when the king had had him at court, and had shown him to the people, to prove the imposture of the baker's boy. It is but too probable, when we consider the crafty character of Henry the Seventh, that these two were brought together for a cruel purpose. A plot was soon discovered between them and the keepers, to murder the governor, get possession of the keys, and proclaim Perkin Warbeck as King Richard the Fourth. That there was some such plot is likely ; that they were tempted into it is at least as likely ; that the unfortunate Earl of Warwick — last male of the Plantagenet line — was too unused to the world, and too ignorant and simple to know much about it, whatever it was, is perfectly certain ; and that it was the king's interest to get rid of him is no less so. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, and Perkin Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn.

Such was the end of the pretended Duke of York, whose shadowy history was made more shadowy, and ever will be, by the mystery and craft of the king. If he had turned his great natural advantages to a more honest account, he might have lived a happy and respected life, even in those days ; but he died upon a gallows at Tyburn, leaving the Scottish lady, who had loved him so well, kindly protected at the queen's court. After some time she forgot her old loves and troubles, as many people do with Time's merciful assistance, and married a Welsh

gentleman. Her second husband, Sir Matthew Cradoc, more honest and more happy than her first, lies beside her in a tomb in the old church of Swansea.

The ill-blood between France and England, in this reign, arose out of the continued plotting of the Duchess of Burgundy, and disputes respecting the affairs of Brittany. The king feigned to be very patriotic, indignant, and warlike; but he always contrived so as never to make war in reality, and always to make money. His taxation of the people, on pretence of war with France, involved at one time a very dangerous insurrection, headed by Sir John Egremont, and a common man called John à Chambre. But it was subdued by the royal forces, under the command of the Earl of Surrey. The knighted John escaped to the Duchess of Burgundy, who was ever ready to receive any one who gave the king trouble; and the plain John was hanged at York, in the midst of a number of his men, but on a much higher gibbet, as being a greater traitor. Hung high or hung low, however, hanging is much the same to the person hung.

Within a year after her marriage, the queen had given birth to a son, who was called Prince Arthur, in remembrance of the old British prince of romance and story; and who, when all these events had happened, being then in his fifteenth year, was married to Catherine, the daughter of the Spanish monarch, with great rejoicings and bright prospects; but in a very few months he sickened and died. As soon as the king had recovered from his grief, he thought it a pity that the fortune of the Spanish princess, amounting to two hundred thousand crowns, should go out of the family; and therefore arranged that the young widow should marry his second son, Henry, then twelve years of age, when he, too, should be fifteen. There were objections to this marriage on the part of the clergy; but as the infallible Pope was gained over, and as he *must* be right, that settled the business for the time. The king's eldest daughter was provided for, and a long course of disturbance was considered to be set at rest, by her being married to the Scottish king.

And now the queen died. When the king had got over that grief, too, his mind once more reverted to his darling money for consolation, and he thought of marrying the Dowager Queen of Naples, who was immensely rich; but as it turned out not to be practicable to gain the money, however practicable it

might have been to gain the lady, he gave up the idea. He was not so fond of her but that he soon proposed to marry the Dowager Duchess of Savoy; and, soon afterwards, the widow of the King of Castile, who was raving mad. But he made a money-bargain instead, and married neither.

The Duchess of Burgundy, among the other discontented people to whom she had given refuge, had sheltered Edmund de la Pole (younger brother of that Earl of Lincoln who was killed at Stoke), now Earl of Suffolk. The king had prevailed upon him to return to the marriage of Prince Arthur; but he soon afterwards went away again; and then the king, suspecting a conspiracy, resorted to his favourite plan of sending him some treacherous friends, and buying of those scoundrels the secrets they disclosed or invented. Some arrests and executions took place in consequence. In the end, the king, on a promise of not taking his life, obtained possession of the person of Edmund de la Pole, and shut him up in the Tower.

This was his last enemy. If he had lived much longer he would have made many more among the people, by the grinding exaction to which he constantly exposed them, and by the tyrannical acts of his two prime favourites in all money-raising matters, Edmund Dudley and Richard Empson. But Death — the enemy who is not to be bought off or deceived, and on whom no money and no treachery has any effect — presented himself at this juncture, and ended the king's reign. He died of the gout, on the 22d of April, 1509, and in the fifty-third year of his age, after reigning twenty-four years. He was buried in the beautiful chapel of Westminster Abbey, which he had himself founded, and which still bears his name.

It was in this reign that the great Christopher Columbus, on behalf of Spain, discovered what was then called the new world. Great wonder, interest, and hope of wealth being awakened in England thereby, the king and the merchants of London and Bristol fitted out an English expedition for further discoveries in the New World, and intrusted it to Sebastian Cabot of Bristol, the son of a Venetian pilot there. He was very successful in his voyage, and gained high reputation, both for himself and England.

CHAPTER XXVII

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE EIGHTH, CALLED BLUFF KING HAL,
AND BURLY KING HARRY

PART THE FIRST

WE now come to King Henry the Eighth, whom it has been too much the fashion to call "Bluff King Hal," and "Burly King Harry," and other fine names; but whom I shall take the liberty to call plainly one of the most detestable villains that ever drew breath. You will be able to judge, long before we come to the end of his life, whether he deserves the character.

He was just eighteen years of age when he came to the throne. People said he was handsome then; but I don't believe it. He was a big, burly, noisy, small-eyed, large-faced, double-chinned, swinish-looking fellow, in later life (as we know from the likenesses of him, painted by the famous Hans Holbein); and it is not easy to believe that so bad a character can ever have been veiled under a prepossessing appearance.

He was anxious to make himself popular; and the people, who had long disliked the late king, were very willing to believe that he deserved to be so. He was extremely fond of show and display, and so were they. Therefore there was great rejoicing when he married the Princess Catherine, and when they were both crowned. And the king fought at tournaments, and always came off victorious, — for the courtiers took care of that; and there was a general outcry that he was a wonderful man. Empson, Dudley, and their supporters were accused of a variety of crimes they had never committed, instead of the offences of which they really had been guilty; and they were pilloried, and set upon horses with their faces to the tails, and knocked about and beheaded, to the satisfaction of the people, and the enrichment of the king.

The Pope, so indefatigable in getting the world into trouble, had mixed himself up in a war on the Continent of Europe,

occasioned by the reigning princes of little quarrelling states in Italy having at various times married into other royal families, and so led to *their* claiming a share in those petty governments. The king, who discovered that he was very fond of the Pope, sent a herald to the king of France to say that he must not make war upon that holy personage, because he was the father of all Christians. As the French king did not mind this relationship in the least, and also refused to admit a claim King Henry made to certain lands in France, war was declared between the two countries. Not to perplex this story with an account of the tricks and designs of all the sovereigns who were engaged in it, it is enough to say that England made a blundering alliance with Spain, and got stupidly taken in by that country, which made its own terms with France when it could, and left England in the lurch. Sir Edward Howard, a bold admiral, son of the Earl of Surrey, distinguished himself by his bravery against the French in this business; but unfortunately, he was more brave than wise, for, skimming into the French harbour of Brest with only a few rowboats, he attempted (in revenge for the defeat and death of Sir Thomas Knyvett, another bold English admiral) to take some strong French ships, well defended with batteries of cannon. The upshot was, that he was left on board of one of them (in consequence of its shooting away from his own boat), with not more than about a dozen men, and was thrown into the sea and drowned, — though not until he had taken from his breast his gold chain and gold whistle, which were the signs of his office, and had cast them into the sea to prevent their being made a boast of by the enemy. After this defeat, — which was a great one, for Sir Edward Howard was a man of valour and fame, — the king took it into his head to invade France in person; first executing that dangerous Earl of Suffolk, whom his father had left in the Tower, and appointing Queen Catherine to the charge of his kingdom in his absence. He sailed to Calais, where he was joined by Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, who pretended to be his soldier, and who took pay in his service, — with a good deal of nonsense of that sort, flattering enough to the vanity of a vain blusterer. The king might be successful enough in sham flights; but his idea of real battles chiefly consisted in pitching silken tents of bright colours, that were ignominiously blown down by the wind, and in making a vast

display of gaudy flags and golden curtains. Fortune, however, favoured him better than he deserved; for after much waste of time in tent-pitching, flag-flying, gold-curtaining, and other such masquerading, he gave the French battle at a place called Guinegate: where they took such an unaccountable panic, and fled with such swiftness, that it was ever afterwards called by the English the Battle of Spurs. Instead of following up his advantage, the king, finding that he had had enough of real fighting, came home again.

The Scottish king, though nearly related to Henry by marriage, had taken part against him in this war. The Earl of Surrey, as the English general, advanced to meet him when he came out of his own dominions, and crossed the river Tweed. The two armies came up with one another when the Scottish king had also crossed the river Till, and was encamped upon the last of the Cheviot Hills, called the Hill of Flodden. Along the plain below it, the English, when the hour of battle came, advanced. The Scottish army, which had been drawn up in five great bodies, then came steadily down in perfect silence. So they, in their turn, advanced to meet the English army, which came on in one long line; and they attacked it with a body of spearmen, under Lord Home. At first they had the best of it; but the English recovered themselves so bravely, and fought with such valour, that, when the Scottish king had almost made his way up to the royal standard, he was slain, and the whole Scottish power routed. Ten thousand Scottish men lay dead that day on Flodden Field; and among them numbers of the nobility and gentry. For a long time afterwards, the Scottish peasantry used to believe that their king had not been really killed in this battle, because no Englishman had found an iron belt he wore about his body as a penance for having been an unnatural and undutiful son. But whatever became of his belt, the English had his sword and dagger, and the ring from his finger, and his body too, covered with wounds. There is no doubt of it; for it was seen and recognised by English gentlemen who had known the Scottish king well.

When King Henry was making ready to renew the war in France, the French king was contemplating peace. His queen dying at this time, he proposed, though he was upwards of fifty years old, to marry King Henry's sister, the Princess Mary,

who, besides being only sixteen, was betrothed to the Duke of Suffolk. As the inclinations of young princesses were not much considered in such matters, the marriage was concluded, and the poor girl was escorted to France, where she was immediately left as the French king's bride, with only one of all her English attendants. That one was a pretty young girl named Anne Boleyn, niece of the Earl of Surrey, who had been made Duke of Norfolk, after the victory of Flodden Field. Anne Boleyn's is a name to be remembered, as you will presently find.

And now the French king, who was very proud of his young wife, was preparing for many years of happiness, and she was looking forward, I dare say, to many years of misery, when he died within three months, and left her a young widow. The new French monarch, Francis the First, seeing how important it was to his interests that she should take for her second husband no one but an Englishman, advised her first lover, the Duke of Suffolk, when King Henry sent him over to France to fetch her home, to marry her. The princess being herself so fond of that duke as to tell him that he must either do so then, or for ever lose her, they were wedded; and Henry afterwards forgave them. In making interest with the king, the Duke of Suffolk had addressed his most powerful favourite and adviser, Thomas Wolsey, — a name very famous in history for its rise and downfall.

Wolsey was the son of a respectable butcher at Ipswich, in Suffolk, and received so excellent an education that he became a tutor to the family of the Marquis of Dorset, who afterwards got him appointed one of the late king's chaplains. On the accession of Henry the Eighth, he was promoted, and taken into great favour. He was now Archbishop of York; the Pope had made him a cardinal besides; and whoever wanted influence in England, or favour with the king, — whether he were a foreign monarch or an English nobleman, — was obliged to make a friend of the great Cardinal Wolsey.

He was a gay man, who could dance and jest and sing and drink; and those were the roads to so much, or rather so little, of a heart as King Henry had. He was wonderfully fond of pomp and glitter; and so was the king. He knew a good deal of the Church learning of that time; much of which consisted in finding artful excuses and pretences for almost any wrong

thing, and in arguing that black was white, or any other colour. This kind of learning pleased the king too. For many such reasons, the cardinal was high in estimation with the king; and, being a man of far greater ability, knew as well how to manage him, as a clever keeper may know how to manage a wolf or a tiger, or any other cruel and uncertain beast, that may turn upon him and tear him any day. Never had there been seen in England such state as my lord cardinal kept. His wealth was enormous; equal, it was reckoned, to the riches of the crown. His palaces were as splendid as the king's, and his retinue was eight hundred strong. He held his court, dressed out from top to toe in flaming scarlet; and his very shoes were golden, set with precious stones. His followers rode on blood horses; while he, with a wonderful affectation of humility in the midst of his great splendour, ambled on a mule with a red velvet saddle and bridle and golden stirrups.

Through the influence of this stately priest, a grand meeting was arranged to take place between the French and English kings in France, but on ground belonging to England. A prodigious show of friendship and rejoicing was to be made on the occasion; and heralds were sent to proclaim with brazen trumpets through all the principal cities of Europe, that, on a certain day, the kings of France and England, as companions and brothers in arms, each attended by eighteen followers, would hold a tournament against all knights who might choose to come.

Charles, the new emperor of Germany (the old one being dead), wanted to prevent too cordial an alliance between these sovereigns, and came over to England before the king could repair to the place of meeting; and, besides making an agreeable impression upon him, secured Wolsey's interest by promising that his influence should make him pope, when the next vacancy occurred. On the day when the emperor left England, the king and all the court went over to Calais, and thence to the place of meeting, between Ardres and Guisnes, commonly called the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Here all manner of expense and prodigality was lavished on the decorations of the show; many of the knights and gentlemen being so superbly dressed that it was said they carried their whole estates upon their shoulders.

There were sham castles, temporary chapels, fountains run-

ning wine, great cellars full of wine free as water to all comers, silk tents, gold lace and foil, gilt lions, and such things without end ; and, in the midst of all, the rich cardinal out-shone and out-glittered all the noblemen and gentlemen assembled. After a treaty made between the two kings, with as much solemnity as if they had intended to keep it, the lists, nine hundred feet long and three hundred and twenty broad, were opened for the tournament ; the queens of France and England looking on with great array of lords and ladies. Then for ten days the two sovereigns fought five combats every day, and always beat their polite adversaries ; though they *do* write that the king of England, being thrown in a wrestle one day by the king of France, lost his kingly temper with his brother in arms, and wanted to make a quarrel of it. Then there is a great story belonging to this Field of the Cloth of Gold, showing how the English were distrustful of the French, and the French of the English, until Francis rode alone one morning to Henry's tent, and, going in before he was out of bed, told him in joke that he was his prisoner ; and how Henry jumped out of bed and embraced Francis, and how Francis helped Henry to dress and warmed his linen for him ; and how Henry gave Francis a splendid jewelled collar, and how Francis gave Henry, in return, a costly bracelet. All this and a great deal more was so written about, and sung about, and talked about at that time (and, indeed, since that time too), that the world has had good cause to be sick of it for ever.

Of course, nothing came of all these fine doings but a speedy renewal of the war between England and France, in which the two royal companions and brothers in arms longed very earnestly to damage one another. But before it broke out again, the Duke of Buckingham was shamefully executed on Tower Hill, on the evidence of a discharged servant, — really for nothing, except the folly of having believed in a friar of the name of Hopkins, who had pretended to be a prophet, and who had mumbled and jumbled out some nonsense about the duke's son being destined to be very great in the land. It was believed that the unfortunate duke had given offence to the great cardinal by expressing his mind freely about the expense and absurdity of the whole business of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. At any rate, he was beheaded, as I have said, for nothing. And the people who saw it done were very angry, and cried out that it was the work of "the butcher's son !"

The new war was a short one, though the Earl of Surrey invaded France again, and did some injury to that country. It ended in another treaty of peace between the two kingdoms, and in the discovery that the emperor of Germany was not such a good friend to England in reality as he pretended to be. Neither did he keep his promise to Wolsey to make him pope, though the king urged him. Two popes died in pretty quick succession ; but the foreign priests were too much for the cardinal, and kept him out of the post. So the cardinal and king together found out that the emperor of Germany was not a man to keep faith with ; broke off a projected marriage between the king's daughter Mary, Princess of Wales, and that sovereign ; and began to consider whether it might not be well to marry the young lady, either to Francis himself, or to his eldest son.

There now arose at Wittenberg, in Germany, the great leader of the mighty change in England which is called the Reformation, and which set the people free from their slavery to the priests. This was a learned doctor, named Martin Luther, who knew all about them ; for he had been a priest, and even a monk, himself. The preaching and writing of Wickliffe had set a number of men thinking on this subject ; and Luther finding one day, to his great surprise, that there really was a book called the New Testament which the priests did not allow to be read, and which contained truths that they suppressed, began to be very vigorous against the whole body, from the Pope downward. It happened, while he was yet only beginning his vast work of awakening the nation, that an impudent fellow named Tetzel, a friar of very bad character, came into his neighbourhood selling what were called indulgences, by wholesale, to raise money for beautifying the great Cathedral of St. Peter's, at Rome. Whoever bought an indulgence of the Pope was supposed to buy himself off from the punishment of Heaven for his offences. Luther told the people that these indulgences were worthless bits of paper before God, and that Tetzel and his masters were a crew of impostors in selling them.

The king and the cardinal were mightily indignant at this presumption ; and the king (with the help of Sir Thomas More, a wise man, whom he afterwards repaid by striking off his head) even wrote a book about it, with which the Pope was so well pleased, that he gave the king the title of Defender of the Faith. The king and the cardinal also issued flaming warnings to the

people not to read Luther's books, on pain of excommunication. But they did read them for all that; and the rumour of what was in them spread far and wide.

When this great change was thus going on, the king began to show himself in his truest and worst colours. Anne Boleyn, the pretty little girl who had gone abroad to France with his sister, was by this time grown up to be very beautiful, and was one of the ladies in attendance on Queen Catherine. Now, Queen Catherine was no longer young or handsome, and it is likely that she was not particularly good tempered; having been always rather melancholy, and having been made more so by the deaths of four of her children, when they were very young. So the king fell in love with the fair Anne Boleyn, and said to himself, "How can I be best rid of my own troublesome wife, whom I am tired of, and marry Anne?"

You recollect that Queen Catherine had been the wife of Henry's brother. What does the king do, after thinking it over, but calls his favourite priests about him, and says, Oh! his mind is in such a dreadful state, and he is so frightfully uneasy, because he is afraid it was not lawful for him to marry the queen! Not one of those priests had the courage to hint that it was rather curious he had never thought of that before, and that his mind seemed to have been in a tolerably jolly condition during a great many years, in which he certainly had not fretted himself thin; but they all said, Ah! that was very true, and it was a serious business; and perhaps the best way to make it right, would be for his Majesty to be divorced! The king replied, Yes; he thought that would be the best way certainly; so they all went to work.

If I were to relate to you the intrigues and plots that took place in the endeavour to get this divorce, you would think the "History of England" the most tiresome book in the world. So I shall say no more than, that, after a vast deal of negotiation and evasion, the Pope issued a commission to Cardinal Wolsey and Cardinal Campeggio (whom he sent over from Italy for the purpose) to try the whole case in England. It is supposed — and I think with reason — that Wolsey was the queen's enemy, because she had reproved him for his proud and gorgeous manner of life. But he did not at first know that the king wanted to marry Anne Boleyn; and when he did know it, he even went down on his knees, in the endeavour to dissuade him.

The cardinals opened their court in the Convent of the Black Friars, near to where the bridge of that name in London now stands; and the king and queen, that they might be near it, took up their lodgings at the adjoining palace of Bridewell, of which nothing now remains but a bad prison. On the opening of the court, when the king and queen were called on to appear, that poor ill-used lady, with a dignity and firmness, and yet with a womanly affection worthy to be always admired, went and kneeled at the king's feet, and said that she had come a stranger to his dominions; that she had been a good and true wife to him for twenty years; and that she could acknowledge no power in those cardinals to try whether she should be considered his wife after all that time, or should be put away. With that she got up and left the court, and would never afterwards come back to it.

The king pretended to be very much overcome, and said, O my lords and gentlemen, what a good woman she was to be sure, and how delighted he would be to live with her unto death, but for that terrible uneasiness in his mind which was quite wearing him away! So the case went on, and there was nothing but talk for two months. Then Cardinal Campeggio, who, on behalf of the Pope, wanted nothing so much as delay, adjourned it for two more months; and before that time was elapsed, the Pope himself adjourned it indefinitely, by requiring the king and queen to come to Rome and have it tried there. But by good luck for the king, word was brought to him by some of his people, that they had happened to meet at supper Thomas Cranmer, a learned doctor of Cambridge, who had proposed to urge the Pope on, by referring the case to all the learned doctors and bishops, here and there and everywhere, and getting their opinions that the king's marriage was unlawful. The king, who was now in a hurry to marry Anne Boleyn, thought this such a good idea, that he sent for Cranmer, post-haste, and said to Lord Rochfort, Anne Boleyn's father, "Take this learned doctor down to your country-house, and there let him have a good room for a study, and no end of books out of which to prove that I may marry your daughter." Lord Rochfort, not at all reluctant, made the learned doctor as comfortable as he could; and the learned doctor went to work to prove his case. All this time, the king and Anne Boleyn were writing letters to one another almost daily, full of impatience to have the case

settled; and Anne Boleyn was showing herself (as I think) very worthy of the fate which afterwards befell her.

It was bad for Cardinal Wolsey that he had left Cranmer to render this help. It was worse for him that he had tried to dissuade the king from marrying Anne Boleyn. Such a servant as he, to such a master as Henry, would probably have fallen in any case; but between the hatred of the party of the queen that was, and the hatred of the party of the queen that was to be, he fell suddenly and heavily. Going down one day to the Court of Chancery, where he now presided, he was waited upon by the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, who told him that they brought an order to him to resign that office, and to withdraw quietly to a house he had at Esher, in Surrey. The cardinal refusing, they rode off to the king; and next day came back with a letter from him, on reading which the cardinal submitted. An inventory was made out of all the riches in his palace at York Place (now Whitehall), and he went sorrowfully up the river in his barge to Putney. An abject man he was, in spite of his pride; for being overtaken, riding out of that place towards Esher, by one of the king's chamberlains who brought him a kind message and a ring, he alighted from his mule, took off his cap, and kneeled down in the dirt. His poor fool, whom in his prosperous days he had always kept in his palace to entertain him, cut a far better figure than he; for when the cardinal said to the chamberlain that he had nothing to send to his lord the king as a present but that jester, who was a most excellent one, it took six strong yeomen to remove the faithful fool from his master.

The once proud cardinal was soon further disgraced, and wrote the most abject letters to his vile sovereign; who humbled him one day and encouraged him the next, according to his humour, until he was at last ordered to go and reside in his diocese of York. He said he was too poor; but I don't know how he made that out; for he took a hundred and sixty servants with him, and seventy-two cart-loads of furniture, food, and wine. He remained in that part of the country for the best part of a year, and showed himself so improved by his misfortunes, and was so mild and so conciliating, that he won all hearts. And indeed, even in his proud days, he had done some magnificent things for learning and education. At last he was arrested for high treason; and coming slowly on his journey towards Lon-

don, got as far as Leicester. Arriving at Leicester Abbey after dark, and very ill, he said — when the monks came out at the gate with lighted torches to receive him — that he had come to lay his bones among them. He had indeed; for he was taken to a bed, from which he never rose again. His last words were, “Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is my just reward for my pains and diligence, not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to my prince.” The news of his death was quickly carried to the king, who was amusing himself with archery in the garden of the magnificent palace at Hampton Court, which that very Wolsey had presented to him. The greatest emotion his royal mind displayed at the loss of a servant, so faithful and so ruined, was a particular desire to lay hold of fifteen hundred pounds which the cardinal was reported to have hidden somewhere.

The opinions concerning the divorce, of the learned doctors and bishops and others, being at last collected, and being generally in the king's favour, were forwarded to the Pope, with an entreaty that he would now grant it. The unfortunate Pope, who was a timid man, was half distracted between his fear of his authority being set aside in England if he did not do as he was asked, and his dread of offending the emperor of Germany, who was Queen Catherine's nephew. In this state of mind he still evaded, and did nothing. Then Thomas Cromwell, who had been one of Wolsey's faithful attendants, and had remained so even in his decline, advised the king to take the matter into his own hands, and make himself the head of the whole Church. This the king, by various artful means, began to do; but he recompensed the clergy by allowing them to burn as many people as they pleased for holding Luther's opinions. You must understand that Sir Thomas More, the wise man who had helped the king with his book, had been made Chancellor in Wolsey's place. But as he was truly attached to the Church as it was, even in its abuses, he, in this state of things, resigned.

Being now quite resolved to get rid of Queen Catherine, and to marry Anne Boleyn without more ado, the king made Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury, and directed Queen Catherine to leave the court. She obeyed; but replied that, wherever she went, she was queen of England still, and would remain so

to the last. The king then married Anne Boleyn privately; and the new Archbishop of Canterbury, within half a year, declared his marriage with Queen Catherine void, and crowned Anne Boleyn queen.

She might have known that no good could ever come from such wrong, and that the corpulent brute who had been so faithless and so cruel to his first wife could be more faithless and more cruel to his second. She might have known that, even when he was in love with her, he had been a mean and selfish coward, running away, like a frightened cur, from her society and her house, when a dangerous sickness broke out in it, and when she might easily have taken it and died, as several of the household did. But Anne Boleyn arrived at all this knowledge too late, and bought it at a dear price. Her bad marriage with a worse man came to its natural end. Its natural end was not, as we shall too soon see, a natural death for her.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE EIGHTH

PART THE SECOND

THE Pope was thrown into a very angry state of mind when he heard of the king's marriage, and fumed exceedingly. Many of the English monks and friars, seeing that their order was in danger, did the same; some even declaimed against the king in church before his face, and were not to be stopped until he himself roared out, "Silence!" The king, not much the worse for this, took it pretty quietly; and was very glad when his queen gave birth to a daughter, who was christened Elizabeth, and declared Princess of Wales, as her sister Mary had already been.

One of the most atrocious features of this reign was that Henry the Eighth was always trimming between the reformed religion and the unreformed one; so that the more he quarrelled with the Pope, the more of his own subjects he roasted alive for not holding the Pope's opinions. Thus, an unfortunate student named John Frith, and a poor simple tailor named Andrew Hewet who loved him very much, and said that whatever John Frith believed *he* believed, were burnt in Smithfield, — to show what a capital Christian the king was.

But these were speedily followed by two much greater victims, Sir Thomas More, and John Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester. The latter, who was a good and amiable old man, had committed no greater offence than believing in Elizabeth Barton, called the Maid of Kent, — another of those ridiculous women who pretended to be inspired, and to make all sorts of heavenly revelations, though they indeed uttered nothing but evil nonsense. For this offence — as it was pretended, but really for denying the king to be the supreme head of the Church — he got into trouble, and was put in prison; but even then, he might have been suffered to die naturally (short work having

been made of executing the Kentish Maid and her principal followers), but that the Pope, to spite the king, resolved to make him a cardinal. Upon that the king made a ferocious joke to the effect that the Pope might send Fisher a red hat (which is the way they make a cardinal), but he should have no head on which to wear it; and he was tried with all unfairness and injustice, and sentenced to death. He died like a noble and virtuous old man, and left a worthy name behind him. The king supposed, I dare say, that Sir Thomas More would be frightened by this example; but as he was not easily terrified, and, thoroughly believing in the Pope, had made up his mind that the king was not the rightful head of the Church, he positively refused to say that he was. For this crime he, too, was tried and sentenced, after having been in prison a whole year. When he was doomed to death, and came away from his trial with the edge of the executioner's axe turned towards him, — as was always done in those times when a state prisoner came to that hopeless pass, — he bore it quite serenely, and gave his blessing to his son, who pressed through the crowd in Westminster Hall, and kneeled down to receive it. But when he got to the Tower wharf, on his way back to his prison, and his favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, a very good woman, rushed through the guards again and again to kiss him, and to weep upon his neck, he was overcome at last. He soon recovered, and never more showed any feeling but cheerfulness and courage. When he was going up the steps of the scaffold to his death, he said jokingly to the lieutenant of the Tower, observing that they were weak and shook beneath his tread, "I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up; and for my coming down, I can shift for myself." Also he said to the executioner, after he had laid his head upon the block, "Let me put my beard out of the way; for that, at least, has never committed any treason." Then his head was struck off at a blow. These two executions were worthy of King Henry the Eighth. Sir Thomas More was one of the most virtuous men in his dominions, and the bishop was one of his oldest and truest friends. But to be a friend of that fellow was almost as dangerous as to be his wife.

When the news of these two murders got to Rome, the Pope raged against the murderer more than ever pope raged since the world began, and prepared a bull, ordering his subjects to take arms against him and dethrone him. The king took all possible

precautions to keep that document out of his dominions, and set to work in return to suppress a great number of the English monasteries and abbeys.

This destruction was begun by a body of commissioners, of whom Cromwell (whom the king had taken into great favour) was the head; and was carried on through some few years to its entire completion. There is no doubt that many of these religious establishments were religious in nothing but in name, and were crammed with lazy, indolent, and sensual monks. There is no doubt that they imposed upon the people in every possible way; that they had images moved by wires, which they pretended were miraculously moved by Heaven; that they had among them a whole tun-measureful of teeth, all purporting to have come out of the head of one saint, who must indeed have been a very extraordinary person with that enormous allowance of grinders; that they had bits of coal which they said had fried St. Lawrence, and bits of toe-nails which they said belonged to other famous saints, pen-knives and boots and girdles which they said belonged to others; and that all these bits of rubbish were called relics, and adored by the ignorant people. But on the other hand, there is no doubt, either, that the king's officers and men punished the good monks with the bad; did great injustice; demolished many beautiful things and many valuable libraries; destroyed numbers of paintings, stained-glass windows, fine pavements, and carvings; and that the whole court were ravenously greedy and rapacious for the division of this great spoil among them. The king seems to have grown almost mad in the ardour of this pursuit; for he declared Thomas à Becket a traitor, though he had been dead so many years, and had his body dug up out of his grave. He must have been as miraculous as the monks pretended, if they had told the truth; for he was found with one head on his shoulders, and they had shown another as his undoubted and genuine head ever since his death; it had brought them vast sums of money too. The gold and jewels on his shrine filled two great chests, and eight men tottered as they carried them away. How rich the monasteries were you may infer from the fact that, when they were all suppressed, one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year — in those days an immense sum — came to the crown.

These things were not done without causing great discontent among the people. The monks had been good landlords and

hospitable entertainers of all travellers, and had been accustomed to give away a great deal of corn and fruit and meat and other things. In those days it was difficult to change goods into money, in consequence of the roads being very few and very bad, and the carts and wagons of the worst description and they must either have given away some of the good things they possessed in enormous quantities, or have suffered them to spoil and moulder. So many of the people missed what it was more agreeable to get idly than to work for; and the monks, who were driven out of their homes and wandered about, encouraged their discontent, and there were, consequently, great risings in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. These were put down by terrific executions, from which the monks themselves did not escape; and the king went on grunting and growling in his own fat way, like a royal pig.

I have told this story of the religious houses at one time, to make it plainer, and to get back to the king's domestic affairs.

The unfortunate Queen Catherine was by this time dead; and the king was by this time as tired of his second queen as he had been of his first. As he had fallen in love with Anne when she was in the service of Catherine, so he now fell in love with another lady in the service of Anne. See how wicked deeds are punished, and how bitterly and self-reproachfully the queen must now have thought of her own rise to the throne! The new fancy was a Lady Jane Seymour; and the king no sooner set his mind on her, than he resolved to have Anne Boleyn's head. So he brought a number of charges against Anne, accusing her of dreadful crimes which she had never committed, and implicating in them her own brother and certain gentlemen in her service, among whom one Norris, and Mark Smeaton, are best remembered. As the lords and councillors were as afraid of the king and as subservient to him as the meanest peasant in England was, they brought in Anne Boleyn guilty, and the other unfortunate persons accused with her guilty too. Those gentlemen died like men, with the exception of Smeaton, who had been tempted by the king into telling lies, which he called confessions, and who had expected to be pardoned; but who, I am very glad to say, was not. There was then only the queen to dispose of. She had been surrounded in the Tower with women spies, had been monstrously persecuted and foully slandered, and had received no justice. But her

spirit rose with her afflictions ; and after having in vain tried to soften the king by writing an affecting letter to him which still exists, "from her doleful prison in the Tower," she resigned herself to death. She said to those about her, very cheerfully, that she had heard say the executioner was a good one, and that she had a little neck (she laughed and clasped it with her hands as she said that), and would soon be out of her pain. And she *was* soon out of pain, poor creature ! on the green inside the Tower ; and her body was flung into an old box, and put away in the ground under the chapel.

There is a story that the king sat in his palace listening very anxiously for the sound of the cannon which was to announce this new murder ; and that, when he heard it come booming on the air, he rose up in great spirits, and ordered out his dogs to go a hunting. He was bad enough to do it ; but whether he did it or not, it is certain that he married Jane Seymour the very next day.

I have not much pleasure in recording that she lived just long enough to give birth to a son, who was christened Edward, and then to die of fever ; for I cannot but think that any woman who married such a ruffian, and knew what innocent blood was on his hands, deserved the axe that would assuredly have fallen on the neck of Jane Seymour if she had lived much longer.

Cranmer had done what he could to save some of the Church property for purposes of religion and education ; but the great families had been so hungry to get hold of it, that very little could be rescued for such objects. Even Miles Coverdale, who did the people the inestimable service of translating the Bible into English (which the unreformed religion never permitted to be done), was left in poverty while the great families clutched the Church lands and money. The people had been told that, when the crown came into possession of these funds, it would not be necessary to tax them ; but they were taxed afresh directly afterwards. It was fortunate for them, indeed, that so many nobles were so greedy for this wealth ; since, if it had remained with the crown, there might have been no end to tyranny for hundreds of years. One of the most active writers on the Church's side against the king was a member of his own family, a sort of distant cousin, Reginald Pole by name, who attacked him in the most violent manner (though he received a pension from him all the time), and fought for the Church with

his pen, day and night. As he was beyond the king's reach, being in Italy, the king politely invited him over to discuss the subject; but he, knowing better than to come, and wisely staying where he was, the king's rage fell upon his brother, Lord Montague, the Marquis of Exeter, and some other gentlemen; who were tried for high treason in corresponding with him and aiding him, which they probably did, and were all executed. The Pope made Reginald Pole a cardinal; but so much against his will, that it is thought he even aspired in his own mind to the vacant throne of England, and had hopes of marrying the Princess Mary. His being made a high priest, however, put an end to all that. His mother, the venerable Countess of Salisbury, who was, unfortunately for herself, within the tyrant's reach, was the last of his relatives on whom his wrath fell. When she was told to lay her grey head upon the block, she answered the executioner, "No; my head never committed treason, and, if you want it, you shall seize it!" So she ran round and round the scaffold, with the executioner striking at her, and her grey hair bedabbled with blood; and, even when they held her down upon the block, she moved her head about to the last, resolved to be no party to her own barbarous murder. All this the people bore, as they had borne everything else.

Indeed, they bore much more; for the slow fires of Smithfield were continually burning, and people were constantly being roasted to death,—still to show what a good Christian the king was. He defied the Pope and his bull, which was now issued, and had come into England; but he burned innumerable people whose only offence was that they differed from the Pope's religious opinions. There was a wretched man named Lambert, among others, who was tried for this before the king, and with whom six bishops argued, one after another. When he was quite exhausted (as well he might be, after six bishops), he threw himself on the king's mercy; but the king blustered out that he had no mercy for heretics. So *he*, too, fed the fire.

All this the people bore, and more than all this yet. The national spirit seems to have been banished from the kingdom at this time. The very people who were executed for treason, the very wives and friends of the "bluff" king, spoke of him on the scaffold as a good prince, and a gentle prince, just as ~~serfs~~ in similar circumstances have been known to do, under the

sultan and bashaws of the East, or under the fierce old tyrants of Russia, who poured boiling and freezing water on them alternately, until they died. The Parliament were as bad as the rest, and gave the king whatever he wanted; among other vile accommodations, they gave him new powers of murdering, at his will and pleasure, any one whom he might choose to call a traitor. But the worst measure they passed was an act of six articles, commonly called, at the time, "the whip with six strings," which punished offences against the Pope's opinions without mercy, and enforced the very worst parts of the monkish religion. Cranmer would have modified it, if he could; but being overborne by the Romish party, had not the power. As one of the articles declared that priests should not marry, and as he was married himself, he sent his wife and children into Germany, and began to tremble at his danger; none the less because he was, and had long been, the king's friend. This whip of six strings was made under the king's own eye. It should never be forgotten of him how cruelly he supported the worst of the popish doctrines when there was nothing to be got by opposing them.

This amiable monarch now thought of taking another wife. He proposed to the French king to have some of the ladies of the French court exhibited before him, that he might make his royal choice; but the French king answered that he would rather not have his ladies trotted out to be shown like horses at a fair. He proposed to the Dowager Duchess of Milan, who replied that she might have thought of such a match if she had had two heads; but that, only owning one, she must beg to keep it safe. At last Cromwell represented that there was a Protestant princess in Germany, — those who held the reformed religion were called Protestants, because their leaders had protested against the abuses and impositions of the unreformed church, — named Anne of Cleves, who was beautiful, and would answer the purpose admirably. The king said, Was she a large woman? because he must have a fat wife. "Oh, yes!" said Cromwell; "she was very large, just the thing." On hearing this, the king sent over his famous painter, Hans Holbein, to take her portrait. Hans made her out to be so good-looking that the king was satisfied, and the marriage was arranged. But whether anybody had paid Hans to touch up the picture, or whether Hans, like one or two other painters,

flattered a princess in the ordinary way of business, I cannot say; all I know is, that when Anne came over, and the king went to Rochester to meet her, and first saw her without her seeing him, he swore she was "a great Flanders mare," and said he would never marry her. Being obliged to do it, now matters had gone so far, he would not give her the presents he had prepared, and would never notice her. He never forgave Cromwell his part in the affair. His downfall dates from that time.

It was quickened by his enemies, in the interests of the unreformed religion, putting in the king's way, at a state dinner, a niece of the Duke of Norfolk, Catherine Howard, a young lady of fascinating manners, though small in stature and not particularly beautiful. Falling in love with her on the spot, the king soon divorced Anne of Cleves, after making her the subject of much brutal talk, on pretence that she had been previously betrothed to some one else, — which would never do for one of his dignity, — and married Catherine. It is probable that on his wedding-day, of all days in the year, he sent his faithful Cromwell to the scaffold, and had his head struck off. He further celebrated the occasion by burning at one time, and causing to be drawn to the fire on the same hurdles, some Protestant prisoners for denying the Pope's doctrines, and some Roman Catholic prisoners for denying his own supremacy. Still the people bore it, and not a gentleman in England raised his hand.

But by a just retribution, it soon came out that Catherine Howard, before her marriage, had been really guilty of such crimes as the king had falsely attributed to his second wife, Anne Boleyn; so again the dreadful axe made the king a widower, and this queen passed away as so many in that reign had passed away before her. As an appropriate pursuit under the circumstances, Henry then applied himself to superintending the composition of a religious book, called "A Necessary Doctrine for any Christian Man." He must have been a little confused in his mind, I think, at about this period; for he was so false to himself as to be true to some one, — that some one being Cranmer, whom the Duke of Norfolk and others of his enemies tried to ruin, but to whom the king was steadfast, and to whom he one night gave his ring, charging him when he should find himself, next day, accused of treason, to show it to

the council board. This Cranmer did, to the confusion of his enemies. I suppose the king thought he might want him a little longer.

He married yet once more. Yes; strange to say, he found in England another woman who would become his wife, and she was Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer. She leaned towards the reformed religion; and it is some comfort to know, that she tormented the king considerably by arguing a variety of doctrinal points with him on all possible occasions. She had very nearly done this to her own destruction. After one of these conversations, the king, in a very black mood, actually instructed Gardiner, one of the bishops who favoured the popish opinions, to draw a bill of accusation against her, which would have inevitably brought her to the scaffold where her predecessors had died, but that one of her friends picked up the paper of instructions which had been dropped in the palace, and gave her timely notice. She fell ill with terror; but managed the king so well when he came to entrap her into further statements, — by saying that she had only spoken on such points to divert his mind, and to get some information from his extraordinary wisdom, — that he gave her a kiss, and called her his sweetheart. And when the chancellor came next day, actually to take her to the Tower, the king sent him about his business, and honoured him with the epithets of a beast, a knave, and a fool. So near was Catherine Parr to the block, and so narrow was her escape!

There was war with Scotland in this reign, and a short, clumsy war with France for favouring Scotland; but the events at home were so dreadful, and leave such an enduring stain on the country, that I need say no more of what happened abroad.

A few more horrors, and this reign is over. There was a lady, Anne Askew, in Lincolnshire, who inclined to the Protestant opinions, and whose husband, being a fierce Catholic, turned her out of the house. She came to London, and was considered as offending against the six articles, and was taken to the Tower, and put upon the rack, — probably because it was hoped she might, in her agony, criminate some obnoxious persons; if falsely, so much the better. She was tortured without uttering a cry, until the lieutenant of the Tower would suffer his men to torture her no more; and then two priests, who were present, actually pulled off their robes, and turned the wheels of

the rack with their own hands, so rending and twisting and breaking her that she was afterwards carried to the fire in a chair. She was burned with three others, — a gentleman, a clergyman, and a tailor; and so the world went on.

Either the king became afraid of the power of the Duke of Norfolk, and his son the Earl of Surrey, or they gave him some offence; but he resolved to pull *them* down, to follow all the rest who were gone. The son was tried first, — of course for nothing, — and defended himself bravely; but of course he was found guilty, and of course he was executed. Then his father was laid hold of, and left for death too.

But the king himself was left for death by a greater King, and the earth was to be rid of him at last. He was now a swollen, hideous spectacle, with a great hole in his leg, and so odious to every sense that it was dreadful to approach him. When he was found to be dying, Cranmer was sent for from his palace at Croydon, and came with all speed, but found him speechless. Happily, in that hour he perished. He was in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and thirty-eighth of his reign.

Henry the Eighth has been favoured by some Protestant writers, because the Reformation was achieved in his time. But the mighty merit of it lies with other men, and not with him; and it can be rendered none the worse by this monster's crimes, and none the better by any defence of them. The plain truth is, that he was a most intolerable ruffian, a disgrace to human nature, and a blot of blood and grease upon the history of England.

CHAPTER XXIX

ENGLAND UNDER EDWARD THE SIXTH

HENRY THE EIGHTH had made a will, appointing a council of sixteen to govern the kingdom for his son while he was under age (he was now only ten years old), and another council of twelve to help them. The most powerful of the first council was the Earl of Hertford, the young king's uncle, who lost no time in bringing his nephew with great state up to Enfield, and thence to the Tower. It was considered at the time a striking proof of virtue in the young king that he was sorry for his father's death; but as common subjects have that virtue too, sometimes, we will say no more about it.

There was a curious part of the late king's will, requiring his executors to fulfil whatever promises he had made. Some of the court wondering what these might be, the Earl of Hertford and the other noblemen interested said that they were promises to advance and enrich *them*. So the Earl of Hertford made himself Duke of Somerset, and made his brother Edward Seymour a baron; and there were various similar promotions all very agreeable to the parties concerned, and very dutiful, no doubt, to the late king's memory. To be more dutiful still, they made themselves rich out of the Church lands, and were very comfortable. The new Duke of Somerset caused himself to be declared Protector of the kingdom, and was, indeed, the king.

As young Edward the Sixth had been brought up in the principles of the Protestant religion, everybody knew that they would be maintained. But Cranmer, to whom they were chiefly intrusted, advanced them steadily and temperately. Many superstitious and ridiculous practices were stopped; but practices which were harmless were not interfered with.

The Duke of Somerset, the Protector, was anxious to have the young king engaged in marriage to the young queen of Scotland, in order to prevent that princess from making an alliance with any foreign power; but as a large party in Scot-

land were unfavourable to this plan, he invaded that country. His excuse for doing so was, that the Border men — that is, the Scotch who lived in that part of the country where England and Scotland joined — troubled the English very much. But there were two sides to this question; for the English Border men troubled the Scotch too; and, through many long years, there were perpetual Border quarrels, which gave rise to numbers of old tales and songs. However, the Protector invaded Scotland; and Arran, Scottish regent, with an army twice as large as his, advanced to meet him. They encountered on the banks of the river Esk, within a few miles of Edinburgh; and there, after a little skirmish, the Protector made such moderate proposals, in offering to retire if the Scotch would only engage not to marry their princess to any foreign prince, that the regent thought the English were afraid. But in this he made a horrible mistake; for the English soldiers on land, and the English sailors on the water, so set upon the Scotch, that they broke and fled, and more than ten thousand of them were killed. It was a dreadful battle, for the fugitives were slain without mercy. The ground for four miles, all the way to Edinburgh, was strewn with dead men, and with arms and legs and heads. Some hid themselves in streams, and were drowned; some threw away their armour, and were killed running, almost naked; but in this battle of Pinkey the English lost only two or three hundred men. They were much better clothed than the Scotch, at the poverty of whose appearance and country they were exceedingly astonished.

A Parliament was called when Somerset came back; and it repealed the whip with six strings, and did one or two other good things; though it unhappily retained the punishment of burning for those people who did not make believe to believe, in all religious matters, what the government had declared that they must and should believe. It also made a foolish law (meant to put down beggars), that any man who lived idly, and loitered about for three days together, should be burned with a hot iron, made a slave, and wear an iron fetter. But this savage absurdity soon came to an end, and went the way of a great many other foolish laws.

The Protector was now so proud, that he sat in Parliament before all the nobles, on the right hand of the throne. Many other noblemen, who only wanted to be as proud if they could

get a chance, became his enemies of course; and it is supposed that he came back suddenly from Scotland because he had received news that his brother, Lord Seymour, was becoming dangerous to him. This lord was now High Admiral of England; a very handsome man, and a great favourite with the court ladies,—even with the young Princess Elizabeth, who romped with him a little more than young princesses in these times do with any one. He had married Catherine Parr, the late king's widow, who was now dead; and to strengthen his power, he secretly supplied the young king with money. He may even have engaged with some of his brother's enemies in a plot to carry the boy off. On these, and other accusations, at any rate, he was confined in the Tower, impeached, and found guilty; his own brother's name being—unnatural and sad to tell—the first signed to the warrant for his execution. He was executed on Tower Hill, and died denying his treason. One of his last proceedings in this world was to write two letters, one to the Princess Elizabeth, and one to the Princess Mary, which a servant of his took charge of, and concealed in his shoe. These letters are supposed to have urged them against his brother, and to revenge his death. What they truly contained is not known; but there is doubt that he had, at one time, obtained great influence over the Princess Elizabeth.

All this while the Protestant religion was making progress. The images which the people had gradually come to worship were removed from the churches; the people were informed that they need not confess themselves to priests unless they chose; a common prayer-book was drawn up in the English language, which all could understand; and many other improvements were made,—still moderately; for Cranmer was a very moderate man, and even restrained the Protestant clergy from violently abusing the unreformed religion, as they very often did, and which was not a good example. But the people were at this time in great distress. The rapacious nobility who had come into possession of the Church lands were very bad landlords. They inclosed great quantities of ground for the feeding of sheep, which was then more profitable than the growing of crops; and this increased the general distress. So the people, who still understood little of what was going on about them, and still readily believed what the homeless monks told them,—many of whom had been their good friends in their better

days, — took it into their heads that all this was owing to the reformed religion, and therefore rose in many parts of the country.

The most powerful risings were in Devonshire and Norfolk. In Devonshire, the rebellion was so strong that ten thousand men united within a few days, and even laid siege to Exeter. But Lord Russell, coming to the assistance of the citizens who defended that town, defeated the rebels; and not only hanged the mayor of one place, but hanged the vicar of another from his own church steeple. What with hanging and killing by the sword, four thousand of the rebels are supposed to have fallen in that one county. In Norfolk (where the rising was more against the inclosure of open lands than against the reformed religion), the popular leader was a man named Robert Ket, a tanner of Wymondham. The mob were, in the first instance, excited against the tanner by one John Flowerdew, a gentleman who owed him a grudge; but the tanner was more than a match for the gentleman, since he soon got the people on his side, and established himself near Norwich, with quite an army. There was a large oak-tree in that place, on a spot called Moushold Hill, which Ket named the Tree of Reformation; and under its green boughs, he and his men sat in the mid-summer weather, holding courts of justice, and debating affairs of state. They were even impartial enough to allow some rather tiresome public speakers to get up into this Tree of Reformation, and point out their errors to them in long discourses, while they lay listening (not always without some grumbling and growling) in the shade below. At last, one sunny July day, a herald appeared below the tree, and proclaimed Ket and all his men traitors, unless from that moment they dispersed and went home; in which case they were to receive a pardon. But Ket and his men made light of the herald, and became stronger than ever, until the Earl of Warwick went after them with a sufficient force, and cut them all to pieces. A few were hanged, drawn, and quartered as traitors; and their limbs were sent into various country places to be a terror to the people. Nine of them were hanged upon nine green branches of the Oak of Reformation; and so for the time that tree may be said to have withered away.

The Protector, though a haughty man, had compassion for the real distresses of the common people, and a sincere desire to help them. But he was too proud and too high in degree to

hold even their favour steadily ; and many of the nobles always envied and hated him, because they were as proud and not as high as he. He was at this time building a great palace in the Strand ; to get the stone for which he blew up church steeples with gunpowder, and pulled down bishops' houses, thus making himself still more disliked. At length, his principal enemy, the Earl of Warwick, — Dudley by name, and the son of that Dudley who had made himself so odious with Empson, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, — joined with seven other members of the council against him, formed a separate council, and, become stronger in a few days, sent him to the Tower under twenty-nine articles of accusation. After being sentenced by the council to the forfeiture of all his offices and lands, he was liberated and pardoned on making a very humble submission. He was even taken back into the council again, after having suffered this fall, and married his daughter, Lady Anne Seymour, to Warwick's eldest son. But such a reconciliation was little likely to last, and did not outlive a year. Warwick, having got himself made Duke of Northumberland, and having advanced the more important of his friends, then finished the history by causing the Duke of Somerset and his friend Lord Grey, and others, to be arrested for treason, in having conspired to seize and dethrone the king. They were also accused of having intended to seize the new Duke of Northumberland, with his friends, Lord Northampton and Lord Pembroke, to murder them if they found need, and to raise the city to revolt. All this the fallen Protector positively denied ; except that he confessed to having spoken of the murder of those three noblemen, but having never designed it. He was acquitted of the charge of treason, and found guilty of the other charges ; so when the people — who remembered his having been their friend, now that he was disgraced and in danger — saw him come out from his trial with the axe turned from him, they thought he was altogether acquitted, and set up a loud shout of joy.

But the Duke of Somerset was ordered to be beheaded on Tower Hill, at eight o'clock in the morning, and proclamations were issued bidding the citizens keep at home until after ten. They filled the streets, however, and crowded the place of execution as soon as it was light ; and, with sad faces and sad hearts, saw the once powerful protector ascend the scaffold to lay his head upon the dreadful block. While he was yet say-

ing his last words to them with manly courage, and telling them in particular how it comforted him, at that pass, to have assisted in reforming the national religion, a member of the council was seen riding up on horseback. They again thought that the duke was saved by his bringing a reprieve, and again shouted for joy. But the duke himself told them they were mistaken, and laid down his head and had it struck off at a blow.

Many of the bystanders rushed forward, and steeped their handkerchiefs in his blood, as a mark of their affection. He had, indeed, been capable of many good acts, and one of them was discovered after he was no more. The Bishop of Durham, a very good man, had been informed against to the council, when the duke was in power, as having answered a treacherous letter proposing a rebellion against the reformed religion. As the answer could not be found, he could not be declared guilty; but it was now discovered, hidden by the duke himself among some private papers, in his regard for that good man. The bishop lost his office, and was deprived of his possessions.

It is not very pleasant to know that while his uncle lay in prison under sentence of death, the young king was being vastly entertained by plays and dances and sham fights; but there is no doubt of it, for he kept a journal himself. It is pleasanter to know that not a single Roman Catholic was burnt in this reign for holding that religion; though two wretched victims suffered for heresy. One, a woman named Joan Bocher, for professing some opinions that even she could only explain in unintelligible jargon. The other, a Dutchman, named Von Paris, who practised as a surgeon in London. Edward was, to his credit, exceedingly unwilling to sign the warrant for the woman's execution: shedding tears before he did so, and telling Cranmer who urged him to do it (though Cranmer really would have spared the woman at first, but for her own determined obstinacy), that the guilt was not his, but that of the man who so strongly urged the dreadful act. We shall see, too soon, whether the time ever came when Cranmer is likely to have remembered this with sorrow and remorse.

Cranmer and Ridley (at first Bishop of Rochester, and afterwards Bishop of London) were the most powerful of the clergy of this reign. Others were imprisoned and deprived of their property for still adhering to the unreformed religion; the most important among whom were Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester,

Heath, Bishop of Worcester, Day, Bishop of Chichester, and Bonner, that Bishop of London who was superseded by Ridley. The Princess Mary, who inherited her mother's gloomy temper, and hated the reformed religion as connected with her mother's wrongs and sorrows, — she knew nothing else about it, always refusing to read a single book in which it was truly described, — held by the unreformed religion too, and was the only person in the kingdom for whom the old mass was allowed to be performed; nor would the young king have made that exception even in her favour, but for the strong persuasions of Cranmer and Ridley. He always viewed it with horror; and when he fell into a sickly condition, after having been very ill, first of the measles and then of the smallpox, he was greatly troubled in mind to think that if he died, and she, the next heir to the throne, succeeded, the Roman Catholic religion would be set up again.

This uneasiness, the Duke of Northumberland was not slow to encourage; for if the Princess Mary came to the throne, he, who had taken part with the Protestants, was sure to be disgraced. Now, the Duchess of Suffolk was descended from King Henry the Seventh; and if she resigned what little or no right she had, in favour of her daughter, Lady Jane Grey, that would be the succession to promote the duke's greatness; because Lord Guilford Dudley, one of his sons, was, at this very time, newly married to her. So he worked upon the king's fears, and persuaded him to set aside both the Princess Mary and the Princess Elizabeth, and assert his right to appoint his successor. Accordingly the young king handed to the crown lawyers a writing signed half a dozen times over by himself, appointing Lady Jane Grey to succeed to the crown, and requiring them to have his will made out according to law. They were much against it at first, and told the king so; but the Duke of Northumberland being so violent about it that the lawyers even expected him to beat them, and hotly declaring that, stripped to his shirt, he would fight any man in such a quarrel, they yielded. Cranmer also at first hesitated, pleading that he had sworn to maintain the succession of the crown to the Princess Mary; but he was a weak man in his resolutions, and afterwards signed the document with the rest of the council.

It was completed none too soon; for Edward was now sinking in a rapid decline; and, by way of making him better, they

handed him over to a woman doctor who pretended to be able to cure it. He speedily got worse. On the sixth of July, in the year 1553, he died, very peaceably and piously, praying God, with his last breath, to protect the reformed religion.

This king died in the sixteenth year of his age, and in the seventh of his reign. It is difficult to judge what the character of one so young might afterwards have become among so many bad, ambitious, quarrelling nobles. But he was an amiable boy, of very good abilities, and had nothing coarse or cruel or brutal in his disposition, which in the son of such a father is rather surprising.

CHAPTER XXX

ENGLAND UNDER MARY

THE Duke of Northumberland was very anxious to keep the young king's death a secret, in order that he might get the two princesses in his power. But the Princess Mary, being informed of that event as she was on her way to London to see her sick brother, turned her horse's head, and rode away into Norfolk. The Earl of Arundel was her friend; and it was he who sent her warning of what had happened.

As the secret could not be kept, the Duke of Northumberland and the council sent for the Lord Mayor of London and some of the aldermen, and made a merit of telling it to them. Then they made it known to the people, and set off to inform Lady Jane Grey that she was to be queen.

She was a pretty girl of only sixteen, and was amiable, learned, and clever. When the lords who came to her fell on their knees before her, and told her what tidings they brought, she was so astonished that she fainted. On recovering, she expressed her sorrow for the young king's death, and said that she knew she was unfit to govern the kingdom; but that, if she must be queen, she prayed God to direct her. She was then at Sion House, near Brentford; and the lords took her down the river in state to the Tower, that she might remain there (as the custom was) until she was crowned. But the people were not at all favourable to Lady Jane, considering that the right to be queen was Mary's, and greatly disliking the Duke of Northumberland. They were not put into a better humour by the duke's causing a vintner's servant, one Gabriel Pot, to be taken up for expressing his dissatisfaction among the crowd, and to have his ears nailed to the pillory, and cut off. Some powerful men among the nobility declared on Mary's side. They raised troops to support her cause, had her proclaimed queen at Norwich, and gathered around her at the castle of Framingham, which belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. For she was not consid-

ered so safe as yet, but that it was best to keep her in a castle on the sea-coast, from whence she might be sent abroad if necessary.

The council would have despatched Lady Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, as the general of the army against this force; but as Lady Jane implored that her father might remain with her, and as he was known to be but a weak man, they told the Duke of Northumberland that he must take the command himself. He was not very ready to do so, as he mistrusted the council much; but there was no help for it, and he set forth with a heavy heart, observing to a lord who rode beside him through Shoreditch, at the head of the troops, that, although the people pressed in great numbers to look at them, they were terribly silent.

And his fears for himself turned out to be well founded. While he was waiting at Cambridge for further help from the council, the council took it into their heads to turn their backs on Lady Jane's cause, and to take up the Princess Mary's. This was chiefly owing to the before-mentioned Earl of Arundel, who represented to the lord mayor and aldermen, in a second interview with those sagacious persons, that as for himself, he did not perceive the reformed religion to be in much danger, — which Lord Pembroke backed by flourishing his sword as another kind of persuasion. The lord mayor and aldermen, thus enlightened, said there could be no doubt that the Princess Mary ought to be queen. So she was proclaimed at the Cross by St. Paul's; and barrels of wine were given to the people, and they got very drunk, and danced round blazing bonfires, little thinking, poor wretches, what other bonfires would soon be blazing in Queen Mary's name.

After a ten days' dream of royalty, Lady Jane Grey resigned the crown with great willingness, saying that she had only accepted it in obedience to her father and mother; and went gladly back to her pleasant house by the river, and her books. Mary then came on towards London; and at Wanstead, in Essex, was joined by her half sister, the Princess Elizabeth. They passed through the streets of London to the Tower; and there the new queen met some eminent prisoners then confined in it, kissed them, and gave them their liberty. Among these was that Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who had been imprisoned in the last reign for holding to the unreformed religion. Him she soon made chancellor.

The Duke of Northumberland had been taken prisoner, and, together with his son and five others, was quickly brought before the council. He, not unnaturally, asked that council, in his defence, whether it was treason to obey orders that had been issued under the great seal; and, if it were, whether they, who had obeyed them too, ought to be his judges? But they made light of these points; and, being resolved to have him out of the way, soon sentenced him to death. He had risen into power upon the death of another man, and made but a poor show (as might be expected) when he himself lay low. He entreated Gardiner to let him live, if it were only in a mouse's hole; and, when he ascended the scaffold to be beheaded on Tower Hill, addressed the people in a miserable way, saying that he had been incited by others, and exhorting them to return to the unreformed religion, which he told them was his faith. There seems reason to suppose that he expected a pardon even then, in return for this confession; but it matters little whether he did or not. His head was struck off.

Mary was now crowned queen. She was thirty-seven years of age, short and thin, wrinkled in the face, and very unhealthy. But she had a great liking for show and for bright colours, and all the ladies of her court were magnificently dressed. She had a great liking, too, for old customs, without much sense in them; and she was oiled in the oldest way, and blessed in the oldest way, and done all manner of things to in the oldest way, at her coronation. I hope they did her good.

She soon began to show her desire to put down the reformed religion, and put up the unreformed one; though it was dangerous work as yet, the people being something wiser than they used to be. They even cast a shower of stones—and among them a dagger—at one of the royal chaplains who attacked the reformed religion in a public sermon. But the queen and her priests went steadily on. Ridley, the powerful bishop of the last reign, was seized and sent to the Tower. Latimer, also celebrated among the clergy of the last reign, was likewise sent to the Tower, and Cranmer speedily followed. Latimer was an aged man, and, as his guards took him through Smithfield, he looked round it, and said, "This is a place that hath long groaned for me." For he knew well what kind of bonfires would soon be burning. Nor was the knowledge confined to him. The prisons were fast filled with the chief

Protestants, who were there left rotting in darkness, hunger, dirt, and separation from their friends; many, who had time left them for escape, fled from the kingdom, and the dullest of the people began now to see what was coming.

It came on fast. A Parliament was got together; not without strong suspicion of unfairness; and they annulled the divorce, formerly pronounced by Cranmer between the queen's mother and King Henry the Eighth, and unmade all the laws on the subject of religion that had been made in the last King Edward's reign. They began their proceedings, in violation of the law, by having the old mass said before them in Latin, and by turning out a bishop who would not kneel down. They also declared guilty of treason Lady Jane Grey, for aspiring to the crown; her husband, for being her husband; and Cranmer, for not believing in the mass aforesaid. They then prayed the queen graciously to choose a husband for herself, as soon as might be.

Now, the question who should be the queen's husband had given rise to a great deal of discussion, and to several contending parties. Some said Cardinal Pole was the man; but the queen was of the opinion that he was *not* the man, he being too old and too much of a student. Others said that the gallant young Courtenay, whom the queen had made Earl of Devonshire, was the man, — and the queen thought so too, for a while, but she changed her mind. At last it appeared that Philip, Prince of Spain, was certainly the man, — though certainly not the people's man; for they detested the idea of such a marriage from the beginning to the end, and murmured that the Spaniard would establish in England, by the aid of foreign soldiers, the worst abuses of the popish religion, and even the terrible Inquisition itself.

These discontents gave rise to a conspiracy for marrying young Courtenay to the Princess Elizabeth, and setting them up, with popular tumults all over the kingdom, against the queen. This was discovered in time by Gardiner; but in Kent, the old bold county, the people rose in their old bold way. Sir Thomas Wyatt, a man of great daring, was their leader. He raised his standard at Maidstone, marched on to Rochester, established himself in the old castle there, and prepared to hold out against the Duke of Norfolk, who came against him with a party of the queen's guards and a body of

five hundred London men. The London men, however, were all for Elizabeth, and not at all for Mary. They declared, under the castle walls, for Wyat; the duke retreated; and Wyat came on to Deptford, at the head of fifteen thousand men.

But these, in their turn, fell away. When he came to Southwark, there were only two thousand left. Not dismayed by finding the London citizens in arms, and the guns at the Tower ready to oppose his crossing the river there, Wyat led them off to Kingston-upon-Thames, intending to cross the bridge that he knew to be in that place, and so to work his way round to Ludgate, one of the old gates of the city. He found the bridge broken down, but mended it, came across, and bravely fought his way up Fleet Street to Ludgate Hill. Finding the gate closed against him, he fought his way back again, sword in hand, to Temple Bar. Here, being overpowered, he surrendered himself, and three or four hundred of his men were taken, besides a hundred killed. Wyat, in a moment of weakness (and perhaps of torture), was afterwards made to accuse the Princess Elizabeth as his accomplice to some very small extent. But his manhood soon returned to him, and he refused to save his life by making any more false confessions. He was quartered and distributed in the usual brutal way, and from fifty to a hundred of his followers were hanged. The rest were led out, with halters round their necks, to be pardoned, and to make a parade of crying out, "God save Queen Mary!"

In the danger of this rebellion, the queen showed herself to be a woman of courage and spirit. She disdained to retreat to any place of safety, and went down to the Guildhall, sceptre in hand, and made a gallant speech to the lord mayor and citizens. But on the day after Wyat's defeat she did the most cruel act, even of her cruel reign, in signing the death warrant for the execution of Lady Jane Grey.

They tried to persuade Lady Jane to accept the unreformed religion; but she steadily refused. On the morning when she was to die, she saw from her window the bleeding and headless body of her husband brought back in a cart from the scaffold on Tower Hill, where he had laid down his life. But as she had declined to see him before his execution, lest she should be overpowered and not make a good end, so she even now showed a constancy and calmness that will never be forgotten. She came up to the scaffold with a firm step and a quiet face, and

addressed the bystanders in a steady voice. They were not numerous ; for she was too young, too innocent and fair, to be murdered before the people on Tower Hill, as her husband had just been : so the place of her execution was within the Tower itself. She said that she had done an unlawful act in taking what was Queen Mary's right ; but that she had done so with no bad intent, and that she died a humble Christian. She begged the executioner to despatch her quickly, and she asked him, " Will you take my head off before I lay me down ? " He answered, " No, madam," and then she was very quiet while they bandaged her eyes. Being blinded, and unable to see the block on which she was to lay her young head, she was seen to feel about for it with her hands, and was heard to say, confused, " Oh, what shall I do ? Where is it ? " Then they guided her to the right place, and the executioner struck off her head. You know too well, now, what dreadful deeds the executioner did in England, through many, many years, and how his axe descended on the hateful block through the necks of some of the bravest, wisest, and best in the land. But it never struck so cruel and so vile a blow as this.

The father of Lady Jane soon followed, but was little pitied. Queen Mary's next object was to lay hold of Elizabeth, and this was pursued with great eagerness. Five hundred men were sent to her retired house at Ashridge, by Berkhamstead, with orders to bring her up, alive or dead. They got there at ten at night, when she was sick in bed. But their leaders followed her lady into her bedchamber, whence she was brought out betimes next morning, and put into a litter to be conveyed to London. She was so weak and ill that she was five days on the road ; still, she was so resolved to be seen by the people that she had the curtains of the litter opened ; and so, very pale and sickly, passed through the streets. She wrote to her sister, saying she was innocent of any crime, and asking why she was made a prisoner ; but she got no answer, and was ordered to the Tower. They took her in by the Traitor's Gate, to which she objected, but in vain. One of the lords who conveyed her offered to cover her with his cloak, as it was raining ; but she put it away from her, proudly and scornfully, and passed into the Tower, and sat down in a courtyard on a stone. They besought her to come in out of the wet ; but she answered that it was better sitting there than in a worse place. At length she

went to her apartment, where she was kept a prisoner, though not so close a prisoner as at Woodstock, whither she was afterwards removed, and where she is said to have one day envied a milkmaid whom she heard singing in the sunshine as she went through the green fields. Gardiner, than whom there were not many worse men among the fierce and sullen priests, cared little to keep secret his stern desire for her death; being used to say that it was of little service to shake off the leaves, and lop the branches of the tree of heresy, if its root, the hope of heretics, were left. He failed, however, in his benevolent design. Elizabeth was at length released; and Hatfield House was assigned to her as a residence, under the care of one Sir Thomas Pope.

It would seem that Philip, the Prince of Spain, was a main cause of this change in Elizabeth's fortunes. He was not an amiable man, being, on the contrary, proud, overbearing, and gloomy; but he and the Spanish lords who came over with him assuredly did discountenance the idea of doing any violence to the princess. It may have been mere prudence, but we will hope it was manhood and honour. The queen had been expecting her husband with great impatience; and at length he came, to her great joy, though he never cared much for her. They were married by Gardiner, at Winchester, and there was more holiday-making among the people; but they had their old distrust of this Spanish marriage, in which even the Parliament shared. Though the members of that Parliament were far from honest, and were strongly suspected to have been bought with Spanish money, they would pass no bill to enable the queen to set aside the Princess Elizabeth, and appoint her own successor.

Although Gardiner failed in this object, as well as in the darker one of bringing the princess to the scaffold, he went on at a great pace in the revival of the unreformed religion. A new Parliament was packed, in which there were no Protestants. Preparations were made to receive Cardinal Pole in England as the Pope's messenger, bringing his holy declaration that all the nobility who had acquired Church property should keep it; which was done to enlist their selfish interest on the Pope's side. Then a great scene was enacted, which was the triumph of the queen's plans. Cardinal Pole arrived with great splendour and dignity, and was received with great pomp. The Parliament joined in a petition expressive of their sorrow at the

change in the national religion, and praying him to receive the country again into the Popish Church. With the queen sitting on her throne, and the king on one side of her, and the cardinal on the other, and the Parliament present, Gardiner read the petition aloud. The cardinal then made a great speech, and was so obliging as to say that all was forgotten and forgiven, and that the kingdom was solemnly made Roman Catholic again.

Everything was now ready for the lighting of the terrible bonfires. The queen having declared to the council, in writing, that she would wish none of her subjects to be burnt without some of the council being present, and that she would particularly wish there to be good sermons at all burnings, the council knew pretty well what was to be done next. So after the cardinal had blessed all the bishops as a preface to the burnings, the Chancellor Gardiner opened a high court at St. Mary Overy, on the Southwark side of London Bridge, for the trial of heretics. Here two of the late Protestant clergymen, Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, and Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, were brought to be tried. Hooper was tried first for being married, though a priest, and for not believing in the mass. He admitted both of these accusations, and said that the mass was a wicked imposition. Then they tried Rogers, who said the same. Next morning the two were brought up to be sentenced; and then Rogers said that his poor wife, being a German woman and a stranger in the land, he hoped might be allowed to come to speak to him before he died. To this the inhuman Gardiner replied, that she was not his wife. "Yea, but she is, my lord," said Rogers; "she hath been my wife these eighteen years." His request was still refused, and they were both sent to Newgate; all those who stood in the streets to sell things being ordered to put out their lights that the people might not see them. But the people stood at their doors with candles in their hands, and prayed for them as they went by. Soon afterwards Rogers was taken out of jail to be burnt in Smithfield; and in the crowd as he went along, he saw his poor wife and his ten children, of whom the youngest was a little baby. And so he was burnt to death.

The next day Hooper, who was to be burnt at Gloucester, was brought out to take his last journey, and was made to wear a hood over his face that he might not be known by the people.

But they did know him for all that, down in his own part of the country ; and when he came near Gloucester, they lined the road, making prayers and lamentations. His guards took him to a lodging, where he slept soundly all night. At nine o'clock next morning, he was brought forth leaning on a staff ; for he had taken cold in prison and was infirm. The iron stake, and the iron chain which was to bind him to it, were fixed up near a great elm-tree, in a pleasant open place before the cathedral, where, on peaceful Sundays, he had been accustomed to preach and to pray when he was Bishop of Gloucester. This tree, which had no leaves then, it being February, was filled with people ; and the priests of Gloucester College were looking complacently on from a window ; and there was a great concourse of spectators in every spot from which a glimpse of the dreadful sight could be beheld. When the old man kneeled down on the small platform at the foot of the stake, and prayed aloud, the nearest people were observed to be so attentive to his prayers that they were ordered to stand farther back ; for it did not suit the Romish Church to have those Protestant words heard. His prayers concluded, he went up to the stake, and was stripped to his shirt, and chained ready for the fire. One of his guards had such compassion on him that, to shorten his agonies, he tied some packets of gunpowder about him. Then they heaped up wood and straw and reeds, and set them all alight. But unhappily the wood was green and damp, and there was a wind blowing that blew what flame there was away. Thus through three quarters of an hour, the good old man was scorched and roasted and smoked, as the fire rose and sank ; and all that time they saw him, as he burned, moving his lips in prayer, and beating his breast with one hand, even after the other was burnt away and had fallen off.

Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were taken to Oxford to dispute with a commission of priests and doctors about the mass. They were shamefully treated ; and it is recorded that the Oxford scholars hissed and howled and groaned, and misconducted themselves in anything but a scholarly way. The prisoners were taken back to jail, and afterwards tried in St. Mary's Church. They were all found guilty. On the sixteenth of the month of October, Ridley and Latimer were brought out to make another of the dreadful bonfires.

The scene of the suffering of these two good Protestant men

was in the city ditch, near Baliol College. On coming to the dreadful spot, they kissed the stakes, and then embraced each other. And then a learned doctor got up into a pulpit which was placed there, and preached a sermon from the text, "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." When you think of the charity of burning men alive, you may imagine that this learned doctor had a rather brazen face. Ridley would have answered his sermon when it came to an end, but was not allowed. When Latimer was stripped, it appeared that he had dressed himself, under his other clothes, in a new shroud; and, as he stood in it before all the people, it was noted of him, and long remembered, that, whereas he had been stooping and feeble but a few minutes before, he now stood upright and handsome, in the knowledge that he was dying for a just and a great cause. Ridley's brother-in-law was there with bags of gunpowder; and, when they were both chained up, he tied them round their bodies. Then a light was thrown upon the pile to fire it. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," said Latimer at that awful moment, "and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." And then he was seen to make motions with his hands as if he were washing them in the flames, and to stroke his aged face with them, and was heard to cry, "Father of Heaven! receive my soul." He died quickly; but the fire, after having burned the legs of Ridley, sunk. There he lingered, chained to the iron post, and crying, "Oh, I cannot burn! Oh, for Christ's sake, let the fire come unto me!" And still, when his brother-in-law had heaped on more wood, he was heard through the blinding smoke, still dismally crying, "Oh, I cannot burn, I cannot burn!" At last the gunpowder caught fire, and ended his miseries.

Five days after this fearful scene, Gardiner went to his tremendous account before God, for the cruelties he had so much assisted in committing.

Cranmer remained still alive and in prison. He was brought out again in February, for more examining and trying, by Bonner, Bishop of London, — another man of blood, who had succeeded to Gardiner's work, even in his lifetime, when Gardiner was tired of it. Cranmer was now degraded as a priest, and left for death; but if the queen hated any one on

earth, she hated him; and it was resolved that he should be ruined and disgraced to the utmost. There is no doubt that the queen and her husband personally urged on these deeds, because they wrote to the council, urging them to be active in the kindling of the fearful fires. As Cranmer was known not to be a firm man, a plan was laid for surrounding him with artful people, and inducing him to recant to the unreformed religion. Deans and friars visited him, played at bowls with him, showed him various attentions, talked persuasively with him, gave him money for his prison comforts, and induced him to sign, I fear, as many as six recantations. But when, after all, he was taken out to be burnt, he was nobly true to his better self, and made a glorious end.

After prayers and a sermon, Dr. Cole, the preacher of the day (who had been one of the artful priests about Cranmer in prison), required him to make a public confession of his faith before the people. This Cole did, expecting that he would declare himself a Roman Catholic. "I *will* make a profession of my faith," said Cranmer, "and with a good will too."

Then he arose before them all, and took from the sleeve of his robe a written prayer, and read it aloud. That done, he knelt and said the Lord's Prayer, all the people joining; and then he arose again, and told them that he believed in the Bible; and that in what he had lately written, he had written what was not the truth; and that, because his right hand had signed those papers, he would burn his right hand first when he came to the fire. As for the Pope, he did refuse him and denounce him, as the enemy of Heaven. Hereupon the pious Dr. Cole cried out to the guards to stop that heretic's mouth, and take him away.

So they took him away, and chained him to the stake, where he hastily took off his own clothes to make ready for the flames. And he stood before the people with a bald head and a white and flowing beard. He was so firm now, when the worst was come, that he again declared against his recantation, and was so impressive and so undismayed that a certain lord, who was one of the directors of the execution, called out to his men to make haste. When the fire was lighted, Cranmer, true to his latest word, stretched out his right hand, and crying out, "This hand hath offended!" held it among the flames, until it blazed and burned away. His heart was found entire among his ashes, and

he left at last a memorable name in English history. Cardinal Pole celebrated the day by saying his first mass; and next day he was made Archbishop of Canterbury in Cranmer's place.

The queen's husband, who was now mostly abroad in his own dominions, and generally made a coarse jest of her to his more familiar courtiers, was at war with France, and came over to seek the assistance of England. England was very unwilling to engage in a French war for his sake; but it happened that the king of France, at this very time, aided a descent upon the English coast. Hence, war was declared, greatly to Philip's satisfaction; and the queen raised a sum of money with which to carry it on, by every unjustifiable means in her power. It met with no profitable return; for the French Duke of Guise surprised Calais, and the English sustained a complete defeat. The losses they met with in France greatly mortified the national pride, and the queen never recovered the blow.

There was a bad fever raging in England at this time; and I am glad to write that the queen took it, and the hour of her death came. "When I am dead, and my body is opened," she said to those around her, "ye shall find Calais written on my heart." I should have thought, if anything were written on it, they would have found the words: Jane Grey, Hooper, Rogers, Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and three hundred people burnt alive within four years of my wicked reign, including sixty women and forty little children. But it is enough that their deaths were written in heaven.

The queen died on the seventeenth of November, 1558, after reigning not quite five years and a half, and in the forty-fourth year of her age. Cardinal Pole died of the same fever next day.

As Bloody Queen Mary, this woman has become famous; and as Bloody Queen Mary she will ever be justly remembered with horror and detestation in Great Britain. Her memory has been held in such abhorrence that some writers have arisen in later years to take her part, and to show that she was, upon the whole, quite an amiable and cheerful sovereign! "By their fruits ye shall know them," said our Saviour. The stake and the fire were the fruits of this reign, and you will judge this queen by nothing else.

CHAPTER XXXI

ENGLAND UNDER ELIZABETH

PART THE FIRST

THERE was great rejoicing over all the land when the lords of the council went down to Hatfield to hail the Princess Elizabeth as the new queen of England. Weary of the barbarities of Mary's reign, the people looked with hope and gladness to the new sovereign. The nation seemed to wake from a horrible dream; and heaven, so long hidden by the smoke of the fires that roasted men and women to death, appeared to brighten once more.

Queen Elizabeth was five-and-twenty years of age when she rode through the streets of London, from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, to be crowned. Her countenance was strongly marked, but, on the whole, commanding and dignified; her hair was red, and her nose something too long and sharp for a woman's. She was not the beautiful creature her courtiers made out; but she was well enough, and no doubt looked all the better for coming after the dark and gloomy Mary. She was well educated, but a roundabout writer, and rather a hard swearer and coarse talker. She was clever, but cunning and deceitful, and inherited much of her father's violent temper. I mention this now, because she has been so over-praised by one party, and so over-abused by another, that it is hardly possible to understand the greater part of her reign without first understanding what kind of woman she really was.

She began her reign with the great advantage of having a very wise and careful minister, Sir William Cecil, whom she afterwards made Lord Burleigh. Altogether, the people had greater reason for rejoicing than they usually had when there were processions in the streets; and they were happy with some reason. All kinds of shows and images were set up; Gog and Magog were hoisted to the top of Temple Bar; and (which was more to the purpose) the corporation dutifully presented the young queen with the sum of a thousand marks in gold, — so

heavy a present, that she was obliged to take it into her carriage with both hands. The coronation was a great success; and on the next day one of the courtiers presented a petition to the new queen, praying that, as it was the custom to release some prisoner on such occasions, she would have the goodness to release the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and also the Apostle St. Paul, who had been for some time shut up in a strange language, so that the people could not get at them.

To this the queen replied that it would be better first to inquire of themselves whether they desired to be released or not; and as a means of finding out, a great public discussion — a sort of religious tournament — was appointed to take place between certain champions of the two religions, in Westminster Abbey. You may suppose that it was soon made pretty clear to common sense, that for people to benefit by what they repeat or read, it is rather necessary they should understand something about it. Accordingly, a church service in plain English was settled, and other laws and regulations were made, completely establishing the great work of the Reformation. The Romish bishops and champions were not harshly dealt with, all things considered; and the queen's ministers were both prudent and merciful.

The one great trouble of this reign, and the unfortunate cause of the greater part of such turmoil and bloodshed as occurred in it, was Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. We will try to understand, in as few words as possible, who Mary was, what she was, and how she came to be a thorn in the royal pillow of Elizabeth.

She was the daughter of the queen regent of Scotland, Mary of Guise. She had been married, when a mere child, to the dauphin, the son and heir of the king of France. The Pope, who pretended that no one could rightfully wear the crown of England without his gracious permission, was strongly opposed to Elizabeth, who had not asked for the said gracious permission. And as Mary, Queen of Scots, would have inherited the English crown in right of her birth, supposing the English Parliament not to have altered the succession, the Pope himself, and most of the discontented who were followers of his, maintained that Mary was the rightful queen of England, and Elizabeth the wrongful queen. Mary, being so closely connected with France, and France being jealous of England, there was

far greater danger in this than there would have been if she had had no alliance with that great power. And when her young husband, on the death of his father, became Francis the Second, king of France, the matter grew very serious. For the young couple styled themselves king and queen of England, and the Pope was disposed to help them by doing all the mischief he could.

Now, the reformed religion, under the guidance of a stern and powerful preacher, named John Knox, and other such men, had been making fierce progress in Scotland. It was still a half-savage country, where there was a great deal of murdering and rioting continually going on; and the reformers, instead of reforming those evils as they should have done, went to work in the ferocious old Scottish spirit, laying churches and chapels waste, pulling down pictures and altars, and knocking about the Gray Friars, and the Black Friars, and the White Friars, and the friars of all sorts of colours, in all directions. This obdurate and harsh spirit of the Scottish reformers (the Scotch have always been rather a sullen and frowning people in religious matters) put up the blood of the Romish French court, and caused France to send troops over to Scotland, with the hope of setting the friars of all sorts of colours on their legs again; of conquering that country first, and England afterwards, and so crushing the Reformation all to pieces. The Scottish reformers, who had formed a great league which they called the Congregation of the Lord, secretly represented to Elizabeth that, if the reformed religion got the worst of it with them, it would be likely to get the worst of it in England too; and thus Elizabeth, though she had a high notion of the rights of kings and queens to do anything they liked, sent an army to Scotland to support the reformers, who were in arms against their sovereign. All these proceedings led to a treaty of peace at Edinburgh, under which the French consented to depart from the kingdom. By a separate treaty, Mary and her young husband engaged to renounce their assumed title of king and queen of England. But this treaty they never fulfilled.

It happened soon after matters had got to this state, that the young French king died, leaving Mary a young widow. She was then invited by her Scottish subjects to return home and reign over them; and, as she was not now happy where she was, she, after a little time, complied.

Elizabeth had been queen three years when Mary, Queen of Scots, embarked at Calais for her own rough, quarrelling country. As she came out of the harbour, a vessel was lost before her eyes; and she said, "O good God! what an omen this is for such a voyage!" She was very fond of France, and sat on the deck, looking back at it and weeping, until it was quite dark. When she went to bed, she directed to be called at daybreak, if the French coast were still visible, that she might behold it for the last time. As it proved to be a clear morning, this was done; and she again wept for the country she was leaving, and said many times, "Farewell, France! Farewell, France! I shall never see thee again!" All this was long remembered afterwards, as sorrowful and interesting in a fair young princess of nineteen. Indeed, I am afraid it gradually came, together with her other distresses, to surround her with greater sympathy than she deserved.

When she came to Scotland, and took up her abode at the palace of Holyrood in Edinburgh, she found herself among uncouth strangers, and wild, uncomfortable customs, very different from her experiences in the court of France. The very people who were disposed to love her made her head ache, when she was tired out by her voyage, with a serenade of discordant music, — a fearful concert of bagpipes, I suppose, — and brought her and her train home to her palace on miserable little Scotch horses that appeared to be half starved. Among the people who were not disposed to love her, she found the powerful leaders of the Reformed Church, who were bitter upon her amusements, however innocent, and denounced music and dancing as works of the Devil. John Knox himself often lectured her, violently and angrily, and did much to make her life unhappy. All these reasons confirmed her old attachment to the Romish religion, and caused her, there is no doubt, most imprudently and dangerously, both for herself and for England too, to give a solemn pledge to the heads of the Romish Church, that, if she ever succeeded to the English crown, she would set up that religion again. In reading her unhappy history, you must always remember this; and also that during her whole life she was constantly put forward against the queen, in some form or other, by the Romish party.

That Elizabeth, on the other hand, was not inclined to like her is pretty certain. Elizabeth was very vain and jealous,

and had an extraordinary dislike to people being married. She treated Lady Catherine Grey, sister of the beheaded Lady Jane, with such shameful severity, for no other reason than her being secretly married, that she died, and her husband was ruined; so, when a second marriage for Mary began to be talked about, probably Elizabeth disliked her more. Not that Elizabeth wanted suitors of her own; for they started up from Spain, Austria, Sweden, and England. Her English lover at this time, and one whom she much favoured too, was Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, — himself secretly married to Amy Robsart, the daughter of an English gentleman, whom he was strongly suspected of causing to be murdered, down at his country seat, Cumnor Hall in Berkshire, that he might be free to marry the queen. Upon this story, the great writer, Sir Walter Scott, has founded one of his best romances. But if Elizabeth knew how to lead her handsome favourite on, for her own vanity and pleasure, she knew how to stop him for her own pride; and his love, and all the other proposals, came to nothing. The queen always declared in good set speeches, that she would never be married at all, but would live and die a maiden queen. It was a very pleasant and meritorious declaration, I suppose; but it has been puffed and trumpeted so much that I am rather tired of it myself.

Divers princes proposed to marry Mary; but the English court had reasons for being jealous of them all, and even proposed, as a matter of policy, that she should marry that very Earl of Leicester who had aspired to be the husband of Elizabeth. At last, Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, and himself descended from the Royal Family of Scotland, went over with Elizabeth's consent to try his fortune at Holyrood. He was a tall simpleton, and could dance and play the guitar; but I know of nothing else he could do, unless it were to get very drunk, and eat gluttonously, and make a contemptible spectacle of himself in many mean and vain ways. However, he gained Mary's heart, not disdaining in the pursuit of his object to ally himself with one of her secretaries, David Rizzio, who had great influence with her. He soon married the queen. This marriage does not say much for her; but what followed will presently say less.

Mary's brother, the Earl of Murray, and head of the Protestant party in Scotland, had opposed this marriage, partly on

religious grounds, and partly, perhaps, from personal dislike of the very contemptible bridegroom. When it had taken place, through Mary's gaining over to it the more powerful of the lords about her, she banished Murray for his pains; and when he and some other nobles rose in arms to support the reformed religion, she herself, within a month of her wedding-day, rode against them in armour with loaded pistols in her saddle. Driven out of Scotland, they presented themselves before Elizabeth, who called them traitors in public, and assisted them in private, according to her crafty nature.

Mary had been married but a little while, when she began to hate her husband, who, in his turn, began to hate that David Rizzio, with whom he had leagued to gain her favour, and whom he now believed to be her lover. He hated Rizzio to that extent, that he made a compact with Lord Ruthven and three other lords to get rid of him by murder. The wicked agreement they made in solemn secrecy upon the first of March, 1566, and on the night of Saturday, the ninth, the conspirators were brought by Darnley up a private staircase, dark and steep, into a range of rooms where they knew that Mary was sitting at supper with her sister, Lady Argyle, and this doomed man. When they went into the room, Darnley took the queen round the waist, and Lord Ruthven, who had risen from a bed of sickness to do this murder, came in, gaunt and ghastly, leaning on two men. Rizzio ran behind the queen for shelter and protection. "Let him come out of the room," said Ruthven. "He shall not leave the room," replied the queen; "I read his danger in your face, and it is my will that he remain here." They then set upon him, struggled with him, overturned the table, dragged him out, and killed him with fifty-six stabs. When the queen heard that he was dead, she said, "No more tears. I will think now of revenge!"

Within a day or two, she gained her husband over, and prevailed on the tall idiot to abandon the conspirators, and fly with her to Dunbar. There he issued a proclamation, audaciously and falsely denying that he had any knowledge of the late bloody business; and there they were joined by the Earl Bothwell and some other nobles. With their help, they raised eight thousand men, returned to Edinburgh, and drove the assassins into England. Mary soon afterwards gave birth to a son, — still thinking of revenge.

That she should have had a greater scorn for her husband after his late cowardice and treachery than she had had before was natural enough. There is little doubt that she now began to love Bothwell instead, and to plan with him means of getting rid of Darnley. Bothwell had such power over her, that he induced her even to pardon the assassins of Rizzio. The arrangements for the christening of the young prince were intrusted to him, and he was one of the most important people at the ceremony, where the child was named James; Elizabeth being his godmother, though not present at the occasion. A week afterwards, Darnley, who had left Mary and gone to his father's house at Glasgow, being taken ill with the smallpox, she sent her own physician to attend him. But there is reason to apprehend that this was merely a show and a pretence, and that she knew what was doing, when Bothwell within another month proposed to one of the late conspirators against Rizzio to murder Darnley, "for that it was the queen's mind that he should be taken away." It is certain that on that very day she wrote to her ambassador in France, complaining of him, and yet went immediately to Glasgow, feigning to be very anxious about him, and to love him very much. If she wanted to get him in her power, she succeeded to her heart's content; for she induced him to go back with her to Edinburgh, and to occupy, instead of the palace, a lone house outside the city called the Kirk of Field. Here he lived for about a week. One Sunday night, she remained with him until ten o'clock, and then left him to go to Holyrood to be present at an entertainment given in celebration of the marriage of one of her favourite servants. At two o'clock in the morning the city was shaken by a great explosion, and the Kirk of Field was blown to atoms.

Darnley's body was found next day lying under a tree at some distance. How it came there, undisfigured and unscorched by gunpowder, and how this crime came to be so clumsily and strangely committed, it is impossible to discover. The deceitful character of Mary and the deceitful character of Elizabeth have rendered almost every part of their joint history uncertain and obscure. But I fear that Mary was unquestionably a party to her husband's murder, and that this was the revenge she had threatened. The Scotch people universally believed it. Voices cried out in the streets of Edinburgh in the dead of the night, for justice on the murderer. Placards were posted by unknown

hands in the public places, denouncing Bothwell as the murderer, and the queen as his accomplice; and when he afterwards married her (though himself already married), previously making a show of taking her prisoner by force, the indignation of the people knew no bounds. The women particularly are described as having been quite frantic against the queen, and to have hooted and cried after her in the streets with terrific vehemence.

Such guilty unions seldom prosper. This husband and wife had lived together but a month, when they were separated forever by the success of a band of Scotch nobles who associated against them for the protection of the young prince, whom Bothwell had vainly endeavoured to lay hold of, and whom he would certainly have murdered if the Earl of Mar, in whose hands the boy was, had not been firmly and honourably faithful to his trust. Before this angry power, Bothwell fled abroad, where he died, a prisoner and mad, nine miserable years afterwards. Mary, being found by the associated lords to deceive them at every turn, was sent a prisoner to Lochleven Castle; which, as it stood in the midst of a lake, could only be approached by boat. Here one Lord Lindsay, who was so much of a brute that the nobles would have done better if they had chosen a mere gentleman for their messenger, made her sign her abdication, and appoint Murray regent of Scotland. Here, too, Murray saw her in a sorrowing and humbled state.

She had better have remained in the castle of Lochleven, dull prison as it was, with the rippling of the lake against it, and the moving shadows of the water on the room walls; but she could not rest there, and more than once tried to escape. The first time she had nearly succeeded, dressed in the clothes of her own washerwoman; but putting up her hand to prevent one of the boatmen from lifting her veil, the men suspected her, seeing how white it was, and rowed her back again. A short time afterwards, her fascinating manners enlisted in her cause a boy in the castle, called the little Douglas, who, while the family were at supper, stole the keys of the great gate, went softly out with the queen, locked the gate on the outside, and rowed her away across the lake, sinking the keys as they went along. On the opposite shore she was met by another Douglas, and some few lords; and so accompanied, rode away on horseback to Hamilton, where they raised three thousand men. Here she

issued a proclamation declaring that the abdication she had signed in her prison was illegal, and requiring the regent to yield to his lawful queen. Being a steady soldier, and in no way discomposed, although he was without an army, Murray pretended to treat with her, until he had collected a force about half equal to her own, and then he gave her battle. In one quarter of an hour he cut down all her hopes. She had another weary ride on horseback of sixty long Scotch miles, and took shelter at Dundrennan Abbey, whence she fled for safety to Elizabeth's dominions.

Mary, Queen of Scots, came to England to her own ruin, the trouble of the kingdom, and the misery and death of many, in 1568. How she left it and the world, nineteen years afterwards, we have now to see.

PART THE SECOND

When Mary, Queen of Scots, arrived in England, without money and even without any other clothes than those she wore, she wrote to Elizabeth, representing herself as an innocent and injured piece of royalty, and entreating her assistance to oblige her Scottish subjects to take her back again and obey her. But as her character was already known in England to be a very different one from what she made it out to be, she was told in answer that she must first clear herself. Made uneasy by this condition, Mary, rather than stay in England, would have gone to Spain, or to France, or would even have gone back to Scotland. But as her doing either would have been likely to trouble England afresh, it was decided that she should be detained here. She first came to Carlisle, and after that was moved about from castle to castle, as was considered necessary; but England she never left again.

After trying very hard to get rid of the necessity of clearing herself, Mary, advised by Lord Herries, her best friend in England, agreed to answer the charges against her, if the Scottish noblemen who made them would attend to maintain them before such English noblemen as Elizabeth might appoint for that purpose. Accordingly, such an assembly, under the name of a conference, met, first at York, and afterwards at Hampton Court. In its presence Lord Lennox, Darnley's father, openly charged Mary with the murder of his son; and whatever Mary's

friends may now say or write in her behalf, there is no doubt that when her brother, Murray, produced against her a casket containing certain guilty letters and verses which he stated to have passed between her and Bothwell, she withdrew from the inquiry. Consequently, it is to be supposed that she was then considered guilty by those who had the best opportunities of judging of the truth, and that the feeling which afterwards arose in her behalf was a very generous but not a very reasonable one.

However, the Duke of Norfolk, an honourable but rather weak nobleman, partly because Mary was captivating, partly because he was ambitious, partly because he was over-persuaded by artful plotters against Elizabeth, conceived a strong idea that he would like to marry the Queen of Scots, though he was a little frightened, too, by the letters in the casket. This idea being secretly encouraged by some of the noblemen of Elizabeth's court, and even by the favourite Earl of Leicester (because it was objected to by other favourites who were his rivals), Mary expressed her approval of it, and the king of France and the king of Spain are supposed to have done the same. It was not so quietly planned, though, but that it came to Elizabeth's ears, who warned the duke "to be careful what sort of a pillow he was going to lay his head upon." He made a humble reply at the time, but turned sulky soon afterwards, and, being considered dangerous, was sent to the Tower.

Thus from the moment of Mary's coming to England she began to be the centre of plots and miseries.

A rise of the Catholics in the north was the next of these; and it was only checked by many executions and much bloodshed. It was followed by a great conspiracy of the Pope and some of the Catholic sovereigns of Europe to depose Elizabeth, place Mary on the throne, and restore the unreformed religion. It is almost impossible to doubt that Mary knew and approved of this; and the Pope himself was so hot in the matter, that he issued a bull, in which he openly called Elizabeth the "pretended queen" of England, excommunicated her, and excommunicated all her subjects who should continue to obey her. A copy of this miserable paper got into London, and was found one morning publicly posted on the Bishop of London's gate. A great hue and cry being raised, another copy was found in the chamber of a student of Lincoln's Inn, who confessed, being

put upon the rack, that he had received it from one John Felton, a rich gentleman who lived across the Thames, near Southwark. This John Felton, being put upon the rack too, confessed that he had posted the placard on the bishop's gate. For this offence he was, within four days, taken to St. Paul's Churchyard, and there hanged and quartered. As to the Pope's bull, the people by the Reformation having thrown off the Pope, did not care much, you may suppose, for the Pope's throwing off them. It was a mere dirty piece of paper, and not half so powerful as a street-ballad.

On the very day when Felton was brought to his trial the poor Duke of Norfolk was released. It would have been well for him if he had kept away from the Tower ever more, and from the snares that had taken him there. But even while he was in that dismal place he corresponded with Mary; and as soon as he was out of it, he began to plot again. Being discovered in correspondence with the Pope, with a view to a rising in England which should force Elizabeth to consent to his marriage with Mary, and to repeal the laws against the Catholics, he was re-committed to the Tower, and brought to trial. He was found guilty by the unanimous verdict of the lords who tried him, and was sentenced to the block.

It is very difficult to make out, at this distance of time, and between opposite accounts, whether Elizabeth really was a humane woman, or desired to appear so, or was fearful of shedding the blood of people of great name who were popular in the country. Twice she commanded and countermanded the execution of this duke; and it did not take place until five months after his trial. The scaffold was erected on Tower Hill; and there he died like a brave man. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, saying that he was not at all afraid of death; and he admitted the justice of his sentence, and was much regretted by the people.

Although Mary had shrunk at the most important time from disproving her guilt, she was very careful never to do anything that would admit it. All such proposals as were made to her by Elizabeth for her release required that admission in some form or other, and therefore came to nothing. Moreover, both women being artful and treacherous, and neither ever trusting the other, it was not likely that they could ever make an agreement. So the Parliament, aggravated by what the Pope had

done, made new and strong laws against the spreading of the Catholic religion in England, and declared it treason in any one to say that the queen and her successors were not the lawful sovereigns of England. It would have done more than this but for Elizabeth's moderation.

Since the Reformation, there had come to be three great sects of religious people—or people who called themselves so—in England; that is to say, those who belonged to the reformed church, those who belonged to the unreformed church, and those who were called the Puritans, because they said that they wanted to have everything very pure and plain in all the Church service. These last were for the most part an uncomfortable people, who thought it highly meritorious to dress in hideous manner, talk through their noses, and oppose all harmless enjoyments. But they were powerful too, and very much in earnest; and they were one and all the determined enemies of the Queen of Scots. The Protestant feeling in England was further strengthened by the tremendous cruelties to which Protestants were exposed in France and in the Netherlands. Scores of thousands of them were put to death in those countries with every cruelty that can be imagined; and at last, in the autumn of the year 1572, one of the greatest barbarities ever committed in the world took place at Paris.

It is called in history The Massacre of St. Bartholomew, because it took place on St. Bartholomew's Eve. The day fell on Saturday, the twenty-third of August. On that day all the great leaders of the Protestants (who were there called Huguenots) were assembled together, for the purpose, as was represented to them, of doing honour to the marriage of their chief, the young king of Navarre, with the sister of Charles the Ninth, a miserable young king who then occupied the French throne. This dull creature was made to believe by his mother, and other fierce Catholics about him, that the Huguenots meant to take his life; and he was persuaded to give secret orders that, on the tolling of a great bell, they should be fallen upon by an overpowering force of armed men, and slaughtered wherever they could be found. When the appointed hour was close at hand, the stupid wretch, trembling from head to foot, was taken into a balcony by his mother to see the atrocious work begun. The moment the bell tolled, the murderers broke forth. During all that night and the two next days, they broke into the houses,

fired the houses, shot and stabbed the Protestants, men, women, and children, and flung their bodies into the streets. They were shot at in the streets as they passed along, and their blood ran down the gutters. Upwards of ten thousand Protestants were killed in Paris alone; in all France, four or five times that number. To return thanks to Heaven for these diabolical murders, the Pope and his train actually went in public procession at Rome; and, as if this were not shame enough for them, they had a medal struck to commemorate the event. But however comfortable the wholesale murders were to these high authorities, they had not that soothing effect upon the doll-king. I am happy to state that he never knew a moment's peace afterwards; that he was continually crying out that he saw the Huguenots covered with blood and wounds falling dead before him; and that he died within a year, shrieking and yelling and raving to that degree that, if all the Popes who had ever lived had been rolled into one, they would not have afforded his guilty majesty the slightest consolation.

When the terrible news of the massacre arrived in England, it made a powerful impression indeed upon the people. If they began to run a little wild against the Catholics at about this time, this fearful reason for it, coming so soon after the days of bloody Queen Mary, must be remembered in their excuse. The court was not quite so honest as the people; but perhaps it sometimes is not. It received the French ambassador, with all the lords and ladies dressed in deep mourning, and keeping a profound silence. Nevertheless, a proposal of marriage which he had made to Elizabeth only two days before the eve of St. Bartholomew, on behalf of the Duke of Alençon, the French king's brother, a boy of seventeen, still went on; while, on the other hand, in her usual crafty way, the queen secretly supplied the Huguenots with money and weapons.

I must say, that for a queen who made all those fine speeches, of which I have confessed myself to be rather tired, about living and dying a maiden queen, Elizabeth was "going" to be married pretty often. Besides always having some English favourite or other whom she by turns encouraged, and swore at, and knocked about, — for the maiden queen was very free with her fists, — she held this French duke, off and on, through several years. When he at last came over to England, the marriage articles were actually drawn up, and it was settled that the wedding

should take place in six weeks. The queen was then so bent upon it, that she prosecuted a poor Puritan named Stubbs, and a poor bookseller named Page, for writing and publishing a pamphlet against it. Their right hands were chopped off for this crime; and poor Stubbs, more loyal than I should have been myself under the circumstances, immediately pulled off his hat with his left hand, and cried, "God save the Queen!" Stubbs was cruelly treated; for the marriage never took place after all, though the queen pledged herself to the duke with a ring from her own finger. He went away, no better than he came, when the courtship had lasted some ten years altogether; and he died a couple of years afterwards, mourned by Elizabeth, who appears to have been really fond of him. It is not much to her credit, for he was a bad enough member of a bad family.

To return to the Catholics. There arose two orders of priests who were very busy in England, and who were much dreaded. These were the Jesuits (who were everywhere in all sorts of disguises) and the Seminary Priests. The people had a great horror of the first, because they were known to have taught that murder was lawful if it were done with an object of which they approved; and they had a great horror of the second, because they came to teach the old religion, and to be the successors of "Queen Mary's priests," as those yet lingering in England were called, when they should die out. The severest laws were made against them, and were most unmercifully executed. Those who sheltered them in their houses often suffered heavily for what was an act of humanity; and the rack, that cruel torture which tore men's limbs asunder, was constantly kept going. What these unhappy men confessed, or what was ever confessed by any one under that agony, must always be received with great doubt, as it is certain that people have frequently owned to the most absurd and impossible crimes to escape such dreadful suffering. But I cannot doubt it to have been proved by papers, that there were many plots, both among the Jesuits, and with France, and with Scotland, and with Spain, for the destruction of Queen Elizabeth, for the placing of Mary on the throne, and for the revival of the old religion.

If the English people were too ready to believe in plots, there were, as I have said, good reasons for it. When the massacre of St. Bartholomew was yet fresh in their recollection, a great Protestant Dutch hero, the Prince of Orange, was shot

by an assassin, who confessed that he had been kept and trained for the purpose in a college of Jesuits. The Dutch, in this surprise and distress, offered to make Elizabeth their sovereign; but she declined the honour, and sent them a small army instead, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, who, although a capital court favourite, was not much of a general. He did so little in Holland, that his campaign there would probably have been forgotten, but for its occasioning the death of one of the best writers, the best knights, and the best gentlemen, of that or any age. This was Sir Philip Sidney, who was wounded by a musket-ball in the thigh as he mounted a fresh horse, after having had his own killed under him. He had to ride back wounded, a long distance, and was very faint with fatigue and loss of blood, when some water, for which he had eagerly asked, was handed to him. But he was so good and gentle even then, that seeing a poor, badly wounded common soldier lying on the ground, looking at the water with longing eyes, he said, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," and gave it up to him. This touching action of a noble heart is perhaps as well known as any incident in history, — is as famous, far and wide, as the blood-stained Tower of London, with its axe and block and murders out of number. So delightful is an act of true humanity, and so glad are mankind to remember it!

At home, intelligence of plots began to thicken every day. I suppose the people never did live under such continual terrors as those by which they were possessed now, of Catholic risings and burnings and poisonings, and I don't know what. Still, we must always remember that they lived near and close to awful realities of that kind, and that with their experience it was not difficult to believe in any enormity. The government had the same fear, and did not take the best means of discovering the truth; for besides torturing the suspected, it employed paid spies, who will always lie for their own profit. It even made some of the conspiracies it brought to light, by sending false letters to disaffected people, inviting them to join in pretended plots, which they too readily did.

But one great real plot was at length discovered, and it ended the career of Mary, Queen of Scots. A seminary priest named Ballard and a Spanish soldier named Savage, set on and encouraged by certain French priests, imparted a design to one Antony Babington — a gentleman of fortune in Derbyshire,

who had been for some time a secret agent of Mary's — for murdering the queen. Babington then confided the scheme to some other Catholic gentlemen, who were his friends, and they joined in it heartily. They were vain, weak-headed young men, ridiculously confident, and preposterously proud of their plan ; for they got a gimcrack painting made, of the six choice spirits who were to murder Elizabeth, with Babington in an attitude for the centre figure. Two of their number, however, one of whom was a priest, kept Elizabeth's wisest minister, Sir Francis Walsingham, acquainted with the whole project from the first. The conspirators were completely deceived to the final point, when Babington gave Savage, because he was shabby, a ring from his finger, and some money from his purse, wherewith to buy himself new clothes in which to kill the queen. Walsingham, having then full evidence against the whole band, and two letters of Mary's besides, resolved to seize them. Suspecting something wrong, they stole out of the city, one by one, and hid themselves in St. John's Wood, and other places, which really were hiding-places then ; but they were all taken, and all executed. When they were seized, a gentleman was sent from court to inform Mary of the fact, and of her being involved in the discovery. Her friends have complained that she was kept in very hard and severe custody. It does not appear very likely, for she was going out a hunting that very morning.

Queen Elizabeth had been warned long ago, by one in France who had good information of what was secretly doing, that, in holding Mary alive, she held "the wolf who would devour her." The Bishop of London had, more lately, given the queen's favourite minister the advice in writing, "forthwith to cut off the Scottish queen's head." The question now was, what to do with her. The Earl of Leicester wrote a little note home from Holland, recommending that she should be quietly poisoned ; that noble favourite having accustomed his mind, it is possible, to remedies of that nature. His black advice, however, was disregarded ; and she was brought to trial at Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire, before a tribunal of forty, composed of both religions. There, and in the Star Chamber at Westminster, the trial lasted a fortnight. She defended herself with great ability, but could only deny the confessions that had been made by Babington and others ; could only call her own letters,

produced against her by her own secretaries, forgeries ; and, in short, could only deny everything. She was found guilty, and declared to have incurred the penalty of death. The Parliament met, approved the sentence, and prayed the queen to have it executed. The queen replied that she requested them to consider whether no means could be found of saving Mary's life without endangering her own. The Parliament rejoined, No ; and the citizens illuminated their houses and lighted bonfires, in token of their joy that all these plots and troubles were to be ended by the death of the Queen of Scots.

She, feeling sure that her time was now come, wrote a letter to the queen of England, making three entreaties : first, that she might be buried in France ; secondly, that she might not be executed in secret, but before her servants and some others ; thirdly, that, after her death, her servants should not be molested, but should be suffered to go home with the legacies she left them. It was an affecting letter ; and Elizabeth shed tears over it, but sent no answer. Then came a special ambassador from France, and another from Scotland, to intercede for Mary's life ; and then the nation began to clamour, more and more, for her death.

What the real feelings or intentions of Elizabeth were, can never be known now ; but I strongly suspect her of only wishing one thing more than Mary's death, and that was to keep free of the blame of it. On the first of February, 1587, Lord Burleigh having drawn out the warrant for the execution, the queen sent to the Secretary Davison to bring it to her that she might sign it ; which she did. Next day, when Davison told her it was sealed, she angrily asked him why such haste was necessary. Next day but one, she joked about it, and swore a little. Again, next day but one, she seemed to complain that it was not yet done ; but still she would not be plain with those about her. So, on the seventh, the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, with the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, came with the warrant to Fotheringay, to tell the Queen of Scots to prepare for death.

When those messengers of ill omen were gone, Mary made a frugal supper, drank to her servants, read over her will, went to bed, slept for some hours, and then arose and passed the remainder of the night saying prayers. In the morning she dressed herself in her best clothes ; and at eight o'clock, when

the sheriff came for her to her chapel, took leave of her servants who were there assembled praying with her, and went down stairs, carrying a Bible in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Two of her women and four of her men were allowed to be present in the hall; where a low scaffold, only two feet from the ground, was erected, and covered with black; and where the executioner from the Tower, and his assistant, stood, dressed in black velvet. The hall was full of people. While the sentence was being read, she sat upon a stool; and when it was finished, she again denied her guilt, as she had done before. The Earl of Kent and the Dean of Peterborough, in their Protestant zeal, made some very unnecessary speeches to her; to which she replied that she died in the Catholic religion, and they need not trouble themselves about that matter. When her head and neck were uncovered by the executioners, she said that she had not been used to be undressed by such hands, or before so much company. Finally, one of her women fastened a cloth over her face; and she laid her neck upon the block, and repeated more than once in Latin, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit." Some say her head was struck off in two blows, some say in three. However that be, when it was held up, streaming with blood, the real hair beneath the false hair she had long worn was seen to be as grey as that of a woman of seventy, though she was at that time only in her forty-sixth year. All her beauty was gone.

But she was beautiful enough to her little dog, who cowered under her dress, frightened, when she went upon the scaffold, and who lay down beside her headless body when all her earthly sorrows were over.

PART THE THIRD

On its being formally made known to Elizabeth that the sentence had been executed on the Queen of Scots, she showed the utmost grief and rage, drove her favourites from her with violent indignation, and sent Davison to the Tower; from which place he was only released in the end by paying an immense fine, which completely ruined him. Elizabeth not only over-acted her part in making these pretences, but most basely reduced to poverty one of her faithful servants for no other fault than obeying her commands.

James, King of Scotland, Mary's son, made a show likewise of being very angry on the occasion; but he was a pensioner of England to the amount of five thousand pounds a year; and he had known very little of his mother, and he possibly regarded her as the murderer of his father, and he soon took it quietly.

Philip, King of Spain, however, threatened to do greater things than ever had been done yet, to set up the Catholic religion and punish Protestant England. Elizabeth, hearing that he and the Prince of Parma were making great preparations for this purpose, in order to be beforehand with them, sent out Admiral Drake (a famous navigator, who had sailed about the world, and had already brought great plunder from Spain) to the port of Cadiz, where he burnt a hundred vessels full of stores. This great loss obliged the Spaniards to put off the invasion for a year; but it was none the less formidable for that, amounting to one hundred and thirty ships, nineteen thousand soldiers, eight thousand sailors, two thousand slaves, and between two and three thousand great guns. England was not idle in making ready to resist this great force. All the men between sixteen years old and sixty were trained and drilled; the national fleet of ships (in number only thirty-four at first) was enlarged by public contributions, and by private ships, fitted out by noblemen; the city of London, of its own accord, furnished double the number of ships and men that it was required to provide; and if ever the national spirit was up in England, it was up all through the country to resist the Spaniards. Some of the queen's advisers were for seizing the principal English Catholics, and putting them to death; but the queen — who, to her honour, used to say that she would never believe any ill of her subjects which a parent would not believe of her own children — rejected the advice, and only confined a few of those who were the most suspected in the fens in Lincolnshire. The great body of Catholics deserved this confidence, for they behaved most loyally, nobly, and bravely.

So with all England firing up like one strong, angry man, and with both sides of the Thames fortified, and with the soldiers under arms, and with the sailors in their ships, the country waited for the coming of the proud Spanish fleet, which was called The Invincible Armada. The queen herself, riding in armour on a white horse, and the Earl of Essex and the

Earl of Leicester holding her bridle-rein, made a brave speech to the troops at Tilbury Fort, opposite Gravesend, which was received with such enthusiasm as is seldom known. Then came the Spanish Armada into the English Channel, sailing along in the form of a half-moon, of such great size that it was seven miles broad. But the English were quickly upon it; and woe then to all the Spanish ships that dropped a little out of the half-moon, for the English took them instantly! And it soon appeared that the great Armada was anything but invincible; for on a summer night, bold Drake sent eight blazing fire-ships right into the midst of it. In terrible consternation, the Spaniards tried to get out to sea, and so became dispersed; the English pursued them at a great advantage. A storm came on, and drove the Spaniards among rocks and shoals; and the swift end of the invincible fleet was that it lost thirty great ships and ten thousand men, and, defeated and disgraced, sailed home again. Being afraid to go by the English Channel, it sailed all round Scotland and Ireland; some of the ships getting cast away on the latter coast in bad weather, the Irish, who were a kind of savages, plundered those vessels, and killed their crews. So ended this great attempt to invade and conquer England. And I think it will be a long time before any other invincible fleet, coming to England with the same object, will fare much better than the Spanish Armada.

Though the Spanish king had had this bitter taste of English bravery, he was so little the wiser for it as still to entertain his old designs, and even to conceive the absurd idea of placing his daughter on the English throne. But the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Howard, and some other distinguished leaders put to sea from Plymouth, entered the port of Cadiz once more, obtained a complete victory over the shipping assembled there, and got possession of the town. In obedience to the queen's express instructions, they behaved with great humanity; and the principal loss of the Spaniards was a vast sum of money which they had to pay for ransom. This was one of many gallant achievements on the sea effected in this reign. Sir Walter Raleigh himself, after marrying a maid of honour, and giving offence to the maiden queen thereby, had already sailed to South America in search of gold.

The Earl of Leicester was now dead; and so was Sir Thomas Walsingham, whom Lord Burleigh was soon to follow. The

principal favourite was the Earl of Essex, a spirited and handsome man, a favourite with the people, too, as well as with the queen, and possessed of many admirable qualities. It was much debated at court whether there should be peace with Spain, or no; and he was very urgent for war. He also tried hard to have his own way in the appointment of a deputy to govern in Ireland. One day, while this question was in dispute, he hastily took offence, and turned his back upon the queen; as a gentle reminder of which impropriety the queen gave him a tremendous box on the ear, and told him to go to the devil. He went home instead, and did not reappear at court for half a year or so, when he and the queen were reconciled, though never (as some suppose) thoroughly.

From this time the fate of the Earl of Essex and that of the queen seemed to be blended together. The Irish were still perpetually quarrelling and fighting among themselves; and he went over to Ireland as lord lieutenant, to the great joy of his enemies (Sir Walter Raleigh among the rest), who were glad to have so dangerous a rival far off. Not being by any means successful there, and knowing that his enemies would take advantage of that circumstance to injure him with the queen, he came home again, though against her orders. The queen, being taken by surprise when he appeared before her, gave him her hand to kiss, and he was overjoyed, though it was not a very lovely hand by this time; but in the course of the same day, she ordered him to confine himself to his room, and two or three days afterwards had him taken into custody. With the same sort of caprice, — and as capricious an old woman she now was as ever wore a crown, or a head either, — she sent him broth from her own table on his falling ill from anxiety, and cried about him.

He was a man who could find comfort and occupation in his books, and he did so for a time; not the least happy time, I dare say, of his life. But it happened, unfortunately for him, that he held a monopoly in sweet wines, which means that nobody could sell them without purchasing his permission. This right, which was only for a term, expiring, he applied to have it renewed. The queen refused, with the rather strong observation, — but she *did* make strong observations, — that an unruly beast must be stinted in his food. Upon this the angry earl, who had been already deprived of many offices, thought him-

self in danger of complete ruin, and turned against the queen, whom he called a vain old woman, who had grown as crooked in her mind as she had in her figure. These uncomplimentary expressions the ladies of the court immediately snapped up, and carried to the queen, whom they did not put in a better temper, you may believe. The same court ladies, when they had beautiful dark hair of their own, used to wear false red hair, to be like the queen. So they were not very high-spirited ladies, however high in rank.

The worst object of the Earl of Essex, and some friends of his who used to meet at Lord Southampton's house, was to obtain possession of the queen, and oblige her by force to dismiss her ministers, and change her favourites. On Saturday, the seventh of February, 1601, the council, suspecting this, summoned the earl to come before them. He, pretending to be ill, declined. It was then settled among his friends that as the next day would be Sunday, when many of the citizens usually assembled at the Cross by St. Paul's Cathedral, he should make one bold effort to induce them to rise, and follow him to the palace.

So, on the Sunday morning, he and a small body of adherents started out of his house, — Essex House by the Strand, with steps to the river, — having first shut up in it, as prisoners, some members of the council who came to examine him, and hurried into the city with the earl at their head, crying out, "For the queen! for the queen! A plot is laid for my life." No one heeded them, however; and when they came to St. Paul's, there were no citizens there. In the mean time the prisoners at Essex House had been released by one of the earl's own friends; he had been promptly proclaimed a traitor in the city itself; and the streets were barricaded with carts, and guarded by soldiers. The earl got back to his house by water, with difficulty; and after an attempt to defend his house against the troops and cannon by which it was surrounded, gave himself up that night. He was brought to trial on the nineteenth, and found guilty; on the twenty-fifth he was executed on Tower Hill, where he died, at thirty-four years old, both courageously and penitently. His step-father suffered with him. His enemy, Sir Walter Raleigh, stood near the scaffold all the time, but not so near as we shall see him stand, before we finish his history.

In this case, as in the cases of the Duke of Norfolk and

Mary, Queen of Scots, the queen had commanded, and countermanded, and again commanded, the execution. It is probable that the death of her young and gallant favourite, in the prime of his good qualities, was never off her mind afterwards; but she held out, the same vain, obstinate, and capricious woman, for another year. Then she danced before her court on a state occasion, and cut, I should think, a mighty ridiculous figure, doing so in an immense ruff, stomacher, and wig, at seventy years old. For another year still, she held out, but without any more dancing, and as a moody, sorrowful, broken creature. At last, on the tenth of March, 1603, having been ill of a very bad cold, and made worse by the death of the Countess of Nottingham, who was her intimate friend, she fell into a stupor, and was supposed to be dead. She recovered her consciousness, however, and then nothing would induce her to go to bed; for she said that she knew that if she did she should never get up again. There she lay for ten days, on cushions on the floor, without any food, until the lord admiral got her into bed at last, partly by persuasions and partly by main force. When they asked her who should succeed her, she replied that her seat had been the seat of kings, and that she would have for her successor, "No rascal's son, but a king's." Upon this, the lords present stared at one another, and took the liberty of asking whom she meant; to which she replied, "Whom should I mean, but our cousin of Scotland?" This was on the twenty-third of March. They asked her once again that day, after she was speechless, whether she was still in the same mind. She struggled up in bed, and joined her hands over her head in the form of a crown, as the only reply she could make. At three o'clock next morning, she very quietly died, in the forty-fifth year of her reign.

That reign had been a glorious one, and is made for ever memorable by the distinguished men who flourished in it. Apart from the great voyagers, statesmen, and scholars, whom it produced, the names of Bacon, Spenser, and Shakespeare will always be remembered with pride and veneration by the civilised world, and will always impart (though with no great reason perhaps) some portion of their lustre to the name of Elizabeth herself. It was a great reign for discovery, for commerce, and for English enterprise and spirit in general. It was a great reign for the Protestant religion, and for the reformation which

made England free. The queen was very popular, and, in her progresses or journeys about her dominions, was everywhere received with the liveliest joy. I think the truth is that she was not half so good as she had been made out, and not half so bad as she had been made out. She had her fine qualities; but she was coarse, capricious, and treacherous, and had all the faults of an excessively vain young woman long after she was an old one. On the whole, she had a great deal too much of her father in her to please me.

Many improvements and luxuries were introduced, in the course of these five-and-forty years, in the general manner of living; but cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and bear-baiting were still the national amusements; and a coach was so rarely seen, and was such an ugly and cumbersome affair when it was seen, that even the queen herself, on many high occasions, rode on horseback on a pillion behind the lord chancellor.

CHAPTER XXXII

ENGLAND UNDER JAMES THE FIRST

PART THE FIRST

"OUR cousin of Scotland" was ugly, awkward, and shuffling, both in mind and person. His tongue was much too large for his mouth, his legs were much too weak for his body, and his dull goggle-eyes stared and rolled like an idiot's. He was cunning, covetous, wasteful, idle, drunken, greedy, dirty, cowardly, a great swearer, and the most conceited man on earth. His figure — what is commonly called rickety from his birth — presented a most ridiculous appearance, dressed in thick padded clothes, as a safeguard against being stabbed (of which he lived in continual fear), of a grass-green colour from head to foot, with a hunting-horn dangling at his side instead of a sword, and his hat and feather sticking over one eye, or hanging on the back of his head, as he happened to toss it on. He used to loll on the necks of his favourite courtiers, and slobber their faces, and kiss and pinch their cheeks; and the greatest favourite he ever had used to sign himself, in his letters to his royal master, his Majesty's "dog and slave," and used to address his Majesty as "his Sowship." His majesty was the worst rider ever seen, and thought himself the best. He was one of the most impertinent talkers (in the broadest Scotch) ever heard, and boasted of being unanswerable in all manner of argument. He wrote some of the most wearisome treatises ever read, — among others, a book upon witchcraft, in which he was a devout believer, — and thought himself a prodigy of authorship. He thought and wrote and said that a king had a right to make and unmake what laws he pleased, and ought to be accountable to nobody on earth. This is the plain true character of the personage whom the greatest men about the court praised and flattered to that degree that I doubt if there be anything much more shameful in the annals of human nature.

He came to the English throne with great ease. The miseries of a disputed succession had been felt so long and so dread-

fully that he was proclaimed within a few hours of Elizabeth's death, and was accepted by the nation, even without being asked to give any pledge that he would govern well, or that he would redress crying grievances. He took a month to come from Edinburgh to London; and by way of exercising his new power, hanged a pickpocket on the journey without any trial, and knighted everybody he could lay hold of. He made two hundred knights before he got to his palace in London, and seven hundred before he had been in it three months. He also shovelled sixty-two new peers into the House of Lords; and there was a pretty large sprinkling of Scotchmen among them, you may believe.

His Sowship's prime minister, Cecil (for I cannot do better than call his Majesty what his favourite called him), was the enemy of Sir Walter Raleigh, and also of Sir Walter's political friend, Lord Cobham; and his Sowship's first trouble was a plot originated by these two, and entered into by some others, with the old object of seizing the king, and keeping him in imprisonment until he should change his ministers. There were Catholic priests in the plot, and there were Puritan noblemen, too; for although the Catholics and Puritans were strongly opposed to each other, they united at this time against his Sowship, because they knew that he had a design against both, after pretending to be friendly to each, — this design being to have only one high and convenient form of the Protestant religion, which everybody should be bound to belong to, whether they liked it or not. This plot was mixed up with another, which may or may not have had some reference to placing on the throne, at some time, the Lady Arabella Stuart, whose misfortune it was to be the daughter of the younger brother of his Sowship's father, but who was quite innocent of any part in the scheme. Sir Walter Raleigh was accused on the confession of Lord Cobham, — a miserable creature, who said one thing at one time, and another thing at another time, and could be relied upon in nothing. The trial of Sir Walter Raleigh lasted from eight in the morning until nearly midnight. He defended himself with such eloquence, genius, and spirit against all accusations, and against the insults of Coke, the attorney general, — who, according to the custom of the time, foully abused him, — that those who went there detesting the prisoner came away admiring him, and declaring that anything so wonderful and so

captivating was never heard. He was found guilty, nevertheless, and sentenced to death. Execution was deferred, and he was taken to the Tower. The two Catholic priests, less fortunate, were executed with the usual atrocity; and Lord Cobham and two others were pardoned on the scaffold. His Sowship thought it wonderfully knowing in him to surprise the people by pardoning these three at the very block; but blundering and bungling, as usual, he had very nearly over-reached himself, for the messenger on horseback, who brought the pardon, came so late that he was pushed to the outside of the crowd, and was obliged to shout and roar out what he came for. The miserable Cobham did not gain much by being spared that day. He lived, both as a prisoner and a beggar, utterly despised and miserably poor, for thirteen years, and then died in an old out-house belonging to one of his former servants.

This plot got rid of, and Sir Walter Raleigh safely shut up in the Tower, his Sowship held a great dispute with the Puritans on their presenting a petition to him, and had it all his own way, — not so very wonderful, as he would talk continually, and would not hear anybody else, — and filled the bishops with admiration. It was comfortably settled that there was to be only one form of religion, and that all men were to think exactly alike. But although this was arranged two centuries and a half ago, and although the arrangement was supported by much fining and imprisonment, I do not find that it is quite successful even yet.

His Sowship, having that uncommonly high opinion of himself as a king, had a very low opinion of Parliament as a power that audaciously wanted to control him. When he called his first Parliament after he had been king a year, he accordingly thought that he would take pretty high ground with them, and told them that he commanded them "as an absolute king." The Parliament thought those strong words, and saw the necessity of upholding their authority. His Sowship had three children: Prince Henry, Prince Charles, and the Princess Elizabeth. It would have been well for one of these, and we shall too soon see which, if he had learnt a little wisdom concerning parliaments from his father's obstinacy.

Now, the people still labouring under their old dread of the Catholic religion, this Parliament revived and strengthened the severe laws against it. And this so angered Robert Catesby, a

restless Catholic gentleman of an old family, that he formed one of the most desperate and terrible designs ever conceived in the mind of man, — no less a scheme than the Gunpowder Plot.

His object was, when the king, lords, and commons, should be assembled at the next opening of Parliament, to blow them up, one and all, with a great mine of gunpowder. The first person to whom he confided this horrible idea was Thomas Winter, a Worcestershire gentleman who had served in the army abroad, and had been secretly employed in Catholic projects. While Winter was yet undecided, and when he had gone over to the Netherlands, to learn from the Spanish ambassador there whether there was any hope of Catholics being relieved through the intercession of the King of Spain with his Sowship, he found at Ostend a tall, dark, daring man, whom he had known when they were both soldiers abroad, and whose name was Guido — or Guy — Fawkes. Resolved to join the plot, he proposed it to this man, knowing him to be the man for any desperate deed; and they two came back to England together. Here they admitted two other conspirators, — Thomas Percy, related to the Earl of Northumberland, and John Wright, his brother-in-law. All these met together in a solitary house in the open fields which were then near Clement's Inn, now a closely blocked-up part of London; and when they had all taken the oath of secrecy, Catesby told the rest what his plan was. They then went up stairs into a garret, and received the sacrament from Father Gerard, a Jesuit, who is said not to have known actually of the Gunpowder Plot, but who, I think, must have had his suspicions that there was something desperate afoot.

Percy was a gentleman pensioner; and as he had occasional duties to perform about the court, then kept at Whitehall, there would be nothing suspicious in his living at Westminster. So having looked well about him, and having found a house to let, the back of which joined the Parliament House, he hired it of a person named Ferris, for the purpose of undermining the wall. Having got possession of this house, the conspirators hired another on the Lambeth side of the Thames, which they used as a storehouse for wood, gunpowder, and other combustible matters. These were to be removed at night (and afterwards were removed), bit by bit, to the house at Westminster; and that there might be some trusty person to keep watch over the

Lambeth stores, they admitted another conspirator, by name Robert Kay, a very poor Catholic gentleman.

All these arrangements had been made some months; and it was a dark, wintry December night, when the conspirators, who had been in the mean time dispersed to avoid observation, met in the house at Westminster, and began to dig. They had laid in a good stock of eatables, to avoid going in and out, and they dug and dug with great ardour. But the wall being tremendously thick, and the work very severe, they took into their plot Christopher Wright, a younger brother of John Wright, that they might have a new pair of hands to help. And Christopher Wright fell to like a fresh man; and they dug and dug, by night and by day, and Fawkes stood sentinel all the time. And if any man's heart seemed to fail him at all, Fawkes said, "Gentlemen, we have abundance of powder and shot here; and there is no fear of our being taken alive, even if discovered." The same Fawkes, who, in the capacity of sentinel, was always prowling about, soon picked up the intelligence that the king had prorogued the Parliament again, from the seventh of February, the day first fixed upon, until the third of October. When the conspirators knew this, they agreed to separate until after the Christmas holidays, and to take no notice of each other in the mean while, and never to write letters to one another on any account. So the house at Westminster was shut up again; and I suppose the neighbours thought that those strange-looking men who lived there so gloomily, and went out so seldom, were gone away to have a merry Christmas somewhere.

It was the beginning of February, 1605, when Catesby met his fellow conspirators again at this Westminster house. He had now admitted three more, — John Grant, a Warwickshire gentleman of a melancholy temper, who lived in a doleful house near Stratford-upon-Avon, with a frowning wall all round it, and a deep moat; Robert Winter, eldest brother of Thomas; and Catesby's own servant, Thomas Bates, who, Catesby thought, had had some suspicion of what his master was about. These three had all suffered more or less for their religion in Elizabeth's time. And now they all began to dig again; and they dug and dug, by night and by day.

They found it dismal work alone there, underground, with such a fearful secret on their minds, and so many murders before them. They were filled with wild fancies. Sometimes

they thought they heard a great bell tolling, deep down in the earth under the Parliament House; sometimes they thought they heard low voices muttering about the Gunpowder Plot; once, in the morning, they really did hear a great rumbling noise over their heads, as they dug and sweated in their mine. Every man stopped, and looked aghast at his neighbour, wondering what had happened, when that bold prowler, Fawkes, who had been out to look, came in and told them that it was only a dealer in coals who had occupied a cellar under the Parliament House, removing his stock in trade to some other place. Upon this the conspirators, who with all their digging and digging had not yet dug through the tremendously thick wall, changed their plan; hired that cellar, which was directly under the House of Lords; put six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder in it, and covered it over with fagots and coals. Then they all dispersed again till September, when the following new conspirators were admitted: Sir Edward Baynham of Gloucestershire, Sir Everard Digby of Rutlandshire, Ambrose Rookwood of Suffolk, Francis Tresham of Northamptonshire. Most of these were rich, and were to assist the plot, some with money, and some with horses, on which the conspirators were to ride through the country, and rouse the Catholics, after the Parliament should be blown into air.

Parliament being again prorogued from the third of October to the fifth of November, and the conspirators being uneasy lest their design should have been found out, Thomas Winter said he would go up into the House of Lords on the day of the prorogation and see how matters looked. Nothing could be better. The unconscious commissioners were walking about and talking to one another, just over the six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder. He came back and told the rest so, and they went on with their preparations. They hired a ship, and kept it ready in the Thames, in which Fawkes was to sail for Flanders after firing with a slow-match the train that was to explode the powder. A number of Catholic gentlemen not in the secret were invited, on pretence of a hunting-party, to meet Sir Everard Digby at Dunchurch on the fatal day, that they might be ready to act together. And now all was ready.

But now the great wickedness and danger, which had been all along at the bottom of this wicked plot, began to show itself. As the fifth of November drew near, most of the conspirators,

remembering that they had friends and relations who would be in the House of Lords that day, felt some natural relenting, and a wish to warn them to keep away. They were not much comforted by Catesby's declaring that, in such a cause, he would blow up his own son. Lord Mounteagle, Tresham's brother-in-law, was certain to be in the house; and when Tresham found that he could not prevail upon the rest to devise any means of sparing their friends, he wrote a mysterious letter to this lord, and left it at his lodging in the dusk, urging him to keep away from the opening of Parliament, "since God and man had concurred to punish the wickedness of the times." It contained the words, "That the Parliament should receive a terrible blow, and yet should not see who hurt them." And it added, "The danger is past, as soon as you have burnt the letter."

The ministers and courtiers made out that his Sowship, by a direct miracle from heaven, found out what this letter meant. The truth is that they were not long (as few men would be) in finding out for themselves; and it was decided to let the conspirators alone until the very day before the opening of Parliament. That the conspirators had their fears is certain; for Tresham himself said, before them all, that they were every one dead men; and although even he did not take flight, there is reason to suppose that he had warned other persons besides Lord Mounteagle. However, they were all firm; and Fawkes, who was a man of iron, went down every day and night to keep watch in the cellar as usual. He was there about two in the afternoon of the fourth, when the lord chamberlain and Lord Mounteagle threw open the door and looked in. "Who are you, friend?" said they. "Why," said Fawkes, "I am Mr. Percy's servant, and am looking after his store of fuel here." "Your master has laid in a pretty good store," they returned, and shut the door and went away. Fawkes, upon this, posted off to the other conspirators to tell them all was quiet, and went back and shut himself up in the dark black cellar again, where he heard the bell go twelve o'clock, and usher in the fifth of November. About two hours afterwards, he slowly opened the door, and came out to look about him, in his old prowling way. He was instantly seized and bound by a party of soldiers under Sir Thomas Knevett. He had a watch upon him, some touchwood, some tinder, some slow-matches; and there was a dark lantern with a candle in it, lighted, behind

the door. He had his boots and spurs on, — to ride to the ship, I suppose ; and it was well for the soldiers that they took him so suddenly. If they had left him but a moment's time to light a match, he certainly would have tossed it in among the powder, and blown up himself and them.

They took him to the king's bedchamber first of all ; and there the king, causing him to be held very tight, and keeping a good way off, asked him how he could have the heart to intend to destroy so many innocent people. "Because," said Guy Fawkes, "desperate diseases need desperate remedies." To a little Scotch favourite, with a face like a terrier, who asked him, with no particular wisdom, why he had collected so much gunpowder, he replied, because he had meant to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland, and it would take a deal of powder to do that. Next day he was carried to the Tower, but would make no confession. Even after being horribly tortured, he confessed nothing that the government did not already know ; though he must have been in a fearful state, as his signature, still preserved, in contrast with his natural handwriting before he was put upon the dreadful rack, most frightfully shows. Bates, a very different man, soon said the Jesuits had had to do with the plot, and probably, under the torture, would as readily have said anything. Tresham, taken and put in the Tower too, made confessions and unmade them, and died of an illness that was heavy upon him. Rookwood, who had stationed relays of his own horses all the way to Dunchurch, did not mount to escape until the middle of the day, when the news of the plot was all over London. On the road, he came up with the two Wrights, Catesby, and Percy ; and they all galloped together into Northamptonshire ; thence to Dunchurch, where they found the proposed party assembled. Finding, however, that there had been a plot, and that it had been discovered, the party disappeared in the course of the night, and left them alone with Sir Everard Digby. Away they all rode again, through Warwickshire and Worcestershire, to a house called Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire. They tried to raise the Catholics on their way, but were indignantly driven off by them. All this time they were hotly pursued by the sheriff of Worcester, and a fast increasing concourse of riders. At last, resolving to defend themselves at Holbeach, they shut themselves up in the house, and put some wet powder before the fire to dry. But it

blew up, and Catesby was singed and blackened, and almost killed, and some of the others were sadly hurt. Still, knowing that they must die, they resolved to die there, and, with only their swords in their hands, appeared at the windows to be shot at by the sheriff and his assistants. Catesby said to Thomas Winter, after Thomas had been hit in the right arm, which dropped powerless by his side, "Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together!" which they did, being shot through the body by two bullets from one gun. John Wright and Christopher Wright and Percy were also shot. Rookwood and Digby were taken; the former with a broken arm and a wound in his body too.

It was the fifteenth of January, before the trial of Guy Fawkes, and such of the other conspirators as were left alive, came on. They were all found guilty, all hanged, drawn, and quartered, — some in St. Paul's Churchyard, on the top of Ludgate Hill; some before the Parliament House. A Jesuit priest, named Henry Garnet, to whom the dreadful design was said to have been communicated, was taken and tried; and two of his servants, as well as a poor priest who was taken with him, were tortured without mercy. He himself was not tortured, but was surrounded in the Tower by tamperers and traitors, and so was made unfairly to convict himself out of his own mouth. He said, upon his trial, that he had done all he could to prevent the deed, and that he could not make public what had been told him in confession, — though I am afraid he knew of the plot in other ways. He was found guilty and executed, after a manful defence, and the Catholic Church made a saint of him. Some rich and powerful persons, who had had nothing to do with the project, were fined and imprisoned for it by the Star Chamber; the Catholics in general, who had recoiled with horror from the idea of the infernal contrivance, were unjustly put under more severe laws than before; and this was the end of the Gunpowder Plot.

PART THE SECOND

His Sowship would pretty willingly, I think, have blown the House of Commons into the air himself; for his dread and jealousy of it knew no bounds all through his reign. When he was hard pressed for money, he was obliged to order it to meet,

as he could get no money without it; and when it asked him first to abolish some of the monopolies in necessities of life, which were a great grievance to the people, and to redress other public wrongs, he flew into a rage and got rid of it again. At one time he wanted it to consent to the union of England with Scotland, and quarrelled about that. At another time it wanted him to put down a most infamous Church abuse, called the High Commission Court; and he quarrelled with it about that. At another time it entreated him not to be quite so fond of his archbishops and bishops, who made speeches in his praise too awful to be related, but to have some little consideration for the poor Puritan clergy, who were persecuted for preaching in their own way, and not according to the archbishops and bishops; and they quarrelled about that. In short, what with hating the House of Commons, and pretending not to hate it; and what with now sending some of its members who opposed him to Newgate or to the Tower, and now telling the rest that they must not presume to make speeches about the public affairs which could not possibly concern them; and what with cajoling and bullying, and frightening and being frightened, — the House of Commons was the plague of his Sowship's existence. It was pretty firm, however, in maintaining its rights, and insisting that the Parliament should make the laws, and not the king by his own single proclamation (which he tried hard to do); and his Sowship was so often distressed for money, in consequence, that he sold every sort of title and public office as if they were merchandise, and even invented a new dignity called a baronetcy, which anybody could buy for a thousand pounds. These disputes with his parliaments, and his hunting, and his drinking, and his lying in bed, — for he was a great sluggard, — occupied his Sowship pretty well. The rest of his time he chiefly passed in hugging and slobbering his favourites. The first of these was Sir Philip Herbert, who had no knowledge whatever, except of dogs and horses and hunting, but whom he soon made Earl of Montgomery. The next, and a much more famous one, was Robert Carr, or Ker (for it is not certain which was his right name), who came from the Border country, and whom he soon made Viscount Rochester, and afterward Earl of Somerset. The way in which his Sowship doted on this handsome young man is even more odious to think of than the way in which the great men of England

condescended to bow down before him. The favourite's great friend was a certain Sir Thomas Overbury, who wrote his love letters for him, and assisted him in the duties of his many high places, which his own ignorance prevented him from discharging. But this same Sir Thomas having just manhood enough to dissuade the favourite from a wicked marriage with the beautiful Countess of Essex, who was to get a divorce from her husband for the purpose, the said countess, in her rage, got Sir Thomas put into the Tower, and there poisoned him. Then the favourite and this bad woman were publicly married by the king's pet bishop, with as much to-do and rejoicing as if he had been the best man, and she the best woman, upon the face of the earth.

But after a longer sunshine than might have been expected, — of seven years or so, that is to say, — another handsome young man started up, and eclipsed the Earl of Somerset. This was George Villiers, the youngest son of a Leicestershire gentleman; who came to court with all the Paris fashions on him, and could dance as well as the best mountebank that ever was seen. He soon danced himself into the good graces of his Sowship, and danced the other favourite out of favour. Then it was all at once discovered that the Earl and Countess of Somerset had not deserved all those great promotions and mighty rejoicings; and they were separately tried for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and for other crimes. But the king was so afraid of his late favourite's publicly telling some disgraceful things he knew of him, — which he darkly threatened to do, — that he was even examined with two men standing, one on either side of him, each with a cloak in his hand, ready to throw it over his head, and stop his mouth, if he should break out with what he had it in his power to tell. So a very lame affair was purposely made of the trial; and his punishment was an allowance of four thousand pounds a year in retirement, while the countess was pardoned, and allowed to pass into retirement, too. They hated one another by this time, and lived to revile and torment each other some years.

While these events were in progress, and while his Sowship was making such an exhibition of himself, from day to day and from year to year, as is not often seen in any sty, three remarkable deaths took place in England. The first was that of the minister, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who was past sixty,

and had never been strong, being deformed from his birth. He said at last that he had no wish to live; and no minister need have had, with his experience of the meanness and wickedness of those disgraceful times. The second was that of the Lady Arabella Stuart, who alarmed his Sowship mightily by privately marrying William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, who was a descendant of King Henry the Seventh, and who, his Sowship thought, might consequently increase and strengthen any claim she might one day set up to the throne. She was separated from her husband (who was put in the Tower) and thrust into a boat to be confined at Durham. She escaped in a man's dress to get away in a French ship from Gravesend to France, but unhappily missed her husband, who had escaped, too, and was soon taken. She went raving mad in the miserable Tower, and died there after four years. The last, and the most important, of these three deaths, was that of Prince Henry, the heir to the throne, in the nineteenth year of his age. He was a promising young prince, and greatly liked, — a quiet, well-conducted youth, of whom two very good things are known: first, that his father was jealous of him; secondly, that he was the friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, languishing through all those years in the Tower, and often said that no man but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage. On the occasion of the preparations for the marriage of his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, with a foreign prince (and an unhappy marriage it turned out), he came from Richmond, where he had been very ill, to greet his new brother-in-law, at the palace at Whitehall. There he played a great game at tennis, in his shirt, though it was very cold weather, and was seized with an alarming illness, and died within a fortnight of a putrid fever. For this young prince Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, in his prison in the Tower, the beginning of a history of the world; a wonderful instance how little his Sowship could do to confine a great man's mind, however long he might imprison his body.

And this mention of Sir Walter Raleigh, who had many faults, but who never showed so many merits as in trouble and adversity, may bring me at once to the end of his sad story. After an imprisonment in the Tower of twelve long years, he proposed to resume those old sea voyages of his, and to go to South America in search of gold. His Sowship, divided between his wish to be on good terms with the Spaniards, through

whose territory Sir Walter must pass (he had long had an idea of marrying Prince Henry to a Spanish princess), and his avaricious eagerness to get hold of the gold, did not know what to do. But in the end he set Sir Walter free, taking securities for his return; and Sir Walter fitted out an expedition at his own cost, and on the twenty-eighth of March, 1617, sailed away in command of one of its ships, which he ominously called the *Destiny*. The expedition failed: the common men, not finding the gold they had expected, mutinied; a quarrel broke out between Sir Walter and the Spaniards, who hated him for old successes of his against them; and he took and burnt a little town called St. Thomas. For this he was denounced to his Sowship by the Spanish ambassador as a pirate; and returning almost broken-hearted, with his hopes and fortunes shattered, his company of friends dispersed, and his brave son (who had been one of them) killed, he was taken, — through the treachery of Sir Lewis Stukely, his near relation, a scoundrel and a vice-admiral, — and was once again immured in his prison home of so many years.

His Sowship being mightily disappointed in not getting any gold, Sir Walter Raleigh was tried as unfairly, and with as many lies and evasions, as the judges and law-officers and every other authority in church and state habitually practised under such a king. After a great deal of prevarication on all parts but his own, it was declared that he must die under his former sentence, now fifteen years old. So, on the twenty-eighth of October, 1618, he was shut up in the Gate House at Westminster to pass his last night on earth; and there he took leave of his good and faithful lady, who was worthy to have lived in better days. At eight o'clock next morning, after a cheerful breakfast, and a pipe, and a cup of good wine, he was taken to Old Palace Yard, in Westminster, where the scaffold was set up, and where so many people of high degree were assembled to see him die that it was a matter of some difficulty to get him through the crowd. He behaved most nobly; but if anything lay heavy on his mind, it was that Earl of Essex, whose head he had seen roll off; and he solemnly said that he had had no hand in bringing him to the block, and that he had shed tears for him when he died. As the morning was very cold, the sheriff said, would he come down to a fire for a little space, and warm himself? But Sir Walter thanked him, and said No; he would rather it

were done at once; for he was ill of fever and ague, and in another quarter of an hour his shaking fit would come upon him if he were still alive, and his enemies might then suppose that he trembled for fear. With that he kneeled, and made a very beautiful and Christian prayer. Before he laid his head upon the block he felt the edge of the axe, and said, with a smile upon his face, that it was a sharp medicine, but would cure the worst disease. When he was bent down, ready for death, he said to the executioner, finding that he hesitated, "What dost thou fear? Strike, man!" So the axe came down, and struck his head off, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

The new favourite got on fast. He was made a viscount, he was made Duke of Buckingham, he was made a marquis, he was made master of the horse, he was made lord high admiral; and the chief commander of the gallant English forces that had dispersed the Spanish Armada was displaced to make room for him. He had the whole kingdom at his disposal; and his mother sold all the profits and honours of the state, as if she had kept a shop. He blazed all over with diamonds and other precious stones, from his hatband and his earrings to his shoes. Yet he was an ignorant, presumptuous, swaggering compound of knave and fool, with nothing but his beauty and his dancing to recommend him. This is the gentleman who called himself his Majesty's dog and slave, and called his Majesty, your Sowship. His Sowship called him Steenie; it is supposed because that was a nickname for Stephen, and because St. Stephen was generally represented in pictures as a handsome saint.

His Sowship was driven sometimes to his wits' ends by his trimming between the general dislike of the Catholic religion at home, and his desire to wheedle and flatter it abroad as his only means of getting a rich princess for his son's wife, a part of whose fortune he might cram into his greasy pockets. Prince Charles — or as his Sowship called him, Baby Charles — being now Prince of Wales, the old project of a marriage with the Spanish king's daughter had been revived for him; and as she could not marry a Protestant without leave from the Pope, his Sowship himself secretly and meanly wrote to his Infallibility, asking for it. The negotiation for this Spanish marriage takes up a larger space in great books than you can imagine; but the upshot of it all is that, when it had been held off by the Spanish court for a long time, Baby Charles and Steenie set

off in disguise as Mr. Thomas Smith and Mr. John Smith, to see the Spanish princess; that Baby Charles pretended to be desperately in love with her, and jumped off walls to look at her, and made a considerable fool of himself in a good many ways; that she was called Princess of Wales, and that the whole Spanish court believed Baby Charles to be all but dying for her sake, as he expressly told them he was; that Baby Charles and Steenie came back to England, and were received with as much rapture as if they had been a blessing to it; that Baby Charles had actually fallen in love with Henrietta Maria, the French king's sister, whom he had seen in Paris; that he thought it a wonderfully fine and princely thing to have deceived the Spaniards all through; and that he openly said, with a chuckle, as soon as he was safe and sound at home again, that the Spaniards were great fools to have believed him.

Like most dishonest men, the prince and the favourite complained that the people whom they had deluded were dishonest. They made such misrepresentations of the treachery of the Spaniards, in this business of the Spanish match, that the English nation became eager for a war with them. Although the gravest Spaniards laughed at the idea of his Sowship in a warlike attitude, the Parliament granted money for the beginning of hostilities, and the treaties with Spain were publicly declared to be at an end. The Spanish ambassador in London — probably with the help of the fallen favourite, the Earl of Somerset — being unable to obtain speech with his Sowship, slipped a paper into his hand, declaring that he was a prisoner in his own house, and was entirely governed by Buckingham and his creatures. The first effect of this letter was that his Sowship began to cry and whine, and took Baby Charles away from Steenie, and went down to Windsor, gabbling all sorts of nonsense. The end of it was that his Sowship hugged his dog and slave, and said he was quite satisfied.

He had given the prince and the favourite almost unlimited power to settle anything with the Pope as to the Spanish marriage; and he now, with a view to the French one, signed a treaty that all Roman Catholics in England should exercise their religion freely, and should never be required to take any oath contrary thereto. In return for this, and for other concessions much less to be defended, Henrietta Maria was to become

the prince's wife, and was to bring him a fortune of eight hundred thousand crowns.

His Sowship's eyes were getting red with eagerly looking for the money, when the end of a gluttonous life came upon him; and, after a fortnight's illness, on Sunday, the twenty-seventh of March, 1625, he died. He had reigned twenty-two years, and was fifty-nine years old. I know of nothing more abominable in history than the adulation that was lavished on this king, and the vice and corruption that such a barefaced habit of lying produced in his court. It is much to be doubted whether one man of honour, and not utterly self-disgraced, kept his place near James the First. Lord Bacon, that able and wise philosopher, as the first judge in the kingdom in this reign, became a public spectacle of dishonesty and corruption; and in his base flattery of his Sowship, and in his crawling servility to his dog and slave, disgraced himself even more. But a creature like his Sowship set upon a throne is like a plague, and everybody receives infection from him.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ENGLAND UNDER CHARLES THE FIRST

PART THE FIRST

BABY CHARLES became King Charles the First in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Unlike his father, he was usually amiable in his private character, and grave and dignified in his bearing, but like his father, he had monstrously exaggerated notions of the rights of a king, and was evasive, and not to be trusted. If his word could have been relied upon, his history might have had a different end.

His first care was to send over that insolent upstart, Buckingham, to bring Henrietta Maria from Paris to be his queen; upon which occasion, Buckingham, with his usual audacity, made love to the young queen of Austria, and was very indignant indeed with Cardinal Richelieu, the French minister, for thwarting his intentions. The English people were very well disposed to like their new queen, and to receive her with great favour when she came among them as a stranger. But she held the Protestant religion in great dislike, and brought over a crowd of unpleasant priests, who made her do some very ridiculous things, and forced themselves upon the public notice in many disagreeable ways. Hence the people soon came to dislike her, and she soon came to dislike them; and she did so much all through this reign in setting the king, who was dotingly fond of her, against his subjects, that it would have been better for him if she had never been born.

Now, you are to understand that King Charles the First, of his own determination to be a high and mighty king, not to be called to account by anybody, and urged on by his queen besides, deliberately set himself to put his Parliament down and to put himself up. You are also to understand that, even in pursuit of this wrong idea (enough in itself to have ruined any king), he never took a straight course, but always a crooked one.

He was bent upon war with Spain, though neither the House

of Commons nor the people were quite clear as to the justice of that war, now that they began to think a little more about the story of the Spanish match. But the king rushed into it hotly, raised money by illegal means to meet its expenses, and encountered a miserable failure at Cadiz, in the very first year of his reign. An expedition to Cadiz had been made in the hope of plunder; but as it was not successful, it was necessary to get a grant of money from the Parliament; and when they met in no very complying humour, the king told them "to make haste to let him have it, or it would be the worse for themselves." Not put in a more complying humour by this, they impeached the king's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, as the cause — which he undoubtedly was — of many great public grievances and wrongs. The king, to save him, dissolved the Parliament without getting the money he wanted; and, when the lords implored him to consider and grant a little delay, he replied, "No, not one minute." He then began to raise money for himself by the following means among others.

He levied certain duties, called tonnage and poundage, which had not been granted by the Parliament, and could lawfully be levied by no other power; he called upon the seaport towns to furnish, and to pay all the cost for three months of a fleet of armed ships; and he required the people to unite in lending him large sums of money, the repayment of which was very doubtful. If the poor people refused, they were pressed as soldiers or sailors; if the gentry refused, they were sent to prison. Five gentlemen, named Sir Thomas Darnel, John Corbet, Walter Earl, John Heveningham, and Everard Hampden, for refusing, were taken up by a warrant of the king's privy council, and were sent to prison without any cause but the king's pleasure being stated for their imprisonment. Then the question came to be solemnly tried, whether this was not a violation of Magna Charta, and an encroachment by the king on the highest rights of the English people. His lawyers contended, No; because to encroach upon the rights of the English people would be to do wrong, and the king could do no wrong. The accommodating judges decided in favour of this wicked nonsense; and here was a fatal division between the king and the people.

For all this it became necessary to call another Parliament. The people, sensible of the dangers in which their liberties

were, chose for it those who were best known for their determined opposition to the king ; but still the king, quite blinded by his determination to carry everything before him, addressed them, when they met, in a contemptuous manner, and just told them in so many words that he had only called them together because he wanted money. The Parliament, strong enough and resolute enough to know that they would lower his tone, cared little for what he said, and laid before him one of the great documents of history, which is called the Petition of Right, requiring that the freemen of England should no longer be called upon to lend the king money, and should no longer be pressed or imprisoned for refusing to do so ; further, that the freemen of England should no longer be seized by the king's special mandate or warrant, it being contrary to their rights and liberties, and the laws of their country. At first, the king returned an answer to this petition, in which he tried to shirk it altogether ; but the House of Commons then showing their determination to go on with the impeachment of Buckingham, the king, in alarm, returned an answer, giving his consent to all that was required of him. He not only afterwards departed from his word and honour on these points, over and over again, but at this very time, he did the mean and dissembling act of publishing his first answer and not his second, merely that the people might suppose that the Parliament had not got the better of him.

That pestilent Buckingham, to gratify his own wounded vanity, had, by this time, involved the country in war with France, as well as with Spain. For such miserable causes and such miserable creatures are wars sometimes made. But he was destined to do little more mischief in this world. One morning as he was going out of his house to his carriage, he turned to speak to a certain Colonel Fryer who was with him ; and he was violently stabbed with a knife, which the murderer left sticking in his heart. This happened in his hall. He had angry words up stairs, just before, with some French gentlemen, who were immediately suspected by his servants, and had a close escape from being set upon and killed. In the midst of the noise, the real murderer, who had gone to the kitchen and might easily have got away, drew his sword, and cried out, "I am the man !" His name was John Felton, a Protestant, and a retired officer in the army. He said he had had no personal ill-will to

the duke, but had killed him as a curse to the country. He had aimed his blow well ; for Buckingham had only had time to cry out, " Villain ! " and then he drew out the knife, fell against a table, and died.

The council made a mighty business of examining John Felton about this murder, though it was a plain case enough, one would think. He had come seventy miles to do it, he told them, and he did it for the reason he had declared : if they put him upon the rack, as that noble Marquis of Dorset, whom he saw before him, had the goodness to threaten, he gave that marquis warning that he would accuse *him* as his accomplice. The king was unpleasantly anxious to have him racked, nevertheless ; but as the judges now found out that torture was contrary to the law of England, — it is a pity they did not make the discovery a little sooner, — John Felton was simply executed for the murder he had done. A murder it undoubtedly was, and not in the least to be defended, though he had freed England from one of the most profligate, contemptible, and base court favourites to whom it has ever yielded.

A very different man now arose. This was Sir Thomas Wentworth, a Yorkshire gentleman, who had sat in Parliament for a long time, and who had favoured arbitrary and haughty principles, but who had gone over to the people's side on receiving offence from Buckingham. The king, much wanting such a man, — for besides being naturally favourable to the king's cause, he had great abilities, — made him first a baron, and then a viscount, and gave him high employment, and won him most completely.

A Parliament, however, was still in existence, and was *not* to be won. On the twentieth of January, 1629, Sir John Eliot, a great man who had been active in the Petition of Right, brought forward other strong resolutions against the king's chief instruments, and called upon the speaker to put them to the vote. To this the speaker answered, " He was commanded otherwise by the king," and got up to leave the chair, which, according to the rules of the House of Commons, would have obliged it to adjourn without doing anything more, when two members, named Mr. Hollis and Mr. Valentine, held him down. A scene of great confusion arose among the members ; and while many swords were drawn and flashing about, the king, who was kept informed of all that was going on, told the cap-

tain of his guard to go down to the House, and force the doors. The resolutions were by that time, however, voted, and the House adjourned. Sir John Eliot and those two members who had held the speaker down were quickly summoned before the council. As they claimed it to be their privilege not to answer out of Parliament for anything they had said in it, they were committed to the Tower. The king then went down and dissolved the Parliament, in a speech wherein he made mention of these gentlemen as "Vipers," which did not do him much good that ever I have heard of.

As they refused to gain their liberty by saying they were sorry for what they had done, the king, always remarkably unforgiving, never overlooked their offence. When they demanded to be brought up before the Court of King's Bench, he even resorted to the meanness of having them moved about from prison to prison, so that the writs issued for that purpose should not legally find them. At last they came before the court, and were sentenced to heavy fines, and to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure. When Sir John Eliot's health had quite given away, and he so longed for change of air and scene as to petition for his release, the king sent back the answer (worthy of his Sowship himself) that the petition was not humble enough. When he sent another petition by his young son, in which he pathetically offered to go back to prison when his health was restored, if he might be released for its recovery, the king still disregarded it. When he died in the Tower, and his children petitioned to be allowed to take his body down to Cornwall, there to lay it among the ashes of his forefathers, the king returned for answer, "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he died." All this was like a very little king indeed, I think.

And now for twelve long years, steadily pursuing his design of setting himself up and putting the people down, the king called no Parliament, but ruled without one. If twelve thousand volumes were written in his praise (as a good many have been), it would still remain a fact, impossible to be denied, that for twelve years King Charles the First reigned in England unlawfully and despotically, seized upon his subjects' goods and money at his pleasure, and punished according to his unbridled will all who ventured to oppose him. It is a fashion with some people to think that this king's career was cut short; but I must say myself that I think he ran a pretty long one.

William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, was the king's right-hand man in the religious part of the putting down of the people's liberties. Laud, who was a sincere man, of large learning but small sense, — for the two things sometimes go together in very different quantities, — though a Protestant, held opinions so near those of the Catholics that the Pope wanted to make a cardinal of him, if he would have accepted that favour. He looked upon vows, robes, lighted candles, images, etc., as amazingly important in religious ceremonies; and he brought in an immensity of bowing and candle-snuffing. He also regarded archbishops and bishops as a sort of miraculous persons, and was inveterate in the last degree against any who thought otherwise. Accordingly, he offered up thanks to Heaven, and was in a state of much pious pleasure, when a Scotch clergyman named Leighton was pilloried, whipped, branded in the cheek, and had one of his ears cut off and one of his nostrils slit, for calling bishops trumpery and the inventions of men. He originated on a Sunday morning the prosecution of William Pryne, a barrister who was of similar opinions, and who was fined a thousand pounds, who was pilloried, who had his ears cut off on two occasions, — one ear at a time, — and who was imprisoned for life. He highly approved of the punishment of Dr. Bastwick, a physician, who was also fined a thousand pounds, and who afterwards had *his* ears cut off, and was imprisoned for life. These were gentle methods of persuasion, some will tell you; I think they were rather calculated to be alarming to the people.

In the money part of the putting down of the people's liberties, the king was equally gentle, as some will tell you; as I think, equally alarming. He levied those duties of tonnage and poundage, and increased them as he thought fit. He granted monopolies to companies of merchants on their paying him for them, notwithstanding the great complaints that had, for years and years, been made on the subject of monopolies. He fined the people for disobeying proclamations issued by his Sowship in direct violation of law. He revived the detested forest-laws, and took private property to himself as his forest right. Above all, he determined to have what was called ship-money; that is to say, money for the support of the fleet, not only from the seaports, but from all the counties of England, — having found out that, in some ancient time or other, all the counties paid it. The grievance of this ship-money being somewhat too strong,

John Chambers, a citizen of London, refused to pay his part of it. For this the lord mayor ordered John Chambers to prison, and for that John Chambers brought a suit against the lord mayor. Lord Say also behaved like a real nobleman, and declared he would not pay. But the sturdiest and best opponent of the ship-money was John Hampden, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, who had sat among the "vipers" in the House of Commons, when there was such a thing, and who had been the bosom friend of Sir John Eliot. This case was tried before the twelve judges in the Court of Exchequer, and again the king's lawyers said it was impossible that ship-money could be wrong, because the king could do no wrong, however hard he tried,—and he really did try very hard during these twelve years. Seven of the judges said that was quite true, and Mr. Hampden was bound to pay; five of the judges said that was quite false, and Mr. Hampden was not bound to pay. So the king triumphed (as he thought), by making Hampden the most popular man in England, where matters were getting to that height now that many honest Englishmen could not endure their country, and sailed away across the seas to found a colony in Massachusetts Bay in America. It is said that Hampden himself, and his relation, Oliver Cromwell, were going with a company of such voyagers, and were actually on board ship, when they were stopped by a proclamation prohibiting sea-captains to carry out such passengers without the royal licence. But, oh! it would have been well for the king if he had let them go!

This was the state of England. If Laud had been a madman just broke loose, he could not have done more mischief than he did in Scotland. In his endeavours (in which he was seconded by the king, then in person in that part of his dominions) to force his own ideas of bishops, and his own religious forms and ceremonies, upon the Scotch, he roused that nation to a perfect frenzy. They formed a solemn league, which they called The Covenant, for the preservation of their own religious forms; they rose in arms throughout the whole country; they summoned all their men to prayers and sermons twice a day by beat of drum; they sang psalms, in which they compared their enemies to all the evil spirits that ever were heard of; and they solemnly vowed to smite them with the sword. At first the king tried force, then treaty, then a Scottish Parliament which did not

answer at all. Then he tried the Earl of Strafford, formerly Sir Thomas Wentworth; who, as Lord Wentworth, had been governing Ireland. He, too, had carried it with a very high hand there, though to the benefit and prosperity of that country.

Strafford and Laud were for conquering the Scottish people by force of arms. Other lords who were taken into council recommended that a Parliament should at last be called; to which the king unwillingly consented. So, on the thirteenth of April, 1640, that then strange sight, a Parliament, was seen at Westminster. It is called the Short Parliament; for it lasted a very little while. While the members were all looking at one another, doubtful who would dare to speak, Mr. Pym arose and set forth all that the king had done unlawfully during the past twelve years, and what was the position to which England was reduced. This great example set, other members took courage, and spoke the truth freely, though with great patience and moderation. The king, a little frightened, sent to say, that, if they would grant him a certain sum on certain terms, no more ship-money should be raised. They debated the matter for two days; and then, as they would not give him all he asked without promise or inquiry, he dissolved them.

But they knew very well that he must have a Parliament now; and he began to make that discovery too, though rather late in the day. Wherefore, on the twenty-fourth of September, being then at York, with an army collected against the Scottish people, but his own men sullen and discontented like the rest of the nation, the king told the great council of the lords, whom he had called to meet him there, that he would summon another Parliament to assemble on the third of November. The soldiers of the Covenant had now forced their way into England, and had taken possession of the northern counties, where the coals are got. As it would never do to be without coals, and as the king's troops could make no head against the Covenanters, so full of gloomy zeal, a truce was made, and a treaty with Scotland was taken into consideration. Meanwhile the northern counties paid the Covenanters to leave the coals alone, and keep quiet.

We have now disposed of the Short Parliament. We have next to see what memorable things were done by the long one.

PART THE SECOND

The Long Parliament assembled on the third of November, 1641. That day week the Earl of Strafford arrived from York, very sensible that the spirited and determined men who formed that Parliament were no friends towards him, who had not only deserted the cause of the people, but who had on all occasions opposed himself to their liberties. The king told him, for his comfort, that the Parliament "should not hurt one hair of his head." But on the very next day, Mr. Pym, in the House of Commons, and with great solemnity, impeached the Earl of Strafford as a traitor. He was immediately taken into custody, and fell from his proud height.

It was the twenty-second of March before he was brought to trial at Westminster Hall; where, although he was very ill and suffered great pain, he defended himself with such ability and majesty, that it was doubtful whether he would not get the best of it. But on the thirteenth day of the trial, Pym produced in the House of Commons a copy of some notes of a council, found by young Sir Harry Vane in a red velvet cabinet belonging to his father (Secretary Vane, who sat at the council-table with the earl), in which Strafford had distinctly told the king that he was free from all rules and obligations of government, and might do with his people whatever he liked; and in which he had added, "You have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience." It was not clear whether by the words "this kingdom," he had really meant England or Scotland; but the Parliament contended that he meant England, and this was treason. At the same sitting of the House of Commons, it was resolved to bring in a bill of attainder declaring the treason to have been committed, in preference to proceeding with the trial by impeachment, which would have required the treason to be proved.

So a bill was brought in at once, was carried through the House of Commons by a large majority, and was sent up to the House of Lords. While it was still uncertain whether the House of Lords would pass it and the king consent to it, Pym disclosed to the House of Commons that the king and queen had both been plotting with the officers of the army to bring up the soldiers and control the Parliament, and also to intro-

duce two hundred soldiers into the Tower of London to effect the earl's escape. The plotting with the army was revealed by one George Goring, the son of a lord of that name, — a bad fellow, who was one of the original plotters, and turned traitor. The king had actually given his warrant for the admission of the two hundred men into the Tower, and they would have got in too, but for the refusal of the governor — a sturdy Scotchman of the name of Balfour — to admit them. These matters being made public, great numbers of people began to riot outside the Houses of Parliament, and to cry out for the execution of the Earl of Strafford, as one of the king's chief instruments against them. The bill passed the House of Lords while the people were in this state of agitation, and was laid before the king for his assent, together with another bill declaring that the Parliament then assembled should not be dissolved or adjourned without their own consent. The king — not unwilling to save a faithful servant, though he had no great attachment for him — was in some doubt what to do; but he gave his consent to both bills, although he in his heart believed that the bill against the Earl of Strafford was unlawful and unjust. The earl had written to him, telling him that he was willing to die for his sake. But he had not expected that his royal master would take him at his word quite so readily; for when he heard his doom, he laid his hand upon his heart, and said, "Put not your trust in princes!"

The king, who never could be straightforward and plain through one single day, or through one single sheet of paper, wrote a letter to the Lords, and sent it by the young Prince of Wales, entreating them to prevail with the Commons that "that unfortunate man should fulfil the natural course of his life in a close imprisonment." In a postscript to the very same letter, he added, "If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday." If there had been any doubt of his fate, this weakness and meanness would have settled it. The very next day, which was the twelfth of May, he was brought out to be beheaded on Tower Hill.

Archbishop Laud, who had been so fond of having people's ears cropped off and their noses slit, was now confined in the Tower too; and when the earl went by his window to his death, he was there, at his request, to give him his blessing. They had been great friends in the king's cause; and the earl

had written to him in the days of their power, that he thought it would be an admirable thing to have Mr. Hampden publicly whipped for refusing to pay the ship-money. However, those high and mighty doings were over now, and the earl went his way to death with dignity and heroism. The governor wished him to get into a coach at the Tower gate, for fear the people should tear him to pieces; but he said it was all one to him whether he died by the axe or by the people's hands. So he walked, with a firm tread and a stately look, and sometimes pulled off his hat to them as he passed along. They were profoundly quiet. He made a speech on the scaffold from some notes he had prepared (the paper was found lying there after his head was struck off); and one blow of the axe killed him, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

This bold and daring act the Parliament accompanied by other famous measures, all originating (as even this did) in the king's having so grossly and so long abused his power. The name of Delinquents was applied to all sheriffs and other officers who had been concerned in raising the ship-money, or any other money, from the people, in an unlawful manner; the Hampden judgment was reversed; the judges who had decided against Hampden were called upon to give large securities that they would take such consequences as Parliament might impose upon them; and one was arrested as he sat in high court, and carried off to prison. Laud was impeached; the unfortunate victims whose ears had been cropped and whose noses had been slit were brought out of prison in triumph; and a bill was passed declaring that a Parliament should be called every third year, and that, if the king and the king's officers did not call it, the people should assemble of themselves and summon it, as of their own right and power. Great illuminations and rejoicings took place over all these things, and the country was wildly excited. That the Parliament took advantage of this excitement, and stirred them up by every means, there is no doubt; but you are always to remember those twelve long years, during which the king had tried so hard whether he really could do any wrong or not.

All this time there was a great religious outcry against the right of the bishops to sit in Parliament; to which the Scottish people particularly objected. The English were divided on this subject; and partly on this account, and partly because

they had had foolish expectations that the Parliament would be able to take off nearly all the taxes, numbers of them sometimes wavered, and inclined towards the king.

I believe myself, that if at this, or almost any other period of his life, the king could have been trusted by any man not out of his senses, he might have saved himself and kept his throne. But on the English army being disbanded, he plotted with the officers again, as he had done before, and established the fact beyond all doubt by putting his signature of approval to a petition against the parliamentary leaders, which was drawn up by certain officers. When the Scottish army was disbanded, he went to Edinburgh in four days — which was going very fast at that time — to plot again, and so darkly too, that it is difficult to decide what his whole object was. Some suppose that he wanted to gain over the Scottish Parliament, as he did in fact gain over, by presents and favours, many Scottish lords and men of power. Some think that he went to get proofs against the parliamentary leaders in England of their having treasonably invited the Scottish people to come and help them. With whatever object he went to Scotland, he did little good by going. At the instigation of the Earl of Montrose, a desperate man who was then in prison for plotting, he tried to kidnap three Scottish lords who escaped. A committee of the Parliament at home, who had followed to watch him, writing an account of this incident, as it was called, to the Parliament, the Parliament made a fresh stir about it; were, or feigned to be, much alarmed for themselves; and wrote to the Earl of Essex, the commander-in-chief, for a guard to protect them.

It is not absolutely proved that the king plotted in Ireland besides; but it is very probable that he did, and that the queen did, and that he had some wild hope of gaining the Irish people over to his side by favouring a rise among them. Whether or no, they did rise in a most brutal and savage rebellion; in which, encouraged by their priests, they committed such atrocities upon numbers of the English, of both sexes and of all ages, as nobody could believe, but for their being related on oath by eye-witnesses. Whether one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand Protestants were murdered in this outbreak is uncertain; but that it was as ruthless and barbarous an outbreak as ever was known among any savage people is certain.

The king came home from Scotland, determined to make a

great struggle for his lost power. He believed that through his presents and favours Scotland would take no part against him; and the Lord Mayor of London received him with such a magnificent dinner that he thought he must have become popular again in England. It would take a good many lord mayors, however, to make a people; and the king soon found himself mistaken.

Not so soon, though, but that there was a great opposition in the Parliament to a celebrated paper put forth by Pym and Hampden and the rest, called "The Remonstrance;" which set forth all the illegal acts that the king had ever done, but politely laid the blame of them on his bad advisers. Even when it was passed, and presented to him, the king still thought himself strong enough to discharge Balfour from his command in the Tower, and to put in his place a man of bad character, to whom the Commons instantly objected, and whom he was obliged to abandon. At this time the old outcry about the bishops became louder than ever; and the old Archbishop of York was so near being murdered as he went down to the House of Lords, — being laid hold of by the mob and violently knocked about, in return for very foolishly scolding a shrill boy who was yelping out "No bishops!" — that he sent for all the bishops who were in town, and proposed to them to sign a declaration that, as they could no longer without danger to their lives attend their duty in Parliament, they protested against the lawfulness of everything done in their absence. This they asked the king to send to the House of Lords, which he did. Then the House of Commons impeached the whole party of bishops, and sent them off to the Tower.

Taking no warning from this, but encouraged by there being a moderate party in the Parliament who objected to these strong measures, the king, on the third of January, 1642, took the rashest step that ever was taken by mortal man.

Of his own accord and without advice, he sent the attorney general to the House of Lords, to accuse of treason certain members of Parliament who as popular leaders were the most obnoxious to him: Lord Kimbolton, Sir Arthur Haselrig, Denzil Hollis, John Pym (they used to call him King Pym, he possessed such power and looked so big), John Hampden, and William Strode. The houses of those members he caused to be entered, and their papers to be sealed up. At the same time

he sent a messenger to the House of Commons demanding to have the five gentlemen who were members of that House immediately produced. To this the House replied that they should appear as soon as there was any legal charge against them, and immediately adjourned.

Next day the House of Commons sent into the city to let the lord mayor know that their privileges are invaded by the king, and that there is no safety for anybody or anything. Then, when the five members are gone out of the way, down comes the king himself, with all his guard, and from two to three hundred gentlemen and soldiers, of whom the greater part were armed. These he leaves in the hall; and then, with his nephew at his side, goes into the House, takes off his hat, and walks up to the speaker's chair. The speaker leaves it, the king stands in front of it, looks about him steadily for a little while, and says he has come for those five members. No one speaks, and then he calls John Pym by name. No one speaks, and then he calls Denzil Hollis by name. No one speaks, and then he asks the speaker of the House where those five members are. The speaker, answering on his knee, nobly replies that he is the servant of that House, and that he has neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, anything but what the House commands him. Upon this, the king, beaten from that time ever more, replies that he will seek them himself, for they have committed treason; and goes out, with his hat in his hand, amid some audible murmurs from the members.

No words can describe the hurry that arose out of doors when all this was known. The five members had gone for safety to a house in Coleman Street, in the city, where they were guarded all night; and indeed the whole city watched in arms like an army. At ten o'clock in the morning, the king, already frightened at what he had done, came to the Guildhall, with only half a dozen lords, and made a speech to the people, hoping they would not shelter those whom he accused of treason. Next day he issued a proclamation for the apprehension of the five members; but the Parliament minded it so little that they made great arrangements for having them brought down to Westminster in great state, five days afterwards. The king was so alarmed now at his own imprudence, if not for his own safety, that he left his palace at Whitehall, and went away with his queen and children to Hampton Court.

It was the eleventh of May, when the five members were carried in state and triumph to Westminster. They were taken by water. The river could not be seen for the boats on it; and the five members were hemmed in by barges full of men and great guns, ready to protect them at any cost. Along the Strand a large body of the train-bands of London, under their commander Skippon, marched to be ready to assist the little fleet. Beyond them came a crowd who choked the streets, roaring incessantly about the bishops and the papists, and crying out contemptuously as they passed Whitehall, "What has become of the king?" With this great noise outside the House of Commons, and with great silence within, Mr. Pym rose, and informed the House of the great kindness with which they had been received in the city. Upon that the House called the sheriffs in and thanked them, and requested the train-bands, under their commander Skippon, to guard the House of Commons every day. Then came four thousand men on horseback out of Buckinghamshire, offering their services as a guard too, and bearing a petition to the king, complaining of the injury that had been done to Mr. Hampden, who was their countyman and much beloved and honoured.

When the king set off for Hampton Court, the gentlemen and soldiers who had been with him followed him out of town as far as Kingston-upon-Thames; next day Lord Digby came to them from the king at Hampton Court, in his coach and six, to inform them that the king accepted their protection. This, the Parliament said, was making war against the kingdom; and Lord Digby fled abroad. The Parliament then immediately applied themselves to getting hold of the military power of the country, well knowing that the king was already trying hard to use it against them, and that he had secretly sent the Earl of Newcastle to Hull, to secure a valuable magazine of arms and gunpowder that was there. In those times, every county had its own magazines of arms and powder, for its own train-bands or militia; so the Parliament brought in a bill claiming the right (which up to this time had belonged to the king) of appointing the lord lieutenants of counties, who commanded these train-bands; also, of having all the forts, castles, and garrisons in the kingdom put into the hands of such governors as they, the Parliament, could confide in. It also passed a law depriving the bishops of their votes. The king gave his assent to that

bill, but would not abandon the right of appointing the lord lieutenants, though he said he was willing to appoint such as might be suggested to him by the Parliament. When the Earl of Pembroke asked him whether he would not give way on that question for a time, he said, "By God! not for one hour;" and upon this he and the Parliament went to war.

His young daughter was betrothed to the Prince of Orange. On pretence of taking her to the country of her future husband, the queen was already got safely away to Holland, there to pawn the crown-jewels for money to raise an army on the king's side. The lord admiral being sick, the House of Commons now named the Earl of Warwick to hold his place for a year. The king named another gentleman; the House of Commons took its own way, and the Earl of Warwick became lord admiral without the king's consent. The Parliament sent orders down to Hull to have that magazine removed to London; the king went down to take it himself. The citizens would not admit him into the town, and the governor would not admit him into the castle. The Parliament resolved that whatever the two Houses passed, and the king would not consent to, should be called an Ordinance, and should be as much a law as if he did consent to it. The king protested against this, and gave notice that these ordinances were not to be obeyed. The king, attended by the majority of the House of Peers, and by many members of the House of Commons, established himself at York. The chancellor went to him with the Great Seal, and the Parliament made a new Great Seal. The queen sent over a ship full of arms and ammunition, and the king issued letters to borrow money at high interest. The Parliament raised twenty regiments of foot and seventy-five troops of horse; and the people willingly aided them with their money, plate, jewellery, and trinkets, — the married women even with their wedding-rings. Every member of Parliament who could raise a troop or a regiment in his own part of the country dressed it according to his taste and in his own colours, and commanded it. Foremost among them all, Oliver Cromwell raised a troop of horse, thoroughly in earnest and thoroughly well armed, who were, perhaps, the best soldiers that ever were seen.

In some of their proceedings, this famous Parliament passed the bounds of previous law and custom, yielded to and favoured riotous assemblages of the people, and acted tyrannically in

imprisoning some who differed from the popular leaders. But again, you are always to remember that the twelve years during which the king had had his own wilful way had gone before ; and that nothing could make the times what they might, could, would, or should have been, if those twelve years had never rolled away.

PART THE THIRD

I shall not try to relate the particulars of the great civil war between King Charles the First and the Long Parliament, which lasted nearly four years, and a full account of which would fill many large books. It was a sad thing that Englishmen should once more be fighting against Englishmen on English ground ; but it is some consolation to know that on both sides there was great humanity, forbearance, and honour. The soldiers of the Parliament were far more remarkable for these good qualities than the soldiers of the king (many of whom fought for mere pay, without much caring for the cause) ; but those of the nobility and gentry who were on the king's side were so brave, and so faithful to him, that their conduct cannot but command our highest admiration. Among them were great numbers of Catholics, who took the royal side because the queen was so strongly of their persuasion.

The king might have distinguished some of these gallant spirits, if he had been as generous a spirit himself, by giving them the command of his army. Instead of that, however, true to his old high notions of royalty, he intrusted it to his two nephews, Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, who were of royal blood, and came over from abroad to help him. It might have been better for him if they had stayed away ; since Prince Rupert was an impetuous, hot-headed fellow, whose only idea was to dash into battle at all times and seasons, and lay about him.

The general-in-chief of the parliamentary army was the Earl of Essex, a gentleman of honour and an excellent soldier. A little while before the war broke out, there had been some rioting at Westminster, between certain officious law students and noisy soldiers, and the shopkeepers and their apprentices and the general people in the streets. At that time the king's friends called the crowd Roundheads, because the apprentices wore short hair ; the crowd, in return, called their opponents

Cavaliers, meaning that they were a blustering set, who pretended to be very military. These two words now began to be used to distinguish the two sides in the civil war. The Royalists also called the parliamentary men Rebels and Rogues, while the Parliament men called *them* Malignants, and spoke of themselves as the Godly, the Honest, etc.

The war broke out at Portsmouth, where that double traitor Goring had again gone over to the king, and was besieged by the parliamentary troops. Upon this, the king proclaimed the Earl of Essex, and the officers serving under him traitors, and called upon his loyal subjects to meet him in arms, at Nottingham, on the twenty-fifth of August. But his loyal subjects came about him in scanty numbers; and it was a windy, gloomy day, and the royal standard got blown down; and the whole affair was very melancholy. The chief engagements after this took place in the vale of the Red Horse near Banbury, at Brentford, at Devizes, at Chalgrave Field (where Mr. Hampden was so sorely wounded, while fighting at the head of his men, that he died within a week), at Newbury (in which battle Lord Falkland, one of the best noblemen on the king's side, was killed), at Leicester, at Naseby, at Winchester, at Marston Moor near York, at Newcastle, and in many other parts of England and Scotland. These battles were attended with various successes. At one time, the king was victorious; at another time, the Parliament. But almost all the great and busy towns were against the king; and when it was considered necessary to fortify London, all ranks of people, from labouring men and women up to lords and ladies, worked hard together with heartiness and good-will. The most distinguished leaders on the parliamentary side were Hampden, Sir Thomas Fairfax, and, above all, Oliver Cromwell, and his son-in-law Ireton.

During the whole of this war, the people, to whom it was very expensive and irksome, and to whom it was made the more distressing by almost every family being divided, — some of its members attaching themselves to one side and some to the other, — were over and over again most anxious for peace. So were some of the best men in each cause. Accordingly, treaties of peace were discussed between commissioners from the Parliament and the king, — at York, at Oxford (where the king held a little parliament of his own), and at Uxbridge. But they came to nothing. In all these negotiations, and in all his diffi-

aulties, the king showed himself at his best. He was courageous, cool, self-possessed, and clever; but the old taint of his character was always in him, and he was never for one single moment to be trusted. Lord Clarendon the historian, one of his highest admirers, supposes that he had unhappily promised the queen never to make peace without her consent, and that this must often be taken as his excuse. He never kept his word from night to morning. He signed a cessation of hostilities with the blood-stained Irish rebels for a sum of money, and invited the Irish regiments over to help him against the Parliament. In the battle of Naseby, his cabinet was seized, and was found to contain a correspondence with the queen, in which he expressly told her that he had deceived the Parliament, — a mongrel Parliament, he called it now, as an improvement on his old term of vipers, — in pretending to recognise it, and to treat with it; and from which it further appeared that he had long been in secret treaty with the Duke of Lorraine for a foreign army of ten thousand men. Disappointed in this, he sent a most devoted friend of his, the Earl of Glamorgan, to Ireland, to conclude a secret treaty with the Catholic powers, to send him an Irish army of ten thousand men; in return for which he was to bestow great favours on the Catholic religion. And when this treaty was discovered in the carriage of a fighting Irish archbishop who was killed in one of the many skirmishes of those days, he basely denied and deserted his attached friend, the earl, on his being charged with high treason; and — even worse than this — had left blanks in the secret instructions he gave him with his own kingly hand, expressly that he might thus save himself.

At last, on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1646, the king found himself in the city of Oxford, so surrounded by the parliamentary army, who were closing in upon him on all sides, that he felt that if he would escape he must delay no longer. So that night, having altered the cut of his hair and beard, he was dressed up as a servant, and put upon a horse with a cloak strapped behind him, and rode out of the town behind one of his own faithful followers, with a clergyman of that country, who knew the road well, for a guide. He rode towards London as far as Harrow, and then altered his plans, and resolved, it would seem, to go to the Scottish camp. The Scottish men had been invited over to help the parliamentary army, and had a large force then

in England. The king was so desperately intriguing in everything he did, that it is doubtful what he exactly meant by this step. He took it, anyhow, and delivered himself up to the Earl of Leven, the Scottish general-in-chief, who treated him as an honourable prisoner. Negotiations between the Parliament on the one hand, and the Scottish authorities on the other, as to what should be done with him, lasted until the following February. Then, when the king had refused to the Parliament the concession of that old militia point for twenty years, and had refused to Scotland the recognition of its solemn league and covenant, Scotland got a handsome sum for its army and its help, and the king into the bargain. He was taken, by certain parliamentary commissioners appointed to receive him, to one of his own houses, called Holmby House, near Althorpe, in Northamptonshire.

While the civil war was still in progress, John Pym died, and was buried with great honour in Westminster Abbey, — not with greater honour than he deserved, for the liberties of Englishmen owe a mighty debt to Pym and Hampden. The war was but newly over when the Earl of Essex died of an illness brought on by his having overheated himself in a stag-hunt in Windsor Forest. He, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, with great state. I wish it were not necessary to add that Archbishop Laud died upon the scaffold, when the war was not yet done. His trial lasted in all nearly a year; and, it being doubtful even then whether the charges brought against him amounted to treason, the odious old contrivance of the worst kings was resorted to, and a bill of attainder was brought in against him. He was a violently prejudiced and mischievous person; had had strong ear-cropping and nose-splitting propensities, as you know; and had done a world of harm. But he died peaceably, and like a brave old man.

PART THE FOURTH

When the Parliament had got the king into their hands, they became very anxious to get rid of their army, in which Oliver Cromwell had begun to acquire great power; not only because of his courage and high abilities, but because he professed to be very sincere in the Scottish sort of Puritan religion, that was then exceedingly popular among the soldiers. They were as

much opposed to the bishops as to the Pope himself; and the very privates, drummers, and trumpeters had such an inconvenient habit of starting up and preaching long-winded discourses, that I would not have belonged to that army on any account.

So the Parliament, being far from sure but that the army might begin to preach and fight against them, now it had nothing else to do, proposed to disband the greater part of it, to send another part to serve in Ireland against the rebels, and to keep only a small force in England. But the army would not consent to be broken up, except upon its own conditions; and when the Parliament showed an intention of compelling it, it acted for itself in an unexpected manner. A certain cornet, of the name of Joice, arrived at Holmby House one night, attended by four hundred horsemen, went into the king's room with his hat in one hand and a pistol in the other, and told the king that he had come to take him away. The king was willing enough to go, and only stipulated that he should be publicly required to do so next morning. The next morning, accordingly, he appeared on the top of the steps of the house, and asked Cornet Joice, before his men and the guard set there by the Parliament, what authority he had for taking him away. To this Cornet Joice replied, "The authority of the army." — "Have you a written commission?" said the king. Joice, pointing to his four hundred men on horseback, replied, "That is my commission." — "Well," said the king, smiling as if he were pleased, "I never before read such a commission; but it is written in fair and legible characters. This is a company of as handsome proper gentlemen as I have seen a long while." He was asked where he would like to live, and he said at Newmarket. So to Newmarket he and Cornet Joice and the four hundred horsemen rode; the king remarking, in the same smiling way, that he could ride as far at a spell as Cornet Joice, or any man there.

The king quite believed, I think, that the army were his friends. He said as much to Fairfax when that general, Oliver Cromwell, and Ireton went to persuade him to return to the custody of the Parliament. He preferred to remain as he was, and resolved to remain as he was. And when the army moved nearer and nearer to London to frighten the Parliament into yielding to their demands, they took the king with them. It was a deplorable thing that England should be at the mercy of

a great body of soldiers with arms in their hands ; but the king certainly favoured them, at this important time of his life, as compared with the more lawful power that tried to control him. It must be added, however, that they treated him, as yet, more respectfully and kindly than the Parliament had done. They allowed him to be attended by his own servants, to be splendidly entertained at various houses, and to see his children — at Cavesham House, near Reading — for two days. Whereas the Parliament had been rather hard with him, and had only allowed him to ride out and play at bowls.

It is much to be believed, that if the king could have been trusted, even at this time, he might have been saved. Even Oliver Cromwell expressly said that he did believe that no man could enjoy his possessions in peace unless the king had his rights. He was not unfriendly towards the king ; he had been present when he received his children, and had been much affected by the pitable nature of the scene ; he saw the king often ; he frequently walked and talked with him in the long galleries and pleasant gardens of the Palace at Hampton Court, whither he was now removed ; and in all this risked something of his influence with the army. But the king was in secret hopes of help from the Scottish people ; and the moment he was encouraged to join them he began to be cool to his new friends, the army, and to tell the officers that they could not possibly do without him. At the very time, too, when he was promising to make Cromwell and Ireton noblemen, if they would help him up to his old height, he was writing to the queen that he meant to hang them. They both afterwards declared that they had been privately informed that such a letter would be found, on a certain evening, sewed up in a saddle which would be taken to Blue Boar in Holborn to be sent to Dover ; and that they went there, disguised as common soldiers, and sat drinking in the inn-yard until a man came with the saddle, which they ripped up with their knives, and therein found the letter. I see little reason to doubt the story. It is certain that Oliver Cromwell told one of the king's most faithful followers that the king could not be trusted, and that he would not be answerable if anything amiss were to happen to him. Still, even after that, he kept a promise he had made to the king, by letting him know that there was a plot with a certain portion of the army to seize him. I believe that, in fact, he

sincerely wanted the king to escape abroad, and so to be got rid of without more trouble or danger. That Oliver himself had work enough with the army is pretty plain; for some of the troops were so mutinous against him, and against those who acted with him at this time, that he found it necessary to have one man shot at the head of his regiment to overawe the rest.

The king, when he received Oliver's warning, made his escape from Hampton Court; after some indecision and uncertainty, he went to Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight. At first he was pretty free there; but even there, he carried on a pretended treaty with the Parliament, while he was really treating with commissioners from Scotland to send an army into England to take his part. When he broke off this treaty with the Parliament (having settled with Scotland), and was treated as a prisoner, his treatment was not changed too soon, for he had plotted to escape that very night to a ship sent by the queen, which was lying off the island.

He was doomed to be disappointed in his hopes from Scotland. The agreement he had made with the Scottish Commissioners was not favourable enough to the religion of that country to please the Scottish clergy; and they preached against it. The consequence was, that the army raised in Scotland and sent over was too small to do much; and that, although it was helped by a rising of the royalists in England and by good soldiers from Ireland, it could make no head against the parliamentary army under such men as Cromwell and Fairfax. The king's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, came over from Holland with nineteen ships (a part of the English fleet having gone over to him) to help his father; but nothing came of his voyage, and he was fain to return. The most remarkable event of this second civil war was the cruel execution by the parliamentary general of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, two grand royalist generals, who had bravely defended Colchester under every disadvantage of famine and distress for nearly three months. When Sir Charles Lucas was shot, Sir George Lisle kissed his body, and said to the soldiers who were to shoot him, "Come nearer, and make sure of me." — "I warrant you, Sir George," said one of the soldiers, "we shall hit you." "Ah!" he returned with a smile; "but I have been nearer to you, my friends, many a time, and you have missed me."

The Parliament, after being fearfully bullied by the army, —

who demanded to have seven members whom they disliked given up to them, — had voted that they would have nothing more to do with the king. On the conclusion, however, of this second civil war (which did not last more than six months), they appointed commissioners to treat with him. The king, then so far released again as to be allowed to live in a private house at Newport in the Isle of Wight, managed his own part of the negotiation with a sense that was admired by all who saw him, and gave up, in the end, all that was asked of him, — even yielding (which he had steadily refused so far) to the temporary abolition of the bishops, and the transfer of their church land to the crown. Still with his old fatal vice upon him, when his best friends joined the commissioners in beseeching him to yield all those points as the only means of saving himself from the army, he was plotting to escape from the island; he was holding correspondence with his friends and the Catholics in Ireland, though declaring that he was not; and he was writing, with his own hand, that, in what he yielded, he meant nothing but to get time to escape.

Matters were at this pass when the army, resolved to defy the Parliament, marched up to London. The Parliament, not afraid of them now, and boldly led by Hollis, voted that the king's concessions were sufficient ground for settling the peace of the kingdom. Upon that Colonel Rich and Colonel Pride went down to the House of Commons with a regiment of horse-soldiers and a regiment of foot; and Colonel Pride, standing in the lobby with a list of the members who were obnoxious to the army in his hand, had them pointed out to him as they came through, and took them all into custody. This proceeding was afterwards called by the people, for a joke, Pride's Purge. Cromwell was in the North, at the head of his men, at the time, but, when he came home, approved of what had been done.

What with imprisoning some members, and causing others to stay away, the army had now reduced the House of Commons to some fifty or so. These soon voted that it was treason in a king to make war against his Parliament and his people, and sent an ordinance up to the House of Lords for the king's being tried as a traitor. The House of Lords, then sixteen in number, to a man rejected it. Thereupon, the Commons made an ordinance of their own, that they were the supreme government of the country, and would bring the king to trial.

The king had been taken for security to a place called Hurst Castle, — a lonely house on a rock in the sea, connected with the coast of Hampshire by a rough road two miles long at low water. Thence he was ordered to be removed to Windsor; thence, after being but rudely used there, and having none but soldiers to wait upon him at table, he was brought up to St. James's Palace in London, and told that his trial was appointed for next day.

On Saturday, the twentieth of January, 1649, this memorable trial began. The House of Commons had settled that a hundred and thirty-five persons should form the court; and these were taken from the House itself, from among the officers of the army, and from among the lawyers and citizens. John Bradshaw, serjeant-at-law, was appointed president. The place was Westminster Hall. At the upper end, in a red velvet chair, sat the president, with his hat (lined with plates of iron for his protection) on his head. The rest of the court sat on side benches, also wearing their hats. The king's seat was covered with velvet, like that of the president, and was opposite to it. He was brought from St. James's to Whitehall, and from Whitehall he came by water to his trial.

When he came in he looked round very steadily on the court, and on the great number of spectators, and then sat down; presently he got up and looked round again. On the indictment "against Charles Stuart, for high treason," being read, he smiled several times; and he denied the authority of the court, saying that there could be no Parliament without a House of Lords, and that he saw no House of Lords there. Also that the king ought to be there, and that he saw no king in the king's right place. Bradshaw replied, that the court was satisfied with its authority, and that its authority was God's authority and the kingdom's. He then adjourned the court to the following Monday. On that day the trial was resumed, and went on all the week. When the Saturday came, as the king passed forward to his place in the hall, some soldiers and others cried for "justice!" and execution on him. That day, too, Bradshaw, like an angry sultan, wore a red robe, instead of the black robe he had worn before. The king was sentenced to death that day. As he went out, one solitary soldier said, "God bless you, sir!" For this his officer struck him. The king said he thought the punishment exceeded the offence. The silver head of his

walking-stick had fallen off while he leaned upon it, at one time of the trial. The accident seemed to disturb him, as if he thought it ominous of the falling of his own head; and he admitted as much, now it was all over.

Being taken back to Whitehall, he sent to the House of Commons, saying, that, as the time of his execution might be nigh, he wished he might be allowed to see his darling children. It was granted. On the Monday he was taken back to St. James's; and his two children then in England, the Princess Elizabeth, thirteen years old, and the Duke of Gloucester, nine years old, were brought to take leave of him, from Sion House, near Brentford. It was a sad and touching scene, when he kissed and fondled those poor children, and made a little present of two diamond seals to the princess, and gave them tender messages to their mother (who little deserved them, for she had a lover of her own whom she married soon afterwards), and told them that he died "for the laws and liberties of the land." I am bound to say that I don't think he did; but I dare say he believed so.

There were ambassadors from Holland, that day, to intercede for the unhappy king, whom you and I both wish the Parliament had spared; but they got no answer. The Scottish commissioners interceded, too; so did the Prince of Wales, by a letter in which he offered, as the next heir to the throne, to accept any conditions from the Parliament; so did the queen, by letter likewise. Notwithstanding all, the warrant for the execution was this day signed. There is a story, that, as Oliver Cromwell went to the table with the pen in his hand to put his signature to it, he drew his pen across the face of one of the commissioners, who was standing near, and marked it with ink. That commissioner had not signed his own name yet; and the story adds, that, when he came to do it, he marked Cromwell's face with ink in the same way.

The king slept well, untroubled by the knowledge that it was his last night on earth, and rose on the thirtieth of January, two hours before day, and dressed himself carefully. He put on two shirts, lest he should tremble with the cold, and had his hair very carefully combed. The warrant had been directed to three officers of the army, — Colonel Hacker, Colonel Hunks, and Colonel Phayer. At ten o'clock, the first of these came to the door and said it was time to go to Whitehall. The king, who

had always been a quick walker, walked at his usual speed through the park, and called out to the guard, with his accustomed voice of command, "March on, apace!" When he came to Whitehall, he was taken to his own bedroom, where a breakfast was set forth. As he had taken the sacrament, he would eat nothing more; but at about the time when the church bells struck twelve at noon (for he had to wait, through the scaffold not being ready), he took the advice of the good Bishop Juxon who was with him, and ate a little bread, and drank a glass of claret. Soon after he had taken this refreshment, Colonel Hacker came to the chamber with the warrant in his hand, and called for Charles Stuart.

And then, through the long gallery of Whitehall Palace, which he had often seen light and gay and merry and crowded, in very different times, the fallen king passed along, until he came to the centre window of the Banqueting House, through which he emerged upon the scaffold, which was hung with black. He looked at the two executioners, who were dressed in black and masked; he looked at the troops of soldiers on horseback and on foot, and all looked up at him in silence; he looked at the vast array of spectators, filling up the view beyond, and turning all their faces upon him; he looked at his old palace of St. James's; and he looked at the block. He seemed a little troubled to find that it was so low, and asked, "if there were no place higher." Then, to those upon the scaffold, he said, "that it was the Parliament who had begun the war, and not he; but he hoped they might be guiltless too, as ill instruments had gone between them. In one respect," he said, "he suffered justly; and that was because he had permitted an unjust sentence to be executed on another." In this he referred to the Earl of Strafford.

He was not at all afraid to die; but he was anxious to die easily. When some one touched the axe while he was speaking, he broke off and called out, "Take heed of the axe; take heed of the axe!" He also said to Colonel Hacker, "Take care that they do not put me to pain." He told the executioner, "I shall say but very short prayers, and then thrust out my hands," — as the sign to strike.

He put his hair up under a white satin cap, which the bishop had carried, and said, "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." The bishop told him that he had but one stage

more to travel in this weary world, and that, though it was a turbulent and troublesome stage, it was a short one, and would carry him a great way, — all the way from earth to heaven. The king's last word, as he gave his cloak and the George — the decoration from his breast — to the bishop, was, "Remember!" He then kneeled down, laid his head on the block, spread out his hands, and was instantly killed. One universal groan broke from the crowd; and the soldiers, who had sat on their horses and stood in their ranks immovable as statues, were of a sudden all in motion, clearing the streets.

Thus, in the forty-ninth year of his age, falling at the same time of his career as Strafford had fallen in his, perished Charles the First. With all my sorrow for him, I cannot agree with him that he died, "the martyr of the people;" for the people had been martyrs to him, and to his ideas of a king's rights, long before. Indeed, I am afraid that he was but a bad judge of martyrs; for he had called that infamous Duke of Buckingham "the Martyr of his Sovereign."

CHAPTER XXXIV

ENGLAND UNDER OLIVER CROMWELL

PART THE FIRST

BEFORE sunset, on the memorable day on which King Charles the First was executed, the House of Commons passed an act declaring it treason in any one to proclaim the Prince of Wales, or anybody else, king of England. Soon afterwards, it declared that the House of Lords was useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished; and directed that the late king's statue should be taken down from the Royal Exchange in the city, and other public places. Having laid hold of some famous royalists who had escaped from prison, and having beheaded the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Holland, and Lord Capel, in Palace Yard (all of whom died very courageously), they then appointed a Council of State to govern the country. It consisted of forty-one members, of whom five were peers. Bradshaw was made president. The House of Commons also readmitted members who had opposed the king's death, and made up its numbers to about a hundred and fifty.

But it still had an army of more than forty thousand men to deal with, and a very hard task it was to manage them. Before the king's execution, the army had appointed some of its officers to remonstrate between them and the Parliament; and now the common soldiers began to take that office upon themselves. The regiments under orders for Ireland mutinied; one troop of horse in the city of London seized their own flag, and refused to obey orders. For this, the ringleader was shot: which did not mend the matter; for both his comrades and the people made a public funeral for him, and accompanied the body to the grave with sound of trumpets, and with a gloomy procession of persons carrying bundles of rosemary steeped in blood. Oliver was the only man to deal with such difficulties as these; and he soon cut them short by bursting at midnight into the town of Burford, near Salisbury, where the mutineers were sheltered, taking four hundred of them prisoners, and shooting a number

of them by sentence of court-martial. The soldiers soon found, as all men did, that Oliver was not a man to be trifled with. And there was an end of the mutiny.

The Scottish Parliament did not know Oliver yet; so, on hearing of the king's execution, it proclaimed the Prince of Wales, King Charles the Second, on condition of his respecting the Solemn League and Covenant. Charles was abroad at that time, and so was Montrose, from whose help he had hopes enough to keep him holding on and off with commissioners from Scotland, just as his father might have done. These hopes were soon at an end; for Montrose, having raised a few hundred exiles in Germany, and landed with them in Scotland, found that the people there, instead of joining him, deserted the country at his approach. He was soon taken prisoner, and carried to Edinburgh. There he was received with every possible insult, and carried to prison in a cart, his officers going two and two before him. He was sentenced by the Parliament to be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, to have his head set on a spike in Edinburgh, and his limbs distributed in other places, according to the old barbarous manner. He said he had always acted under the royal orders, and only wished he had limbs enough to be distributed through Christendom, that it might be the more widely known how loyal he had been. He went to the scaffold in a bright and brilliant dress, and made a bold end at thirty-eight years of age. The breath was scarcely out of his body when Charles abandoned his memory, and denied that he had ever given him orders to rise in his behalf. Oh, the family failing was strong in that Charles then!

Oliver had been appointed by the Parliament to command the army in Ireland, where he took a terrible vengeance for the sanguinary rebellion, and made tremendous havoc, particularly in the siege of Drogheda, where no quarter was given, and where he found at least a thousand of the inhabitants shut up together in the great church, every one of whom was killed by his soldiers, usually known as Oliver's Ironsides. There were numbers of friars and priests among them; and Oliver gruffly wrote home in his despatch that these were "knocked on the head" like the rest.

But Charles having got over to Scotland, where the men of the Solemn League and Covenant led him a prodigiously dull

life, and made him very weary with long sermons and grim Sundays, the Parliament called the redoubtable Oliver home to knock the Scottishmen on the head for setting up that prince. Oliver left his son-in-law, Ireton, as general in Ireland, in his stead (he died there afterwards), and he imitated the example of his father-in-law with such good will that he brought the country to subjection, and laid it at the feet of the Parliament. In the end, they passed an act for the settlement of Ireland, generally pardoning all the common people, but exempting from this grace such of the wealthier sort as had been concerned in the rebellion, or in any killing of Protestants, or who refused to lay down their arms. Great numbers of Irish were got out of the country to serve under Catholic powers abroad; and a quantity of land was declared to have been forfeited by past offences, and was given to people who had lent money to the Parliament early in the war. These were sweeping measures; but if Oliver Cromwell had had his own way fully, and had stayed in Ireland, he would have done more yet.

However, as I have said, the Parliament wanted Oliver for Scotland; so home Oliver came, and was made commander of all the forces of the Commonwealth of England, and in three days away he went with sixteen thousand soldiers to fight the Scottishmen. Now, the Scottishmen being then — as you will generally find them now — mighty cautious, reflected that the troops they had were not used to war like the Ironsides, and would be beaten in an open fight. Therefore they said, "If we lie quiet in our trenches in Edinburgh here, and if all the farmers come into the town and desert the country, the Ironsides will be driven out by iron hunger, and be forced to go away." This was, no doubt, the wisest plan; but as the Scottish clergy *would* interfere with what they knew nothing about, and would perpetually preach long sermons, exhorting the soldiers to come out and fight, the soldiers got it in their heads that they absolutely must come out and fight. Accordingly, in an evil hour for themselves, they came out of their safe position. Oliver fell upon them instantly, and killed three thousand, and took ten thousand prisoners.

To gratify the Scottish Parliament, and preserve their favour, Charles had signed a declaration they laid before him, reproaching the memory of his father and mother, and representing himself as a most religious prince, to whom the Solemn League and

Covenant was as dear as life. He meant no sort of truth in this, and soon afterwards galloped away on horseback to join some tiresome Highland friends, who were always flourishing dirks and broadswords. He was overtaken, and induced to return; but this attempt, which was called "The Start," did him just so much service that they did not preach quite such long sermons at him afterwards as they had done before.

On the first of January, 1651, the Scottish people crowned him at Scone. He immediately took the chief command of an army of twenty thousand men, and marched to Stirling. His hopes were heightened, I dare say, by the redoubtable Oliver being ill of an ague; but Oliver scrambled out of bed in no time, and went to work with such energy that he got behind the royalist army, and cut it off from all communication with Scotland. There was nothing for it then but to go on to England; so it went on as far as Worcester, where the mayor and some of the gentry proclaimed King Charles the Second straightway. His proclamation, however, was of little use to him: for very few royalists appeared; and, on the very same day, two people were publicly beheaded on Tower Hill for espousing his cause. Up came Oliver to Worcester too, at double-quick speed; and he and his Ironsides so laid about them in the great battle which was fought there that they completely beat the Scottishmen, and destroyed the royalist army, though the Scottishmen fought so gallantly that it took five hours to do.

The escape of Charles after this battle of Worcester did him good service long afterwards; for it induced many of the generous English people to take a romantic interest in him, and to think much better of him than he ever deserved. He fled in the night, with not more than sixty followers, to the house of a Catholic lady in Staffordshire. There, for his greater safety, the whole sixty left him. He cropped his hair, stained his face and hands brown as if they were sunburnt, put on the clothes of a labouring countryman, and went out in the morning with his axe in his hand, accompanied by four wood-cutters who were brothers, and another man who was their brother-in-law. These good fellows made a bed for him under a tree, as the weather was very bad; and the wife of one of them brought him food to eat; and the old mother of the four brothers came and fell down on her knees before him in the wood, and thanked God that her sons were engaged in saving his life. At night, he

came out of the forest, and went on to another house which was near the river Severn, with the intention of passing into Wales; but the place swarmed with soldiers, and the bridges were guarded, and all the boats were made fast. So after lying in a hayloft covered over with hay for some time, he came out of his place, attended by Colonel Careless, a Catholic gentleman who had met him there, and with whom he lay hid, all next day, up in the shady branches of a fine old oak. It was lucky for the king that it was September-time, and that the leaves had not begun to fall, since he and the colonel, perched up in this tree, could catch glimpses of the soldiers riding about below, and could hear the crash in the wood as they went about beating the boughs.

After this, he walked and walked until his feet were all blistered; and having been concealed all one day in a house, which was searched by the troopers while he was there, went with Lord Wilmot, another of his good friends, to a place called Bentley, where one Miss Lane, a Protestant lady, had obtained a pass to be allowed to ride through the guards to see a relation of hers near Bristol. Disguised as a servant, he rode in the saddle before this young lady to the house of Sir John Winter, while Lord Wilmot rode there boldly, like a plain country gentleman, with dogs at his heels. It happened that Sir John Winter's butler had been servant in Richmond Palace, and knew Charles the moment he set eyes upon him; but the butler was faithful, and kept the secret. As no ship could be found to carry him abroad, it was planned that he should go—still travelling with Miss Lane as her servant—to another house, at Trent near Sherborne in Dorsetshire; and then Miss Lane and her cousin, Mr. Lascelles, who had gone on horseback beside her all the way, went home. I hope Miss Lane was going to marry that cousin; for I am sure she must have been a brave, kind girl. If I had been that cousin, I should certainly have loved Miss Lane.

When Charles, lonely for the loss of Miss Lane, was safe at Trent, a ship was hired at Lyme, the master of which engaged to take two gentlemen to France. In the evening of the same day, the king—now riding as servant before another young lady—set off for a public-house at a place called Charmouth, where the captain of the vessel was to take him on board. But the captain's wife, being afraid of her husband

getting into trouble, locked him up, and would not let him sail. Then they went away to Bridport, and, coming to the inn there, found the stable-yard full of soldiers who were on the look-out for Charles, and who talked about him while they drank. He had such presence of mind, that he led the horses of his party through the yard as any other servant might have done, and said, "Come, out of the way, you soldiers; let us have room to pass here!" As he went along, he met a half-tipsy ostler, who rubbed his eyes, and said to him, "Why, I was formerly servant to Mr. Potter at Exeter, and surely I have sometimes seen you there, young man?" He certainly had; for Charles had lodged there. His ready answer was, "Ah! I did live with him once; but I have no time to talk now. We'll have a pot of beer together when I come back."

From this dangerous place he returned to Trent, and lay there concealed several days. Then he escaped to Heale, near Salisbury; where, in the house of a widow lady, he was hidden five days, until the master of a collier, lying off Shoreham in Sussex, undertook to convey a "gentleman" to France. On the night of the fifteenth of October, accompanied by two colonels and a merchant, the king rode to Brighton, then a little fishing-village, to give the captain of the ship a supper before going on board; but so many people knew him, that this captain knew him too, and not only he, but the landlord and landlady also. Before he went away, the landlord came behind his chair, kissed his hand, and said he hoped to live to be a lord and to see his wife a lady; at which Charles laughed. They had had a good supper by this time, and plenty of smoking and drinking, at which the king was a first-rate hand; so the captain assured him that he would stand by him, and he did. It was agreed that the captain should pretend to sail to Deal, and that Charles should address the sailors, and say he was a gentleman in debt, who was running away from his creditors, and that he hoped they would join him in persuading the captain to put him ashore in France. As the king acted his part very well indeed, and gave the sailors twenty shillings to drink, they begged the captain to do what such a worthy gentleman asked. He pretended to yield to their entreaties, and the king got safe to Normandy.

Ireland being now subdued, and Scotland kept quiet by plenty of forts and soldiers put there by Oliver, the Parliament would

have gone on quietly enough, as far as fighting with any foreign enemy went, but for getting into trouble with the Dutch, who, in the spring of the year 1651, sent a fleet into the Downs under their Admiral Van Tromp, to call upon the bold English Admiral Blake (who was there with half as many ships as the Dutch) to strike his flag. Blake fired a raging broadside instead, and beat off Van Tromp; who, in the autumn, came back again with seventy ships, and challenged the bold Blake — who still was only half as strong — to fight him. Blake fought him all day; but finding that the Dutch were too many for him, got quietly off at night. What does Van Tromp upon this, but goes cruising and boasting about the Channel, between the North Foreland and the Isle of Wight, with a great Dutch broom tied to his masthead, as a sign that he could and would sweep the English off the sea? Within three months, Blake lowered his tone though, and his broom too; for he and two other bold commanders, Dean and Monk, fought him three whole days, took twenty-three of his ships, shivered his broom to pieces, and settled his business.

Things were no sooner quiet again, than the army began to complain to the Parliament that they were not governing the nation properly, and to hint that they thought they could do it better themselves. Oliver, who had now made up his mind to be the head of the state, or nothing at all, supported them in this, and called a meeting of officers and his own parliamentary friends, at his lodgings in Whitehall, to consider the best way of getting rid of the Parliament. It had now lasted just as many years as the king's unbridled power had lasted, before it came into existence. The end of the deliberation was, that Oliver went down to the House in his usual plain black dress, with his usual grey worsted stockings, but with an unusual party of soldiers behind him. These last he left in the lobby, and then went in and sat down. Presently he got up, made the Parliament a speech, told them that the Lord had done with them, stamped his foot, and said, "You are no Parliament. Bring them in, bring them in!" At this signal the door flew open, and the soldiers appeared. "This is not honest," said Sir Harry Vane, one of the members. "Sir Harry Vane!" cried Cromwell; "O Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" Then he pointed out members one by one, and said this man was a drunkard, and that man a dissipated fellow,

and that man a liar, and so on. Then he caused the speaker to be walked out of his chair, told the guard to clear the House, called the mace upon the table—which is a sign that the House is sitting—“a fool’s bauble,” and said, “Here, carry it away!” Being obeyed in all these orders, he quietly locked the door, put the key in his pocket, walked back to Whitehall again, and told his friends, who were still assembled there, what he had done.

They formed a new Council of State after this extraordinary proceeding, and got a new Parliament together in their own way; which Oliver himself opened in a sort of sermon, and which he said was the beginning of a perfect heaven upon earth. In this Parliament there sat a well-known leather-seller, who had taken the singular name of Praise God Barebones, and from whom it was called, for a joke, Barebone’s Parliament, though its general name was the Little Parliament. As it soon appeared that it was not going to put Oliver in the first place, it turned out to be not at all like the beginning of heaven upon earth, and Oliver said it really was not to be borne with. So he cleared off that Parliament in much the same way as he had disposed of the other; and then the council of officers decided that he must be made the supreme authority of the kingdom, under the title of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

So on the sixteenth of December, 1653, a great procession was formed at Oliver’s door; and he came out in a black velvet suit and a big pair of boots, and got into his coach, and went down to Westminster, attended by the judges, and the lord mayor, and the aldermen, and all the other great and wonderful personages of the country. There, in the Court of Chancery, he publicly accepted the office of Lord Protector. Then he was sworn, and the city sword was handed to him, and the seal was handed to him, and all the other things were handed to him which are usually handed to kings and queens on state occasions. When Oliver had handed them all back, he was quite made, and completely finished off as Lord Protector; and several of the Ironsides preached about it at great length, all the evening.

PART THE SECOND

Oliver Cromwell, — whom the people long called Old Noll, — in accepting the office of Protector, had bound himself by a certain paper which was handed to him, called “The Instrument,” to summon a Parliament, consisting of between four and five hundred members, in the election of which neither the royalists nor the Catholics were to have any share. He had also pledged himself that this Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent until it had sat five months.

When this Parliament met, Oliver made a speech to them of three hours long, very wisely advising them what to do for the credit and happiness of the country. To keep down the more violent members, he required them to sign a recognition of what they were forbidden by “The Instrument” to do; which was chiefly to take the power from one single person at the head of the state, or to command the army. Then he dismissed them to go to work. With his usual vigour and resolution he went to work himself with some frantic preachers, who were rather overdoing their sermons in calling him a villain and a tyrant, by shutting up their chapels, and sending a few of them off to prison.

There was not at that time in England, or anywhere else, a man so able to govern the country as Oliver Cromwell. Although he ruled with a strong hand, and levied a very heavy tax on the royalists (but not until they had plotted against his life), he ruled wisely, and as the times required. He caused England to be so respected abroad, that I wish some lords and gentlemen, who have governed it under kings and queens in later days, would have taken a leaf out of Oliver Cromwell's book. He sent bold Admiral Blake to the Mediterranean Sea, to make the Duke of Tuscany pay sixty thousand pounds for injuries he had done to British subjects, and spoliation he had committed on English merchants. He further despatched him and his fleet to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, to have every English ship and every Englishman delivered up to him that had been taken by pirates in those parts. All this was gloriously done; and it began to be thoroughly well known, all over the world, that England was governed by a man in earnest, who would not allow the English name to be insulted or slighted anywhere.

These were not all his foreign triumphs. He sent a fleet to sea against the Dutch; and the two powers, each with one hundred ships upon its side, met in the English Channel off the North Foreland, where the fight lasted all day long. Dean was killed in this fight; but Monk, who commanded in the same ship with him, threw his cloak over his body, that the sailors might not know of his death, and be disheartened. Nor were they. The English broadsides so exceedingly astonished the Dutch, that they sheered off at last, though the redoubtable Van Tromp fired upon them with his own guns for deserting their flag. Soon afterwards the two fleets engaged again, off the coast of Holland. There the valiant Van Tromp was shot through the heart, and the Dutch gave in, and peace was made.

Further than this, Oliver resolved not to bear the domineering and bigoted conduct of Spain, which country not only claimed a right to all the gold and silver that could be found in South America, and treated the ships of all other countries who visited those regions as pirates, but put English subjects into the horrible Spanish prisons of the Inquisition. So Oliver told the Spanish ambassador that English ships must be free to go wherever they would, and that English merchants must not be thrown into those same dungeons; no, not for the pleasure of all the priests in Spain. To this the Spanish ambassador replied, that the gold and silver country and the Holy Inquisition were his king's two eyes, neither of which he could submit to have put out. Very well, said Oliver, then he was afraid he (Oliver) must damage those two eyes directly.

So another fleet was despatched under two commanders, Penn and Venables, for Hispaniola; where, however, the Spaniards got the better of the fight. Consequently, the fleet came home again, after taking Jamaica on the way. Oliver, indignant with the two commanders who had not done what bold Admiral Blake would have done, clapped them both into prison, declared war against Spain, and made a treaty with France, in virtue of which it was to shelter the king and his brother, the Duke of York, no longer. Then he sent a fleet abroad under bold Admiral Blake, which brought the king of Portugal to his senses, — just to keep its hand in, — and then engaged a Spanish fleet, sunk four great ships, and took two more, laden with silver to the value of two millions of pounds; which dazzling prize was brought from Portsmouth to London in wagons

with the populace of all the towns and villages through which the wagons passed shouting with all their might. After this victory, bold Admiral Blake sailed away to the port of Santa Cruz to cut off the Spanish treasure-ships coming from Mexico. There he found them, ten in number, with seven others to take care of them, and a big castle, and seven batteries, all roaring and blazing away at him with great guns. Blake cared no more for great guns than for pop-guns, — no more for their hot iron balls than for snow-balls. He dashed into the harbour, captured and burnt every one of the ships, and came sailing out again triumphantly, with the victorious English flag flying at his mast-head. This was the last triumph of this great commander, who had sailed and fought until he was quite worn out. He died as his successful ship was coming into Plymouth Harbour amidst the joyful acclamations of the people, and was buried in state in Westminster Abbey, — not to lie there long.

Over and above all this, Oliver found that the Vaudois, or Protestant people of the valleys of Lucerne, were insolently treated by the Catholic powers, and were even put to death for their religion, in an audacious and bloody manner. Instantly he informed those powers that this was a thing which Protestant England would not allow; and he speedily carried his point, through the might of his great name, and established their right to worship God in peace after their own harmless manner.

Lastly, his English army won such admiration in fighting with the French against the Spaniards, that, after they had assaulted the town of Dunkirk together, the French king in person gave it up to the English, that it might be a token to them of their might and valour.

There were plots enough against Oliver among the frantic religionists (who called themselves Fifth Monarchy Men), and among the disappointed republicans. He had a difficult game to play; for the royalists were always ready to side with either party against him. The "king over the water," too, as Charles was called, had no scruples about plotting with any one against his life; although there is reason to suppose that he would willingly have married one of his daughters, if Oliver would have had such a son-in-law. There was a certain Colonel Saxby of the army, once a great supporter of Oliver's, but now turned against him, who was a grievous trouble to him through all this part of his career; and who came and went between the discon-

tented in England and Spain, and Charles, who put himself in alliance with Spain on being thrown off by France. This man died in prison at last; but not until there had been very serious plots between the royalists and republicans, and an actual rising of them in England, when they burst into the city of Salisbury on a Sunday night, seized the judges who were going to hold the assizes there next day, and would have hanged them but for the merciful objections of the more temperate of their number. Oliver was so vigorous and shrewd that he soon put this revolt down, as he did most other conspiracies; and it was well for one of its chief managers — that same Lord Wilmot who had assisted in Charles's flight, and was now Earl of Rochester — that he made his escape. Oliver seemed to have eyes and ears everywhere, and secured such sources of information as his enemies little dreamed of. There was a chosen body of six persons, called the Sealed Knot, who were in the closest, and most secret confidence of Charles. One of the foremost of these very men, a Sir Richard Willis, reported to Oliver everything that passed among them, and had two hundred a year for it.

Miles Syndarcomb, also of the old army, was another conspirator against the Protector. He and a man named Cecil bribed one of his life-guards to let them have good notice when he was going out, — intending to shoot him from a window. But owing either to his caution or his good fortune, they could never get an aim at him. Disappointed in this design, they got into the chapel in Whitehall, with a basketful of combustibles, which were to explode, by means of a slow match, in six hours; then, in the noise and confusion of the fire, they hoped to kill Oliver. But the life-guardsmen himself disclosed this plot; and they were seized, and Miles died (or killed himself in prison) a little while before he was ordered for execution. A few such plotters Oliver caused to be beheaded, a few more to be hanged, and many more, including those who rose in arms against him, to be sent as slaves to the West Indies. If he were rigid, he was impartial, too, in asserting the laws of England. When a Portuguese nobleman, the brother of the Portuguese ambassador, killed a London citizen in mistake for another man with whom he had had a quarrel, Oliver caused him to be tried before a jury of Englishmen and foreigners, and had him executed in spite of the entreaties of all the ambassadors in London.

One of Oliver's own friends, the Duke of Oldenburgh, in

sending him a present of six fine coach-horses, was very near doing more to please the royalists than all the plotters put together. One day, Oliver went with his coach, drawn by these six horses, into Hyde Park, to dine with his secretary and some of his other gentlemen under the trees there. After dinner, being merry, he took it into his head to put his friends inside and to drive them home; a postilion riding one of the foremost horses, as the custom was. On account of Oliver's being too free with the whip, the six fine horses went off at a gallop, the postilion got thrown, and Oliver fell upon the coach-pole, and narrowly escaped being shot by his own pistol, which got entangled with his clothes in the harness, and went off. He was dragged some distance by the foot, until his foot came out of the shoe, and then he came safely to the ground under the broad body of the coach, and was very little the worse. The gentlemen inside were only bruised, and the discontented people of all parties were much disappointed.

The rest of the history of the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell is a history of his Parliaments. His first one not pleasing him at all, he waited until the five months were out, and then dissolved it. The next was better suited to his views; and from that he desired to get — if he could with safety to himself — the title of king. He had had this in his mind some time: whether because he thought that the English people, being more used to the title, were more likely to obey it, or whether because he really wished to be a king himself, and to leave the succession to that title in his family, is far from clear. He was already as high, in England and in all the world, as he would ever be; and I doubt if he cared for the mere name. However, a paper, called the "Humble Petition and Advice," was presented to him by the House of Commons, praying him to take a high title and to appoint his successor. That he would have taken the title of king there is no doubt but for the strong opposition of the army. This induced him to forbear, and to assent only to the other points of the petition. Upon which occasion there was another grand show in Westminster Hall, when the Speaker of the House of Commons formally invested him with a purple robe lined with ermine, and presented him with a splendidly bound Bible, and put a golden sceptre in his hand. The next time the Parliament met, he called a House of Lords of sixty members, as the peti-

tion gave him power to do ; but as that Parliament did not please him either, and would not proceed to the business of the country, he jumped into a coach one morning, took six guards with him, and sent them to the right-about. I wish this had been a warning to Parliaments to avoid long speeches, and do more work.

It was the month of August, 1658, when Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole (who had lately lost her youngest son), lay very ill, and his mind was greatly troubled, because he loved her dearly. Another of his daughters was married to Lord Falconberg, another to the grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and he had made his son Richard one of the members of the Upper House. He was very kind and loving to them all, being a good father and a good husband ; but he loved this daughter the best of the family, and went down to Hampton Court to see her, and could hardly be induced to stir from her sick room until she died. Although his religion had been of a gloomy kind, his disposition had been always cheerful. He had been fond of music in his home, and had kept open table once a week for all officers of the army not below the rank of captain, and had always preserved in his house a quiet, sensible dignity. He encouraged men of genius and learning, and loved to have them about him. Milton was one of his great friends. He was good-humoured too, with the nobility, whose dresses and manners were very different from his ; and to show them what good information he had, he would sometimes jokingly tell them when they were his guests, where they had last drunk the health of the "king over the water," and would recommend them to be more private (if they could) another time. But he had lived in busy times, had borne the weight of heavy state affairs, and had often gone in fear of his life. He was ill of the gout and ague ; and when the death of his beloved child came upon him in addition, he sank, never to raise his head again. He told his physicians on the twenty-fourth of August, that the Lord had assured him that he was not to die in that illness, and that he would certainly get better. This was only his sick fancy ; for on the third of September, which was the anniversary of the great battle of Worcester, and the day of the year which he called his fortunate day, he died, in the sixtieth year of his age. He had been delirious, and had lain insensible some hours, but he had been overheard to murmur a very good prayer the

day before. The whole country lamented his death. If you want to know the real worth of Oliver Cromwell, and his real services to his country, you can hardly do better than compare England under him with England under Charles the Second.

He had appointed his son Richard to succeed him ; and after there had been, at Somerset House in the Strand, a lying-in-state more splendid than sensible, — as all such vanities after death are, I think, — Richard became Lord Protector. He was an amiable country gentleman, but had none of his father's great genius, and was quite unfit for such a post in such a storm of parties. Richard's Protectorate, which only lasted a year and a half, is a history of quarrels between the officers of the army and the Parliament, and between the officers among themselves ; and of a growing discontent among the people, who had far too many long sermons, and far too few amusements, and wanted a change. At last General Monk got the army well into his own hands, and then, in pursuance of a secret plan he seems to have entertained from the time of Oliver's death, declared for the king's cause. He did not do this openly ; but in his place in the House of Commons, as one of the members for Devonshire, strongly advocated the proposals of one Sir John Greenville, who came to the House with a letter from Charles, dated from Breda, and with whom he had previously been in secret communication. There had been plots and counterplots, and a recall of the last members of the Long Parliament, and an end of the Long Parliament, and risings of the royalists that were made too soon ; and most men being tired out, and there being no one to head the country now Great Oliver was dead, it was readily agreed to welcome Charles Stuart. Some of the wiser and better members said, — what was most true, — that in the letter from Breda, he gave no real promise to govern well, and that it would be best to make him pledge himself beforehand as to what he should be bound to do for the benefit of the kingdom. Monk said, however, it would be all right when he came, and he could not come too soon.

So everybody found out all in a moment that the country *must* be prosperous and happy, having another Stuart to condescend to reign over it ; and there was a prodigious firing off of guns, lighting of bonfires, ringing of bells, and throwing up of caps. The people drank the king's health by thousands in the open streets, and everybody rejoiced. Down came the arms of

the Commonwealth, up went the royal arms instead, and out came the public money. Fifty thousand pounds, for the king, ten thousand pounds for his brother the Duke of York, five thousand pounds for his brother the Duke of Gloucester. Prayers for these gracious Stuarts were put up in all the churches; commissioners were sent to Holland (which suddenly found out that Charles was a great man, and that it loved him) to invite the king home; Monk and the Kentish grandes went to Dover to kneel down before him as he landed. He kissed and embraced Monk, made him ride in the coach with himself and his brothers, came on to London amid wonderful shoutings, and passed through the army at Blackheath on the twenty-ninth of May (his birthday), 1660. Greeted by splendid dinners under tents, by flags and tapestry streaming from all the houses, by delighted crowds in all the streets, by troops of noblemen and gentlemen in rich dresses, by city companies, train-bands, drummers, trumpeters, the great lord mayor, and the majestic aldermen, the king went on to Whitehall. On entering it, he commemorated his restoration with the joke that it really would seem to have been his own fault that he had not come long ago, since everybody told him that he had always wished for him with all his heart.

CHAPTER XXXV

ENGLAND UNDER CHARLES THE SECOND, CALLED THE MERRY
MONARCH

PART THE FIRST

THERE never were such profligate times in England as under Charles the Second. Whenever you see his portrait, with his swarthy, ill-looking face and great nose, you may fancy him in his Court at Whitehall, surrounded by some of the very worst vagabonds in the kingdom (though they were lords and ladies), drinking, gambling, indulging in vicious conversation, and committing every kind of profligate excess. It has been a fashion to call Charles the Second "The Merry Monarch." Let me try to give you a general idea of some of the merry things that were done, in the merry days when this merry gentleman sat upon his merry throne, in merry England.

The first merry proceeding was — of course — to declare that he was one of the greatest, the wisest, and the noblest kings that ever shone, like the blessed sun itself, on this benighted earth. The next merry and pleasant piece of business was, for the Parliament, in the humblest manner, to give him one million two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to settle upon him for life that old disputed tonnage and poundage which had been so bravely fought for. Then General Monk, being made Earl of Albemarle, and a few other royalists similarly rewarded, the law went to work to see what was to be done to those persons (they were called regicides) who had been concerned in making a martyr of the late king. Ten of these were merrily executed; that is to say, six of the judges, one of the council, Colonel Hacker and another officer who had commanded the Guards, and Hugh Peters, a preacher who had preached against the martyr with all his heart. These executions were so extremely merry, that every horrible circumstance which Cromwell had abandoned was revived with appalling cruelty. The hearts of the sufferers were torn out of their living bodies; their bowels were burned before their faces; the executioner

cut jokes to the next victim, as he rubbed his filthy hands together, that were reeking with the blood of the last; and the heads of the dead were drawn on sledges with the living to the place of suffering. Still, even so merry a monarch could not force one of these dying men to say that he was sorry for what he had done. Nay, the most memorable thing said among them was, that if the thing were to do again they would do it.

Sir Harry Vane, who had furnished the evidence against Strafford, and was one of the most staunch of the republicans, was also tried, found guilty, and ordered for execution. When he came upon the scaffold on Tower Hill, after conducting his own defence with great power, his notes of what he had meant to say to the people were torn away from him, and the drums and trumpets were ordered to sound lustily and drown his voice; for the people had been so much impressed by what the regicides had calmly said with their last breath that it was the custom now to have the drums and trumpets always under the scaffold, ready to strike up. Vane said no more than this: "It is a bad cause which cannot bear the words of a dying man;" and bravely died.

These merry scenes were succeeded by another, perhaps even merrier. On the anniversary of the late king's death, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were torn out of their graves in Westminster Abbey, dragged to Tyburn, hanged there on a gallows all day long, and then beheaded. Imagine the head of Oliver Cromwell set upon a pole to be stared at by a brutal crowd, not one of whom would have dared to look the living Oliver in the face for half a moment! Think, after you have read this reign, what England was under Oliver Cromwell, who was torn out of his grave, and what it was under this merry monarch who sold it, like a merry Judas, over and over again.

Of course, the remains of Oliver's wife and daughter were not to be spared either, though they had been most excellent women. The base clergy of that time gave up their bodies, which had been buried in the abbey; and — to the eternal disgrace of England — they were thrown into a pit, together with the mouldering bones of Pym, and of the brave and bold old Admiral Blake.

The clergy acted this disgraceful part because they hoped to get the nonconformists, or dissenters, thoroughly put down in

this reign, and to have but one prayer-book and one service for all kinds of people, no matter what their private opinions were. This was pretty well, I think, for a Protestant Church, which had displaced the Romish Church because people had a right to their own opinion in religious matters. However, they carried it with a high hand, and a prayer-book was agreed upon, in which the extremest opinions of Archbishop Laud were not forgotten. An act was passed, too, preventing any dissenter from holding any office under any corporation. So the regular clergy, in their triumph, were soon as merry as the king. The army being by this time disbanded, and the king crowned, everything was to go on easily for ever more.

I must say a word here about the king's family. He had not been long upon the throne, when his brother the Duke of Gloucester, and his sister the Princess of Orange, died, within a few months of each other, of smallpox. His remaining sister, the Princess Henrietta, married the Duke of Orleans, the brother of Louis the Fourteenth, king of France. His brother James, Duke of York, was made high admiral, and by and by became a Catholic. He was a gloomy, sullen, bilious sort of man, with a remarkable partiality for the ugliest women in the country. He married, under very discreditable circumstances, Anne Hyde, the daughter of Lord Clarendon, then the king's principal minister, — not at all a delicate minister either, but doing much of the dirty work of a very dirty palace. It became important now that the king himself should be married; and divers foreign monarchs, not very particular about the character of their son-in-law, proposed their daughters to him. The king of Portugal offered his daughter, Catherine of Braganza, and fifty thousand pounds; in addition to which, the French king, who was favourable to that match, offered a loan of another fifty thousand. The king of Spain, on the other hand, offered any one out of a dozen of princesses, and other hopes of gain. But the ready money carried the day, and Catherine came over in state to her merry marriage.

The whole court was a great flaunting crowd of debauched men and shameless women; and Catherine's merry husband insulted and outraged her in every possible way, until she consented to receive those worthless creatures as her very good friends, and to degrade herself by their companionship. A Mrs. Palmer, whom the king made Lady Castlemaine, and after-

wards Duchess of Cleveland, was one of the most powerful of the bad women about the court, and had great influence with the king nearly all through his reign. Another merry lady, named Moll Davies, a dancer at the theatre, was afterwards her rival. So was Nell Gwyn, first an orange-girl, and then an actress, who really had good in her, and of whom one of the worst things I know is that actually she does seem to have been fond of the king. The first Duke of St. Albans was this orange-girl's child. In like manner the son of a merry waiting-lady, whom the king created Duchess of Portsmouth, became the Duke of Richmond. Upon the whole, it is not so bad a thing to be a commoner.

The Merry Monarch was so exceedingly merry among these merry ladies, and some equally merry (and equally infamous) lords and gentlemen, that he soon got through his hundred thousand pounds, and then, by way of raising a little pocket-money, made a merry bargain. He sold Dunkirk to the French king for five millions of livres. When I think of the dignity to which Oliver Cromwell raised England in the eyes of foreign powers, and when I think of the manner in which he gained for England this very Dunkirk, I am much inclined to consider that, if the Merry Monarch had been made to follow his father for this action, he would have received his just deserts.

Though he was like his father in none of that father's greater qualities, he was like him in being worthy of no trust. When he sent that letter to the Parliament, from Breda, he did expressly promise that all sincere religious opinions should be respected. Yet he was no sooner firm in his power than he consented to one of the worst acts of Parliament ever passed. Under this law, every minister who should not give his solemn assent to the prayer-book by a certain day was declared to be a minister no longer, and to be deprived of his church. The consequence of this was that some two thousand honest men were taken from their congregations, and reduced to dire poverty and distress. It was followed by another outrageous law, called the Conventicle Act, by which any person above the age of sixteen, who was present at any religious service not according to the prayer-book, was to be imprisoned three months for the first offence, six for the second, and to be transported for the third. This act alone filled the prisons, which were then most dreadful dungeons, to overflowing.

The Covenanters in Scotland had already fared no better. A base parliament, usually known as the drunken parliament, in consequence of its principal members being seldom sober, had been got together to make laws against the Covenanters, and force all men to be of one mind in religious matters. The Marquis of Argyle, relying on the king's honour, had given himself up to him; but he was wealthy, and his enemies wanted his wealth. He was tried for treason, on the evidence of some private letters in which he had expressed opinions — as well he might — more favourable to the government of the late Lord Protector than of the present merry and religious king. He was executed, as were two men of mark among the Covenanters; and Sharp, a traitor who had once been the friend of the Presbyterians and betrayed them, was made Archbishop of St. Andrew's, to teach the Scotch how to like bishops.

Things being in this merry state at home, the Merry Monarch undertook a war with the Dutch; principally because they interfered with an African company, established with the two objects of buying gold-dust and slaves, of which the Duke of York was a leading member. After some preliminary hostilities, the said duke sailed to the coast of Holland with a fleet of ninety-eight vessels of war, and four fire-ships. This engaged with the Dutch fleet, of no fewer than one hundred and thirteen ships. In the great battle between the two forces, the Dutch lost eighteen ships, four admirals, and seven thousand men. But the English on shore were in no mood of exultation when they heard the news.

For this was the year and the time of the Great Plague in London. During the winter of 1664 it had been whispered about that some few people had died here and there of the disease called the Plague, in some of the unwholesome suburbs around London. News was not published at that time as it is now, and some people believed these rumours, and some disbelieved them, and they were soon forgotten. But in the month of May, 1665, it began to be said all over the town that the disease had burst out with great violence in St. Giles's, and that the people were dying in great numbers. This soon turned out to be awfully true. The roads out of London were choked up by people endeavouring to escape from the infected city, and large sums were paid for any kind of conveyance. The disease soon spread so fast that it was necessary to shut up the houses in

which sick people were, and to cut them off from communication with the living. Every one of these houses was marked on the outside of the door with a red cross, and the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" The streets were all deserted, grass grew in the public ways, and there was a dreadful silence in the air. When night came on, dismal rumblings used to be heard; and these were the wheels of the death-carts, attended by men with veiled faces and holding cloths to their mouths, who rang doleful bells, and cried in a loud and solemn voice, "Bring out your dead!" The corpses put into these carts were buried by torchlight in great pits; no service being performed over them; all men being afraid to stay for a moment on the brink of the ghastly graves. In the general fear, children ran away from their parents, and parents from their children. Some who were taken ill, died alone, and without any help. Some were stabbed or strangled by hired nurses, who robbed them of all their money, and stole the very beds on which they lay. Some went mad, dropped from the windows, ran through the streets, and in their pain and frenzy flung themselves into the river.

These were not all the horrors of the time. The wicked and dissolute, in wild desperation, sat in the taverns singing roaring songs, and were stricken as they drank, and went out and died. The fearful and superstitious persuaded themselves that they saw supernatural sights, — burning swords in the sky, gigantic arms, and darts. Others pretended that at night vast crowds of ghosts walked round and round the dismal pits. One madman, naked, and carrying a brazier full of burning coals upon his head, stalked through the streets, crying out that he was a prophet, commissioned to denounce the vengeance of the Lord on wicked London. Another always went to and fro, exclaiming, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!" A third awoke the echoes in the dismal streets by night and by day, and made the blood of the sick run cold, by calling out incessantly, in a deep, hoarse voice, "Oh, the great and dreadful God!"

Through the months of July and August and September, the Great Plague raged more and more. Great fires were lighted in the streets, in the hope of stopping the infection; but there was a plague of rain, too, and it beat the fires out. At last, the winds which usually arise at that time of the year which is called the equinox, when day and night are of equal length all

over the world, began to blow, and to purify the wretched town. The deaths began to decrease, the red crosses slowly to disappear, the fugitives to return, the shops to open, pale, frightened faces to be seen in the streets. The plague had been in every part of England; but in close and unwholesome London it had killed one hundred thousand people.

All this time the Merry Monarch was as merry as ever, and as worthless as ever. All this time the debauched lords and gentlemen and the shameless ladies danced and gamed and drank, and loved and hated one another, according to their merry ways. So little humanity did the government learn from the late affliction that one of the first things the Parliament did when it met at Oxford (being as yet afraid to come to London) was to make a law called the Five-Mile Act, expressly directed against those poor ministers, who, in the time of the plague, had manfully come back to comfort the unhappy people. This infamous law, by forbidding them to teach in any school, or to come within five miles of any city, town, or village, doomed them to starvation and death.

The fleet had been at sea and healthy. The king of France was now in alliance with the Dutch; though his navy was chiefly employed in looking on while the English and Dutch fought. The Dutch gained one victory, and the English gained another and a greater; and Prince Rupert, one of the English admirals, was out in the Channel one windy night, looking for the French admiral, with the intention of giving him something more to do than he had had yet, when the gale increased to a storm, and blew him into St. Helen's. That night was the third of September, 1666; and that wind fanned the Great Fire of London.

It broke out at a baker's shop near London Bridge, on the spot on which the monument now stands as a remembrance of those raging flames. It spread and spread, and burned and burned, for three days. The nights were lighter than the days: in the daytime, there was an immense cloud of smoke; and in the night-time, there was a great tower of fire mounting up into the sky, which lighted the whole country landscape for ten miles round. Showers of hot ashes rose into the air, and fell on distant places; flying sparks carried the conflagration to great distances, and kindled it in twenty new spots at a time; church steeples fell down with tremendous crashes; houses crumbled

into cinders by the hundred and the thousand. The summer had been intensely hot and dry; the streets were very narrow, and the houses mostly built of wood and plaster. Nothing could stop the tremendous fire but the want of more houses to burn; nor did it stop until the whole way from the Tower to Temple Bar was a desert, composed of the ashes of thirteen thousand houses and eighty-nine churches.

This was a terrible visitation at the time, and occasioned great loss and suffering to the two hundred thousand burnt-out people, who were obliged to lie in the fields under the open night sky, or in hastily made huts of mud and straw, while the lanes and roads were rendered impassable by carts which had broken down as they tried to save their goods. But the fire was a great blessing to the city afterwards, for it arose from its ruins very much improved,—built more regularly, more widely, more cleanly and carefully, and therefore much more healthily. It might be far more healthy than it is, but there are some people in it still—even now at this time, nearly two hundred years later—so selfish, so pig-headed, and so ignorant, that I doubt if even another great fire would warm them up to do their duty.

The Catholics were accused of having wilfully set London in flames; one poor Frenchman, who had been mad for years, even accused himself of having with his own hand fired the first house. There is no reasonable doubt, however, that the fire was accidental. An inscription on the monument long attributed it to the Catholics; but it is removed now, and was always a malicious and stupid untruth.

PART THE SECOND

That the Merry Monarch might be very merry, indeed, in the merry times when his people were suffering under pestilence and fire, he drank and gambled and flung away among his favourites the money which the Parliament had voted for the war. The consequence of this was that the stout-hearted English sailors were merrily starving of want, and dying in the streets; while the Dutch, under their admirals, De Witt and De Ruyter, came into the river Thames, and up the river Medway as far as Upnor, burned the guard-ships, silenced the weak batteries, and did what they would to the English coast for six whole weeks. Most of the English ships that could have prevented them had

neither powder nor shot on board ; in this merry reign, public officers made themselves as merry as the king did with the public money ; and when it was intrusted to them to spend in national defences or preparations, they put it into their own pockets with the merriest grace in the world.

Lord Clarendon had, by this time, run as long a course as is usually allotted to the unscrupulous ministers of bad kings. He was impeached by his political opponents, but unsuccessfully. The king then commanded him to withdraw from England and retire to France, which he did, after defending himself in writing. He was no great loss at home, and died abroad some seven years afterwards.

There then came into power a ministry called the Cabal Ministry, because it was composed of Lord Clifford, the Earl of Arlington, the Duke of Buckingham (a great rascal, and the king's most powerful favourite), Lord Ashley, and the Duke of Lauderdale, — c. a. b. a. l. As the French were making conquests in Flanders, the first Cabal proceeding was to make a treaty with the Dutch for uniting with Spain to oppose the French. It was no sooner made than the Merry Monarch, who always wanted to get money without being accountable to a Parliament for his expenditure, apologised to the king of France for having had anything to do with it, and concluded a secret treaty with him, making himself his infamous pensioner to the amount of two millions of livres down, and three millions more a year ; and engaging to desert that very Spain, to make war against those very Dutch, and to declare himself a Catholic when a convenient time should arrive. This religious king had lately been crying to his Catholic brother on the subject of his strong desire to be a Catholic ; and now he merrily concluded this treasonable conspiracy against the country he governed, by undertaking to become one as soon as he safely could. For all of which, though he had had ten merry heads instead of one, he richly deserved to lose them by the headsman's axe.

As his one merry head might have been far from safe, if these things had been known, they were kept very quiet, and war was declared by France and England against the Dutch. But a very uncommon man, afterwards most important to English history and to the religion and liberty of this land, arose among them, and for many long years defeated the whole projects of France. This was William of Nassau, Prince of Orange,

son of the last Prince of Orange of the same name, who married the daughter of Charles the First of England. He was a young man at this time, only just of age; but he was brave, cool, intrepid, and wise. His father had been so detested, that, upon his death, the Dutch had abolished the authority to which this son would have otherwise succeeded (Stadtholder it was called), and placed the chief power in the hands of John de Witt, who educated this young prince. Now the prince became very popular, and John de Witt's brother Cornelius was sentenced to banishment on a false accusation of conspiring to kill him. John went to the prison where he was, to take him away to exile, in his coach; and a great mob who collected on the occasion, then and there cruelly murdered both the brothers. This left the government in the hands of the prince, who was really the choice of the nation; and from this time he exercised it with the greatest vigour, against the whole power of France, under its famous generals, Condé and Turenne, and in support of the Protestant religion. It was full seven years before this war ended in a treaty of peace made at Nimeguen, and its details would occupy a very considerable space. It is enough to say that William of Orange established a famous character with the whole world; and that the Merry Monarch, adding to and improving on his former baseness, bound himself to do everything the king of France liked, and nothing the king of France did not like, for a pension of one hundred thousand pounds a year, which was afterwards doubled. Besides this, the king of France, by means of his corrupt ambassador, — who wrote accounts of his proceedings in England, which are not always to be believed, I think, — bought our English members of Parliament, as he wanted them. So, in point of fact, during a considerable portion of this merry reign, the king of France was the real king of this country.

But there was a better time to come; and it was to come (though his royal uncle little thought so) through that very William, Prince of Orange. He came over to England, saw Mary, the elder daughter of the Duke of York, and married her. We shall see by and by what came of that marriage, and why it is never to be forgotten.

This daughter was a Protestant, but her mother died a Catholic. She and her sister Anne, also a Protestant, were the only survivors of eight children. Anne afterwards married George, Prince of Denmark, brother to the king of that country.

Lest you should do the Merry Monarch the injustice of supposing that he was even good-humoured (except when he had everything his own way), or that he was high-spirited and honourable, I will mention here what was done to a member of the House of Commons, Sir John Coventry. He made a remark in a debate about taxing the theatres, which gave the king offence. The king agreed with his illegitimate son, who had been born abroad, and whom he had made Duke of Monmouth, to take the following merry vengeance. To waylay him at night, fifteen armed men to one, and to slit his nose with a penknife. Like master, like man. The king's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, was strongly suspected of setting on an assassin to murder the Duke of Ormond as he was returning home from a dinner; and that duke's spirited son, Lord Ossory, was so persuaded of his guilt, that he said to him at court, even as he stood beside the king, "My lord, I know very well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt upon my father. But I give you warning, if he ever come to a violent end, his blood shall be upon you, and wherever I meet you I will pistol you! I will do so, though I find you standing behind the king's chair; and I tell you this in his Majesty's presence, that you may be quite sure of my doing what I threaten." Those were merry times indeed.

There was a fellow named Blood, who was seized for making, with two companions, an audacious attempt to steal the crown, the globe, and sceptre, from the place where the jewels were kept in the Tower. This robber, who was a swaggering ruffian, being taken, declared that he was the man who had endeavoured to kill the Duke of Ormond, and that he had meant to kill the king too, but was overawed by the majesty of his appearance, when he might otherwise have done it, as he was bathing at Battersea. The king being but an ill-looking fellow, I don't believe a word of this. Whether he was flattered, or whether he knew that Buckingham had really set Blood on to murder the duke, is uncertain. But it is quite certain that he pardoned this thief, gave him an estate of five hundred a year in Ireland (which had had the honour of giving him birth), and presented him at court to the debauched lords and the shameless ladies, who made a great deal of him, — as I have no doubt they would have made of the Devil himself, if the king had introduced him.

Infamously pensioned as he was, the king still wanted money, and consequently was obliged to call Parliaments. In these, the great object of the Protestants was to thwart the Catholic Duke of York, who married a second time; his new wife being a young lady only fifteen years old, the Catholic sister of the Duke of Modena. In this they were seconded by the Protestant Dissenters, though to their own disadvantage; since, to exclude Catholics from power, they were even willing to exclude themselves. The king's object was to pretend to be a Protestant, while he was really a Catholic; to swear to the bishops that he was devoutly attached to the English Church, while he knew he had bargained it away to the king of France; and by cheating and deceiving them, and all who were attached to royalty, to become despotic and be powerful enough to confess what a rascal he was. Meantime, the king of France, knowing his merry pensioner well, intrigued with the king's opponents in Parliament, as well as with the king and his friends.

The fears that the country had of the Catholic religion being restored, if the Duke of York should come to the throne, and the low cunning of the king in pretending to share their alarms, led to some very terrible results. A certain Dr. Tonge, a dull clergyman in the city, fell into the hands of a certain Titus Oates, a most infamous character, who pretended to have acquired among the Jesuits abroad a knowledge of a great plot for the murder of the king, and the re-establishment of the Catholic religion. Titus Oates, being produced by this unlucky Dr. Tonge and solemnly examined before the council, contradicted himself in a thousand ways, told the most ridiculous and improbable stories, and implicated Coleman, the secretary of the Duchess of York. Now, although what he charged against Coleman was not true, and although you and I know very well that the real dangerous Catholic plot was that one with the king of France of which the Merry Monarch was himself the head, there happened to be found among Coleman's papers some letters, in which he did praise the days of Bloody Queen Mary, and abuse the Protestant religion. This was great good fortune for Titus, as it seemed to confirm him; but better still was in store. Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, the magistrate who had first examined him, being unexpectedly found dead near Primrose Hill, was confidently believed to have been killed by the Catholics. I think there is no doubt that he had been

melancholy mad, and that he killed himself; but he had a great Protestant funeral, and Titus was called the Saver of the Nation, and received a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year.

As soon as Oates's wickedness had met with this success, up started another villain, named William Bedloe, who, attracted by a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers of Godfrey, came forward and charged two Jesuits and some other persons with having committed it at the queen's desire. Oates, going into partnership with this new informer, had the audacity to accuse the poor queen herself of high treason. Then appeared a third informer, as bad as either of the two, and accused a Catholic banker, named Stayley, of having said that the king was the greatest rogue in the world (which would not have been far from the truth), and that he would kill him with his own hand. This banker being at once tried and executed, Coleman and two others were tried and executed. Then a miserable wretch named Prance, a Catholic silversmith, being accused by Bedloe, was tortured into confessing that he had taken part in Godfrey's murder, and into accusing three other men of having committed it. Then five Jesuits were accused by Oates, Bedloe, and Prance together, and were all found guilty, and executed on the same kind of contradictory and absurd evidence. The queen's physician and three monks were next put on their trial; but Oates and Bedloe had for the time gone far enough, and these four were acquitted. The public mind, however, was so full of a Catholic plot, and so strong against the Duke of York, that James consented to obey a written order from his brother, and to go with his family to Brussels, provided that his rights should never be sacrificed in his absence to the Duke of Monmouth. The House of Commons, not satisfied with this as the king hoped, passed a bill to exclude the duke from ever succeeding to the throne. In return, the king dissolved the Parliament. He had deserted his old favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, who was now in the opposition.

To give any sufficient idea of the miseries of Scotland in this merry reign would occupy a hundred pages. Because the people would not have bishops, and were resolved to stand by their solemn League and Covenant, such cruelties were inflicted upon them as make the blood run cold. Ferocious dragoons galloped

through the country to punish the peasants for deserting the churches; sons were hanged up at their fathers' doors for refusing to disclose where their fathers were concealed; wives were tortured to death for not betraying their husbands; people were taken out of their fields and gardens, and shot on the public road, without trial; lighted matches were tied to the fingers of prisoners, and a most horrible torment, called the Boot, was invented, and constantly applied, which ground and mashed the victims' legs with iron wedges. Witnesses were tortured as well as prisoners. All the prisons were full; all the gibbets were heavy with bodies; murder and plunder devastated the whole country. In spite of all, the Covenanters were by no means to be dragged into the churches, and persisted in worshipping God as they thought right. A body of ferocious Highlanders, turned upon them from the mountains of their own country, had no greater effect than the English dragoons under Grahame of Claverhouse, the most cruel and rapacious of all their enemies, whose name will ever be cursed through the length and breadth of Scotland. Archbishop Sharp had ever aided and abetted all these outrages. But he fell at last; for when the injuries of the Scottish people were at their height, he was seen, in his coach-and-six, coming across a moor, by a body of men, headed by one John Balfour, who were waiting for another of their oppressors. Upon this they cried out that Heaven had delivered him into their hands, and killed him with many wounds. If ever a man deserved such a death, I think Archbishop Sharp did.

It made a great noise directly, and the Merry Monarch (strongly suspected of having goaded the Scottish people on, that he might have an excuse for a greater army than the Parliament were willing to give him) sent down his son, the Duke of Monmouth, as commander-in-chief, with instructions to attack the Scottish rebels, or Whigs, as they were called, whenever he came up with them. Marching with ten thousand men from Edinburgh, he found them, in number four or five thousand, drawn up at Bothwell Bridge, by the Clyde. They were soon dispersed; and Monmouth showed a more humane character towards them than he had shown towards that member of Parliament whose nose he had caused to be slit with a penknife. But the Duke of Lauderdale was their bitter foe, and sent Claverhouse to finish them.

As the Duke of York became more and more unpopular, the Duke of Monmouth became more and more popular. It would have been decent in the latter not to have voted in favour of the renewed bill for the exclusion of James from the throne; but he did so, much to the king's amusement, who used to sit in the House of Lords, by the fire, hearing the debates, which he said were as good as a play. The House of Commons passed the bill by a large majority, and it was carried up to the House of Lords by Lord Russell, one of the best of the leaders on the Protestant side. It was rejected there, chiefly because the bishops helped the king to get rid of it; and the fear of Catholic plots revived again. There had been another got up, by a fellow out of Newgate, named Dangerfield, which is more famous than it deserves to be, under the name of the Meal-Tub Plot. This jail-bird having been got out of Newgate by a Mrs. Cellier, a Catholic nurse, had turned Catholic himself, and pretended that he knew of a plot among the Presbyterians against the king's life. This was very pleasant to the Duke of York, who hated the Presbyterians, who returned the compliment. He gave Dangerfield twenty guineas, and sent him to the king, his brother. But Dangerfield breaking down altogether in his charge, and being sent back to Newgate, almost astonished the duke out of his five senses by suddenly swearing that the Catholic nurse had put that false design into his head, and that what he really knew about was a Catholic plot against the king; the evidence of which would be found in some papers, concealed in a meal-tub in Mrs. Cellier's house. There they were of course, — for he had put them there himself, — and so the tub gave the name to the plot. But the nurse was acquitted, on her trial, and it came to nothing.

Lord Ashley, of the Cabal, was now Lord Shaftesbury, and was strong against the succession of the Duke of York. The House of Commons, aggravated to the utmost extent, as we may well suppose, by suspicions of the king's conspiracy with the king of France, made a desperate point of the exclusion still, and were bitter against the Catholics generally. So unjustly bitter were they, I grieve to say, that they impeached the venerable Lord Stafford, a Catholic nobleman, seventy years old, of a design to kill the king. The witnesses were that atrocious Oates and two other birds of the same feather. He was found guilty, on evidence quite as foolish as it was false, and was

beheaded on Tower Hill. The people were opposed to him when he first appeared upon the scaffold; but when he had addressed them and shown them how innocent he was, and how wickedly he was sent there, their better nature was aroused, and they said, "We believe you, my lord. God bless you, my lord!"

The House of Commons refused to let the king have any money until he should consent to the Exclusion Bill; but as he could get it and did get it from his master, the king of France, he could afford to hold them very cheap. He called a Parliament at Oxford, to which he went down with a great show of being armed and protected, as if he were in danger of his life, and to which the opposition members also went armed and protected, alleging that they were in fear of the Papists, who were numerous among the king's guards. However, they went on with the Exclusion Bill, and were so earnest upon it, that they would have carried it again, if the king had not popped his crown and state robes into a sedan-chair, bundled himself into it along with them, hurried down to the chamber where the House of Lords met, and dissolved the Parliament. After which he scampered home, and the members of Parliament scampered home, too, as fast as their legs could carry them.

The Duke of York, then residing in Scotland, had, under the law which excluded Catholics from public trust, no right whatever to public employment. Nevertheless, he was openly employed as the king's representative in Scotland, and there gratified his sullen and cruel nature to his heart's content by directing the dreadful cruelties against the Covenanters. There were two ministers, named Cargill and Cameron, who had escaped from the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and who returned to Scotland, and raised the miserable but still brave and unsubdued Covenanters afresh, under the name of Cameronians. As Cameron publicly posted a declaration that the king was a fore-sworn tyrant, no mercy was shown to his unfortunate followers after he was slain in battle. The Duke of York, who was particularly fond of the Boot, and derived great pleasure from having it applied, offered their lives to some of these people if they would cry on the scaffold, "God save the king!" But their relations, friends, and countrymen had been so barbarously tortured and murdered in this merry reign, that they preferred

to die, and did die. The duke then obtained his merry brother's permission to hold a Parliament in Scotland, which first, with most shameless deceit, confirmed the laws for securing the Protestant religion against Popery, and then declared that nothing must or should prevent the succession of the popish duke. After this double-faced beginning, it established an oath which no human being could understand, but which everybody was to take, as a proof that his religion was the lawful religion. The Earl of Argyle, taking it with the explanation that he did not consider it to prevent him from favouring any alteration, either in the church or state, which was not inconsistent with the Protestant religion or with his loyalty, was tried for high treason before a Scottish jury, of which the Marquis of Montrose was foreman, and was found guilty. He escaped the scaffold, for that time, by getting away, in the disguise of a page, in the train of his daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay. It was absolutely proposed, by certain members of the Scottish Council, that this lady should be whipped through the streets of Edinburgh. But this was too much even for the duke, who had the manliness then (he had very little at most times) to remark that Englishmen were not accustomed to treat ladies in that manner. In those merry times, nothing could equal the brutal servility of the Scottish fawners but the conduct of similar degraded beings in England.

After the settlement of these little affairs, the duke returned to England, and soon resumed his place at the council, and his office of high admiral, — all this by his brother's favour, and in open defiance of the law. It would have been no loss to the country, if he had been drowned when his ship, in going to Scotland to fetch his family, struck on a sand-bank, and was lost with two hundred souls on board. But he escaped in a boat with some friends; and the sailors were so brave and unselfish, that, when they saw him rowing away, they gave three cheers, while they themselves were going down for ever.

The Merry Monarch, having got rid of his Parliament, went to work to make himself despotic with all speed. Having had the villainy to order the execution of Oliver Plunket, Bishop of Armagh, falsely accused of a plot to establish Popery in that country by means of a French army, — the very thing this royal traitor was himself trying to do at home, — and having tried to ruin Lord Shaftesbury and failed, he turned his hand

to controlling the corporations all over the country ; because, if he could only do that, he could get what juries he chose, to bring in perjured verdicts, and could get what members he chose returned to Parliament. These merry times produced, and made Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, a drunken ruffian of the name of Jeffreys ; a red-faced, swollen, bloated, horrible creature, with a bullying, roaring voice, and a more savage nature perhaps than was ever lodged in any human breast. This monster was the Merry Monarch's especial favourite ; and he testified his admiration of him by giving him a ring from his own finger, which the people used to call Judge Jeffreys' Bloodstone. Him the king employed to go about and bully the corporations, beginning with London ; or, as Jeffreys himself elegantly called it, " to give them a lick with the rough side of his tongue." And he did it so thoroughly, that they soon became the basest and most sycophantic bodies in the kingdom, except the University of Oxford, which, in that respect, was quite pre-eminent and unapproachable.

Lord Shaftesbury (who died soon after the king's failure against him), Lord William Russell, the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Howard, Lord Jersey, Algernon Sidney, John Hampden (grandson of the great Hampden), and some others used to hold a council together after the dissolution of the Parliament, arranging what it might be necessary to do, if the king carried his popish plot to the utmost height. Lord Shaftesbury, having been much the most violent of this party, brought two violent men into their secrets, — Rumsey, who had been a soldier in the republican army ; and West, a lawyer. These two knew an old officer of Cromwell's, called Rumbold, who had married a maltster's widow, and so had come into possession of a solitary dwelling called the Rye House, near Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire. Rumbold said to them what a capital place this house of his would be from which to shoot at the king, who often passed there going to and fro from Newmarket. They liked the idea and entertained it. But one of their body gave information ; and they, together with Shepherd, a wine-merchant, Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, Lord Essex, Lord Howard, and Hampden, were all arrested.

Lord Russell might have easily escaped, but scorned to do so, being innocent of any wrong ; Lord Essex might have easily escaped, but scorned to do so, lest his flight should pre-

justice Lord Russell. But it weighed upon his mind that he had brought into their council Lord Howard, — who now turned a miserable traitor, — against a great dislike Lord Russell had always had of him. He could not bear the reflection, and destroyed himself before Lord Russell was brought to trial at the Old Bailey.

He knew very well that he had nothing to hope, having always been manful in the Protestant cause against the two false brothers, the one on the throne, and the other standing next to it. He had a wife, one of the noblest and best of women, who acted as his secretary on his trial, who comforted him in his prison, who supped with him on the night before he died, and whose love and virtue and devotion have made her name imperishable. Of course, he was found guilty, and was sentenced to be beheaded in Lincoln's Inn-fields, not many yards from his own house. When he had parted from his children on the evening before his death, his wife still stayed with him until ten o'clock at night; and when their final separation in this world was over, and he had kissed her many times, he still sat for a long while in his prison talking of her goodness. Hearing the rain fall fast at that time, he calmly said, "Such a rain to-morrow will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day." At midnight he went to bed, and slept till four; even when his servant called him, he fell asleep again while his clothes were being made ready. He rode to the scaffold in his own carriage, attended by two famous clergymen, Tillotson and Burnet, and sang a psalm to himself very softly as he went along. He was as quiet and steady as if he had been going out for an ordinary ride. After saying that he was surprised to see so great a crowd, he laid down his head upon the block, as if upon the pillow of his bed, and had it struck off at the second blow. His noble wife was busy for him even then; for that true-hearted lady printed and widely circulated his last words, of which he had given her a copy. They made the blood of all the honest men in England boil.

The University of Oxford distinguished itself on the very same day by pretending to believe that the accusation against Lord Russell was true, and by calling the king, in a written paper, the Breath of their Nostrils and the Anointed of the Lord. This paper the Parliament afterwards caused to be burned by the common hangman; which I am sorry for, as I

wish it had been framed and hung up in some public place, as a monument of baseness for the scorn of mankind.

Next came the trial of Algernon Sidney, at which Jeffreys presided, like a great crimson toad, sweltering and swelling with rage. "I pray God, Mr. Sidney," said this chief justice of a merry reign, after passing sentence, "to work in you a temper fit to go to the other world, for I see you are not fit for this." — "My lord," said the prisoner, composedly holding out his arm, "feel my pulse, and see if I be disordered. I thank Heaven I never was in better temper than I am now." Algernon Sidney was executed on Tower Hill, on the seventh of December, 1683. He died a hero, and died, in his own words, "For that good old cause in which he had been engaged from his youth, and for which God had so often and so wonderfully declared himself."

The Duke of Monmouth had been making his uncle, the Duke of York, very jealous, by going about the country in a royal sort of way, playing at the people's games, becoming godfather to their children, and even touching for the king's evil, or stroking the faces of the sick to cure them, — though, for the matter of that, I should say he did them about as much good as any crowned king could have done. His father had got him to write a letter confessing his having had a part in the conspiracy for which Lord Russell had been beheaded; but he was ever a weak man, and as soon as he had written it, he was ashamed of it and got it back again. For this he was banished to the Netherlands; but he soon returned, and had an interview with his father, unknown to his uncle. It would seem that he was coming into the Merry Monarch's favour again, and that the Duke of York was sliding out of it, when death appeared to the merry galleries at Whitehall, and astonished the debauched lords and gentlemen, and the shameless ladies, very considerably.

On Monday, the second of February, 1685, the merry pensioner and servant of the king of France fell down in a fit of apoplexy. By the Wednesday his case was hopeless, and on the Thursday he was told so. As he made a difficulty about taking the sacrament from the Protestant Bishop of Bath, the Duke of York got all who were present away from the bed, and asked his brother, in a whisper, if he should send for a Catholic priest. The king replied, "For God's sake, brother, do!"

The duke smuggled in, up the back stairs, disguised in a wig and gown, a priest named Huddleston, who had saved the king's life after the battle of Worcester, — telling him that this worthy man in the wig had once saved his body, and was now come to save his soul.

The Merry Monarch lived through that night, and died before noon on the next day, which was Friday, the sixth. Two of the last things he said were of a human sort, and your remembrance will give him the full benefit of them. When the queen sent to say she was too unwell to attend him, and to ask his pardon, he said, "Alas, poor woman! *she* beg *my* pardon: I beg hers with all my heart. Take back that answer to her." And he also said, in reference to Nell Gwyn, "Do not let poor Nelly starve."

He died in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his reign.

CHAPTER XXXVI

ENGLAND UNDER JAMES THE SECOND

KING JAMES THE SECOND was a man so very disagreeable that even the best of historians has favoured his brother Charles, as becoming, by comparison, quite a pleasant character. The one object of his short reign was to re-establish the Catholic religion in England ; and this he doggedly pursued with such a stupid obstinacy that his career very soon came to a close.

The first thing he did was to assure his council that he would make it his endeavour to preserve the government, both in Church and State, as it was by law established ; and that he would always take care to defend and support the Church. Great public acclamations were raised over this fair speech ; and a great deal was said, from the pulpits and elsewhere, about the word of a king which was never broken, by credulous people who little supposed that he had formed a secret council for Catholic affairs, of which a mischievous Jesuit, called Father Petre, was one of the chief members. With tears of joy in his eyes, he received, as the beginning of *his* pension from the king of France, five hundred thousand livres ; yet, with a mixture of meanness and arrogance that belonged to his contemptible character, he was always jealous of making some show of being independent of the king of France, while he pocketed his money. As — notwithstanding his publishing two papers in favour of Popery (and not likely to do it much service, I should think) written by the king, his brother, and found in his strong-box ; and his open display of himself attending mass — the Parliament was very obsequious, and granted him a large sum of money, he began his reign with a belief that he could do what he pleased, and with a determination to do it.

Before we proceed to its principal events, let us dispose of Titus Oates. He was tried for perjury, a fortnight after the coronation, and, besides being very heavily fined, was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, to be whipped from Aldgate to

Newgate one day, and from Newgate to Tyburn two days afterwards, and to stand in the pillory five times a year as long as he lived. This fearful sentence was actually inflicted on the rascal. Being unable to stand after his first flogging, he was dragged on a sledge from Newgate to Tyburn, and flogged as he was drawn along. He was so strong a villain that he did not die under the torture, but lived to be afterwards pardoned and rewarded, though not to be ever believed in any more. Dangerfield, the only other one of that crew left alive, was not so fortunate. He was almost killed by a whipping from Newgate to Tyburn; and as if that were not punishment enough, a ferocious barrister of Grey's Inn gave him a poke in the eye with his cane, which caused his death,—for which the ferocious barrister was deservedly tried and executed.

As soon as James was on the throne, Argyle and Monmouth went from Brussels to Rotterdam, and attended a meeting of Scottish exiles held there to concert measures for a rising in England. It was agreed that Argyle should effect a landing in Scotland, and Monmouth in England; and that two Englishmen should be sent with Argyle to be in his confidence, and two Scotchmen with the Duke of Monmouth.

Argyle was the first to act upon this contract. But two of his men being taken prisoners at the Orkney Islands, the government became aware of his intention, and was able to act against him with such vigour as to prevent his raising more than two or three thousand Highlanders, although he sent a fiery cross, by trusty messengers, from clan to clan, and from glen to glen, as the custom then was when those wild people were to be excited by their chiefs. As he was moving towards Glasgow with his small force, he was betrayed by some of his followers, taken, and carried, with his hands tied behind his back, to his old prison in Edinburgh Castle. James ordered him to be executed, on his old, shamefully unjust sentence, within three days; and he appears to have been anxious that his legs should have been pounded with his old favourite, the Boot. However, the Boot was not applied; he was simply beheaded, and his head was set upon the top of Edinburgh jail. One of those Englishmen who had been assigned to him was that old soldier, Rumbold, the master of the Rye House. He was sorely wounded, and within a week after Argyle had suffered with great courage, was brought up for trial, lest he should die, and

disappoint the king. He, too, was executed, after defending himself with great spirit, and saying that he did not believe that God had made the greater part of mankind to carry saddles on their backs, and bridles in their mouths, and to be ridden by a few, booted and spurred for the purpose ; in which I thoroughly agree with Rumbold.

The Duke of Monmouth, partly through being detained and partly through idling his time away, was five or six weeks behind his friend when he landed at Lyme, in Dorset ; having at his right hand an unlucky nobleman called Lord Grey of Werk, who of himself would have ruined a far more promising expedition. He immediately set up his standard in the market-place, and proclaimed the king a tyrant and a popish usurper, and I know not what else ; charging him, not only with what he had done, which was bad enough, but with what neither he nor anybody else had done, such as setting fire to London, and poisoning the late king. Raising some four thousand men by these means, he marched on to Taunton, where there were many Protestant dissenters who were strongly opposed to the Catholics. Here, both the rich and poor turned out to receive him, ladies waved a welcome to him from all the windows as he passed along the streets, flowers were strewn in his way, and every compliment and honour that could be devised was showered upon him. Among the rest, twenty young ladies came forward, in their best clothes, and in their brightest beauty, and gave him a Bible ornamented with their own fair hands, together with other presents.

Encouraged by this homage, he proclaimed himself king, and went on to Bridgewater. But here, the government troops, under the Earl of Feversham, were close at hand ; and he was so dispirited at finding that he made but few powerful friends after all, that it was a question whether he should disband his army and endeavour to escape. It was resolved, at the instance of that unlucky Lord Grey, to make a night attack on the king's army, as it lay encamped on the edge of a morass called Sedgemoor. The horsemen were commanded by the same unlucky lord, who was not a brave man. He gave up the battle almost at the first obstacle, which was a deep drain ; and although the poor countrymen who had turned out for Monmouth fought bravely with scythes, poles, pitchforks, and such poor weapons as they had, they were soon dispersed by the trained soldiers,

and fled in all directions. When the Duke of Monmouth himself fled, was not known in the confusion ; but the unlucky Lord Grey was taken early next day, and then another of the party was taken, who confessed that he had parted from the duke only four hours before. Strict search being made, he was found disguised as a peasant, hidden in a ditch under fern and nettles, with a few peas in his pocket which he had gathered in the fields to eat. The only other articles he had upon him were a few papers and little books ; one of the latter being a strange jumble, in his own writing, of charms, songs, recipes, and prayers. He was completely broken. He wrote a miserable letter to the king, beseeching and entreating to be allowed to see him. When he was taken to London, and conveyed bound into the king's presence, he crawled to him on his knees, and made a most degrading exhibition. As James never forgave or relented towards anybody, he was not likely to soften towards the issuer of the Lyme proclamation, so he told the suppliant to prepare for death.

On the fifteenth of July, 1685, this unfortunate favourite of the people was brought out to die on Tower Hill. The crowd was immense, and the tops of all the houses were covered with gazers. He had seen his wife, the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, in the Tower, and had talked much of a lady whom he loved far better, — the Lady Harriet Wentworth, — who was one of the last persons he remembered in his life. Before laying down his head upon the block, he felt the edge of the axe, and told the executioner that he feared it was not sharp enough, and that the axe was not heavy enough. On the executioner replying that it was of the proper kind, the duke said, "I pray you have a care, and do not use me so awkwardly as you used my Lord Russell." The executioner, made nervous by this, and trembling, struck once, and merely gashed him in the neck. Upon this, the Duke of Monmouth raised his head, and looked the man reproachfully in the face. Then he struck twice, and then thrice, and then threw down the axe, and cried out in a voice of horror that he could not finish that work. The sheriffs, however, threatening him with what should be done to himself if he did not, he took it up again, and struck a fourth time and a fifth time. Then the wretched head at last fell off, and James, Duke of Monmouth, was dead, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He was a showy, graceful man, with many

popular qualities, and had found much favour in the open hearts of the English.

The atrocities committed by the government which followed this Monmouth rebellion form the blackest and most lamentable page in English history. The poor peasants, having been dispersed with great loss, and their leaders having been taken, one would think that the implacable king might have been satisfied. But no; he let loose upon them, among other intolerable monsters, a Colonel Kirk, who had served against the Moors, and whose soldiers — called by the people Kirk's lambs, because they bore a lamb upon their flag, as the emblem of Christianity — were worthy of their leader. The atrocities committed by these demons in human shape are far too horrible to be related here. It is enough to say, that besides most ruthlessly murdering and robbing them, and ruining them by making them buy their pardons at the price of all they possessed, it was one of Kirk's favourite amusements, as he and his officers sat drinking after dinner, and toasting the king, to have batches of prisoners hanged outside the windows for the company's diversion; and that when their feet quivered in the convulsions of death, he used to swear that they should have music to their dancing, and would order the drums to beat and the trumpets to play. The detestable king informed him, as an acknowledgment of these services, that he was "very well satisfied with his proceedings." But the king's great delight was in the proceedings of Jeffreys, now a peer, who went down into the West with four other judges, to try persons accused of having had any share in the rebellion. The king pleasantly called this "Jeffreys' campaign." The people down in that part of the country remember it to this day as the Bloody Assize.

It began at Winchester, where a poor deaf old lady, Mrs. Alicia Lisle, the widow of one of the judges of Charles the First (who had been murdered abroad by some royalist assassins), was charged with having given shelter in her house to two fugitives from Sedgemoor. Three times the jury refused to find her guilty, until Jeffreys bullied and frightened them into that false verdict. When he had extorted it from them, he said, "Gentlemen, if I had been one of you, and she had been my own mother, I would have found her guilty," — as I dare say he would. He sentenced her to be burned alive that very afternoon. The clergy of the cathedral and some others

interfered in her favour, and she was beheaded within a week. As a high mark of his approbation, the king made Jeffreys Lord Chancellor; and he then went on to Dorchester, to Exeter, to Taunton, and to Wells. It is astonishing, when we read of the enormous injustice and barbarity of this beast, to know that no one struck him dead on the judgment-seat. It was enough for any man or woman to be accused by an enemy, before Jeffreys, to be found guilty of high treason. One man who pleaded not guilty, he ordered to be taken out of court upon the instant, and hanged; and this so terrified the prisoners in general that they mostly pleaded guilty at once. At Dorchester alone, in the course of a few days, Jeffreys hanged eighty people; besides whipping, transporting, imprisoning, and selling as slaves, great numbers. He executed, in all, two hundred and fifty, or three hundred.

These executions took place among the neighbours and friends of the sentenced in thirty-six towns and villages. The bodies were mangled, steeped in cauldrons of boiling pitch and tar, and hung up by the roadsides, in the streets, over the very churches. The sight and smell of heads and limbs, the hissing and bubbling of the infernal cauldrons, and the tears and terrors of the people, were dreadful beyond all description. One rustic, who was forced to steep the remains in the black pot, was ever afterwards called "Tom Boilman." The hangman has ever since been called Jack Ketch, because a man of that name went hanging and hanging, all day long, in the train of Jeffreys. You will hear much of the horrors of the great French Revolution. Many and terrible they were, there is no doubt; but I know of nothing worse done by the maddened people of France, in that awful time, than was done by the highest judge in England, with the express approval of the king of England, in the Bloody Assize.

Nor was even this all. Jeffreys was as fond of money for himself as of misery for others; and he sold pardons wholesale to fill his pockets. The king ordered, at one time, a thousand prisoners to be given to certain of his favourites, in order that they might bargain with them for their pardons. The young ladies of Taunton who had presented the Bible were bestowed upon the maids of honour at court; and those precious ladies made very hard bargains with them indeed. When the Bloody Assize was at its most dismal height, the king was diverting him-

self with horse-races in the very place where Mrs. Lisle had been executed. When Jeffreys had done his worst, and came home again, he was particularly complimented in the "Royal Gazette;" and when the king heard that, through drunkenness and raging, he was very ill, his odious majesty remarked that such another man could not easily be found in England. Besides all this, a former sheriff of London, named Cornish, was hanged within sight of his own house, after an abominably conducted trial, for having had a share in the Rye House Plot, on evidence given by Rumsey, which that villain was obliged to confess was directly opposed to the evidence he had given on the trial of Lord Russell. And on the very same day, a worthy widow, named Elizabeth Gaunt, was burned alive at Tyburn, for having sheltered a wretch who himself gave evidence against her. She settled the fuel about herself with her own hands, so that the flames should reach her quickly; and nobly said, with her last breath, that she had obeyed the sacred command of God to give refuge to the outcast, and not to betray the wanderer.

After all this hanging, beheading, burning, boiling, mutilating, exposing, robbing, transporting, and selling into slavery, of his unhappy subjects, the king not unnaturally thought that he could do whatever he would. So he went to work to change the religion of the country with all possible speed; and what he did was this.

He first of all tried to get rid of what was called the Test Act — which prevented the Catholics from holding public employments — by his own power of dispensing with the penalties. He tried it in one case; and eleven of the twelve judges deciding in his favour, he exercised it in three others, being those of three dignitaries of University College, Oxford, who had become Papists, and whom he kept in their places and sanctioned. He revived the hated Ecclesiastical Commission, to get rid of Compton, Bishop of London, who manfully opposed him. He solicited the Pope to favour England with an ambassador; which the Pope (who was a sensible man then) rather unwillingly did. He flourished Father Petre before the eyes of the people on all possible occasions. He favoured the establishment of convents in several parts of London. He was delighted to have the streets, and even the court itself, filled with monks and friars in the habits of their orders. He constantly endeavoured to

make Catholics of the Protestants about him. He held private interviews, which he called "closetings," with those members of Parliament who held offices, to persuade them to consent to the design he had in view. When they did not consent, they were removed, or resigned of themselves, and their places were given to Catholics. He displaced Protestant officers from the army, by every means in his power, and got Catholics into their places too. He tried the same thing with the corporations, and also (though not so successfully) with the lord lieutenants of counties. To terrify the people into the endurance of all these measures, he kept an army of fifteen thousand men encamped on Hounslow Heath, where mass was openly performed in the general's tent, and where priests went among the soldiers, endeavouring to persuade them to become Catholics. For circulating a paper among those men advising them to be true to their religion, a Protestant clergyman, named Johnson, the chaplain of the late Lord Russell, was actually sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and was actually whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. He dismissed his own brother-in-law from his council because he was a Protestant, and made a privy councillor of the before-mentioned Father Petre. He handed Ireland over to Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, a worthless, dissolute knave, who played the same game there for his master, and who played the deeper game for himself of one day putting it under the protection of the French king. In going to these extremities, every man of sense and judgment among the Catholics, from the Pope to a porter, knew that the king was a mere bigoted fool, who would undo himself and the cause he sought to advance; but he was deaf to all reason; and, happily for England ever afterwards, went tumbling off his throne in his own blind way.

A spirit began to arise in the country, which the besotted blunderer little expected. He first found it out in the University of Cambridge. Having made a Catholic a dean at Oxford, without any opposition, he tried to make a monk a master of arts at Cambridge; which attempt the university resisted, and defeated him. He then went back to his favourite Oxford. On the death of the president of Magdalen College, he commanded that there should be elected to succeed him, one Mr. Anthony Farmer, whose only recommendation was, that he was of the king's religion. The university plucked up courage at last, and refused. The king substituted another man, and it

still refused, resolving to stand by its own election of a Mr. Hough. The dull tyrant, upon this, punished Mr. Hough, and five-and-twenty more, by causing them to be expelled, and declared incapable of holding any church preferment; then he proceeded to what he supposed to be his highest step, but to what was, in fact, his last plunge headforemost in his tumble off his throne.

He had issued a declaration that there should be no religious tests or penal laws, in order to let in the Catholics more easily; but the Protestant dissenters, unmindful of themselves, had gallantly joined the regular church in opposing it tooth and nail. The king and Father Petre now resolved to have this read, on a certain Sunday, in all the churches, and to order it to be circulated for that purpose by the bishops. The latter took counsel with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was in disgrace; and they resolved that the declaration should not be read, and that they would petition the king against it. The archbishop himself wrote out the petition; and six bishops went into the king's bedchamber the same night to present it, to his infinite astonishment. Next day was the Sunday fixed for the reading, and it was only read by two hundred clergymen out of ten thousand. The king resolved, against all advice, to prosecute the bishops in the Court of King's Bench; and within three weeks they were summoned before the Privy Council, and committed to the Tower. As the six bishops were taken to that dismal place by water, the people, who were assembled in immense numbers, fell upon their knees and wept for them, and prayed for them. When they got to the Tower, the officers and soldiers on guard besought them for their blessing. While they were confined there, the soldiers every day drank to their release with loud shouts. When they were brought up to the Court of King's Bench for their trial, which the attorney-general said was for the high offence of censuring the government, and giving their opinion about affairs of state, they were attended by similar multitudes, and surrounded by a throng of noblemen and gentlemen. When the jury were out at seven o'clock at night to consider of their verdict, everybody (except the king) knew that they would rather starve than yield to the king's brewer, who was one of them, and wanted a verdict for his customer. When they came into court next morning, after resisting the brewer all night, and gave a verdict of not guilty,

such a shout rose up in Westminster Hall as it had never heard before; and it was passed on among the people away to Temple Bar, and away again to the Tower. It did not pass only to the east, but passed to the west too, until it reached the camp at Hounslow, where the fifteen thousand soldiers took it up and echoed it. And still, when the dull king, who was then with Lord Feversham, heard the mighty roar, asked in alarm what it was, and was told that it was "nothing but the acquittal of the bishops," he said, in his dogged way, "Call you that nothing? It is so much the worse for them."

Between the petition and the trial the queen had given birth to a son, which Father Petre rather thought was owing to St. Winifred. But I doubt if St. Winifred had much to do with it as the king's friend, inasmuch as the entirely new prospect of a Catholic successor (for both the king's daughters were Protestants) determined the Earls of Shrewsbury, Danby, and Devonshire, Lord Lumley, the Bishop of London, Admiral Russell, and Colonel Sidney, to invite the Prince of Orange over to England. The Royal Mole, seeing his danger at last, made, in his fright, many great concessions, besides raising an army of forty thousand men; but the Prince of Orange was not a man for James the Second to cope with. His preparations were extraordinarily vigorous, and his mind was resolved.

For a fortnight after the prince was ready to sail for England, a great wind from the west prevented the departure of his fleet. Even when the wind lulled, and it did sail, it was dispersed by a storm, and was obliged to put back to refit. At last, on the first of November, 1688, the Protestant east wind, as it was long called, began to blow; and on the third, the people of Dover and the people of Calais saw a fleet twenty miles long sailing gallantly by, between the two places. On Monday, the fifth, it anchored at Torbay in Devonshire; and the prince, with a splendid retinue of officers and men, marched into Exeter. But the people in that western part of the country had suffered so much in the Bloody Assize, that they had lost heart. Few people joined him; and he began to think of returning, and publishing the invitation he had received from those lords, as his justification for having come at all. At this crisis some of the gentry joined him; the royal army began to falter; an engagement was signed, by which all who set their hands to it declared that they would support one another in defence of the

laws and liberties of the three kingdoms, of the Protestant religion, and of the Prince of Orange. From that time the cause received no check; the greatest towns in England began, one after another, to declare for the prince; and he knew that it was all safe with him when the University of Oxford offered to melt down its plate, if he wanted any money.

By this time the king was running about in a pitiable way, touching people for the king's evil in one place, reviewing his troops in another, and bleeding from the nose in a third. The young prince was sent to Portsmouth, Father Petre went off like a shot to France, and there was a general and swift dispersal of all the priests and friars. One after another, the king's most important officers and friends deserted him, and went over to the prince. In the night his daughter Anne fled from Whitehall Palace; and the Bishop of London, who had once been a soldier, rode before her with a drawn sword in his hand, and pistols at his saddle. "God help me," cried the miserable king; "my very children have forsaken me." In his wildness, after debating with such lords as were in London, whether he should or should not call a Parliament, and after naming three of them to negotiate with the prince, he resolved to fly to France. He had the little Prince of Wales brought back from Portsmouth; and the child and the queen crossed the river to Lambeth in an open boat, on a miserable wet night, and got safely away. This was on the night of the ninth of December.

At one o'clock on the morning of the eleventh, the king, who had, in the mean time, received a letter from the Prince of Orange, stating his objects, got out of bed, told Lord Northumberland, who lay in his room, not to open the door until the usual hour in the morning, and went down the back stairs (the same I suppose by which the priest in the wig and gown had come up to his brother), and crossed the river in a small boat, sinking the great seal of England by the way. Horses having been provided, he rode, accompanied by Sir Edward Hales, to Feversham, where he embarked in a custom-house hoy. The master of this hoy, wanting more ballast, ran into the Isle of Sheppy to get it, where the fishermen and smugglers crowded about the boat, and informed the king of their suspicions that he was a "hatchet-faced Jesuit." As they took his money, and would not let him go, he told them who he was, and that the Prince of Orange wanted to take his life; and he began to

scream for a boat, — and then to cry, because he had lost a piece of wood on his ride which he called a fragment of our Saviour's cross. He put himself into the hands of the lord lieutenant of the county, and his detention was made known to the Prince of Orange at Windsor, — who, only wanting to get rid of him, and not caring where he went, so that he went away, was very much disconcerted that they did not let him go. However, there was nothing for it but to have him brought back, with some state in the way of Life-Guards, to Whitehall. And as soon as he got there, in his infatuation, he heard mass, and set a Jesuit to say grace at his public dinner.

The people had been thrown into the strangest state of confusion by his flight, and had taken it into their heads that the Irish part of the army were going to murder the Protestants. Therefore, they set the bells a ringing, and lighted watch-fires, and burned Catholic chapels, and looked about in all directions for Father Petre and the Jesuits, while the Pope's ambassador was running away in the dress of a footman. They found no Jesuits; but a man, who had once been a frightened witness before Jeffreys in court, saw a swollen drunken face looking through a window down at Wapping, which he well remembered. The face was in a sailor's dress; but he knew it to be the face of that accursed judge, and he seized him. The people, to their lasting honour, did not tear him to pieces. After knocking him about a little, they took him, in the basest agonies of terror, to the lord mayor, who sent him, at his own shrieking petition, to the Tower for safety. There he died.

Their bewilderment continuing, the people now lighted bonfires and made rejoicings, as if they had any reason to be glad to have the king back again. But his stay was very short; for the English guards were removed from Whitehall, Dutch guards were marched up to it, and he was told by one of his late ministers that the prince would enter London next day, and he had better go to Ham. He said Ham was a cold, damp place, and he would rather go to Rochester. He thought himself very cunning in this, as he meant to escape from Rochester to France. The Prince of Orange and his friends knew that perfectly well, and desired nothing more. So he went to Gravesend, in his royal barge, attended by certain lords, and watched by Dutch troops, and pitied by the generous people, who were far more forgiving than he had ever been, when they saw him

in his humiliation. On the night of the twenty-third of December, not even then understanding that everybody wanted to get rid of him, he went out absurdly, through his Rochester garden, down to the Medway, and got away to France, where he rejoined the queen.

There had been a council, in his absence, of the lords and the authorities of London. When the prince came, on the day after the king's departure, he summoned the lords to meet him, and soon afterwards, all those who had served in any of the Parliaments of King Charles the Second. It was finally resolved by these authorities that the throne was vacant by the conduct of King James the Second; that it was inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a popish prince; that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be king and queen during their lives and the life of the survivor of them; and that their children should succeed them, if they had any. That if they had none, the Princess Anne and her children should succeed; that if she had none, the heirs of the Prince of Orange should succeed.

On the thirteenth of January, 1689, the prince and princess, sitting on a throne in Whitehall, bound themselves to these conditions. The Protestant religion was established in England, and England's great and glorious revolution was complete.

CHAPTER XXXVII

CONCLUSION

I HAVE now arrived at the close of my little history. The events which succeeded the famous revolution of 1688 would neither be easily related nor easily understood in such a book as this.

William and Mary reigned together five years. After the death of his good wife, William occupied the throne alone for seven years longer. During his reign, on the sixteenth of September, 1701, the poor weak creature who had once been James the Second of England, died in France. In the mean time he had done his utmost (which was not much) to cause William to be assassinated, and to regain his lost dominions. James's son was declared, by the French king, the rightful king of England; and was called in France The Chevalier St. George, and in England The Pretender. Some infatuated people in England, and particularly in Scotland, took up The Pretender's cause from time to time, — as if the country had not had Stuarts enough! — and many lives were sacrificed, and much misery was occasioned. King William died on Sunday, the seventh of March, 1702, of the consequences of an accident occasioned by his horse stumbling with him. He was always a brave, patriotic prince, and a man of remarkable abilities. His manner was cold, and he made but few friends; but he had truly loved his queen. When he was dead, a lock of her hair and a ring was found tied with a black ribbon round his left arm.

He was succeeded by the Princess Anne, a popular queen, who reigned twelve years. In her reign, in the month of May, 1707, the union between England and Scotland was effected, and the two countries were incorporated under the name of Great Britain. Then, from the year 1714 to the year 1830, reigned the four Georges.

It was in the reign of George the Second, 1745, that The Pretender did his last mischief, and made his last appearance.

Being an old man by that time, he and the Jacobites — as his friends were called — put forward his son, Charles Edward, known as The Young Chevalier. The Highlanders of Scotland, an extremely troublesome and wrong-headed race on the subject of the Stuarts, espoused his cause, and he joined them; and there was a Scottish rebellion to make him king, in which many gallant and devoted gentlemen lost their lives. It was a hard matter for Charles Edward to escape abroad again, with a high price on his head; but the Scottish people were extraordinarily faithful to him, and, after undergoing many romantic adventures, not unlike those of Charles the Second, he escaped to France. A number of charming stories and delightful songs arose out of the Jacobite feelings, and belong to the Jacobite times. Otherwise I think the Stuarts were a public nuisance altogether.

It was in the reign of George the Third that England lost North America, by persisting in taxing her without her own consent. That immense country, made independent under Washington, and left to itself, became the United States, one of the greatest nations of the earth. In these times in which I write, it is honourably remarkable for protecting its subjects, wherever they may travel, with a dignity and a determination which is a model for England. Between you and me, England has rather lost ground in this respect since the days of Oliver Cromwell.

The union of Great Britain with Ireland — which had been getting on very ill by itself — took place in the reign of George the Third, on the second of July, 1788.

William the Fourth succeeded George the Fourth, in the year 1830, and reigned seven years. Queen Victoria, his niece, the only child of the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George the Third, came to the throne on the twentieth of June, 1837. She was married to Prince Albert of Saxe Gotha on the tenth of February, 1840. She is very good, and much beloved. So I end, like the crier, with

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

HOLIDAY ROMANCE

IN FOUR PARTS

PART I

INTRODUCTORY ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF WILLIAM TINKLING,
ESQUIRE ¹

THIS beginning-part is not made out of anybody's head, you know. It's real. You must believe this beginning-part more than what comes after, else you won't understand how what comes after came to be written. You must believe it all; but you must believe this most, please. I am the editor of it. Bob Redforth (he's my cousin, and shaking the table on purpose) wanted to be the editor of it; but I said he should n't because he could n't. *He* has no idea of being an editor.

Nettie Ashford is my bride. We were married in the right-hand closet in the corner of the dancing-school where first we met, with a ring (a green one) from Wilkingwater's toy-shop. *I* owed for it out of my pocket-money. When the rapturous ceremony was over, we all four went up the lane and let off a cannon (brought loaded in Bob Redforth's waistcoat pocket) to announce our nuptials. It flew right up when it went off, and turned over. Next day, Lieutenant-Colonel Robin Redforth was united, with similar ceremonies, to Alice Rainbird. This time, the cannon burst with a most terrific explosion, and made a puppy bark.

My peerless bride was, at the period of which we now treat, in captivity at Miss Grimmer's. Drowvey and Grimmer is the partnership, and opinion is divided which is the greatest beast. The lovely bride of the colonel was also immured in the dungeons of the same establishment. A vow was entered into, between the colonel and myself, that we would cut them out on the following Wednesday when walking two and two.

¹ Aged eight.

Under the desperate circumstances of the case, the active brain of the colonel, combining with his lawless pursuit (he is a pirate), suggested an attack with fireworks. This, however, from motives of humanity, was abandoned as too expensive.

Lightly armed with a paper-knife buttoned up under his jacket, and waving the dreaded black flag at the end of a cane, the colonel took command of me at two p. m., on the eventful and appointed day. He had drawn out the plan of attack on a piece of paper, which was rolled up round a hoop-stick. He showed it to me. My position and my full-length portrait (but my real ears don't stick out horizontal) was behind a corner lamp-post, with written orders to remain there till I should see Miss Drowvey fall. The Drowvey who was to fall was the one in spectacles, not the one with the large lavender bonnet. At that signal, I was to rush forth, seize my bride, and fight my way to the lane. There a junction would be effected between myself and the colonel; and putting our brides behind us, between ourselves and the palings, we were to conquer or die.

The enemy appeared, — approached. Waving his black flag, the colonel attacked. Confusion ensued. Anxiously I awaited my signal; but my signal came not. So far from falling, the hated Drowvey in spectacles appeared to me to have muffled the colonel's head in his outlawed banner, and to be pitching into him with a parasol. The one in the lavender bonnet also performed prodigies of valour with her fists on his back. Seeing that all was for the moment lost, I fought my desperate way hand-to-hand to the lane. Through taking the back road, I was so fortunate as to meet nobody, and arrived there uninterrupted.

It seemed an age ere the colonel joined me. He had been to the jobbing-tailor's to be sewn up in several places, and attributed our defeat to the refusal of the detested Drowvey to fall. Finding her so obstinate, he had said to her, "Die, recreant!" but had found her no more open to reason on that point than the other.

My blooming bride appeared, accompanied by the colonel's bride, at the dancing-school next day. What! Was her face averted from me? Hah! Even so. With a look of scorn she put into my hand a bit of paper, and took another partner. On the paper was pencilled, "Heavens Can I write the word? Is my husband a cow?"

In the first bewilderment of my heated brain, I tried to think

what slanderer could have traced my family to the ignoble animal mentioned above. Vain were my endeavours. At the end of that dance I whispered the colonel to come into the cloak-room, and I showed him the note.

"There is a syllable wanting," said he, with a gloomy brow.

"Hah! What syllable?" was my inquiry.

"She asks, can she write the word? And no; you see she could n't," said the colonel, pointing out the passage.

"And the word was?" said I.

"Cow—cow—coward," hissed the pirate-colonel in my ear, and gave me back the note.

Feeling that I must for ever tread the earth a branded boy,—person, I mean,—or that I must clear up my honour, I demanded to be tried by a court-martial. The colonel admitted my right to be tried. Some difficulty was found in composing the court, on account of the emperor of France's aunt refusing to let him come out. He was to be the president. Ere yet we had appointed a substitute, he made his escape over the back wall, and stood among us, a free monarch.

The court was held on the grass by the pond. I recognised, in a certain admiral among my judges, my deadliest foe. A cocoa-nut had given rise to language that I could not brook; but confiding in my innocence, and also in the knowledge that the president of the United States (who sat next him) owed me a knife, I braced myself for the ordeal.

It was a solemn spectacle, that court. Two executioners with pinafores reversed led me in. Under the shade of an umbrella I perceived my bride, supported by the bride of the pirate-colonel. The president, having reproved a little female ensign for tittering on a matter of life or death, called upon me to plead, "Coward or no coward, guilty or not guilty?" I pleaded in a firm tone, "No coward, and not guilty." (The little female ensign being again reproved by the president for misconduct, mutinied, left the court, and threw stones.)

My implacable enemy, the admiral, conducted the case against me. The colonel's bride was called to prove that I had remained behind the corner lamp-post during the engagement. I might have been spared the anguish of my own bride's being also made a witness to the same point, but the admiral knew where to wound me. Be still, my soul, no matter. The colonel was then brought forward with his evidence.

It was for this point that I had saved myself up, as the turning-point of my case. Shaking myself free of my guards, — who had no business to hold me, the stupid, unless I was found guilty, — I asked the colonel what he considered the first duty of a soldier? Ere he could reply, the president of the United States rose and informed the court that my foe, the admiral, had suggested "Bravery," and that prompting a witness was n't fair. The president of the court immediately ordered the admiral's mouth to be filled with leaves, and tied up with string. I had the satisfaction of seeing the sentence carried into effect before the proceedings went further.

I then took a paper from my trousers-pocket, and asked, "What do you consider, Colonel Redford, the first duty of a soldier? Is it obedience?"

"It is," said the colonel.

"Is that paper — please to look at it — in your hand?"

"It is," said the colonel.

"Is it a military sketch?"

"It is," said the colonel.

"Of an engagement?"

"Quite so," said the colonel.

"Of the late engagement?"

"Of the late engagement."

"Please to describe it, and then hand it to the president of the court."

From that triumphant moment my sufferings and my dangers were at an end. The court rose up and jumped, on discovering that I had strictly obeyed orders. My foe, the admiral, who, though muzzled, was malignant yet, contrived to suggest that I was dishonoured by having quitted the field. But the colonel himself had done as much, and gave his opinion, upon his word and honour as a pirate, that when all was lost the field might be quitted without disgrace. I was going to be found "No coward, and not guilty," and my blooming bride was going to be publicly restored to my arms in a procession, when an unlooked-for event disturbed the general rejoicing. This was no other than the emperor of France's aunt catching hold of his hair. The proceedings abruptly terminated, and the court tumultuously dissolved.

It was when the shades of the next evening but one were beginning to fall, ere yet the silver beams of Luna touched the

earth, that four forms might have been descried slowly advancing towards the weeping-willow on the borders of the pond, the now deserted scene of the day before yesterday's agonies and triumphs. On a nearer approach, and by a practised eye, these might have been identified as the forms of the pirate-colonel with his bride, and of the day before yesterday's gallant prisoner with his bride.

On the beauteous faces of the Nymphs dejection sat enthroned. All four reclined under the willow for some minutes without speaking, till at length the bride of the colonel poutingly observed, "It's of no use pretending any more, and we had better give it up."

"Hah!" exclaimed the pirate. "Pretending?"

"Don't go on like that; you worry me," returned his bride.

The lovely bride of Tinkling echoed the incredible declaration. The two warriors exchanged stony glances.

"If," said the bride of the pirate-colonel, "grown-up people won't do what they ought to do, and WILL put us out, what comes of our pretending?"

"We only get into scrapes," said the bride of Tinkling.

"You know very well," pursued the colonel's bride, "that Miss Drowvey would n't fall. You complained of it yourself. And you know how disgracefully the court-martial ended. As to our marriage; would my people acknowledge it at home?"

"Or would my people acknowledge ours?" said the bride of Tinkling.

Again the two warriors exchanged stony glances.

"If you knocked at the door and claimed me, after you were told to go away," said the colonel's bride, "you would only have your hair pulled, or your ears, or your nose."

"If you persisted in ringing at the bell and claiming me," said the bride of Tinkling to that gentleman, "you would have things dropped on your head from the window over the handle, or you would be played upon by the garden-engine."

"And at your own homes," resumed the bride of the colonel, "it would be just as bad. You would be sent to bed, or something equally undignified. Again, how would you support us?"

The pirate-colonel replied in a courageous voice, "By rapine!" But his bride retorted, "Suppose the grown-up people would n't be rapined?" "Then," said the colonel, "they

should pay the penalty in blood." — "But suppose they should object," retorted his bride, "and would n't pay the penalty in blood or anything else?"

A mournful silence ensued.

"Then do you no longer love me, Alice?" asked the colonel.

"Redforth! I am ever thine," returned his bride.

"Then do you no longer love me, Nettie?" asked the present writer.

"Tinkling! I am ever thine," returned my bride.

We all four embraced. Let me not be misunderstood by the giddy. The colonel embraced his own bride, and I embraced mine. But two times two make four.

"Nettie and I," said Alice mournfully, "have been considering our position. The grown-up people are too strong for us. They make us ridiculous. Besides, they have changed the times. William Tinkling's baby-brother was christened yesterday. What took place? Was any king present? Answer, William."

I said No, unless disguised as great-uncle Chopper.

"Any queen?"

There had been no queen that I knew of at our house. There might have been one in the kitchen; but I did n't think so, or the servants would have mentioned it.

"Any fairies?"

None that were visible.

"We had an idea among us, I think," said Alice, with a melancholy smile, "we four, that Miss Grimmer would prove to be the wicked fairy, and would come in at the christening with her crutch-stick, and give the child a bad gift. Was there anything of that sort? Answer, William."

I said that ma had said afterwards (and so she had) that great-uncle Chopper's gift was a shabby one; but she had n't said a bad one. She had called it shabby, electrotyped, second-hand, and below his income.

"It must be the grown-up people who have changed all this," said Alice. "*We* could n't have changed it, if we had been so inclined, and we never should have been. Or perhaps Miss Grimmer *is* a wicked fairy after all, and won't act up to it because the grown-up people have persuaded her not to. Either way, they would make us ridiculous if we told them what *we* expected."

"Tyrants!" muttered the pirate-colonel.

"Nay, my Redforth," said Alice, "say not so. Call not names, my Redforth, or they will apply to pa."

"Let 'em!" said the colonel. "I don't care. Who's he?"

Tinkling here undertook the perilous task of remonstrating with his lawless friend, who consented to withdraw the moody expressions above quoted.

"What remains for us to do?" Alice went on in her mild, wise way. "We must educate, we must pretend in a new manner, we must wait."

The colonel clenched his teeth, — four out in front, and a piece of another, and he had been twice dragged to the door of a dentist-despot, but had escaped from his guards. "How educate? How pretend in a new manner? How wait?"

"Educate the grown-up people," replied Alice. "We part to-night. Yes, Redforth," — for the colonel tucked up his cuffs, — "part to-night! Let us in these next holidays, now going to begin, throw our thoughts into something educational for the grown-up people, hinting to them how things ought to be. Let us veil our meaning under a mask of romance; you, I, and Nettie. William Tinkling being the plainest and quickest writer, shall copy out. Is it agreed?"

The colonel answered sulkily, "I don't mind." He then asked, "How about pretending?"

"We will pretend," said Alice, "that we are children; not that we are those grown-up people who won't help us out as they ought, and who understand us so badly."

The colonel, still much dissatisfied, growled, "How about waiting?"

"We will wait," answered little Alice, taking Nettie's hand in hers, and looking up to the sky, "we will wait — ever constant and true — till the times have got so changed as that everything helps us out, and nothing makes us ridiculous, and the fairies have come back. We will wait — ever constant and true — till we are eighty, ninety, or one hundred. And then the fairies will send us children, and we will help them out, poor pretty little creatures, if they pretend ever so much."

"So we will, dear," said Nettie Ashford, taking her round the waist with both arms, and kissing her. "And now if my husband will go and buy some cherries for us, I have got some money."

In the friendliest manner I invited the colonel to go with me; but he so far forgot himself as to acknowledge the invitation by kicking out behind, and then lying down on his stomach on the grass, pulling it up and chewing it. When I came back, however, Alice had nearly brought him out of his vexation, and was soothing him by telling him how soon we should all be ninety.

As we sat under the willow-tree, and ate the cherries (fair, for Alice shared them out), we played at being ninety. Nettie complained that she had a bone in her old back, and it made her hobble; and Alice sang a song in an old woman's way, but it was very pretty, and we were all merry. At least, I don't know about merry exactly, but all comfortable.

There was a most tremendous lot of cherries; and Alice always had with her some neat little bag or box or case, to hold things. In it that night was a tiny wine-glass. So Alice and Nettie said they would make some cherry-wine to drink our love at parting.

Each of us had a glassful, and it was delicious; and each of us drank the toast, "Our love at parting." The colonel drank his wine last; and it got into my head directly that it got into his directly. Anyhow, his eyes rolled immediately after he had turned the glass upside down; and he took me on one side, and proposed in a hoarse whisper, that we should "Cut 'em out still."

"How did he mean?" I asked my lawless friend.

"Cut our brides out," said the colonel, "and then cut our way, without going down a single turning, bang to the Spanish main!"

We might have tried it, though I did n't think it would answer; only we looked round and saw that there was nothing but moonlight under the willow-tree, and that our pretty, pretty wives were gone. We burst out crying. The colonel gave in second, and came to first; but he gave in strong.

We were ashamed of our red eyes, and hung about for half an hour to whiten them. Likewise a piece of chalk round the rims, I doing the colonel's, and he mine, but afterwards found in the bedroom looking-glass not natural, besides inflammation. Our conversation turned on being ninety. The colonel told me he had a pair of boots that wanted soling and heeling; but he thought it hardly worth while to mention it to his father, as he

himself should so soon be ninety, when he thought shoes would be more convenient. The colonel also told me, with his hand upon his hip, that he felt himself already getting on in life, and turning rheumatic. And I told him the same. And when they said at our house at supper (they are always bothering about something) that I stooped, I felt so glad!

This is the end of the beginning-part that you were to believe most.

PART II

ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF MISS ALICE RAINBIRD¹

THERE was once a king, and he had a queen; and he was the manliest of his sex, and she was the loveliest of hers. The king was, in his private profession, under government. The queen's father had been a medical man out of town.

They had nineteen children, and were always having more. Seventeen of these children took care of the baby; and Alicia, the eldest, took care of them all. Their ages varied from seven years to seven months.

Let us now resume our story.

One day the king was going to the office, when he stopped at the fishmonger's to buy a pound and a half of salmon not too near the tail, which the queen (who was a careful housekeeper) had requested him to send home. Mr. Pickles, the fishmonger, said, "Certainly, sir, is there any other article? good-morning."

The king went on towards the office in a melancholy mood; for quarter-day was such a long way off, and several of the dear children were growing out of their clothes. He had not proceeded far, when Mr. Pickles's errand-boy came running after him, and said, "Sir, you didn't notice the old lady in our shop."

"What old lady?" inquired the king. "I saw none."

Now, the king had not seen any old lady, because this old lady had been invisible to him, though visible to Mr. Pickles's boy. Probably because he messed and splashed the water about to that degree, and flopped the pairs of soles down in that violent manner, that, if she had not been visible to him, he would have spoilt her clothes.

¹ Aged seven.

Just then the old lady came trotting up. She was dressed in shot-silk of the richest quality, smelling of dried lavender.

"King Watkins the First, I believe?" said the old lady.

"Watkins," replied the king, "is my name."

"Papa, if I am not mistaken, of the beautiful Princess Alicia?" said the old lady.

"And of eighteen other darlings," replied the king.

"Listen. You are going to the office," said the old lady.

It instantly flashed upon the king that she must be a fairy, or how could she know that?

"You are right," said the old lady, answering his thoughts.

"I am the good Fairy Grandmarina. Attend! When you return home to dinner, politely invite the Princess Alicia to have some of the salmon you bought just now."

"It may disagree with her," said the king.

The old lady became so very angry at this absurd idea, that the king was quite alarmed, and humbly begged her pardon.

"We hear a great deal too much about this thing disagreeing, and that thing disagreeing," said the old lady, with the greatest contempt it was possible to express. "Don't be greedy. I think you want it all yourself."

The king hung his head under this reproof, and said he would n't talk about things disagreeing any more.

"Be good, then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't! When the beautiful Princess Alicia consents to partake of the salmon, — as I think she will, — you will find she will leave a fish-bone on her plate. Tell her to dry it and to rub it, and to polish it till it shines like mother-of-pearl, and to take care of it as a present from me."

"Is that all?" asked the king.

"Don't be impatient, sir," returned the Fairy Grandmarina, scolding him severely. "Don't catch people short, before they have done speaking. Just the way with you grown-up persons. You are always doing it."

The king again hung his head, and said he would n't do so any more.

"Be good, then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't! Tell the Princess Alicia, with my love, that the fish-bone is a magic present which can only be used once; but that it will bring her, that once, whatever she wishes for, PROVIDED SHE

WISHES FOR IT AT THE RIGHT TIME. That is the message. Take care of it."

The king was beginning, "Might I ask the reason?" when the fairy became absolutely furious.

"Will you be good, sir?" she exclaimed, stamping her foot on the ground. "The reason for this, and the reason for that, indeed! You are always wanting the reason. No reason. There! Hoity toity me! I am sick of your grown-up reasons."

The king was extremely frightened by the old lady's flying into such a passion, and said he was very sorry to have offended her, and he would n't ask for reasons any more.

"Be good, then," said the old lady, "and don't!"

With those words, Grandmarina vanished, and the king went on and on and on, till he came to the office. There he wrote and wrote and wrote, till it was time to go home again. Then he politely invited the Princess Alicia, as the fairy had directed him, to partake of the salmon. And when she had enjoyed it very much, he saw the fish-bone on her plate, as the fairy had told him he would, and he delivered the fairy's message, and the Princess Alicia took care to dry the bone, and to rub it, and to polish it till it shone like mother-of-pearl.

And so, when the queen was going to get up in the morning, she said, "Oh, dear me, dear me; my head, my head!" and then she fainted away.

The Princess Alicia, who happened to be looking in at the chamber door, asking about breakfast, was very much alarmed when she saw her royal mamma in this state, and she rang the bell for Peggy, which was the name of the lord chamberlain. But remembering where the smelling-bottle was, she climbed on a chair and got it; and after that she climbed on another chair by the bedside, and held the smelling-bottle to the queen's nose; and after that she jumped down and got some water; and after that she jumped up again and wetted the queen's forehead; and, in short, when the lord chamberlain came in, that dear old woman said to the little princess, "What a trot you are! I could n't have done it better myself!"

But that was not the worst of the good queen's illness. Oh, no! She was very ill indeed, for a long time. The Princess Alicia kept the seventeen young princes and princesses quiet, and dressed and undressed and danced the baby, and made the

kettle boil, and heated the soup, and swept the hearth, and poured out the medicine, and nursed the queen, and did all that ever she could, and was as busy, busy, busy as busy could be; for there were not many servants at that palace for three reasons: because the king was short of money, because a rise in his office never seemed to come, and because quarter-day was so far off that it looked almost as far off and as little as one of the stars.

But on the morning when the queen fainted away, where was the magic fish-bone? Why, there it was in the Princess Alicia's pocket! She had almost taken it out to bring the queen to life again, when she put it back, and looked for the smelling-bottle.

After the queen had come out of her swoon that morning, and was dozing, the Princess Alicia hurried up stairs to tell a most particular secret to a most particularly confidential friend of hers, who was a duchess. People did suppose her to be a doll; but she was really a duchess, though nobody knew it except the princess.

This most particular secret was the secret about the magic fish-bone, the history of which was well known to the duchess, because the princess told her everything. The princess kneeled down by the bed on which the duchess was lying, full-dressed and wide-awake, and whispered the secret to her. The duchess smiled and nodded. People might have supposed that she never smiled and nodded; but she often did, though nobody knew it except the princess.

Then the Princess Alicia hurried down stairs again, to keep watch in the queen's room. She often kept watch by herself in the queen's room; but every evening, while the illness lasted, she sat there watching with the king. And every evening the king sat looking at her with a cross look, wondering why she never brought out the magic fish-bone. As often as she noticed this, she ran up stairs, whispered the secret to the duchess over again, and said to the duchess besides, "They think we children never have a reason or a meaning!" And the duchess, though the most fashionable duchess that ever was heard of, winked her eye.

"Alicia," said the king, one evening, when she wished him good night.

"Yes, papa."

"What is become of the magic fish-bone?"

"In my pocket, papa!"

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."

And so another time the dreadful little snapping pup-dog, next door, made a rush at one of the young princes as he stood on the steps coming home from school, and terrified him out of his wits; and he put his hand through a pane of glass, and bled, bled, bled. When the seventeen other young princes and princesses saw him bleed, bleed, bleed, they were terrified out of their wits too, and screamed themselves black in their seventeen faces all at once. But the Princess Alicia put her hands over all their seventeen mouths, one after another, and persuaded them to be quiet because of the sick queen. And then she put the wounded prince's hand in a basin of fresh cold water, while they stared with their twice seventeen are thirty-four, put down four and carry three, eyes, and then she looked in the hand for bits of glass, and there were fortunately no bits of glass there. And then she said to two chubby-legged princes, who were sturdy though small, "Bring me in the royal rag-bag; I must snip, and stitch, and cut, and contrive." So these two young princes tugged at the royal rag-bag, and lugged it in; and the Princess Alicia sat down on the floor, with a large pair of scissors and a needle and thread, and snipped, and stitched, and cut, and contrived, and made a bandage, and put it on, and it fitted beautifully; and so when it was all done, she saw the king her papa looking on by the door.

"Alicia."

"Yes, papa."

"What have you been doing?"

"Snipping, stitching, cutting, and contriving, papa."

"Where is the magic fish-bone?"

"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."

After that, she ran up stairs to the duchess, and told her what had passed, and told her the secret over again; and the duchess shook her flaxen curls, and laughed with her rosy lips.

Well! and so another time the baby fell under the grate. The seventeen young princes and princesses were used to it; for they were almost always falling under the grate or down the stairs; but the baby was not used to it yet, and it gave him a swelled face and a black eye. The way the poor little darling came to tumble was, that he was out of the Princess Alicia's lap just as she was sitting, in a great coarse apron that quite smothered her, in front of the kitchen fire, beginning to peel the turnips for the broth for dinner; and the way she came to be doing that was, that the king's cook had run away that morning with her own true love, who was a very tall but very tipsy soldier. Then the seventeen young princes and princesses, who cried at everything that happened, cried and roared. But the Princess Alicia (who could n't help crying a little herself) quietly called to them to be still, on account of not throwing back the queen up stairs, who was fast getting well, and said, "Hold your tongues, you wicked little monkeys, every one of you, while I examine baby!" Then she examined baby, and found that he had n't broken anything; and she held cold iron to his poor dear eye, and smoothed his poor dear face, and he presently fell asleep in her arms. Then she said to the seventeen princes and princesses, "I am afraid to let him down yet, lest he should wake and feel pain; be good, and you shall all be cooks." They jumped for joy when they heard that, and began making themselves cooks' caps out of old newspapers. So to one she gave the salt-box, and to one she gave the barley, and to one she gave the herbs, and to one she gave the turnips, and to one she gave the carrots, and to one she gave the onions, and to one she gave the spice-box, till they were all cooks, and all running about at work, she sitting in the middle, smothered in the great coarse apron, nursing baby. By and by the broth was done; and the baby woke up, smiling like an angel, and was trusted to the sedatest princess to hold, while the other princes and princesses were squeezed into a far-off corner to look at the Princess Alicia turning out the saucepanful of broth, for fear (as they were always getting into trouble) they should get splashed and scalded. When the broth came tumbling out, steaming beautifully, and smelling like a nosegay good to eat, they clapped their hands. That made the baby clap his hands; and that, and his looking as if he had a comic toothache, made all the princes and princesses laugh. So the Princess Alicia said,

"Laugh and be good; and after dinner we will make him a nest on the floor in a corner, and he shall sit in his nest and see a dance of eighteen cooks." That delighted the young princes and princesses, and they ate up all the broth, and washed up all the plates and dishes, and cleared away, and pushed the table into a corner; and then they in their cooks' caps, and the Princess Alicia in the smothering coarse apron that belonged to the cook that had run away with her own true love that was the very tall but very tipsy soldier, danced a dance of eighteen cooks before the angelic baby, who forgot his swelled face and his black eye, and crowed with joy.

And so then, once more the Princess Alicia saw King Watkins the First, her father, standing in the doorway looking on, and he said, "What have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Cooking and contriving, papa."

"What else have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Keeping the children light-hearted, papa."

"Where is the magic fish-bone, Alicia?"

"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."

The king then sighed so heavily, and seemed so low-spirited, and sat down so miserably, leaning his head upon his hand, and his elbow upon the kitchen table pushed away in the corner, that the seventeen princes and princesses crept softly out of the kitchen, and left him alone with the Princess Alicia and the angelic baby.

"What is the matter, papa?"

"I am dreadfully poor, my child."

"Have you no money at all, papa?"

"None, my child."

"Is there no way of getting any, papa?"

"No way," said the king. "I have tried very hard, and I have tried all ways."

When she heard those last words, the Princess Alicia began to put her hand into the pocket where she kept the magic fish-bone.

"Papa," said she, "when we have tried very hard, and tried all ways, we must have done our very, very best?"

"No doubt, Alicia."

"When we have done our very, very best, papa, and that is not enough, then I think the right time must have come for asking help of others." This was the very secret connected with the magic fish-bone, which she had found out for herself from the good Fairy Grandmarina's words, and which she had so often whispered to her beautiful and fashionable friend, the duchess.

So she took out of her pocket the magic fish-bone that had been dried and rubbed and polished till it shone like mother-of-pearl; and she gave it one little kiss, and wished it was quarter-day. And immediately it *was* quarter-day; and the king's quarter's salary came rattling down the chimney, and bounced into the middle of the floor.

But this was not half of what happened, — no, not a quarter; for immediately afterwards the good Fairy Grandmarina came riding in, in a carriage and four (peacocks), with Mr. Pickles's boy up behind, dressed in silver and gold, with a cocked hat, powdered hair, pink silk stockings, a jewelled cane, and a nosegay. Down jumped Mr. Pickles's boy, with his cocked hat in his hand, and wonderfully polite (being entirely changed by enchantment), and handed Grandmarina out; and there she stood, in her rich shot-silk smelling of dried lavender, fanning herself with a sparkling fan.

"Alicia, my dear," said this charming old fairy, "how do you do? I hope I see you pretty well? Give me a kiss."

The Princess Alicia embraced her; and then Grandmarina turned to the king, and said rather sharply, "Are you good?"

The king said he hoped so.

"I suppose you know the reason *now* why my god-daughter, here," kissing the princess again, "did not apply to the fish-bone sooner?" said the fairy.

The king made a shy bow.

"Ah! but you did n't *then*?" said the fairy.

The king made a shyer bow.

"Any more reasons to ask for?" said the fairy.

The king said, No, and he was very sorry.

"Be good, then," said the fairy, "and live happy ever afterwards."

Then Grandmarina waved her fan, and the queen came in most splendidly dressed; and the seventeen young princes and

princesses, no longer grown out of their clothes, came in, newly fitted out from top to toe, with tucks in everything to admit of its being let out. After that, the fairy tapped the Princess Alicia with her fan; and the smothering coarse apron flew away, and she appeared exquisitely dressed, like a little bride, with a wreath of orange-flowers and a silver veil. After that, the kitchen dresser changed of itself into a wardrobe, made of beautiful woods and gold and looking-glass, which was full of dresses of all sorts, all for her and all exactly fitting her. After that, the angelic baby came in, running alone, with his face and eye not a bit the worse, but much the better. Then Grandmarina begged to be introduced to the duchess; and when the duchess was brought down, many compliments passed between them.

A little whispering took place between the fairy and the duchess; and then the fairy said out loud, "Yes, I thought she would have told you." Grandmarina then turned to the king and queen, and said, "We are going in search of Prince Certainpersonio. The pleasure of your company is requested at church in half an hour precisely." So she and the Princess Alicia got into the carriage; and Mr. Pickles's boy handed in the duchess, who sat by herself on the opposite seat; and then Mr. Pickles's boy put up the steps and got up behind, and the peacocks flew away with their tails behind.

Prince Certainpersonio was sitting by himself, eating barley-sugar, and waiting to be ninety. When he saw the peacocks, followed by the carriage, coming in at the window, it immediately occurred to him that something uncommon was going to happen.

"Prince," said Grandmarina, "I bring you your bride."

The moment the fairy said those words, Prince Certainpersonio's face left off being sticky, and his jacket and corduroys changed to peach-bloom velvet, and his hair curled, and a cap and feather flew in like a bird and settled on his head. He got into the carriage by the fairy's invitation; and there he renewed his acquaintance with the duchess, whom he had seen before.

In the church were the prince's relations and friends, and the Princess Alicia's relations and friends, and the seventeen princes and princesses, and the baby, and a crowd of the neighbours. The marriage was beautiful beyond expression. The duchess

was bridesmaid, and beheld the ceremony from the pulpit, where she was supported by the cushion of the desk.

Grandmarina gave a magnificent wedding-feast afterwards, in which there was everything and more to eat, and everything and more to drink. The wedding-cake was delicately ornamented with white satin ribbons, frosted silver, and white lilies, and was forty-two yards round.

When Grandmarina had drunk her love to the young couple, and Prince Certainpersonio had made a speech, and everybody had cried, *Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!* Grandmarina announced to the king and queen that in future there would be eight quarter-days in every year, except in leap-year, when there would be ten. She then turned to Certainpersonio and Alicia, and said, "My dears, you will have thirty-five children, and they will all be good and beautiful. Seventeen of your children will be boys, and eighteen will be girls. The hair of the whole of your children will curl naturally. They will never have the measles, and will have recovered from the whooping-cough before being born."

On hearing such good news, everybody cried out "*Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!*" again.

"It only remains," said Grandmarina in conclusion, "to make an end of the fish-bone."

So she took it from the hand of the Princess Alicia, and it instantly flew down the throat of the dreadful little snapping pug-dog, next door, and choked him, and he expired in convulsions.

PART III

ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBIN
REDFORTH¹

THE subject of our present narrative would appear to have devoted himself to the pirate profession at a comparatively early age. We find him in command of a splendid schooner of one hundred guns loaded to the muzzle, ere yet he had had a party in honour of his tenth birthday.

It seems that our hero, considering himself spited by a Latin-grammar master, demanded the satisfaction due from one man

¹ Aged nine.

of honour to another. Not getting it, he privately withdrew his haughty spirit from such low company, bought a second-hand pocket-pistol, folded up some sandwiches in a paper bag, made a bottle of Spanish liquorice-water, and entered on a career of valour.

It were tedious to follow Boldheart (for such was his name) through the commencing stages of his story. Suffice it that we find him bearing the rank of Captain Boldheart, reclining in full uniform on a crimson hearth-rug spread out upon the quarter-deck of his schooner *The Beauty*, in the China seas. It was a lovely evening; and, as his crew lay grouped about him, he favoured them with the following melody:—

O landsmen are folly!

O pirates are jolly!

O diddleum Dolly,

Di!

Chorus. — Heave yo.

The soothing effect of these animated sounds floating over the waters, as the common sailors united their rough voices to take up the rich tones of Boldheart, may be more easily conceived than described.

It was under these circumstances that the lookout at the masthead gave the word, "Whales!"

All was now activity.

"Where away?" cried Captain Boldheart, starting up.

"On the larboard bow, sir," replied the fellow at the masthead, touching his hat. For such was the height of discipline on board of "*The Beauty*," that, even at that height, he was obliged to mind it, or be shot through the head.

"This adventure belongs to me," said Boldheart. "Boy, my harpoon. Let no man follow;" and, leaping alone into his boat, the captain rowed with admirable dexterity in the direction of the monster.

All was now excitement.

"He nears him!" said an elderly seaman, following the captain through his spy-glass.

"He strikes him!" said another seaman, a mere stripling, but also with a spy-glass.

"He tows him towards us!" said another seaman, a man in the full vigour of life, but also with a spy-glass.

In fact, the captain was seen approaching, with the huge bulk

following. We will not dwell on the deafening cries of "Boldheart! Boldheart!" with which he was received, when, carelessly leaping on the quarter-deck, he presented his prize to his men. They afterwards made two thousand four hundred and seventeen pound ten and sixpence by it.

Ordering the sails to be braced up, the captain now stood W. N. W. The *Beauty* flew rather than floated over the dark blue waters. Nothing particular occurred for a fortnight, except taking, with considerable slaughter, four Spanish galleons, and a snow from South America, all richly laden. Inaction began to tell upon the spirits of the men. Captain Boldheart called all hands aft, and said, "My lads, I hear there are discontented ones among ye. Let any such stand forth."

After some murmuring, in which the expressions, "Ay, ay, sir!" "Union Jack," "Avast," "Starboard," "Port," "Bow-sprit," and similar indications of a mutinous undercurrent, though subdued, were audible, Bill Boozey, captain of the fore-top, came out from the rest. His form was that of a giant, but he quailed under the captain's eye.

"What are your wrongs?" said the captain.

"Why, d' ye see, Captain Boldheart," replied the towering mariner, "I've sailed, man and boy, for many a year, but I never yet knowed the milk served out for the ship's company's teas to be so sour as 't is aboard this craft."

At this moment the thrilling cry, "Man overboard!" announced to the astonished crew that Boozey, in stepping back, as the captain (in mere thoughtfulness) laid his hand upon the faithful pocket-pistol which he wore in his belt, had lost his balance, and was struggling with the foaming tide.

All was now stupefaction.

But with Captain Boldheart, to throw off his uniform coat, regardless of the various rich orders with which it was decorated, and to plunge into the sea after the drowning giant, was the work of a moment. Maddening was the excitement when boats were lowered; intense the joy when the captain was seen holding up the drowning man with his teeth; deafening the cheering when both were restored to the main deck of *The Beauty*. And from the instant of his changing his wet clothes for dry ones, Captain Boldheart had no such devoted though humble friend as William Boozey.

Boldheart now pointed to the horizon, and called the atten-

tion of his crew to the taper spars of a ship lying snug in harbour under the guns of a fort.

"She shall be ours at sunrise," said he. "Serve out a double allowance of grog, and prepare for action."

All was now preparation.

When morning dawned, after a sleepless night, it was seen that the stranger was crowding on all sail to come out of the harbour and offer battle. As the two ships came nearer to each other, the stranger fired a gun and hoisted Roman colours. Boldheart then perceived her to be the Latin-grammar master's bark. Such indeed she was, and had been tacking about the world in unavailing pursuit, from the time of his first taking to a roving life.

Boldheart now addressed his men, promising to blow them up if he should feel convinced that their reputation required it, and giving orders that the Latin-grammar master should be taken alive. He then dismissed them to their quarters, and the fight began with a broadside from *The Beauty*. She then veered around, and poured in another. The *Scorpion* (so was the bark of the Latin-grammar master appropriately called) was not slow to return her fire; and a terrific cannonading ensued, in which the guns of *The Beauty* did tremendous execution.

The Latin-grammar master was seen upon the poop, in the midst of the smoke and fire, encouraging his men. To do him justice, he was no craven, though his white hat, his short grey trousers, and his long snuff-coloured surtout reaching to his heels (the self-same coat in which he had spited Boldheart), contrasted most unfavourably with the brilliant uniform of the latter. At this moment, Boldheart, seizing a pike and putting himself at the head of his men, gave the word to board.

A desperate conflict ensued in the hammock-nettings, — or somewhere in about that direction, — until the Latin-grammar master, having all his masts gone, his hull and rigging shot through and through, and seeing Boldheart slashing a path towards him, hauled down his flag himself, gave up his sword to Boldheart, and asked for quarter. Scarce had he been put into the captain's boat, ere *The Scorpion* went down with all on board.

On Captain Boldheart's now assembling his men, a circumstance occurred. He found it necessary with one blow of his

cutlass to kill the cook, who, having lost his brother in the late action, was making at the Latin-grammar master in an infuriated state, intent on his destruction with a carving-knife.

Captain Boldheart then turned to the Latin-grammar master, severely reproaching him with his perfidy, and put it to his crew what they considered that a master who spited a boy deserved.

They answered with one voice, "Death."

"It may be so," said the captain; "but it shall never be said that Boldheart stained his hour of triumph with the blood of his enemy. Prepare the cutter."

The cutter was immediately prepared.

"Without taking your life," said the captain, "I must yet for ever deprive you of the power of spiting other boys. I shall turn you adrift in this boat. You will find in her two oars, a compass, a bottle of rum, a small cask of water, a piece of pork, a bag of biscuit, and my Latin grammar. Go! and spite the natives if you can find any."

Deeply conscious of this bitter sarcasm, the unhappy wretch was put into the cutter, and was soon left far behind. He made no effort to row, but was seen lying on his back with his legs up, when last made out by the ship's telescopes.

A stiff breeze now beginning to blow, Captain Boldheart gave orders to keep her S. S. W., easing her a little during the night by falling off a point or two W. by W., or even by W. S., if she complained much. He then retired for the night, having in truth much need of repose. In addition to the fatigues he had undergone, this brave officer had received sixteen wounds in the engagement, but had not mentioned it.

In the morning a white squall came on, and was succeeded by other squalls of various colours. It thundered and lightened heavily for six weeks. Hurricanes then set in for two months. Water-spouts and tornadoes followed. The oldest sailor on board — and he was a very old one — had never seen such weather. The Beauty lost all idea where she was, and the carpenter reported six feet two of water in the hold. Everybody fell senseless at the pumps every day.

Provisions now ran very low. Our hero put the crew on short allowance, and put himself on shorter allowance than any man in the ship. But his spirit kept him fat. In this extremity, the gratitude of Boozey, the captain of the foretop,

whom our readers may remember, was truly affecting. The loving though lowly William repeatedly requested to be killed, and preserved for the captain's table.

We now approach a change in affairs.

One day during a gleam of sunshine, and when the weather had moderated, the man at the masthead — too weak now to touch his hat, besides its having been blown away — called out, —

“Savages!”

All was now expectation.

Presently fifteen hundred canoes, each paddled by twenty savages, were seen advancing in excellent order. They were of a light-green colour (the savages were), and sang, with great energy, the following strain: —

Choo a choo a choo tooth.

Munch, munch. Nycey!

Choo a choo a choo tooth.

Munch, munch. Nyce!

As the shades of night were by this time closing in, these expressions were supposed to embody this simple people's views of the evening hymn. But it too soon appeared that the song was a translation of “For what we are going to receive,” etc.

The chief, imposingly decorated with feathers of lively colours, and having the majestic appearance of a fighting parrot, no sooner understood (he understood English perfectly) that the ship was *The Beauty*, Captain Boldheart, than he fell upon his face on the deck, and could not be persuaded to rise until the captain had lifted him up, and told him he would n't hurt him. All the rest of the savages also fell on their faces with marks of terror, and had also to be lifted up one by one. Thus the fame of the great Boldheart had gone before him, even among these children of Nature.

Turtles and oysters were now produced in astonishing numbers; and on these and yams the people made a hearty meal. After dinner the chief told Captain Boldheart that there was better feeding up at the village, and that he would be glad to take him and his officers there. Apprehensive of treachery, Boldheart ordered his boat's crew to attend him completely armed. And well were it for other commanders if their precautions — but let us not anticipate.

When the canoes arrived at the beach, the darkness of the night was illumined by the light of an immense fire. Ordering his boat's crew (with the intrepid though illiterate William at their head) to keep close and be upon their guard, Boldheart bravely went on, arm in arm with the chief.

But how to depict the captain's surprise when he found a ring of savages singing in chorus that barbarous translation of "For what we are going to receive," etc., which has been given above, and dancing hand in hand round the Latin-grammar master, in a hamper with his head shaved, while two savages floured him, before putting him to the fire to be cooked!

Boldheart now took counsel with his officers on the course to be adopted. In the mean time, the miserable captive never ceased begging pardon and imploring to be delivered. On the generous Boldheart's proposal, it was at length resolved that he should not be cooked, but should be allowed to remain raw, on two conditions; namely:—

1. That he should never, under any circumstances, presume to teach any boy anything any more.

2. That, if taken back to England, he should pass his life in travelling to find out boys who wanted their exercises done, and should do their exercises for those boys for nothing, and never say a word about it.

Drawing the sword from its sheath, Boldheart swore him to these conditions on its shining blade. The prisoner wept bitterly, and appeared acutely to feel the errors of his past career.

The captain then ordered his boat's crew to make ready for a volley, and after firing to reload quickly. "And expect a score or two on ye to go head over heels," murmured William Boozey; "for I'm a looking at ye." With those words, the derisive though deadly William took a good aim.

"Fire!"

The ringing voice of Boldheart was lost in the report of the guns and the screeching of the savages. Volley after volley awakened the numerous echoes. Hundreds of savages were killed, hundreds wounded, and thousands ran howling into the woods. The Latin-grammar master had a spare nightcap lent him, and a long tail-coat, which he wore hind side before. He presented a ludicrous though pitiable appearance, and serve him right.

We now find Captain Boldheart, with this rescued wretch on board, standing off for other islands. At one of these, not a cannibal island, but a pork and vegetable one, he married (only in fun on his part) the king's daughter. Here he rested some time, receiving from the natives great quantities of precious stones, gold-dust, elephants' teeth, and sandal-wood, and getting very rich. This, too, though he almost every day made presents of enormous value to his men.

The ship being at length as full as she could hold of all sorts of valuable things, Boldheart gave orders to weigh the anchor, and turn *The Beauty's* head towards England. These orders were obeyed with three cheers; and ere the sun went down full many a hornpipe had been danced on deck by the uncouth though agile William.

We next find Captain Boldheart about three leagues off Madeira, surveying through his spy-glass a stranger of suspicious appearance making sail towards him. On his firing a gun ahead of her to bring her to, she ran up a flag, which he instantly recognised as the flag from the mast in the back garden at home.

Inferring from this that his father had put to sea to seek his long-lost son, the captain sent his own boat on board the stranger to inquire if this was so, and, if so, whether his father's intentions were strictly honourable. The boat came back with a present of greens and fresh meat, and reported that the stranger was *The Family*, of twelve hundred tons, and had not only the captain's father on board, but also his mother, with the majority of his aunts and uncles, and all his cousins. It was further reported to Boldheart that the whole of these relations had expressed themselves in a becoming manner, and were anxious to embrace him and thank him for the glorious credit he had done them. Boldheart at once invited them to breakfast next morning on board *The Beauty*, and gave orders for a brilliant ball that should last all day.

It was in the course of the night that the captain discovered the hopelessness of reclaiming the Latin-grammar master. That thankless traitor was found out, as the two ships lay near each other, communicating with *The Family* by signals, and offering to give up Boldheart. He was hanged at the yard-arm the first thing in the morning, after having it impressively pointed out to him by Boldheart that this was what spitters came to.

The meeting between the captain and his parents was attended with tears. His uncles and aunts would have attended their meeting with tears too, but he was n't going to stand that. His cousins were very much astonished by the size of his ship and the discipline of his men, and were greatly overcome by the splendour of his uniform. He kindly conducted them round the vessel, and pointed out everything worthy of notice. He also fired his hundred guns, and found it amusing to witness their alarm.

The entertainment surpassed everything ever seen on board ship, and lasted from ten in the morning until seven the next morning. Only one disagreeable incident occurred. Captain Boldheart found himself obliged to put his cousin Tom in irons, for being disrespectful. On the boy's promising amendment, however, he was humanely released, after a few hours' close confinement.

Boldheart now took his mother down into the great cabin, and asked after the young lady with whom, it was well known to the world, he was in love. His mother replied that the object of his affections was then at school at Margate, for the benefit of sea-bathing (it was the month of September), but that she feared the young lady's friends were still opposed to the union. Boldheart at once resolved, if necessary, to bombard the town.

Taking the command of his ship with this intention and putting all but fighting men on board *The Family*, with orders to that vessel to keep in company, Boldheart soon anchored in Margate Roads. Here he went ashore well armed, and attended by his boat's crew (at their head the faithful though ferocious William), and demanded to see the mayor, who came out of his office.

"Dost know the name of yon ship, mayor?" asked Boldheart fiercely.

"No," said the mayor, rubbing his eyes, which he could scarce believe when he saw the goodly vessel riding at anchor.

"She is named *The Beauty*," said the captain.

"Hah!" exclaimed the mayor, with a start. "And you, then, are Captain Boldheart?"

"The same."

A pause ensued. The mayor trembled.

"Now, mayor," said the captain, "choose! Help me to my bride, or be bombarded."

The mayor begged for two hours' grace, in which to make inquiries respecting the young lady. Boldheart accorded him but one; and during that one placed William Boozey sentry over him, with a drawn sword, and instructions to accompany him wherever he went, and to run him through the body if he showed a sign of playing false.

At the end of the hour the mayor reappeared more dead than alive, closely waited on by Boozey more alive than dead.

"Captain," said the mayor, "I have ascertained that the young lady is going to bathe. Even now she waits her turn for a machine. The tide is low, though rising. I, in one of our town-boats, shall not be suspected. When she comes forth in her bathing-dress into the shallow water from behind the hood of the machine, my boat shall intercept her and prevent her return. Do you the rest."

"Mayor," returned Captain Boldheart, "thou hast saved thy town."

The captain then signalled his boat to take him off, and, steering her himself, ordered her crew to row towards the bathing-ground, and there to rest upon their oars. All happened as had been arranged. His lovely bride came forth, the mayor glided in behind her, she became confused, and had floated out of her depth, when, with one skilful touch of the rudder and one quivering stroke from the boat's crew, her adoring Boldheart held her in his strong arms. There her shrieks of terror were changed to cries of joy.

Before *The Beauty* could get under way, the hoisting of all the flags in the town and harbour, and the ringing of all the bells, announced to the brave Boldheart that he had nothing to fear. He therefore determined to be married on the spot, and signalled for a clergyman and clerk, who came off promptly in a sailing-boat named *The Skylark*. Another great entertainment was then given on board *The Beauty*, in the midst of which the mayor was called out by a messenger. He returned with the news that government had sent down to know whether Captain Boldheart, in acknowledgment of the great services he had done his country by being a pirate, would consent to be made a lieutenant-colonel. For himself he would have spurned the worthless boon; but his bride wished it, and he consented.

Only one thing further happened before the good ship

Family was dismissed, with rich presents to all on board. It is painful to record (but such is human nature in some cousins) that Captain Boldheart's unmannerly cousin Tom was actually tied up to receive three dozen with a rope's end "for cheekiness and making game," when Captain Boldheart's lady begged for him, and he was spared. The Beauty then refitted, and the captain and his bride departed for the Indian Ocean to enjoy themselves for evermore.

PART IV

ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF MISS NETTIE ASHFORD¹

THERE is a country, which I will show you when I get into maps, where the children have everything their own way. It is a most delightful country to live in. The grown-up people are obliged to obey the children, and are never allowed to sit up to supper, except on their birthdays. The children order them to make jam and jelly and marmalade, and tarts and pies and puddings, and all manner of pastry. If they say they won't, they are put in the corner till they do. They are sometimes allowed to have some; but when they have some, they generally have powders given them afterwards.

One of the inhabitants of this country, a truly sweet young creature of the name of Mrs. Orange, had the misfortune to be sadly plagued by her numerous family. Her parents required a great deal of looking after, and they had connections and companions who were scarcely ever out of mischief. So Mrs. Orange said to herself, "I really cannot be troubled with these torments any longer; I must put them all to school."

Mrs. Orange took off her pinafore, and dressed herself very nicely, and took up her baby, and went out to call upon another lady of the name of Mrs. Lemon, who kept a preparatory establishment. Mrs. Orange stood upon the scraper to pull at the bell, and gave a ring-ting-ting.

Mrs. Lemon's neat little housemaid, pulling up her socks as she came along the passage, answered the ring-ting-ting.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Orange. "Fine day. How do you do? Mrs. Lemon at home?"

¹ Aged half-past six.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you say Mrs. Orange and baby?"

"Yes, ma'am. Walk in."

Mrs. Orange's baby was a very fine one, and real wax all over. Mrs. Lemon's baby was leather and bran. However, when Mrs. Lemon came into the drawing-room with her baby in her arms, Mrs. Orange said politely, "Good morning. Fine day. How do you do? And how is little Tootleum-boots?"

"Well, she is but poorly. Cutting her teeth, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

"Oh, indeed, ma'am!" said Mrs. Orange. "No fits, I hope?"

"No, ma'am."

"How many teeth has she, ma'am?"

"Five, ma'am."

"My Emilia, ma'am, has eight," said Mrs. Orange. "Shall we lay them on the mantel-piece side by side, while we converse?"

"By all means, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon. "Hem!"

"The first question is, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, "I don't bore you?"

"Not in the least, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon. "Far from it, I assure you."

"Then pray *have* you," said Mrs. Orange, "*have* you any vacancies?"

"Yes, ma'am. How many might you require?"

"Why, the truth is, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, "I have come to the conclusion that my children," — oh, I forgot to say that they call the grown-up people children in that country! — "that my children are getting positively too much for me. Let me see. Two parents, two intimate friends of theirs, one god-father, two godmothers, and an aunt. *Have* you as many as eight vacancies?"

"I have just eight, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

"Most fortunate! Terms moderate, I think?"

"Very moderate, ma'am."

"Diet good, I believe?"

"Excellent, ma'am."

"Unlimited?"

"Unlimited."

"Most satisfactory! Corporal punishment dispensed with?"

"Why, we do occasionally shake," said Mrs. Lemon, "and we have slapped. But only in extreme cases."

"*Could* I, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, "*could* I see the establishment?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

Mrs. Lemon took Mrs. Orange into the schoolroom, where there were a number of pupils. "Stand up, children!" said Mrs. Lemon; and they all stood up.

Mrs. Orange whispered to Mrs. Lemon, "There is a pale, bald child, with red whiskers, in disgrace. Might I ask what he has done?"

"Come here, White," said Mrs. Lemon, "and tell this lady what you have been doing."

"Betting on horses," said White sulkily.

"Are you sorry for it, you naughty child?" said Mrs. Lemon.

"No," said White. "Sorry to lose, but should n't be sorry to win."

"There's a vicious boy for you, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon. "Go along with you, sir. There is Brown, Mrs. Orange. Oh, a sad case, Brown's! Never knows when he has had enough. Greedy. How is your gout, sir?"

"Bad," said Brown.

"What else can you expect?" said Mrs. Lemon. "Your stomach is the size of two. Go and take exercise directly. Mrs. Black, come here to me. Now, here is a child, Mrs. Orange, ma'am, who is always at play. She can't be kept at home a single day together; always gadding about and spoiling her clothes. Play, play, play, play, from morning to night, and to morning again. How can she expect to improve?"

"Don't expect to improve," sulked Mrs. Black. "Don't want to."

"There is a specimen of her temper, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon. "To see her when she is tearing about, neglecting everything else, you would suppose her to be at least good-humoured. But bless you, ma'am, she is as pert and flouncing a minx as ever you met with in all your days!"

"You must have a great deal of trouble with them, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange.

"Ah, I have, indeed, ma'am!" said Mrs. Lemon. "What with their tempers, what with their quarrels, what with their

never knowing what's good for them, and what with their always wanting to domineer, deliver me from these unreasonable children ! ”

“ Well, I wish you good morning, ma'am,” said Mrs. Orange.

“ Well, I wish you good morning, ma'am,” said Mrs. Lemon.

So Mrs. Orange took up her baby and went home, and told the family that plagued her so that they were all going to be sent to school. They said they didn't want to go to school ; but she packed up their boxes, and packed them off.

“ Oh, dear me, dear me ! Rest and be thankful ! ” said Mrs. Orange, throwing herself back in her little arm-chair. “ Those troublesome troubles are got rid of, please the pigs ! ”

Just then another lady, named Mrs. Alicumpaine, came calling at the street door with a ring-ting-ting.

“ My dear Mrs. Alicumpaine,” said Mrs. Orange, “ how do you do ? Pray stay to dinner. We have but a simple joint of sweet-stuff, followed by a plain dish of bread and treacle ; but if you will take us as you find us, it will be *so kind* ! ”

“ Don't mention it,” said Mrs. Alicumpaine. “ I shall be too glad. But what do you think I have come for, ma'am ? Guess, ma'am.”

“ I really cannot guess, ma'am,” said Mrs. Orange.

“ Why, I am going to have a small juvenile party to-night,” said Mrs. Alicumpaine ; “ and if you and Mr. Orange and baby would but join us, we should be complete.”

“ More than charmed, I am sure ! ” said Mrs. Orange.

“ So kind of you ! ” said Mrs. Alicumpaine. “ But I hope the children won't bore you ? ”

“ Dear things ! Not at all,” said Mrs. Orange. “ I dote upon them.”

Mr. Orange here came home from the city ; and he came, too, with a ring-ting-ting.

“ James, love,” said Mrs. Orange, “ you look tired. What has been doing in the city to-day ? ”

“ Trap, bat, and ball, my dear,” said Mr. Orange ; “ and it knocks a man up.”

“ That dreadfully anxious city, ma'am,” said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine ; “ so wearing, is it not ? ”

“ Oh, so trying ! ” said Mrs. Alicumpaine. “ John has lately been speculating in the peg-top ring ; and I often say to him at night, ‘ John, is the result worth the wear and tear ? ’ ”

Dinner was ready by this time, so they sat down to dinner; and while Mr. Orange carved the joint of sweet-stuff, he said, "It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Jane, go down to the cellar, and fetch a bottle of the Upest ginger-beer."

At tea-time, Mr. and Mrs. Orange, and baby, and Mrs. Alicumpaine went off to Mrs. Alicumpaine's house. The children had not come yet; but the ballroom was ready for them, decorated with paper flowers.

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Orange. "The dear things! How pleased they will be!"

"I don't care for children myself," said Mr. Orange, gaping.

"Not for girls?" said Mrs. Alicumpaine. "Come! you care for girls?"

Mr. Orange shook his head, and gaped again. "Frivolous and vain, ma'am."

"My dear James," cried Mrs. Orange, who had been peeping about, "do look here. Here's the supper for the darlings, ready laid in the room behind the folding-doors. Here's their little pickled salmon, I do declare! And here's their little salad, and their little roast beef and fowls, and their little pasty, and their wee, wee, wee champagne!"

"Yes, I thought it best, ma'am," said Mrs. Alicumpaine, "that they should have their supper by themselves. Our table is in the corner here, where the gentlemen can have their wine-glass of negus, and their egg-sandwich, and their quiet game at beggar-my-neighbour, and look on. As for us, ma'am, we shall have quite enough to do to manage the company."

"Oh, indeed, you may say so! Quite enough, ma'am!" said Mrs. Orange.

The company began to come. The first of them was a stout boy, with a white top-knot and spectacles. The housemaid brought him in and said, "Compliments, and at what time was he to be fetched!" Mrs. Alicumpaine said, "Not a moment later than ten. How do you do, sir? Go and sit down." Then a number of other children came; boys by themselves, and girls by themselves, and boys and girls together. They didn't behave at all well. Some of them looked through quizzing-glasses at others, and said, "Who are those? Don't know them." Some of them looked through quizzing-glasses at others, and said, "How do?" Some of them had cups of tea or coffee handed to them by others, and said, "Thanks; much!" A

good many boys stood about, and felt their shirt-collars. Four tiresome fat boys *would* stand in the doorway, and talk about the newspapers, till Mrs. Alicumpaine went to them and said, "My dears, I really cannot allow you to prevent people from coming in. I shall be truly sorry to do it; but, if you put yourselves in everybody's way, I must positively send you home." One boy, with a beard and a large white waistcoat, who stood straddling on the hearth-rug warming his coat-tails, *was* sent home. "Highly incorrect, my dear," said Mrs. Alicumpaine, handing him out of the room, "and I cannot permit it."

There was a children's band, — harp, cornet, and piano, — and Mrs. Alicumpaine and Mrs. Orange bustled among the children to persuade them to take partners and dance. But they were so obstinate! For quite a long time they would not be persuaded to take partners and dance. Most of the boys said, "Thanks; much! But not at present." And most of the rest of the boys said, "Thanks; much! But never do."

"Oh, these children are very wearing!" said Mrs. Alicumpaine to Mrs. Orange.

"Dear things! I dote upon them; but they *ARE* wearing," said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine.

At last they did begin in a slow and melancholy way to slide about to the music; though even then they would n't mind what they were told, but would have this partner, and would n't have that partner, and showed temper about it. And they would n't smile, — no, not on any account they would n't; but, when the music stopped, went round and round the room in dismal twos, as if everybody else was dead.

"Oh, it's very hard indeed to get these vexing children to be entertained!" said Mrs. Alicumpaine to Mrs. Orange.

"I dote upon the darlings; but it is hard," said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine.

They were trying children, that's the truth. First, they would n't sing when they were asked; and then, when everybody fully believed they would n't, they would. "If you serve us so any more, my love," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to a tall child, with a good deal of white back, in mauve silk, trimmed with lace, "it will be my painful privilege to offer you a bed, and to send you to it immediately."

The girls were so ridiculously dressed, too, that they were in

ragged before supper. How could the boys help treading on their trains? And yet when their trains were trodden on, they often showed temper again, and looked as black, they did! However, they all seemed to be pleased when Mrs. Alicumpaine said, "Supper is ready, children!" And they went crowding and pushing in, as if they had had dry bread for dinner.

"How are the children getting on?" said Mr. Orange to Mrs. Orange, when Mrs. Orange came to look after baby. Mrs. Orange had left baby on a shelf near Mr. Orange while he played at beggar-my-neighbour, and had asked him to keep his eye upon her now and then.

"Most charmingly, my dear!" said Mrs. Orange. "So droll to see their little flirtations and jealousies! Do come and look!"

"Much obliged to you, my dear," said Mr. Orange; "but I don't care about children myself."

So Mrs. Orange, having seen that baby was safe, went back without Mr. Orange to the room where the children were having supper.

"What are they doing now?" said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine.

"They are making speeches, and playing at Parliament," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to Mrs. Orange.

On hearing this, Mrs. Orange set off once more back again to Mr. Orange, and said, "James dear, do come. The children are playing at Parliament."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mr. Orange, "but I don't care about Parliament myself."

So Mrs. Orange went once again without Mr. Orange to the room where the children were having supper, to see them playing at Parliament. And she found some of the boys crying, "Hear, hear, hear!" while other boys cried "No, no!" and others "Question!" "Spoke!" and all sorts of nonsense that ever you heard. Then one of those tiresome fat boys who had stopped the doorway told them he was on his legs (as if they could n't see that he was n't on his head, or on his anything else) to explain, and that, with the permission of his honourable friend, if he would allow him to call him so (another tiresome boy bowed), he would proceed to explain. Then he went on for a long time in a sing-song (whatever he meant), did this troublesome fat boy, about that he held in his hand a glass;

and about that he had come down to that house that night to discharge what he would call a public duty; and about that, on the present occasion, he would lay his hand (his other hand) upon his heart, and would tell honourable gentlemen that he was about to open the door to general approval. Then he opened the door by saying, "To our hostess!" and everybody else said, "To our hostess!" and then there were cheers. Then another tiresome boy started up in sing-song, and then half a dozen noisy and nonsensical boys at once. But at last Mrs. Alicumpaine said, "I cannot have this din. Now, children, you have played at Parliament very nicely; but Parliament gets tiresome after a little while, and it's time you left off, for you will soon be fetched."

After another dance (with more tearing to rags than before supper), they began to be fetched; and you will be very glad to be told that the tiresome fat boy who had been on his legs was walked off first without any ceremony. When they were all gone, poor Mrs. Alicumpaine dropped upon a sofa, and said to Mrs. Orange, "These children will be the death of me, at last, ma'am, — they will, indeed!"

"I quite adore them, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange; "but they do want variety."

Mr. Orange got his hat, and Mrs. Orange got her bonnet and her baby, and they set out to walk home. They had to pass Mrs. Lemon's preparatory establishment on their way.

"I wonder, James dear," said Mrs. Orange, looking up at the window, "whether the precious children are asleep!"

"I don't care much whether they are or not, myself," said Mr. Orange.

"James dear!"

"You dote upon them, you know," said Mr. Orange. "That's another thing."

"I do," said Mrs. Orange rapturously. "Oh, I do!"

"I don't," said Mr. Orange.

"But I was thinking, James love," said Mrs. Orange, pressing his arm, "whether our dear, good, kind Mrs. Lemon would like them to stay the holidays with her."

"If she was paid for it, I dare say she would," said Mr. Orange.

"I adore them, James," said Mrs. Orange; "but **SUPPOSE** we pay her, then!"

This was what brought that country to such perfection, and made it such a delightful place to live in. The grown-up people (that would be in other countries) soon left off being allowed any holidays after Mr. and Mrs. Orange tried the experiment ; and the children (that would be in other countries) kept them at school as long as ever they lived, and made them do whatever they were told.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!"

and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried "O sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader : —

“Is my brother come ? ”

And he said, “Not that one, but another.”

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, “O sister, I am here ! Take me ! ” And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said : —

“Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son ! ”

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader : —

“Is my brother come ? ”

And he said, “Thy mother ! ”

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, “O mother, sister, and brother, I am here ! Take me ! ” And they answered him “Not yet,” and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, “Is my brother come ? ”

And he said, “Nay, but his maiden daughter.”

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, “My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised ! ”

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago : —

“I see the star ! ”

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me !"

And the star was shining ; and it shines upon his grave.

PRINCE BULL: A FAIRY TALE

ONCE upon a time, and of course it was in the Golden Age, and I hope you may know when that was, for I am sure I don't, though I have tried hard to find out, there lived in a rich and fertile country a powerful Prince whose name was BULL. He had gone through a great deal of fighting, in his time, about all sorts of things, including nothings; but had gradually settled down to be a steady, peaceable, good-natured, corpulent, rather sleepy Prince.

This Puissant Prince was married to a lovely Princess whose name was Fair Freedom. She had brought him a large fortune, and had borne him an immense number of children, and had set them to spinning, and farming, and engineering, and soldiering, and sailing, and doctoring, and lawyering, and preaching, and all kinds of trades. The coffers of Prince Bull were full of treasure, his cellars were crammed with delicious wines from all parts of the world, the richest gold and silver plate that ever was seen adorned his sideboards, his sons were strong, his daughters were handsome, and in short you might have supposed that if there ever lived upon earth a fortunate and happy Prince, the name of that Prince, take him for all in all, was assuredly Prince Bull.

But appearances, as we all know, are not always to be trusted — far from it; and if they had led you to this conclusion respecting Prince Bull, they would have led you wrong as they often have led me.

For this good Prince had two sharp thorns in his pillow, two hard knobs in his crown, two heavy loads on his mind, two unbridled nightmares in his sleep, two rocks ahead in his course. He could not by any means get servants to suit him, and he had a tyrannical old godmother whose name was Tape.

She was a Fairy, this Tape, and was a bright red all over. She was disgustingly prim and formal, and could never bend herself a hair's breadth this way or that way, out of her naturally crooked shape. But she was very potent in her wicked

art. She could stop the fastest thing in the world, change the strongest thing into the weakest, and the most useful into the most useless. To do this she had only to put her cold hand upon it, and repeat her own name, Tape. Then it withered away.

At the court of Prince Bull — at least I don't mean literally at his court, because he was a very genteel Prince, and readily yielded to his godmother when she always reserved that for his hereditary Lords and Ladies—in the dominions of Prince Bull, among the great mass of the community who were called in the language of that polite country the Mobs and the Snobs, were a number of very ingenious men, who were always busy with some invention or other, for promoting the prosperity of the Prince's subjects, and augmenting the Prince's power. But whenever they submitted their models for the Prince's approval, his godmother stepped forward, laid her hand upon them, and said "Tape." Hence it came to pass, that when any particularly good discovery was made, the discoverer usually carried it off to some other Prince, in foreign parts, who had no old godmother who said Tape. This was not on the whole an advantageous state of things for Prince Bull, to the best of my understanding.

The worst of it was, that Prince Bull had in course of years lapsed into such a state of subjection to this unlucky godmother, that he never made any serious effort to rid himself of her tyranny. I have said this was the worst of it, but there I was wrong, because there is a worse consequence still, behind. The Prince's numerous family became so downright sick and tired of Tape, that when they should have helped the Prince out of the difficulties into which that evil creature led him, they fell into a dangerous habit of moodily keeping away from him in an impassive and indifferent manner, as though they had quite forgotten that no harm could happen to the Prince their father without its inevitably affecting themselves.

Such was the aspect of affairs at the court of Prince Bull, when this great Prince found it necessary to go to war with Prince Bear. He had been for some time very doubtful of his servants, who, besides being indolent and addicted to enriching their families at his expense, domineered over him dreadfully; threatening to discharge themselves if they were found the least fault with, pretending that they had done a wonderful amount

of work when they had done nothing, making the most unmeaning speeches that ever were heard in the Prince's name, and uniformly showing themselves to be very inefficient indeed. Though, that some of them had excellent characters from previous situations is not to be denied. Well; Prince Bull called his servants together, and said to them one and all, "Send out my army against Prince Bear. Clothe it, arm it, feed it, provide it with all necessities and contingencies, and I will pay the piper! Do your duty by my brave troops," said the Prince, "and do it well, and I will pour my treasure out like water, to defray the cost. Who ever heard ME complain of money well laid out!" Which indeed he had reason for saying, inasmuch as he was well known to be a truly generous and munificent Prince.

When the servants heard those words, they sent out the army against Prince Bear, and they set the army tailors to work, and the army provision merchants, and the makers of guns both great and small, and the gunpowder makers, and the makers of ball, shell, and shot; and they bought up all manner of stores and ships, without troubling their heads about the price, and appeared to be so busy that the good Prince rubbed his hands, and (using a favourite expression of his) said, "It's all right!" But while they were thus employed, the Prince's godmother, who was a great favourite with those servants, looked in upon them continually all day long, and whenever she popped in her head at the door, said, "How do you do, my children? What are you doing here?" — "Official business, godmother." — "Oho!" says this wicked Fairy. "—Tape!" And then the business all went wrong, whatever it was, and the servants' heads became so addled and muddled that they thought they were doing wonders.

Now, this was very bad conduct on the part of the vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled, even if she had stopped here; but she did n't stop here, as you shall learn. For a number of the Prince's subjects, being very fond of the Prince's army, who were the bravest of men, assembled together and provided all manner of eatables and drinkables, and books to read, and clothes to wear, and tobacco to smoke, and candles to burn, and nailed them up in great packing-cases, and put them aboard a great many ships, to be carried out to that brave army in the cold and inclement country where they

were fighting Prince Bear. Then up comes this wicked Fairy as the ships were weighing anchor, and says, "How do you do, my children? What are you doing here?" — "We are going with all these comforts to the army, godmother." — "Oho!" says she. "A pleasant voyage, my darlings. — Tape!" And from that time forth, those enchanted ships went sailing, against wind and tide and rhyme and reason, round and round the world, and whenever they touched at any port were ordered off immediately, and could never deliver their cargoes anywhere.

This again was very bad conduct on the part of the vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled for it if she had done nothing worse; but she did something worse still, as you shall learn. For she got astride of an official broomstick, and muttered as a spell these two sentences, "On her Majesty's service," and, "I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant," and presently alighted in the cold and inclement country where the army of Prince Bull were encamped to fight the army of Prince Bear. On the seashore of that country, she found piled together a number of houses for the army to live in, and a quantity of provisions for the army to live upon, and a quantity of clothes for the army to wear; while, sitting in the mud gazing at them, were a group of officers as red to look at as the wicked old woman herself. So she said to one of them, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?" — "I am the Quartermaster General's Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then she said to another, "Who are *you*, my darling, and how do *you* do?" — "I am the Commissariat Department, godmother, and *I* am pretty well." Then she said to another, "Who are *you*, my darling, and how do *you* do?" — "I am the Head of the Medical Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then she said to some gentlemen scented with lavender, who kept themselves at a great distance from the rest, "And who are *you*, my pretty pets, and how do *you* do?" And they answered, "We-aw-are-the-aw-Staff-aw-Department, godmother, and we are very well indeed." — "I am delighted to see you all, my beauties," says this wicked old Fairy. "— Tape!" Upon that, the houses, clothes, and provisions all mouldered away; and the soldiers who were sound, fell sick; and the soldiers who were sick, died miserably; and the noble army of Prince Bull perished.

When the dismal news of his great loss was carried to the

Prince he suspected his godmother very much indeed; but he knew that his servants must have kept company with the malicious beldame, and must have given way to her, and therefore he resolved to turn those servants out of their places. So he called to him a Roebuck who had the gift of speech, and he said, "Good Roebuck, tell them they must go." So the good Roebuck delivered his message, so like a man that you might have supposed him to be nothing but a man, and they were turned out — but not without warning, for that they had had a long time.

And now comes the most extraordinary part of the history of this Prince. When he had turned out those servants, of course he wanted others. What was his astonishment to find that in all his dominions, which contained no less than twenty-seven millions of people, there were not above five-and-twenty servants altogether! They were so lofty about it, too, that instead of discussing whether they should hire themselves as servants to Prince Bull, they turned things topsy-turvy, and considered whether as a favour they should hire Prince Bull to be their master! While they were arguing this point among themselves quite at their leisure, the wicked old red Fairy was incessantly going up and down, knocking at the doors of twelve of the oldest of the five-and-twenty, who were the oldest inhabitants in all that country, and whose united ages amounted to one thousand, saying, "Will *you* hire Prince Bull for your master? — Will *you* hire Prince Bull for your master?" To which one answered, "I will if next door will;" and another, "I won't if over the way does;" and another, "I can't if he, she, or they might, could, would, or should." And all this time Prince Bull's affairs were going to rack and ruin.

At last, Prince Bull in the height of his perplexity assumed a thoughtful face, as if he were struck by an entirely new idea. The wicked old Fairy, seeing this, was at his elbow directly, and said, "How do you do, my Prince, and what are you thinking of?" — "I am thinking, godmother," says he, "that among all the seven-and-twenty millions of my subjects who have never been in service, there are men of intellect and business who have made me very famous both among my friends and enemies." — "Ay, truly?" says the Fairy. — "Ay, truly," says the Prince. — "And what then?" says the Fairy. — "Why, then," says he, "since the regular old class of servants do so ill, are

so hard to get, and carry it with so high a hand, perhaps I might try to make good servants of some of these." The words had no sooner passed his lips than she returned, chuckling, "You think so, do you? Indeed, my Prince? — Tape!" Thereupon he directly forgot what he was thinking of, and cried out lamentably to the old servants, "Oh, do come and hire your poor old master! Pray do! On any terms!"

And this, for the present, finishes the story of Prince Bull. I wish I could wind it up by saying that he lived happy ever afterwards, but I cannot in my conscience do so; for with Tape at his elbow, and his estranged children fatally repelled by her from coming near him, I do not, to tell you the plain truth, believe in the possibility of such an end to it.

THE DICKENS DICTIONARY

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB

OUTLINE

Chapter I At a meeting of the Pickwick Club in London four members of the club were constituted a Corresponding Society, charged with the duty of travel and observation and subsequent report to the club, each member being carefully instructed to pay his own expenses. The four were Samuel Pickwick, the founder of the club, Tracy Tupman — the too susceptible Tupman — Augustus Snodgrass, a man of poetic turn, and Nathaniel Winkle, a sportsman.

II The four companions set out on their adventures on the 13th of May, 1827. Their rendezvous was the Golden Cross, and Mr. Pickwick, in his eagerness to begin the accumulation of wisdom, succeeded in drawing down upon himself the wrath of his cab driver. The altercation which followed was broken up by the interference of a volatile and voluble young man, Mr. Alfred Jingle, who rescued Mr. Pickwick, attached himself to the whole party, and went with them on the coach to Rochester, entertaining them with his frivolous tales by the way.

At the Bull Inn, where they put up, they found there was to be a ball in the evening, and after dinner, to which Mr. Jingle had been invited, Mr. Tupman fell an easy prey to the stranger and his own susceptibility, purchased tickets to the ball, and abstracted Mr. Winkle's coat, which he lent to Mr. Jingle.

"It's a new coat," said Mr. Tupman, as the stranger surveyed himself with great complacency in a cheval glass. "The first that's been made with our club button," — and he called his companion's attention to the large gilt button which displayed a bust of Mr. Pickwick in the centre, and the letters "P. C." on either side.

"'P. C.,'" said the stranger, — "queer set out — old fellow's likeness and 'P. C.' — What does 'P. C.' stand for — Peculiar Coat, eh?" Mr. Tupman, with rising indignation, and great importance, explained the mystic device.

"Rather short in the waist, ain't it?" said the stranger, screwing himself round, to catch a glimpse in the glass of the waist buttons which were half way up his back. "Like a general postman's coat — queer coats those — made by contract — no measuring — mysterious dispensations of Providence — all the short men get long coats — all the long men short ones." Running on in this way, Mr. Tupman's new companion adjusted his dress, or rather the dress of Mr. Winkle; and, accompanied by Mr. Tupman, ascended the staircase leading to the ball-room.

There was a certain Dr. Slammer, surgeon to the Ninety-seventh, present, a general favorite, who was paying great attention to a widow whose whole air was that of a rich woman.

Upon the doctor and the widow the eyes both of Mr. Tupman and his companion had been fixed for some time, when the stranger broke silence.

"Lots of money — old girl — pompous doctor — not a bad idea — good fun," were the intelligible sentences which issued from his lips. Mr. Tupman looked inquisitively in his face.

"I'll dance with the widow," said the stranger.

"Who is she?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Don't know — never saw her in all my life — cut out the doctor — here goes." And the stranger forthwith crossed the room; and, leaning against a mantel-piece, commenced gazing with an air of respectful and melancholy admiration on the fat countenance of the little old lady. Mr. Tupman looked on in mute astonishment. The stranger progressed rapidly. The little doctor danced with another lady — the widow dropped her fan; the stranger picked it up, and presented it, — a smile, a bow, a courtesy, a few words of conversation. The stranger walked boldly up to, and returned with, the master of the ceremonies, a little introductory pantomime, and the stranger and Mrs. Budger took their places in a quadrille.

The surprise of Mr. Tupman at this summary proceeding, great as it was, was immeasurably exceeded by the astonishment of the doctor. The stranger was young, and the widow was flattered. The doctor's attentions were unheeded by the widow; and the doctor's indignation was wholly lost on his imperturbable rival. Doctor Slammer was paralyzed. He, Doctor Slammer of the Ninety-seventh, to be extinguished in a moment by a man whom nobody had ever seen before, and whom nobody knew even now. Doctor Slammer, — Doctor Slammer of the Ninety-seventh rejected! Impossible! It could not be! Yes, it was: there they were. What! introducing his friend! Could he believe his eyes! He looked again, and was under the painful necessity of

admitting the veracity of his optics. Mrs. Budger was dancing with Mr. Tracy Tupman: there was no mistaking the fact. There was the widow before him, bouncing bodily here and there with unwonted vigor; and Mr. Tracy Tupman hopping about with a face expressive of the most intense solemnity, dancing (as a good many people do) as if a quadrille were not a thing to be laughed at, but a severe trial to the feelings, which it requires inflexible resolution to encounter.

Silently and patiently did the doctor bear all this, and all the handings of negus, and watching for glasses, and darting for biscuits, and coquetting, that ensued; but, a few seconds after the stranger had disappeared to lead Mrs. Budger to her carriage, he darted swiftly from the room, with every particle of his hitherto-bottled-up indignation effervescing from all parts of his countenance, in a perspiration of passion.

The stranger was returning, and Mr. Tupman was beside him. He spoke in a low tone, and laughed. The little doctor thirsted for his life. He was exulting. He had triumphed.

"Sir!" said the doctor in an awful voice, producing a card, and retiring into an angle of the passage, "my name is Slammer, Doctor Slammer, sir — Ninety-seventh regiment — Chatham Barracks — my card, sir, my card." He would have added more; but his indignation choked him.

"Ah!" replied the stranger coolly, "Slammer — much obliged — polite attention — not ill now, Slammer — but when I am — knock you up."

"You — you're a shuffler, sir," gasped the furious doctor, "a poltroon, a coward, a liar, a — a — will nothing induce you to give me your card, sir?"

"Oh! I see," said the stranger, half aside, "negus too strong here — liberal landlord — very foolish — very — lemonade much better — hot rooms — elderly gentleman — suffer for it in the morning — cruel — cruel;" and he moved on a step or two.

"You are stopping in this house, sir," said the indignant little man: "you are intoxicated now, sir; you shall hear from me in the morning, sir. I shall find you out."

"Rather you found me out than found me at home," replied the unmoved stranger.

Doctor Slammer looked unutterable ferocity as he fixed his hat on his head with an indignant knock; and the stranger and Mr. Tupman ascended to the bedroom of the latter to restore the borrowed plumage to the unconscious Winkle.

That gentleman was fast asleep: the restoration was soon made. The stranger was extremely jocose; and Mr. Tracy Tup-

man, being quite bewildered with wine, negus, lights, and ladies, thought the whole affair an exquisite joke. His new friend departed; and after experiencing some slight difficulty in finding the orifice in his night-cap originally intended for the reception of his head, and finally overturning his candlestick in his struggles to put it on, Mr. Tracy Tupman managed to get into bed by a series of complicated evolutions, and shortly afterwards sank into repose.

Early on the following morning, inquiry was made at the inn for a gentleman wearing a bright blue dress-coat with a gilt button with "P. C." on it; and as Mr. Winkle answered to the description, he was awakened out of a sound sleep, dressed himself hastily, and went down stairs to the coffee-room.

An officer in undress uniform was looking out of the window. He turned round as Mr. Winkle entered, and made a stiff inclination of the head. Having ordered the attendants to retire, and closed the door very carefully, he said, "Mr. Winkle, I presume?"

"My name is Winkle, sir."

"You will not be surprised, sir, when I inform you that I have called here this morning on behalf of my friend, Doctor Slammer of the Ninety-seventh."

"Doctor Slammer!" said Mr. Winkle.

"Doctor Slammer. He begged me to express his opinion, that your conduct of last evening was of a description which no gentleman could endure, and (he added) which no one gentleman would pursue towards another."

Mr. Winkle's astonishment was too real and too evident to escape the observation of Doctor Slammer's friend: he therefore proceeded. "My friend, Doctor Slammer, requested me to add, that he is firmly persuaded you were intoxicated during a portion of the evening, and possibly unconscious of the extent of the insult you were guilty of. He commissioned me to say, that, should this be pleaded as an excuse for your behaviour, he will consent to accept a written apology, to be penned by you from my dictation."

"A written apology!" repeated Mr. Winkle in the most emphatic tone of amazement possible.

"Of course you know the alternative," replied the visitor coolly.

"Were you intrusted with this message to me by name?" inquired Mr. Winkle, whose intellects were hopelessly confused by this extraordinary conversation.

"I was not present myself," replied the visitor; "and, in consequence of your firm refusal to give your card to Doctor Slammer, I was desired by that gentleman to identify the wearer of a

very uncommon coat, — a bright blue dress-coat, with a gilt button displaying a bust, and the letters ‘P. C.’”

Mr. Winkle actually staggered with astonishment as he heard his own costume thus minutely described. Doctor Slammer’s friend proceeded:—

“From the inquiries I made at the bar just now, I was convinced that the owner of the coat in question arrived here, with three gentlemen, yesterday afternoon. I immediately sent up to the gentleman who was described as appearing the head of the party; and he at once referred me to you.”

If the principal tower of Rochester Castle had suddenly walked from its foundation, and stationed itself opposite the coffee-room-window, Mr. Winkle’s surprise would have been as nothing, compared with the profound astonishment with which he had heard this address. His first impression was that his coat had been stolen. “Will you allow me to detain you one moment?” said he. “Certainly,” replied the unwelcome visitor.

Mr. Winkle ran hastily up stairs, and with a trembling hand opened the bag. There was the coat in its usual place, but exhibiting, on a close inspection, evident tokens of having been worn on the preceding night.

“It must be so,” said Mr. Winkle, letting the coat fall from his hands. “I took too much wine after dinner, and have a very vague recollection of walking about the streets, and smoking a cigar afterwards. The fact is I was very drunk. I must have changed my coat, gone somewhere, and insulted somebody,—I have no doubt of it,—and this message is the terrible consequence.” Saying which, Mr. Winkle retraced his steps in the direction of the coffee-room, with the gloomy and dreadful resolve of accepting the challenge of the warlike Doctor Slammer, and abiding by the worst consequences that might ensue.

To this determination Mr. Winkle was urged by a variety of considerations; the first of which was his reputation with the club. He had always been looked up to as a high authority on all matters of amusement and dexterity, whether offensive, defensive, or inoffensive; and if, on this very first occasion of being put to the test, he shrunk back from the trial, beneath his leader’s eye, his name and standing were lost forever. Besides, he remembered to have heard it frequently surmised by the uninitiated in such matters, that, by an understood arrangement between the seconds, the pistols were seldom loaded with ball; and, furthermore, he reflected, that if he applied to Mr. Snodgrass to act as his second, and depicted the danger in glowing terms, that gentleman might possibly communicate the intelligence to Mr.

Pickwick, who would certainly lose no time in transmitting it to the local authorities, and thus prevent the killing or maiming of his follower.

Such were his thoughts when he returned to the coffee-room, and intimated his intention of accepting the doctor's challenge. . . .

That morning's breakfast passed heavily off. Mr. Tupman was not in a condition to rise after the unwonted dissipation of the previous night; Mr. Snodgrass appeared to labor under a poetical depression of spirits; and even Mr. Pickwick evinced an unusual attachment to silence and soda-water. Mr. Winkle eagerly watched his opportunity. It was not long wanting. Mr. Snodgrass proposed a visit to the castle; and, as Mr. Winkle was the only other member of the party disposed to walk, they went out together.

"Snodgrass," said Mr. Winkle when they had turned out of the public street, — "Snodgrass, my dear fellow, can I rely upon your secrecy?" As he said this, he most devoutly and earnestly hoped he could not.

"You can," replied Mr. Snodgrass. "Hear me swear —"

"No, no!" interrupted Winkle, terrified at the idea of his companion's unconsciously pledging himself not to give information. "Don't swear, don't swear, it's quite unnecessary."

Mr. Snodgrass dropped the hand which he had, in the spirit of poesy, raised towards the clouds as he made the above appeal, and assumed an attitude of attention.

"I want your assistance, my dear fellow, in an affair of honor," said Mr. Winkle.

"You shall have it," replied Mr. Snodgrass, clasping his friend's hand.

"With a doctor, — Doctor Slammer of the Ninety-seventh," — said Mr. Winkle, wishing to make the matter appear as solemn as possible: "an affair with an officer, seconded by another officer, at sunset this evening, in a lonely field beyond Fort Pitt."

"I will attend you," said Mr. Snodgrass.

He was astonished, but by no means dismayed. It is extraordinary how cool any party but the principal can be in such cases. Mr. Winkle had forgotten this. He had judged of his friend's feelings by his own.

"The consequences may be dreadful," said Mr. Winkle.

"I hope not," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"The doctor, I believe, is a very good shot," said Mr. Winkle.

"Most of these military men are," observed Mr. Snodgrass calmly; "but so are you; a'n't you?"

Mr. Winkle replied in the affirmative; and, perceiving that he had not alarmed his companion sufficiently, changed his ground.

"Snodgrass," he said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "if I fall, you will find in a packet which I shall place in your hands a note for my — for my father."

This attack was a failure also. Mr. Snodgrass was affected; but he undertook the delivery of the note as readily as if he had been a two-penny postman.

"If I fall," said Mr. Winkle, "or, if the doctor falls, you, my dear friend, will be tried as an accessory before the fact. Shall I involve my friend in transportation, — possibly for life!"

Mr. Snodgrass winced a little at this; but his heroism was invincible. "In the cause of friendship," he fervently exclaimed, "I would brave all dangers."

How Mr. Winkle cursed his companion's devoted friendship internally, as they walked silently along, side by side, for some minutes, each immersed in his own meditations! The morning was wearing away: he grew desperate.

"Snodgrass," he said, stopping suddenly, "do not let me be balked in this matter; do not give information to the local authorities; do *not* obtain the assistance of several peace-officers to take either me, or Doctor Slammer of the Ninety-seventh Regiment, at present quartered in Chatham Barracks, into custody, and thus prevent this duel, — I say, do *not*."

Mr. Snodgrass seized his friend's hand warmly, as he enthusiastically replied, "Not for worlds!"

A thrill passed over Mr. Winkle's frame, as the conviction that he had nothing to hope from his friend's fears, and that he was destined to become an animated target, rushed forcibly upon him. . . .

It was a dull and heavy evening when they again sallied forth on their awkward errand. Mr. Winkle was muffled up in a huge cloak to escape observation; and Mr. Snodgrass bore under his the instruments of destruction. . . .

"We are in excellent time," said Mr. Snodgrass as they climbed the fence of the first field: "the sun is just going down." Mr. Winkle looked up at the declining orb, and painfully thought of the probability of his "going down" himself, before long.

"There's the officer," exclaimed Mr. Winkle, after a few minutes' walking.

"Where?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"There, — the gentleman in the blue cloak." Mr. Snodgrass looked in the direction indicated by the forefinger of his friend,

and observed a figure muffled up as he had described. The officer evinced his consciousness of their presence by slightly beckoning with his hand; and the two friends followed him at a little distance as he walked away. . . . [He] turned suddenly from the path; and after climbing a paling, and scaling a hedge entered a secluded field. Two gentlemen were waiting in it: one was a little fat man with black hair; and the other — a portly personage in a braided surtout — was sitting with perfect equanimity on a camp-stool.

"The other party, and a surgeon, I suppose," said Mr. Snodgrass; "take a drop of brandy;" Mr. Winkle seized the wicker bottle which his friend proffered, and took a lengthened pull at the exhilarating liquid.

"My friend, sir, Mr. Snodgrass," said Mr. Winkle, as the officer approached. Doctor Slammer's friend bowed, and produced a case similar to that which Mr. Snodgrass carried.

"We have nothing further to say, sir, I think," he coldly remarked, as he opened the case: "an apology has been resolutely declined."

"Nothing, sir," said Mr. Snodgrass, who began to feel rather uncomfortable himself. . . .

"We may place our men, then, I think," observed the officer, with as much indifference as if the principals were chess-men, and the seconds players.

"I think we may," replied Mr. Snodgrass, who would have assented to any proposition, because he knew nothing about the matter. The officer crossed to Dr. Slammer, and Mr. Snodgrass went up to Mr. Winkle.

"It's all ready," he said, offering the pistol. "Give me your cloak."

"You have got the packet, my dear fellow?" said poor Winkle.

"All right," said Mr. Snodgrass. "Be steady, and wing him." . . .

Mr. Winkle was always remarkable for extreme humanity. It is conjectured that his unwillingness to hurt a fellow-creature intentionally was the cause of his shutting his eyes when he arrived at the fatal spot; and that the circumstance of his eyes being closed prevented his observing the very extraordinary and unaccountable demeanor of Doctor Slammer. That gentleman started, stared, retreated, rubbed his eyes, stared again, and finally shouted, "Stop, stop!"

"What's all this?" said Doctor Slammer, as his friend and Mr. Snodgrass came running up. "That's not the man."

"Not the man!" said Doctor Slammer's second.

"Not the man!" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Not the man!" said the gentleman with the camp-stool in his hand.

"Certainly not," replied the little doctor. "That's not the person who insulted me last night." . . .

Now, Mr. Winkle had opened his eyes, and his ears too, when he heard his adversary call out for a cessation of hostilities; and perceiving, by what he had afterwards said, that there was, beyond all question, some mistake in the matter, he at once foresaw the increase of reputation he should inevitably acquire by concealing the real motive for his coming out: he therefore stepped boldly forward, and said:—

"I am not the person. I know it."

"Then, that," said the man with the camp-stool, "is an affront to Doctor Slammer, and a sufficient reason for proceeding immediately."

"Pray, be quiet, Payne!" said the doctor's second. "Why did you not communicate this fact to me this morning, sir?"

"To be sure, to be sure!" said the man with the camp-stool indignantly.

"I entreat you to be quiet, Payne," said the other. "May I repeat my question, sir?"

"Because, sir," replied Mr. Winkle, who had time to deliberate upon his answer,— "because, sir, you described an intoxicated and ungentlemanly person as wearing a coat which I have the honor, not only to wear, but to have invented,—the proposed uniform, sir, of the Pickwick Club in London. The honor of that uniform I feel bound to maintain; and I therefore, without inquiry, accepted the challenge which you offered me."

"My dear sir," said the good-humored little doctor, advancing with extended hand, "I honor your gallantry. Permit me to say, sir, that I highly admire your conduct, and extremely regret having caused you the inconvenience of this meeting, to no purpose."

"I beg you won't mention it, sir," said Mr. Winkle.

"I shall feel proud of your acquaintance, sir," said the little doctor.

"It will afford me the greatest pleasure to know you, sir," replied Mr. Winkle. Thereupon, the doctor and Mr. Winkle shook hands; and then Mr. Winkle and Lieutenant Tappleton (the doctor's second); and then Mr. Winkle and the man with the camp-stool; and, finally, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass,—the last-named gentleman in an excess of admiration at the noble conduct of his heroic friend.

"I think we may adjourn," said Lieutenant Tappleton.

"Certainly," added the doctor. . . .

The two seconds adjusted the cases; and the whole party left the ground in a much more lively manner than they had proceeded to it.

III Before Mr. Winkle and his second, Mr. Snodgrass, had returned, Mr. Pickwick had made a new acquaintance, known as Dismal Jemmy, who was entertaining the whole party at dinner with *The Stroller's Tale*, when Dr. Slammer and his military friends came in, on the invitation of Mr. Winkle, and discovering Mr. Tupman and Mr. Jingle, came near precipitating a fresh quarrel. Mr. Jingle proved to be a cheap actor, and disappeared for a short time from the scene.

IV The next day there was a military review to which Mr. Pickwick and his companions repaired. But they got very much in the way and were greatly relieved when rescued by a stout gentleman in top boots who already had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Tupman. This gentleman, Mr. Wardle, had driven to the ground in his barouche with his sister, Miss Rachael Wardle, a spinster, and his two daughters, Isabella and Emily. He had a goodly hamper of provisions, and was attended by Joe, a fat boy with inordinate powers of sleep. In the course of the review and the eating and drinking which went on, the two parties came to be on the best of terms.

V On the day following the review, the Pickwickians set out for Manor Farm at Dingley Dell by invitation of Mr. Wardle. Winkle was to ride, the other three to drive a chaise. At an early hour, the carriage was brought to the door.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near it, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in,— "bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that!"

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "War-rant him quiet, sir, a hinfant in arms might drive him."

"He don't shy; does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir? He would n't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, Shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbins." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Woo!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo—o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass from the bin. "Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head hostler encouragingly; "jist kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T' other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side!" whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right!" replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go!" cried the hostler, "hold him in, sir;" and away went the chaise and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was going up the street in the most mysterious manner,—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail to the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular; the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly, every

now and then, to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo!" said that gentleman. "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces with the violence of the exercise,—"pick up the whip; there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having, at length, succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and, grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now, whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is, that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Winkle soothingly, "poor fellow, good old horse!" The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced,—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him!"

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come," roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and hu-

manity; he threw the reins on the horse's back, and, having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest any thing should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him, with the chaise-whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement, of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance; but, the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick: "there 's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge; Mr. Snodgrass followed his example; the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

After extricating themselves, the party are compelled to walk and to lead the horse; and it is not until late in the afternoon that they reach Manor Farm, tired, dusty, and foot-sore;

VI A company of neighbors had been invited to meet the guests, and the evening was passed in getting acquainted, playing cards, and listening to two recitations from an old gentleman present, one a poem, *The Ivy Green*, the other a tale, *The Convict's Return*.

VII After a good night's rest, Mr. Wardle takes the party of four out for rook-shooting before breakfast, as a special compliment to Mr. Winkle, the sportsman, who covers himself with confusion, for he peppers Mr. Tupman instead of the rooks,

The susceptible Tupman, meanwhile, has been shot by another archer whose second arrow was aimed at the heart of Miss Rachael Wardle. He remained at Dingley Dell on the excuse of his gunshot wounds, while the rest went to Muggleton to witness a cricket match. Here Mr. Jingle turned up again, having, in some mysterious fashion, got into the good graces of the cricketers, and in the supper which followed the game, he corkscrewed himself into the Wardle party.

VIII In the absence of the rest of the party at Muggleton, Tracy Tupman made rapid approaches to the heart of Rachael Wardle; had indeed nearly entered the citadel, when the two were thrown into consternation by discovering that they were discovered by Joe, the Fat Boy, who, however, looked so absolutely vacant as he announced that supper was ready, as to deceive this elect couple. It was late in the evening before Mr. Wardle and the Pickwickians returned, Mr. Jingle with them, all somewhat decomposed by their hilarious feasting, but Mr. Jingle in full possession of all his faculties. This lively visitor at once ingratiated himself by his anecdotes and his good nature, to the great alarm of Mr. Tupman, who was seized with vague fears as to what he might do. Mr. Jingle had his wits about him. Early the next morning, he overheard Joe revealing the secret of the lovers to old Mrs. Wardle, who was terribly indignant. He laid his plans accordingly; getting Rachael by herself he disclosed Joe's perfidy, and then in a series of explosive sentences gave her to understand that Tupman was really making love to her niece Emily. He offered to prove it, and the price of his proof was to be the substitution of himself in the affections of Miss Rachael. That done, he repaired to Tupman and made him believe that Miss Rachael wished him to deceive the rest by pretending to make love to Emily. This the wretched Tupman did to the best of his ability, to the decided estrangement of the affections of Miss Rachael Wardle, who at once transferred them to the artful Jingle.

IX This farce was kept up for three or four days, and then came the climax. Jingle eloped with Rachael Wardle in a post chaise. Their flight was quickly made known by one of the household servants, and Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick set off in pursuit in a gig. The chase was an exciting one; it lasted through the night, and came to an end only by the most unfortunate upset of the pursuers' gig, which went all to pieces, while Mr. Jingle dashed forward derisively.

X The house at which Mr. Jingle put up was the White Hart Inn, High Street, Borough, and early in the morning the next scene disclosed the yard of the inn, with a new and impor-

tant personage in the foreground. This was Sam Weller, the boots of the inn. Sam carries Mr. Jingle's boots to him, and being asked where Doctors' Commons is, at once divines that the owner of the boots wants to procure a marriage-license.

"My father," said Sam in reply to a question, "vos a coachman. A widower he vos, and fat enough for anything, — uncommon fat, to be sure! His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons, to see the lawyer and draw the blunt, — wery smart, top-boots on, nosegay in his button-hole, broad-brimmed tile, green shawl, — quite the gen'lm'n. Goes through the archvay, thinking how he should invest the money; up comes the touter, touches his hat, — 'License, sir, license?' — 'What's that?' says my father. 'License, sir,' says he. 'What license?' says my father. 'Marriage-license,' says the touter. 'Dash my veskit!' says my father, 'I never thought o' that.' — 'I think you wants one, sir,' says the touter. My father pulls up, and thinks a bit. 'No,' says he, 'damme, I'm too old; b'sides, I'm a many sizes too large,' says he. 'Not a bit on it, sir!' says the touter. 'Think not?' says my father. 'I'm sure not,' says he. 'We married a gen'lm'n twice your size last Monday.' — 'Did you, though?' says my father. 'To be sure ve did!' says the touter: 'you're a babby to him. This vay, sir, — this vay!' And, sure enough, my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a horgan, into a little back-office vere a feller sat among dirty papers and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. 'Pray take a seat vile I makes out the affidavit, sir,' says the lawyer. 'Thankee, sir!' says my father; and down he sat, and stared vith all his eyes, and his mouth vide open, at the names on the boxes. 'What's your name, sir?' says the lawyer. 'Tony Weller,' says my father. 'Parish?' says the lawyer. 'Belle Savage,' says my father; for he stopped there ven he drove up; and he know'd nothing about parishes, he did n't. 'And what's the lady's name?' says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. 'Bless'd if I know!' says he. 'Not know!' says the lawyer. 'No more nor you,' says my father. 'Can't I put that in arterwards?' — 'Impossible!' says the lawyer. 'Wery well,' says my father, after he'd thought a moment, 'put down Mrs. Clarke.' — 'What Clarke?' says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink. 'Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking,' says my father: 'she'll have me, if I ask her, I des-say. I never said nothing to her; but she'll have me, I know.' The license was made out, and she *did* have him; and, what's more, she's got him now; and I never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck! Beg your pardon, sir," said Sam when he had concluded, "but,

when I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow with the vheel greased."

To Sam appeared Mr. Perker, a lawyer of Gray's Inn, with Pickwick and Wardle, the three being on the search for Jingle. Sam showed them the way, and they came upon Miss Wardle, just as her Jingle returned. A violent scene followed, which was brought to an end by the diplomacy of the lawyer, who succeeded in getting rid of Jingle by the payment of a round sum out of the pocket of Mr. Wardle; whereupon Wardle, Pickwick, and the disconsolate Rachael returned to Dingley Dell.

XI Tracy Tupman could not bear his bitter disappointment, and so stole away from Dingley Dell, but left behind him tolerably clear advice as to his whereabouts. So Pickwick and his two companions also took leave openly, and followed Tupman to his retreat at the Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent. It was here that Pickwick made his notable antiquarian discovery, which caused a great sensation in the Pickwick Club when it was disclosed and discussed; for the party all returned now for a short stay in London.

XII Mr. Pickwick's lodgings were with a certain widow, Mrs. Bardell, and he had conceived the idea that he could greatly increase his comfort by attaching to himself a body servant. Remembering Sam Weller, the boots of the White Hart, he satisfied himself that Sam was the man for him, and despatched a message to him by Mrs. Bardell's small son. While the little boy was gone, he broached the matter to Mrs. Bardell, but so circumspectly that before he could make his meaning absolutely clear, Mrs. Bardell had misinterpreted her lodger's meaning into a proposal of marriage. In her agitation, she fell on Mr. Pickwick's neck and fainted. It was a most inopportune moment, for just then the door opened, and Master Bardell, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle entered, to the embarrassment of the last three. After them came shortly Sam Weller, and arrangements were satisfactorily made, by which he became Mr. Pickwick's man servant.

XIII The next journey of the Pickwickians was to Eatanswill, whither they had been invited by Mr. Perker, the agent of one of the candidates in an approaching parliamentary election. They found the town torn in two by the opposing parties, with their candidates and their party papers, the Gazette and the Independent. Mr. Pott was the editor of the Gazette, the organ of Mr. Perker's candidate, and acted as host to the Pickwickians, who found themselves involved in the fine fury of an election contest.

XIV All of the Pickwick party could not be housed at Mr. Pott's, and they made their headquarters at the Peacock,

where they listened to the Bagman's story; but the next day they

XV were the attendants upon a reception given by Mrs. Leo Hunter, whither they went in costume, — Mr. Tupman as a brigand, Mr. Snodgrass as a troubadour, Mr. Winkle as a sportsman, or possibly postman, and Mr. Pickwick in his own classic gaiters and spectacles. Here, to their amazement, they encountered the irrepressible Jingle, figuring as Mr. Charles Fitz Marshall. Jingle, not quite ready for explanation, disappeared, and Pickwick, full of moral ardor, set off for his last known abiding-place, Bury St. Edmunds, accompanied by Sam.

XVI At the Angel in Bury, Sam managed to fall in with Jingle's servant, one Job Trotter, and to extract from him the information that his master was that night to elope with a young lady from a neighboring boarding-school. Mr. Pickwick at once resolved to thwart this nefarious design, and proceeded in the dark of night to the spot, to act as a private detective. Unhappily, he was found, and not Alfred Jingle, and was released by the incensed mistress of the boarding-school only when Mr. Wardle, who was known to her, turned up and vouched for his friend. The wrath of Mr. Pickwick and Sam when they found they had been cozened by Jingle and Job was profound.

XVII Mr. Pickwick had an attack of rheumatism in consequence of this adventure, and amused himself with editing a story of Sam's entitled *The Parish Clerk*. He wished his companions to

XVIII rejoin him, and they came accordingly, but not without first undergoing some mortification of their own, due to Mr. Pott's green jealousy. All these mishaps, however, were thrown into the shade by the reception of a missive addressed to Mr. Pickwick by Messrs. Dodson & Fogg of London, attorneys, in behalf of Mrs. Martha Bardell, who brought an action for breach of promise.

XIX Such serious business could not interfere with pleasure, so the next day they all went off to a shooting-party. Mr. Pickwick, however, was so stiff with rheumatism, that he could not have gone, except by a happy thought which produced a wheelbarrow and made that his vehicle, with Sam to wheel it.

The gamekeeper having been coaxed and feed, and having, moreover, eased his mind by "punching" the head of the inventive youth who had first suggested the use of the machine, Mr. Pickwick was placed in it, and off the party set, — Wardle and the long gamekeeper leading the way; and Mr. Pickwick in the barrow, propelled by Sam, bringing up the rear.

"Stop, Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, when they had got half across the first field.

"What's the matter now?" said Wardle.

"I won't suffer this barrow to be moved another step," said Mr. Pickwick resolutely, "unless Winkle carries that gun of his in a different manner."

"How *am* I to carry it?" said the wretched Winkle.

"Carry it with the muzzle of it to the ground," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"It's so unsportsman-like," reasoned Winkle.

"I don't care whether it's unsportsman-like, or not," replied Mr. Pickwick. "I am not going to be shot in a wheelbarrow, for the sake of appearances, to please anybody."

"I know the gentleman'll put that 'ere charge into somebody afore he's done," growled the long man.

"Well, well, I don't mind," said poor Winkle, turning his gunstock uppermost: "there!"

"Any thin' for a quiet life," said Mr. Weller; and on they went again.

"Stop!" said Mr. Pickwick after they had gone a few yards farther.

"What now?" said Wardle.

"That gun of Tupman's is not safe: I know it is n't!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Eh? What! not safe?" said Mr. Tupman in a tone of great alarm.

"Not as you are carrying it," said Mr. Pickwick. "I am very sorry to make any further objections; but I cannot consent to go on unless you carry it as Winkle does his."

"I think you had better, sir," said the long gamekeeper, "or you're quite as likely to lodge the charge into your own vestcoat as in anybody else's."

Mr. Tupman, with the most obliging haste, placed his piece in the position required, and the party moved on again; the two amateurs marching with reversed arms, like a couple of privates at a royal funeral.

The dogs came suddenly to a dead stop; and the party, advancing stealthily a single pace, stopped too.

"What's the matter with the dogs' legs?" whispered Mr. Winkle. "How queer they're standing!"

"Hush! can't you?" replied Wardle softly. "Don't you see they're making a point?"

"Making a point!" said Mr. Winkle, staring about him, as if he expected to discover some particular beauty in the landscape, which the sagacious animals were calling special attention to, — "making a point! What are they pointing at?"

"Keep your eyes open," said Wardle, not heeding the question in the excitement of the moment. "Now, then!"

There was a sharp whirring noise, that made Mr. Winkle start back as if he had been shot himself. Bang, bang, went a couple of guns. The smoke swept quickly away over the field, and curled into the air.

"Where are they?" said Mr. Winkle in a state of the highest excitement, turning round and round in all directions, — "where are they? Tell me when to fire. Where are they? where are they?"

"Where are they?" said Wardle, taking up a brace of birds which the dogs had deposited at his feet, — "where are they? Why, here they are."

"No, no! I mean the others," said the bewildered Winkle.

"Far enough off by this time," replied Wardle, coolly reloading his gun.

"We shall very likely be up with another covey in five minutes," said the long gamekeeper. "If the gentleman begins to fire now, perhaps he'll just get the shot out of the barrel by the time they rise."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mr. Weller.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, compassionating his follower's confusion and embarrassment.

"Sir."

"Don't laugh."

"Certainly not, sir." So, by way of indemnification, Mr. Weller contorted his features from behind the wheelbarrow, for the exclusive amusement of the boy with the leggings, who thereupon burst into a boisterous laugh, and was summarily cuffed by the long gamekeeper, who wanted a pretext for turning round to hide his own merriment.

"Bravo, old fellow!" said Wardle to Mr. Tupman: "you fired that time, at all events."

"Oh, yes!" replied Mr. Tupman with conscious pride. "I let it off."

"Well done. You'll hit something next time if you look sharp. Very easy; ain't it?"

"Yes, it's very easy," said Mr. Tupman. "How it hurts one's shoulder, though! It nearly knocked me backwards. I had no idea these small fire-arms kicked so."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, smiling. "You'll get used to it in time. Now, then — all ready, all right with the barrow there?"

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Come along, then."

"Hold hard, sir," said Sam, raising the barrow.

"Ay, ay!" replied Mr. Pickwick; and on they went as briskly as need be.

"Keep that barrow back, now," cried Wardle, when it had been hoisted over a stile into another field, and Mr. Pickwick had been deposited in it once more.

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller, pausing.

"Now, Winkle," said the old gentleman, "follow me softly, and don't be too late this time."

"Never fear," said Mr. Winkle. "Are they pointing?"

"No, no! not now. Quietly now, quietly." On they crept, and very quietly they would have advanced, if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very intricate evolutions with his gun, had not accidentally fired, at the most critical moment, over the boy's head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man's brain would have been, had he been there instead.

"Why, what on earth did you do that for?" said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

"I never saw such a gun in my life!" replied poor Winkle, looking at the lock, as if that would do any good. "It goes off of its own accord. It *will* do it."

"Will do it!" echoed Wardle, with something of irritation in his manner. "I wish it would kill something of its own accord."

"It'll do that afore long, sir," observed the tall man in a low, prophetic voice.

"What do you mean by that observation, sir?" inquired Mr. Winkle angrily.

"Never mind, sir, never mind," replied the long gamekeeper. "I've no family myself, sir; and this here boy's mother will get something handsome from Sir Geoffrey, if he's killed on his land. Load again, sir; load again."

"Take away his gun!" cried Mr. Pickwick from the barrow, horror-stricken at the long man's dark insinuations. "Take away his gun! do you hear, somebody?"

Nobody, however, volunteered to obey the command; and Mr. Winkle, after darting a rebellious glance at Mr. Pickwick, re-loaded his gun, and proceeded onwards with the rest.

We are bound, on the authority of Mr. Pickwick, to state that Mr. Tupman's mode of proceeding evinced far more of prudence and deliberation than that adopted by Mr. Winkle. . . .

With the quickness and penetration of a man of genius, he had at once observed that the two great points to be attained, were first to discharge his piece without injury to himself, and, secondly, to do so without danger to the bystanders. Obviously the

best thing to do, after surmounting the difficulty of firing at all, was to shut his eyes firmly, and fire into the air.

On one occasion, after performing this feat, Mr. Tupman, on opening his eyes, beheld a plump partridge in the very act of falling wounded to the ground. He was just on the point of congratulating Wardle on his invariable success, when that gentleman advanced towards him, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Tupman," said the old gentleman, "you singled out that particular bird?"

"No," said Mr. Tupman, — "no."

"You did," said Wardle. "I saw you do it; I observed you pick him out; I noticed you as you raised your piece to take aim: and I will say this, that the best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully. You are an older hand at this than I thought you, Tupman; you have been out before."

It was in vain for Mr. Tupman to protest, with a smile of self-denial, that he never had. The very smile was taken as evidence to the contrary; and, from that time forth, his reputation was established. It is not the only reputation that has been acquired as easily; nor are such fortunate circumstances confined to partridge-shooting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Winkle flashed and blazed and smoked away without producing any material results worthy of being noted down; sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and at others sending it skimming along so near the surface of the ground as to place the lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure. As a display of fancy shooting, it was extremely varied and curious; as an exhibition of firing with any precise object, it was, upon the whole, perhaps a failure. . . .

"Well," said Wardle, walking up to the side of the barrow, and wiping the streams of perspiration from his jolly red face; "smoking day, is n't it?"

"It is, indeed," replied Mr. Pickwick. "The sun is tremendously hot, even to me. I don't know how you must feel it."

"Why," said the old gentleman, "pretty hot. It's past twelve, though. You see that green hill there?"

"Certainly."

"That's the place where we are to lunch; and, by Jove! there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clock-work."

It chanced that after dinner Mr. Pickwick fell asleep in his barrow, and the rest left him temporarily for more hunting. When they were gone the owner of the place, highly irate at the intrusion of a party, came upon him, and at his orders Mr. Pickwick, still

asleep, was trundled into the village pound. He was relieved from his most unfortunate predicament by the timely arrival of Mr. Wardle and Sam.

XX The business of Mrs. Bardell's suit could not longer be postponed, and Mr. Pickwick, accompanied by Sam, called at the office of Dodson & Fogg, which he left presently in a high state of indignation because of the treatment he received. His sober second thought took him where his first should have taken him, to Mr. Perker's, and on the way he fell in with an estimable old stage driver, Mr. Tony Weller, own father to Sam.

XXI Mr. Pickwick does not at first find Mr. Perker, but is hospitably entertained by Perker's clerks at a tavern, where he hears The Old Man's Tale about the Queer Client.

XXII Mr. Weller, senior, drove the Ipswich coach, and Mr. Pickwick and Sam were his passengers shortly after, along with Mr. Peter Magnus, whose errand was to make a proposal to a lady of the neighborhood. The two dined together. On being left alone in his chamber afterward, Mr. Pickwick remembered that he had left his watch below, and went after it. So tortuous were the passages it was no wonder that on returning he missed his way.

A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bedroom door which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within of "Who the devil's that?" or "What do you want here?" caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a perfectly marvelous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in — right at last! There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the draughts of air through which he had passed, and sunk into the socket just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick: "I can undress myself just as well by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood one on each side of the door; and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottomed chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into or out of bed on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off and folded up his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and, slowly drawing on his tasselled night-cap, secured it firmly on his head by tying beneath his chin the strings which he had always attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and, throwing himself back

in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily, that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the night-cap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the night-cap strings, — "it is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll!" Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly, and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come up stairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do!

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor, with the least danger of being seen himself, was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manœuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hands, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and night-cap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away, like a gigantic lighthouse in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the old lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this!" thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his night-cap, — "never! This is fearful!"

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair, and carefully enveloped it in a muslin night-cap with a small plaited border; and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house; but, if I remain here, the consequence will be still more frightful."

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his night-cap to a lady overpowered him; but he had tied these confounded strings in a knot, and, do what he would, he could n't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly:—

"Ha, hum!"

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident by her falling up against the rushlight-shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear; for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead, from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this!" thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha, hum!"

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that!"

"It's—it's—only a gentleman, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man!" shrieked the lady. Another instant, and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, — "ma'am."

Now, although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick's night-cap driven her back into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick, in his turn, stared wildly at her.

"Wretch!" said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, ma'am, — nothing whatever, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically, that the tassel of his night-cap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my night-cap (here the lady hastily snatched off hers); but I can't get it off, ma'am (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement). It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick very quickly, — "certainly, ma'am. I — I — am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion, — deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his night-cap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, — nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, ma'am, — this instant, ma'am," said Mr. Pick-

wick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, — "I trust, ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this" — But, before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

Mr. Pickwick finally encountered Sam Weller, his valet, who led him to his room; but this night-adventure disturbed him considerably.

XXIII By good chance Sam Weller ran against Job Trotter in Ipswich, and made ready to get even with him. Mr. Win-

XXIV kle, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Tupman also came to the rendezvous, and all would have gone off well, except that Mr. Magnus having been successful in his venture, enthusiastically introduced Mr. Pickwick to the lady of his choice, who proved to be no other than the heroine of the contretemps of the night before.

"Miss Witherfield," said Mr. Magnus, "allow me to introduce my very particular friend, Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Pickwick, I beg to make you known to Miss Witherfield."

The lady was at the upper end of the room; and, as Mr. Pickwick bowed, he took his spectacles from his waistcoat-pocket, and put them on, — a process which he had no sooner gone through, than, uttering an exclamation of surprise, Mr. Pickwick retreated several paces, and the lady, with a half-suppressed scream, hid her face in her hands, and dropped into a chair; whereupon Mr. Peter Magnus was struck motionless on the spot, and gazed from one to the other with a countenance expressive of the extremities of horror and surprise.

This certainly was, to all appearance, very unaccountable behavior: but the fact was, that Mr. Pickwick no sooner put on his spectacles than he at once recognized in the future Mrs. Magnus the lady into whose room he had so unwarrantably intruded on the previous night; and the spectacles had no sooner crossed Mr. Pickwick's nose than the lady at once identified the countenance which she had seen surrounded by all the horrors of a night-cap. So the lady screamed, and Mr. Pickwick started.

"Mr. Pickwick!" exclaimed Mr. Magnus, lost in astonishment, "what is the meaning of this, sir? What is the meaning of it, sir?" added Mr. Magnus, in a threatening and a louder tone.

"Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, somewhat indignant at the very sudden manner in which Mr. Peter Magnus had conjugated him.

self into the imperative mood, "I decline answering that question."

"You decline it, sir?" said Mr. Magnus.

"I do, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick. "I object to saying anything which may compromise that lady, or awaken unpleasant recollections in her breast, without her consent and permission."

"Miss Witherfield," said Mr. Peter Magnus, "do you know this person?"

"Know him!" repeated the middle-aged lady, hesitating.

"Yes, know him, ma'am. I said know him," replied Mr. Magnus with ferocity.

"I have seen him," replied the middle-aged lady.

"Where?" inquired Mr. Magnus, — "where?"

"That," said the middle-aged lady, rising from her seat, and averting her head, — "that I would not reveal for worlds."

"I understand you, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, "and respect your delicacy. It shall never be revealed by *me*, depend upon it."

This, of course, makes Mr. Magnus very angry; and he proceeds to work himself into a red-hot, scorching, consuming passion, and indulges freely in threats of a duel. Miss Witherfield, however, contrives to settle matters by informing the mayor that Mr. Pickwick is about to fight a duel, in which Mr. Tupman proposes to act as his second, and that the other party has absconded. The sequel is, that Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman are arrested, and taken before the mayor, George Nupkins, Esquire, a proceeding attended by great legal ceremony.

XXV Mr. Pickwick might have fared hardly at the hands of Mr.

Nupkins, if Sam had not made a discovery which he whispered to his master. Captain Fitz Marshall, alias Jingle, together with Job Trotter, had succeeded in making themselves at home with the Nupkins's, as elsewhere, and with the same general matrimonial intentions. An exposure followed, and in the course of it began Sam's own experiences with Mary, the pretty housemaid.

XXVI After this, Mr. Pickwick returned to London to look after his case, and Sam to pick up such valuable information as he could from Mrs. Bardell, and there being an interval of two days

XXVII before the Pickwickians were all to meet at Dingley Dell for the holidays, Sam got leave to visit his father, whom he found in the toils of his second wife, formerly a widow, aided and abetted by the Rev. Mr. Stiggins.

XXVIII Just before Christmas the Pickwickians and Sam set off for Dingley Dell, where the main party was most hospitably received and entertained above stairs, the humbler contingent making himself most agreeable in the servants' quarters.

XXIX Among the stories told this Christmas Eve was that of the Goblins who stole a sexton, named Gabriel Grub.

XXX Christmas Day brought an addition to the party in two medical students, Benjamin Allen, brother to Arabella Allen who was visiting the Wardles and had made inroads upon the heart of Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Allen's friend, Bob Sawyer. They all went skating, where again the unhappy Mr. Winkle was forced to display an accomplishment he did not possess. Mr. Pickwick, in sliding, broke through the ice, but maintained his courage and good cheer, and the next day they all went back to London.

XXXI Mr. Pickwick found himself at once in the toils of the law. The clerks of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg invaded his social domain with subpœnas, and his own lawyer, Mr. Parker, introduced him to the great Sergeant Snubbin, who consented to take his case. Meanwhile, *inter leges non cense silent*, and Mr. Bob

XXXII Sawyer invites Mr. Pickwick to supper, with the consequence of bringing into unhappy prominence his own difficulties with his landlady.

XXXIII The day before the trial began was a busy one for Sam Weller, who was kept running back and forth between the George and Vulture, where Mr. Pickwick now put up, and Mr. Perker's office. Sam had leave of absence at last to visit his father, Tony Weller. While waiting for his father at the Blue Boar, he determines to write Mary a letter.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task, it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard, in some degree, the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones, which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father, . . . "wot 's that you 're a doin' of, — pursuit of knowledge under difficulties? eh, Sammy?"

"I 've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment. "I 've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller in reproachful accents, "I did n't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here very subject; arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law (vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day),—I did n't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I did n't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips, and drank off the contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller. "It'll be a very agonizin' trial to me at my time of life; but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the very old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he wos afeered he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy; to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all very capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's—that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense!" said Sam. "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that: I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there!"

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family, and could n't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation; for he repeated the second in a low tone very frequently, ringing the bell, meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting the pipe, and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantel-piece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly modified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:—

“‘Lovely’” —

“Stop,” said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. “A double glass of the invariable, my dear.”

“Very well, sir,” replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

“They seem to know your ways here,” observed Sam.

“Yes,” replied his father, “I’ve been here before in my time. Go on, Sammy.”

“‘Lovely creetur,’” repeated Sam.

“‘T ain’t in poetry, is it?” interposed the father.

“No, no,” replied Sam.

“Wery glad to hear it,” said Mr. Weller. “Poetry’s unnat’ral: no man ever talked in poetry ’cept a beadle on boxin’-day, or Warren’s blackin’, or Rowland’s oil, or some of them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy.”

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity; and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:—

“‘Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed’” —

“That ain’t proper,” said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

“No, it ain’t ‘dammed,’” observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light; “it’s ‘shamed:’ there’s a blot there. ‘I feel myself ashamed.’”

“Wery good,” said Mr. Weller. “Go on.”

“‘Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir’ — I forget wot this here word is,” said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

“Why don’t you look at it, then?” inquired Mr. Weller.

“So I *am* a lookin’ at it,” replied Sam; “but there’s another blot. Here’s a ‘c,’ and a ‘i,’ and a ‘d.’”

“Circumwented, p’rhaps,” suggested Mr. Weller.

“No, it ain’t that,” said Sam, — “circumscribed; that’s it!”

“That ain’t as good a word as circumwented, Sammy,” said Mr. Weller gravely.

“Think not?” said Sam.

“Nothin’ like it!” replied his father.

“But don’t you think it means more?” inquired Sam.

“Vell, p’rhaps it is a more tenderer word,” said Mr. Weller, after a few moments’ reflection. “Go on, Sammy.”

“‘Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin’ of you, for you *are* a nice gal, and nothin’ but it.’”

“That’s a wery pretty sentiment,” said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot 's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a col-lection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency which was particularly edifying.

"Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike."

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller parenthetically.

"But now," continued Sam,— "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed:—

"So I take the privilage of the day, Mary, my dear,— as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,— to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen (wich p'r'aps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter."

"I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller dubiously.

"No, it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"Except of me Mary my dear as your valentine and think over what I've said. My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up; ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam. "She'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam. "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it 'Veller,'" said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickwick,' then," said Mr. Weller: "it's a very good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The very thing!" said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse: what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' verses the night afore he was hung for a high-way robbery; and *he* was only a Cambervell man: so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter, —

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And, having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a downhill direction in one corner, — "To Mary, House-maid, at Mr. Nupkins's Mayors, Ipswich, Suffolk," — and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the general post.

Mr. Weller, senior, had his own experience to relate, and at last carried Sam off to a meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, whose subsequent proceedings were somewhat turbulent.

XXXIV St. Valentine's Day was the ominous one chosen for the trial of the case of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, and this memorable case, here faithfully recorded, ended in the award of damages to the plaintiff to the amount of seven hundred and fifty pounds, which Mr. Pickwick firmly declared he never would pay.

XXXV It would be two months before the legal process of execution could be issued, and Mr. Pickwick resolved with his native cheerfulness to make the most of his freedom. He chose Bath as his next place of entertainment, and there the Pickwickians found themselves in gay society at once, while Sam entered similar high life by the area door.

XXXVI Mr. Pickwick and his friends took lodgings with a new acquaintance they had scraped, and Sam Weller as a gentleman's gentleman tasted of the pleasures of Bath at a

XXXVII "swarry." Matters had not gone altogether smoothly, however, for Mr. Winkle by an unlucky series of accidents had found it most prudent to leave Bath precipitately and secretly.

After him Mr. Pickwick now sent Sam with orders to bring him back, willy nilly.

XXXVIII Mr. Winkle had selected Bristol for his retreat, and here he fell in with Mr. Bob Sawyer, who had established his practice in Bristol, at a safe distance from pressing creditors. He also met with Mr. Benjamin Allen, and from what he learned strongly suspected that the lovely Arabella Allen was choosing him, him! Nathaniel Winkle, in place of her brother's friend, Bob Sawyer. Moreover, Mr. Dowler, the enraged husband from whom he had fled, also turned up, fleeing from Mr. Winkle himself, and the two men oozed courage instead of blood.

XXXIX Sam had found Mr. Winkle, and kept vigilant watch over him until Mr. Pickwick himself appeared on the scene, when he was despatched with a missive to Arabella who was somewhere, no one knew exactly where, on Clifton Downs. In searching for her Sam had the great good fortune to fall in with his own sweetheart, Mary, who was able to direct him to Miss Allen's abode and to renew her own pleasant relations with him. As a result Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle made an evening visit with a dark lantern, Mr. Winkle assured himself of his happiness, and Mr. Pickwick occasioned a new problem in the science of physics.

XL When the two months at Bath were up, the Pickwickians returned to London, and Mr. Pickwick with great promptness received a visit from the sheriff's deputy, and firmly refusing to make any payment of damages or costs, was committed to the debtors' prison in the Fleet.

XLI Here he made the acquaintance of a now extinct hostelry; he saw new companions and was introduced into a society which was new to him, though his own private means enabled him to escape much of the common misery.

XLII His residence in the Fleet brought him one surprise in the discovery that two of his fellow prisoners were Jingle and Job Trotter. He was so firm in his resolution to remain indefinitely in the prison rather than yield to what he regarded as an iniquitous proceeding, that he dismissed the faithful Sam.

XLIV But Sam had his own view of the situation. If he could not get into the Fleet by one door he would by another, and accordingly concocted a subtle scheme by which he got himself committed to the Fleet by his own father.

XLV Mr. Pickwick was greatly touched by his servant's fidelity, and somewhat embarrassed, since Sam's account of his own obstinacy was a distant parody of what he himself was displaying. He received his old companions; and he had a new experience of the world he had entered, in the death of one of the prisoners.

XLVI Sam also received a visit from his father, his mother-in-law, and her spiritual adviser; both he and Mr. Pickwick renewed acquaintance with Jingle and Trotter, but Mr. Pickwick, depressed by the misery and squalor which he saw, determined to withdraw more into the privacy of his own apartment.

XLVII There is no saying how long he might have remained incarcerated, if the very sharp attorneys Messrs. Dodson & Fogg had not proceeded with an action against Mrs. Bardell for not paying their costs, and so clapped her also into the debtors' prison.

XLVIII Sam saw in an instant a way out for his master, and at once sent for Mr. Perker. While that gentleman was explaining to Mr. Pickwick that the only way to release Mrs. Bardell was by his paying all the costs, in walked Mr. Winkle and the lady who had been Arabella Allen, but had suddenly been carried off a willing captive by her lover, and was now Mrs. Winkle. Presently Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Tupman also arrived, and, borne down on by the united force of his friends, Mr. Pickwick's obstinacy gave way, and he turned his back on the Fleet.

XLIX The first matter to which he gave his attention on returning to the world was the love affair of his friend Winkle; and with great diplomacy he succeeded in allaying the wrath of Mrs. Winkle's brother Benjamin on behalf of his friend Bob Sawyer, and of reconciling that gentleman to his fate. Returning

L to the Bush, he sought the company in the travellers' room, and there heard the tale of the Bagman's Uncle.

LI He had still, however, to make peace between Mr. Winkle and his father; so he set out for Birmingham, accompanied by Messrs. Allen and Sawyer, who had recovered their customary good spirits and were quite sure they would be of great service on this delicate errand. Mr. Pickwick met Mr. Winkle, senior, and found him distinctly a man of business.

LII On their way back to London they were overtaken by so heavy a storm that they were fain to put up for the night at the Saracen's Head, Towcester, and here they encountered Mr. Pott, their old acquaintance, the editor of the Eatanswill Gazette, and Mr. Slurk, the editor of the rival Independent, who had temporarily changed their skies but kept their humors.

LIII Upon returning to London, the most important incident brought to the notice of the travellers was the death of Tony Weller's second wife; and Sam, upon visiting his father, had the opportunity of helping him pay off old scores upon Mrs. Weller's spiritual adviser.

LIV Mr. Pickwick's benevolence was clearly shown not only in his fatherly interest in Mr. Winkle and his wife, but in the

fact that he had secured a place for Alfred Jingle in Demerara; and Job Trotter showed his own fidelity in accompanying his old master thither, in spite of a better offer made by Mr. Perker. While Mr. Pickwick was receiving this last information in Mr. Perker's office, Messrs. Dodson & Fogg were ushered in, for the settlement of accounts. They got their money, and in addition Mr. Pickwick's unequivocal opinion of their characters, which was hurled after them.

LV Scarcely had they gone before Mr. Wardle appeared, announced by the sleepy Joe, and inviting Mr. Pickwick to dine with him intimated that his daughter Emily had lost her heart to Mr. Snodgrass. By a series of embarrassing situations, that gentleman was forced to make a public avowal of this upon the occasion of the dinner that evening.

LVI Mr. Weller, having lost his wife, suddenly discovered that she had, by her habits of saving, left him and Sam a respectable little property; and in settling the estate in company with other portly coachmen he became somewhat initiated into the mysteries of the law.

LVII Having secured his money at last, he proceeded to place it in the hands of Mr. Pickwick, as the safest place he knew; and upon the occasion, it became evident to all concerned that Sam was ready to marry Mary, the pretty housemaid, but would remain unflinchingly devoted to Mr. Pickwick. Now arrived also the senior Mr. Winkle, who was quickly won over by the charms of his new daughter-in-law.

LVIII The affairs of all being happily arranged, Mr. Pickwick provided a home for himself, with Sam and Mary in attendance; dedicated it at once by the marriage there of Mr. Snodgrass and Emily Wardle, "and now the whole 'Pickwick Club' is dissolved, which was an image of the 'cockney' world."

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Allen, Arabella. Sister of Benjamin Allen; afterwards the wife of Mr. Winkle. xxviii, xxx, xxxix, xlviii, liii, liv, lvi, lvii.

Allen, Benjamin. A medical student, and the devoted friend of Mr. Bob Sawyer to whom he purposes marrying his sister Arabella. xxx, xxxii, xxxviii, xlviii, l, li, lii, liv, lvii.

Ayresleigh, Mr. A prisoner for debt, whom Mr. Pickwick meets in the "coffee-room" at Coleman Street. xl.

Bagman, The one-eyed. A stout, jovial, middle-aged man with a "lonely eye," whom Mr. Pickwick meets, first at the Peacock

Inn, Eatanswill, and afterwards at the Bush, in Bristol. He is the narrator of "The Bagman's Story," and of "The Story of the Bagman's Uncle." xiv, xlviii, xlix.

Bail, The professional. xl.

Bamber, Jack. A little, high-shouldered, keen-eyed old man, whom Mr. Pickwick casually meets at the Magpie and Stump. He relates "The Old Man's Tale about a Queer Client." xx.

Bantam, Angelo Cyrus, Esq., M. C. A charming young man of not much more than fifty, whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Bath; friend to Capt. Dowler, and master of ceremonies at the ball which Mr. Pickwick attends. xxxv.

Bardell, Mrs. Martha. Mr. Pickwick's landlady. When in London, Mr. Pickwick made his home at her lodging-house, and found her a very accommodating landlady. He determines, however, to take a servant; and, desiring to consult Mrs. Bardell in relation to the matter, he sends for her.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick. . . .

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell. . . .

"Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger, — "la, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, . . . "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities, and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, — "I do, indeed; and, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it till I sent your little boy out this morning — eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance; but here she was all at once raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose — a deliberate plan, too, — sent her little boy away.

After a few words more, Mrs. Bardell, overcome by her feelings, goes off into ecstatic hysterics, and throws herself into the arms of Mr. Pickwick, who vehemently protests, and begs her to desist.

"Mrs. Bardell, my good woman — dear me, what a situation! Pray consider, Mrs. Bardell; don't — if anybody should come" —

"Oh! let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically. "I'll never leave you — dear, kind, good soul!" And with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me!" said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently. "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't!" But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing: for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and, before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but, by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage pervaded his partially-developed mind, and, considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and, butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away!" said the agonized Mr. Pickwick. "He's mad!"

"What is the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick pettishly. "Take away the boy (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment). Now help me to lead this woman down stairs."

"Oh! I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell faintly.

"Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir; thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive," said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned, — "I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing!"

"Very!" said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very!" was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

The result of this unfortunate incident was a trial for breach of promise, the celebrated case of *Bardell vs. Pickwick*. xii, xxvi, xxxiv, xlv.

Bardell, Master Tommy. The hopeful son of Mrs. Bardell. xii, xxvi, xlv.

Bar-maid at the Town Arms, open to bribery. xiii.

Bar-maid wounded at the post of duty, The, ii.

Beller, Henry. Member of the Brick Lane Branch. xxxiii.

Betsey. Servant-girl at Mrs. Raddle's. xxxii.

Bilson & Slum. A great commercial house. xiv.

Bladud, Prince. Mythical founder of Bath; hero of the "True Legend" discovered by Mr. Pickwick. xxxvi.

Blazo, Sir Thomas. A West Indian cricketer, invented by Mr. Jingle. vii.

Blotton, Mr. (of Aldgate). A member of the Pickwick Club. i, xi.

Boldwig, Captain. A fierce little man, very consequential and imperious; owner of the premises on which Mr. Pickwick and his friends trespass while hunting. xix.

Bolo, Miss. A fashionable lady at Bath. xxxv.

Boots at the Bull Inn, The. A messenger of war. ii.

Brooks. The pieman of Sam Weller's acquaintance. xix.

Budger, Mrs. A little old widow, with plenty of money; Mr.

- Tupman's** partner in a quadrille at the charity ball at the Bull Inn, Rochester, which he attends in company with Mr. Jingle. ii.
- Budkin, Mrs.** Neighbor of Mrs. Bardell. xxxiv.
- Bulder, Colonel.** Head of the garrison at Rochester, and one of the company at the charity ball at the Bull Inn. ii, iv.
- Bulder, Mrs. Colonel.** His wife. ii.
- Bulder, Miss.** Their daughter. ii.
- Burton, Thomas.** Member of the Brick Lane Branch. xxxiii.
- Buzfuz, Serjeant.** Mrs. Bardell's counsel, remarkable for his brutal and bullying insolence to the witnesses on Mr. Pickwick's side; at the trial he opened the case for the plaintiff. xxxiv.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying, that never, in the whole course of his professional experience, — never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law, had he approached a case with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him, — a responsibility he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction, so strong that it amounted to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most-oppressed client, *must* prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

Counsel always begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately; several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, well knowing, that, from the learned friend alluded to, the gentlemen of the jury had heard nothing at all, — "you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at one thousand five hundred pounds. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of this case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.

"The plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

This was a pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar.

"Some time before Mr. Bardell's death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front-parlor window a written placard bearing this inscription: 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.'" Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen; but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlor-window just this time three years. Now I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document: 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman'! 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow,— 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honor; Mr. Bardell was a man of his word; Mr. Bardell was no deceiver; Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days,—three days, gentlemen,—a being erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at Mrs. Bardell's door. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick — Pickwick the defendant."

Serjeant Buzfuz here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little: the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and of systematic villainy."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz,

in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and, when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick,—if he be in court, as I am informed he is, — that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away.

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that, for two years, Pickwick continued to reside, without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you, that on many occasions he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that, on one occasion, he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *com-moneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, on the testimony of three of his own friends, — most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen, most unwilling witnesses, — that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, — letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant. Let me read the first: — 'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B. — Chops and tomato-sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops! Gracious heavens! and tomato-sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless it is, as I assert it to be, a mere cover for hidden fire, — a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconceived system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain?

"Enough of this. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined.

But Pickwick, gentlemen, — Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street, — Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward, — Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato-sauce and warming-pans, — Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, are the only punishment with which you can visit him, the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen."

With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

Cabman, The. The first person Mr. Pickwick encountered in his exploration of the world. ii.

Chambermaid at the White Hart, The. x.

Chancery Prisoner, The. An old man whose acquaintance Mr. Pickwick makes in the Fleet. He has been confined there for twenty years, but gets his release at last from the hands of his Maker, and accepts it with a smile of quiet satisfaction. xlii, xliv.

Charley, the pot boy. xx.

Christina, Donna. Daughter of Don Bolaro Fizzgig. ii.

Clarke, Mrs. Susan. Preempted by Tony Weller. x.

Clergyman, The. One of the guests at Mr. Wardle's. He sings the song of "The Ivy Green," and relates the story of "The Convict's Return." vi, xi, xxviii.

Clubber, Sir Thomas. A fashionable gentleman at Rochester, commissioner at the head of the dock-yard there. ii.

Clubber, Lady. His wife. ii.

Clubbers, The Miss. His daughters. ii.

Cluppings, Mrs. Betsey. A bosom-friend of Mrs. Bardell's. xxvi, xxxiv, xlv. *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

Cobbler, The bald-headed. xlv.

Craddock, Mrs. Mr. Pickwick's landlady at Bath. xxxvi, xxxvii.

Crawley, Mr. An objectionable partner. xxxv.

Cripps, Bob. Bob Sawyer's boy. xxxviii.

Crookey. An attendant at the sponging-house in Coleman Street. xl.

Crumpets, The man addicted to. xlv.

Crushton, The Honorable Mr. A gentleman whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Bath; a friend of Capt. Dowler's. xxxv.

- Dirty-faced man at the Peacock, The.** xiv.
- Dismal Jemmy.** *See* HUTLEY, JEM.
- Dodson and Fogg.** Attorneys for Mrs. Bardell. xx, xxxiv, liii.
- Dowler, Captain.** A blustering coward, formerly in the army, whom Mr. Pickwick meets at the travellers' room at the White Horse Cellar. xxxv, xxxvi, xxxviii.
- Dowler, Mrs.** Wife of Capt. Dowler. xxxv, xxxvi.
- Dubbley.** One of the special officers of the Mayor's Court at Ipswich; a dirty-faced man, over six feet high, and stout in proportion. xxiv. *See* NUPKINS, GEORGE.
- Dumkins, Mr.** A member of the All-Muggleton Cricket Club. vii.
- Edmunds, John.** Hero of the story of "The Convict's Return." vi.
- Edmunds, Mr.** His father; a morose, dissolute, and savage-hearted man. vi.
- Edmunds, Mrs.** His mother; a gentle, ill-used, and heart-broken woman. vi.
- Emma.** A servant-girl at Mr. Wardle's. xxviii.
- Fat boy.** *See* JOE.
- Fitz-Marshall, Charles.** *See* JINGLE, ALFRED.
- Fizkin, Horatio, Esq.** (of Fizkin Lodge, near Eatanswill). A candidate for parliament, defeated by the honorable Samuel Slumkey. xiii. *See* SLUMKEY, THE HONORABLE SAMUEL.
- Fizzgig, Don Bolaro.** A Spanish grandee, invented by Mr. Jingle on the spur of the moment. ii.
- Flasher, Wilkins.** A stock-broker. lv.
- Fogg, Mr.** *See* DODSON AND FOGG.
- George.** Mr. Weller's coachman friend. xciii.
- Goodwin.** Servant to Mrs. Pott. xviii.
- Groffin, Thomas.** One of the jury in the case of *Bardell vs Pickwick*. He desires to be excused from attendance on the ground that he is a chemist, and has no assistant. xxxiv.
- "I can't help that, sir," replied Mr. Justice Stareleigh: "you should hire one."
- "I can't afford it, my lord," rejoined the chemist.
- "Then you ought to be able to afford it, sir," said the judge, reddening; for Mr. Justice Stareleigh's temper bordered on the irritable, and brooked not contradiction. . . . "Swear the gentleman." . . .
- "Very well, my lord," replied the chemist in a resigned manner. "Then there'll be murder before this trial's over: that's all. Swear me, if you please, sir." And sworn the chemist was before the judge could find words to utter.
- "I merely wanted to observe, my lord," said the chemist, taking his seat with great deliberation, "that I've left nobody but

an errand-boy in my shop. He is a very nice boy, my lord; but he is not acquainted with drugs; and I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is, that Epsom salts mean oxalic acid; and syrup of senna, laudanum. That's all, my lord."

Grub, Gabriel. Hero of Mr. Wardle's "Story of the Goblins who stole a Sexton;" a cross-grained, surly, solitary fellow, who is made good-natured and contented by his remarkable experiences on Christmas Eve. xxix.

Grummer, Daniel. A constable in attendance upon the Mayor's Court at Ipswich. xxiv, xxv. *See* NUPKINS, GEORGE.

Grundy, Mr. A friend of Mr. Lowten's, and a frequenter of the Magpie and Stump Inn. xx.

Gunter, Mr. A friend of Mr. Bob Sawyer's. xxxii.

Gwynn, Miss. Writing and ciphering governess at Westgate House Establishment for Young Ladies, at Bury St. Edmunds. xvi.

Hairy Cap, The boy with the. An embryo hostler. xxxiii.

Harris. A green-grocer. xxxviii.

Henry. A character in "The Parish Clerk;" cousin to Maria Lobbs, whom he finally marries. xvii.

Heyling, George. Hero of "The Old Man's Tale about a Queer Client." xxi.

Heyling, Mary. His wife. xxi.

Hopkins, Jack. A medical student, whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Mr. Bob Sawyer's party. xxxii.

"I hope that's Jack Hopkins," said Mr. Bob Sawyer. "Hush! Yes: it is. Come up, Jack; come up!"

A heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Jack Hopkins presented himself. He wore a black velvet waistcoat with thunder-and-lightning buttons, and a blue striped shirt with a white false collar.

"You're late, Jack," said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Been detained at Bartholomew's," replied Hopkins.

"Anything new?"

"No: nothing particular. Rather a good accident brought into the casualty ward."

"What was that, sir?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a man fallen out of a four-pair-of-stairs window; but it's a very fair case, — very fair case, indeed."

"Do you mean that the patient is in a fair way to recover?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"No," replied Hopkins carelessly. "No, I should rather say he wouldn't. There must be a splendid operation though, to-morrow, — magnificent sight if Slasher does it!"

"You consider Mr. Slasher a good operator?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Best alive!" replied Hopkins. "Took a boy's leg out of the socket last week,—boy ate five apples and a gingerbread-cake. Exactly two minutes after it was all over, boy said he would n't lie there to be made game of; and he'd tell his mother if they did n't begin."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pickwick, astonished.

"Pooh! that's nothing,—that ain't," said Jack Hopkins. "Is it, Bob?"

"Nothing at all," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"By the bye, Bob," said Hopkins, with a scarcely perceptible glance at Mr. Pickwick's attentive face, "we had a curious accident last night. A child was brought in who had swallowed a necklace."

"Swallowed what, sir?" interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

"A necklace," replied Jack Hopkins. "Not all at once: you know that would be too much. *You* could n't swallow that, if the child did,—eh, Mr. Pickwick? Ha, ha!" Mr. Hopkins appeared highly gratified with his own pleasantry, and continued, "No, the way was this: child's parents were poor people who lived in a court. Child's eldest sister bought a necklace,—common necklace, made of large black wooden beads. Child, being fond of toys, cribbed the necklace, hid it, played with it, cut the string, and swallowed a bead. Child thought it capital fun; went back next day, and swallowed another bead."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing! I beg your pardon, sir. Go on."

"Next day, child swallowed two beads; the day after that, he treated himself to three; and so on, till in a week's time he had got through the necklace,—five-and-twenty beads in all. The sister, who was an industrious girl, and seldom treated herself to a bit of finery, cried her eyes out at the loss of the necklace; looked high and low for it; but, I need n't say, didn't find it. A few days after, the family were at dinner: the child, who was n't hungry, was playing about the room, when suddenly there was heard a devil of a noise, like a small hailstorm. 'Don't do that, my boy,' said the father. 'I ain't a doin nothin',' said the child. 'Well, don't do it again,' said the father. There was a short silence, and then the noise began again worse than ever. 'If you don't mind what I say, my boy,' said the father, 'you'll find yourself in bed in something less than a pig's whisper.' He gave the child a shake to make him obedient; and such a rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before. 'Why, damme, it's *in* the

child!’ said the father. ‘He’s got the croup in the wrong place!’ — ‘No, I haven’t, father,’ said the child, beginning to cry. ‘It’s the necklace: I swallowed it, father.’ The father caught the child up, and ran with him to the hospital; the beads in the boy’s stomach rattling all the way with the jolting, and the people looking up in the air, and down in the cellars, to see where the unusual sound came from. He’s in the hospital now,” said Jack Hopkins; “and he makes such a devil of a noise when he walks about, that they’re obliged to muffle him in a watchman’s coat, for fear he should wake the patients.”

Humm, Anthony. Chairman of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. xxxiii.

Hunt. Gardener to Captain Boldwig. xix.

Hunter, Mrs. Leo. A literary lady whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Eatanswill. xv. One morning, Sam Weller hands Mr. Pickwick a card bearing the following inscription:—

Mrs. Leo Hunter.
The Den, Eatanswill.

“Person’s a waitin’,” said Sam epigrammatically.

“Does the person want me, Sam?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“He wants you partickler; and no one else ’ll do, as the Devil’s private secretary said ven he fetched away Dr. Faustus,” replied Mr. Weller.

“*He?* Is it a gentleman?” said Mr. Pickwick.

“A very good imitation o’ one, if it ain’t,” replied Mr. Weller.

“But this is a lady’s card,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Given me by a gen’lm’n, hows’ever,” replied Sam; “and he’s a waitin’ in the drawing-room—said he’d rather wait all day than not see you.”

Mr. Pickwick, on hearing this determination, descended to the drawing-room, where sat a grave man, who started up on his entrance, and said with an air of profound respect:—

“Mr. Pickwick, I presume?”

“The same.”

“Allow me, sir, the honor of grasping your hand—permit me, sir, to shake it,” said the grave man.

“Certainly,” said Mr. Pickwick.

The stranger shook the extended hand, and then continued:—

“We have heard of your fame, sir. The noise of your anti-quarian discussion has reached the ears of Mrs. Leo Hunter,—my wife, sir: *I am Mr. Leo Hunter.*” The stranger paused, as

if he expected that Mr. Pickwick would be overcome by the disclosure; but, seeing that he remained perfectly calm, proceeded:—

“My wife, sir,—Mrs. Leo Hunter,—is proud to number among her acquaintance all those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit me, sir, to place in a conspicuous part of the list the name of Mr. Pickwick, and his brother-members of the club that derives its name from him.”

“I shall be extremely happy to make the acquaintance of such a lady, sir,” replied Mr. Pickwick.

“You *shall* make it, sir,” said the grave man. “To-morrow morning, sir, we give a public breakfast—a *fête champêtre*—to a great number of those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir, to have the gratification of seeing you at the Den.”

“With great pleasure,” replied Mr. Pickwick.

“Mrs. Leo Hunter has many of these breakfasts, sir,” resumed the new acquaintance,—“‘feasts of reason, sir, and flows of soul,’ as somebody who wrote a sonnet to Mrs. Leo Hunter on her breakfasts, feelingly and originally observed.”

“Was *he* celebrated for his works and talents?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“He was, sir,” replied the grave man. “All Mrs. Leo Hunter’s acquaintance are: it is her ambition, sir, to have no other acquaintance.”

“It is a very noble ambition,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“When I inform Mrs. Leo Hunter that that remark fell from *your* lips, sir, she will indeed be proud,” said the grave man. “You have a gentleman in your train who has produced some beautiful little poems, I think, sir.”

“My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a great taste for poetry,” replied Mr. Pickwick.

“So has Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir. She dotes on poetry, sir. She adores it; I may say that her whole soul and mind are wound up and intertwined with it. She has produced some delightful pieces herself, sir. You may have met with her ‘Ode to an Expiring Frog,’ sir.”

“I don’t think I have,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“You astonish me, sir,” said Mr. Leo Hunter. “It created an immense sensation. It was signed with an ‘L’ and eight stars, and appeared originally in a Lady’s Magazine. It commenced:—

“‘Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing;
Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog!’”

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine," said Mr. Leo Hunter; "so simple!"

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick.

"The next verse is still more touching. Shall I repeat it?"

"If you please," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It runs thus," said the grave man still more gravely:—

"Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
With wild halloo and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog?"

"Finely expressed," said Mr. Pickwick.

"All point, sir, all point," said Mr. Leo Hunter; "but you shall hear Mrs. Leo Hunter repeat it. *She* can do justice to it, sir."

Hunter, Mr. Leo. Mrs. Leo Hunter's husband. xv.

Huntley, Jem, called "DISMAL JEMMY." An itinerant actor, who "does the heavy business;" brother to Job Trotter, and friend of Mr. Alfred Jingle, who introduces him to Mr. Pickwick. He relates to them "The Stroller's Tale," in which he himself figures. iii, v. See JOHN.

Isaac. A friend of Mr. Jackson's. xlv.

Jackson, Mr. A clerk in the office of Dodson and Fogg. xx, xxxi, xlv.

Jane, a servant girl at Mr. Pott's. xlii.

Jane, a servant girl at Mr. Wardle's. xxviii.

Jem, a man servant at Mr. Wardle's. xxviii.

Jemmy, Dismal. See HUNTLEY, JEM.

Jingle, Alfred. An impudent strolling actor, who palms himself off on Mr. Pickwick and his travelling-companions of the club as a gentleman of consequence, sponges good dinners and borrows money from them, and finally gets into the Fleet prison, where, some time afterwards, Mr. Pickwick finds him in great destitution and distress, and benevolently pays his debts and releases him, on satisfactory evidence of penitence, and on promise of reformation, which is faithfully kept. Mr. Jingle is a very loquacious person, talking incessantly; rarely speaking a connected sentence, however, but stringing together mere disjointed phrases, generally without verbs. He first meets Mr. Pickwick and his party at the coach-stand in Saint Martin's-le-Grand. ii, iii, vii-x, xv, xxv, xlii, xlv, xlvii, liii.

"Heads, heads; take care of your heads!" cried the loquacious stranger, as they came out under the low archway, which in those days formed the entrance to the coach-yard. "Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—five children—mother—tall lady,

eating sandwiches — forgot the arch — crash — knock — children look round — mother's head off — sandwich in her hand — no mouth to put it in — head of a family off — shocking, shocking ! Looking at Whitehall, sir ? — fine place — little window — somebody else's head off there, eh, sir ? — he did n't keep a sharp lookout enough, either — eh, sir, eh ? ”

“ I was ruminating,” said Mr. Pickwick, “ on the strange mutability of human affairs.”

“ Ah ! I see — in at the palace-door one day, out at the window the next. Philosopher, sir ? ”

“ An observer of human nature, sir,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“ Ah, so am I. Most people are when they've little to do, and less to get. Poet, sir ? ”

“ My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a strong poetic turn,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“ So have I,” said the stranger. “ Epic poem — ten thousand lines — revolution of July — composed it on the spot — Mars by day, Apollo by night — bang the field-piece, twang the lyre.”

Jinks, Mr. A pale, sharp-nosed, half-fed, shabbily-clad clerk of the Mayor's Court at Ipswich. xxiv, xxv.

Jenkins, Mr. A character in “ The Bagman's Story ; ” a rascally adventurer with a wife and six babes, — all of them small ones, — who tries to marry a buxom widow, the landlady of a roadside inn, but is prevented by Tom Smart, who marries her himself. xiv.

Joe, the Fat Boy. Servant to Mr. Wardle ; a youth of astonishing obesity and voracity, who has a way of going to sleep on the slightest provocation, and in all sorts of places and attitudes. Mr. Wardle, having met Mr. Pickwick and his friends at a grand review at Rochester, invites them into his carriage for a lunch. iv-ix, xxviii, liv, lvi.

“ Joe, Joe,” said the stout gentleman, when the citadel was taken, and the besiegers and besieged sat down to dinner. “ Damn that boy ! he's gone to sleep again. Be good enough to pinch him, sir, — in the leg, if you please, nothing else wakes him. Thank you ! Undo the hamper, Joe.”

The fat boy, who had been effectually roused by the compression of a portion of his leg between the finger and thumb of Mr. Winkle, rolled off the box once again, and proceeded to unpack the hamper, with more expedition than could have been expected from his previous inactivity.

“ Now, we must sit close,” said the stout gentleman. After a great many jokes about squeezing the ladies' sleeves, and a vast quantity of blushing at sundry jocose proposals that the ladies

should sit in the gentlemen's laps, the whole party were stowed down in the barouche; and the stout gentleman proceeded to hand the things from the fat boy (who had mounted up behind for the purpose) into the carriage.

"Now, Joe, knives and forks!" The knives and forks were handed in; and the ladies and gentlemen inside, and Mr. Winkle on the box, were each furnished with those useful implements.

"Plates, Joe, plates!" A similar process employed in the distribution of the crockery.

"Now, Joe, the fowls. — Damn that boy! he's gone to sleep again. Joe, Joe!" (Sundry taps on the head with a stick, and the fat boy, with some difficulty, roused from his lethargy.) "Come, hand in the eatables."

There was something in the sound of the last word, which roused the unctuous boy. He jumped up; and the leaden eyes, which twinkled behind his mountainous cheeks, leered horribly upon the food as he unpacked it from the basket.

"Now, make haste," said Mr. Wardle; for the fat boy was hanging fondly over a capon, which he seemed wholly unable to part with. The boy sighed deeply, and, bestowing an ardent gaze upon its plumpness, unwillingly consigned it to his master.

John. A low pantomime actor, and an habitual drunkard, whose death is described in "The Stroller's Tale," related to Mr. Pickwick and his friends by Mr. Hutley. iii.

Kate. A character in the story of "The Parish Clerk;" cousin to Maria Lobbs. xvii.

Laundress, Mr. Perker's unwashed. xx.

Lobbs, Maria. A character in Mr. Pickwick's story of "The Parish Clerk;" a pretty girl, beloved by Nathaniel Pipkin, and also by her cousin Henry, whom she marries. xvii.

Lobbs, Old. Father to Maria Lobbs; a rich saddler, and a terrible old fellow when his pride is injured, or his blood is up. xvii.

Lord Chancellor, The late, complimentary to Mr. Pell. xliii.

Lowten, Mr. A puffy-faced young man, clerk to Mr. Perker. xx, xxi, xxxi, xxxiv, xl, xlvii, liii, liv.

Lucas, Solomon. A costumer. xv.

Luffey, Mr. Vice-president of the Dingley Dell Cricket Club. vii.

Magnus, Peter. A red-haired man, with an inquisitive nose and blue spectacles, who is a fellow-traveller with Mr. Pickwick from London to Ipswich. He is fiancé of Miss Witherfield, into whose chamber Mr. Pickwick innocently intrudes. xxii, xxiv.

Mallard, Mr. Clerk to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin. xxxi, xxxiv.

Martin, Betsy. Member of the Brick Lane Branch. xxxiii.

Martin, Mr. A prisoner confined in the Fleet prison. xlii.

- Martin.** A coachman. xlviii.
- Martin.** A gamekeeper. xix.
- Martin, Jack.** Hero of "The Story of the Bagman's Uncle." xlix.
- Mary.** A servant girl at Mr. Nupkins's; afterwards married to Sam Weller. xxv, xxxix, xlvii, lii, liv, lvi.
- Mary.** A servant girl at Mr. Wardle's. v.
- Mary.** A servant girl at the Peacock. xiv.
- Matinters, The Two Miss.** Ladies attending the ball at Bath. xxxv.
- Miller, Mr.** A guest at Mr. Wardle's. A hard-headed, Ripstone pippin-faced man. vi, xxviii.
- Mivins, Mr.** Called "THE ZEPHYR." A fellow-prisoner with Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet. xli, xlii.
- Mudberry, Mrs.** Neighbor of Mrs. Bardell. xxxiv.
- Mudge, Mr. Jonas.** Secretary of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. xxxiii.
- Mutanhed, Lord.** A fashionable gentleman whom Mr. Pickwick meets at a ball in Bath; a friend of Captain and Mrs. Dowler. xxxv.
- Muzzle, Mr.** An undersized footman, with a long body and short legs, in the service of George Nupkins, Esq. xxiv, xxv.
- Namby, Mr.** A sheriff's officer who arrests Mr. Pickwick. xl.
- Necklace-swallowing child.** xxxii.
- Neddy.** A prisoner for debt, confined in the Fleet; a phlegmatic and taciturn man. xlii, xliii.
- Noddy, Mr.** A friend of Mr. Bob Sawyer. xxxii.
- Nupkins, George, Esq.** Mayor of Ipswich. Mr. Pickwick and his friend Mr. Tupman are brought before him on a charge preferred by Miss Witherfield, that they are about to engage in a duel, — Mr. Pickwick as principal, and Mr. Tupman as his second. xxiv, xxv.
- Nupkins, Mrs.** Wife of George Nupkins, Esq. xxv.
- Nupkins, Miss Henrietta.** Their daughter. xxv.
- Payne, Doctor.** Surgeon of the Forty-third regiment, and a friend of Doctor Slammer's. ii, iii.
- Pell, Mr. Solomon.** An attorney at the Insolvent Court in Portugal Street; a fat, flabby, pale man, with a narrow forehead, wide face, large head, short neck, and wry nose. xliii, lv.
- Perker, Mr.** Agent for the Honorable Samuel Slumkey in his race for parliament; afterwards Mr. Pickwick's attorney, — a little, high-dried man, with a dark, squeezed-up face, small, restless black eyes, and the air of one in the habit of propounding regular posers. x, xiii, xxxi, xxxiv, xxxv, xlvii, liii, liv.

- Phunky, Mr.** Associate counsel with Serjeant Snubbin in the case of *Bardell vs Pickwick*; regarded as "an infant barrister," as he has not been at the bar quite eight years. xxxi, xxxiv.
- Pickwick, Moses.** A Perkin Warbeck. xxxv. The veritable family of this name, living at Bath, changed their name, after it had become too intimately associated with the novel, to Sainsbery.
- Pickwick, Samuel.** Founder of the Pickwick Club. i-xxviii, xxx-xxxii, xxxiv-xxxvii, xxxix-xlvi, l-lvi.
- Pike-keeper,** The evasive. ix.—The lonely. xxii.
- Pipkin, Nathaniel.** The "Parish Clerk" in Mr. Pickwick's tale of that name. He is a harmless, good-natured little being, of a very nervous temperament, and with a cast in his eye, and a halt in his gait. He falls in love with the beautiful Maria Lobbs, but sees her married to another. xvii.
- Podder, Mr.** A member of the All-Muggleton Cricket Club. vii.
- Ponto.** Mr. Jingle's intelligent dog. ii.
- Porkenhams, The.** Bosom friends of the Nupkins family. xxv.
- Pott, Mr.** Editor of "The Eatanswill Gazette." xiii, xv, xviii.
- Pott, Mrs.** Wife of the editor of "The Eatanswill Gazette." xiii, xv, xviii, li.
- Price, Mr.** A coarse, vulgar young man, with a sallow face and a harsh voice; a prisoner for debt, whom Mr. Pickwick encounters in the "coffee-room" of the sponging-house in Coleman Street. xl.
- Prosee, Mr.** The eminent counsel. xlvi.
- Pruffle.** A servant to a scientific gentleman at Bath. xxxix.
- Quanko, Samba.** A persistent cricketer. vii.
- Raddle, Mr.** Husband to Mrs. Raddle. xxxii, xlvi.
- Raddle, Mrs. Mary Ann.** Mr. Bob Sawyer's landlady; sister to Mrs. Cluppings, and a thorough shrew. xxxii, xlvi.
- Ramsey.** In the clutches of Dodson and Fogg. xx.
- Rogers, Mrs.** A lodger at Mrs. Bardell's. xlvi.
- Roker, Mr. Tom.** A turnkey at the Fleet prison. xl-xlvi.
- Rook-boys, The.** vii.
- Sam.** A cab-driver. ii.
- Sanders, Mrs. Susannah.** A bosom-friend of Mrs. Bardell's. xxvi, xxxiv.
- Sarah.** A servant girl at Westgate House. xvi.
- Sausage Maker, The,** who mysteriously disappeared. xxxi.
- Sawyer, Bob.** A medical student whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Mr. Wardle's. He afterwards hangs out his sign (Sawyer, late Nockemorf) as a medical practitioner, in Bristol, where Mr. Winkle meets him.

- Scorbutic youth, The.** xxxii.
- Secretary of the Pickwick Club, The.** lvi, lvii.
- Shepherd, The.** See STIGGINS, THE REVEREND MR.
- "Shiny Villiam."** Deputy hostler at the Bull. v, xxii.
- Simmery, Frank, Esq.** A smart young stock-broker. lv.
- Simpson, Mr.** A prisoner in the Fleet. xlii.
- Skimpin, Mr.** Junior counsel with Serjeant Buzfuz for Mrs. Bardell, in her suit against Mr. Pickwick. xxxiv.
- Slammer, Doctor.** Surgeon of the Ninety-seventh Regiment, present at a charity ball at the Bull Inn, Rochester. ii, iii.
- Slasher, Mr.** An expert operator. xxxii.
- Slumkey, The Honorable Samuel.** Candidate for parliament from the borough of Eatanswill. He is successful in the contest, beating his opponent, Horatio Fizkin, Esq. xiii.
- Slurk, Mr.** Editor of "The Eatanswill Independent." i.
- Smangle.** A fellow-prisoner with Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet. xli, xlii, xlv.
- Smart, Tom.** Hero of "The Bagman's Story." xiv.
- Smauker, John.** Footman in the service of Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq. xxxv, xxxvii.
- Smiggers, Joseph.** Perpetual Vice-President of the Pickwick Club. i.
- Smithers, Miss.** A young lady-boarder at Westgate House, Bury St. Edmunds. xvi.
- Smithie, Mr.** A gentleman present at the charity ball at the Bull Inn, Rochester. ii.
- Smithie, Mrs.** His wife. ii.
- Smithie, The Misses.** His daughters. ii.
- Smorltork, Count.** A famous foreigner whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy-dress breakfast. xv.
- Smouch, Mr.** A sheriff's assistant, who takes Mr. Pickwick to the Fleet Prison. xl.
- Snicks, Mr.** The Life Office Secretary. xlvii.
- Snipe, The Honorable Wilmot.** Ensign of the Ninety-seventh: one of the company at the ball in Rochester attended by Mr. Tupman. ii.
- Snodgrass, Augustus.** A poetic member of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club. i-vi, viii, xi-xv, xviii, xxiv-xxvi, xxviii, xxx-xxxii, xxxiv-xxxvi, xlv, xlvii, liv, lvii.
- Snubbin, Serjeant.** Senior counsel for Mr. Pickwick in his suit with Mrs. Bardell. xxxi, xxxiv.

Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was a lantern-faced, sallow-complexioned man, of about five and forty. . . . He had that dull-locking, boiled eye, which is so often to be seen in the heads of people

who have applied themselves during many years to a weary and laborious course of study, and which would have been sufficient, without the additional eye-glass which dangled from a broad black ribbon round his neck, to warn a stranger that he was very near-sighted. His hair was thin and weak, which was partly attributable to his having never devoted much time to its arrangement, and partly to his having worn for five and twenty years the forensic wig, which hung on a block beside him. The marks of hair-powder on his coat-collar, and the ill-washed and worse-tied white neckerchief round his throat, showed that he had not found leisure since he left the court to make any alteration in his dress; while the slovenly style of the remainder of his costume warranted the inference that his personal appearance would not have been very much improved if he had.

Snuphanuph, Lady. A fashionable lady whom Mr. Pickwick meets at a party at Bath. xxxv, xxxvi.

Staple, Mr. A little cricket-player who makes a big speech at the dinner which succeeds the match-game at Dingley Dell. vii.

Stareleigh, Mr. Justice. The judge who presides, in the absence of the chief justice, at the trial of Bardell *vs* Pickwick; xxxiv.

Stiggins, The Reverend Mr., called THE SHEPHERD. An intemperate, canting, and hypocritical parson, who ministers to a fanatical flock, composed largely of women, at Emanuel Chapel. xxvii, xxxiii, xlv, lii.

Stout gentleman, The, on the cricket field. vii.

Struggles, Mr. A cricketer of Dingley Dell. vii.

Stumps, Bill, Owner of. xi.

Tadger, Brother. A member of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. xxxiii.

Tappleton, Lieutenant. Doctor Slammer's second. ii, iii.

Tomkins, Miss. Principal of a boarding-school for young ladies, called Westgate House, at Bury St. Edmunds. xvi.

Tomlinson, Mrs. Postmistress at Rochester, and one of the company at the charity ball at the Bull Inn there. ii.

Tommy. A waterman. ii.

Trotter, Job. The confidential servant of Mr. Alfred Jingle, and the only man who proves too sharp for Sam Weller. xvi, xx, xxiii, xxv, xlii, xlv-xlvii, liii, lvii.

Trundle, Mr. A young man who marries Isabella Wardle. He is repeatedly brought upon the scene as an actor, but not once as an interlocutor. iv, vi, viii, xvi, xvii, xix, xxviii, lvii.

Tuckle. A footman at Bath. xxxvii.

Tupman, Tracy. One of the Corresponding Society of the Pick-

wick Club ; of so susceptible a disposition, that he falls in love with every pretty girl he meets. i-ix, xi-xv, xviii, xiv, xxiv-xxvi, xxviii, xxx, xxxii, xxxiv, xxxv, xlv, xlvii, lvii.

Upwitch, Richard. A green-grocer ; one of the jurymen in the case of *Bardell vs Pickwick*. xxxiv.

Waiter at the Bull Inn, The. An expensive object to look at. ii.

Walker, H. Member of the Brick Lane Branch. xxxii.

Wardle, Mr. (of Manor Farm, Dingley Dell). A friend of Mr. Pickwick and his companions ; a stout, hearty, honest old gentleman, who is most happy when he is making others so. iv, vi-xi, xvi-xix, xxviii, xxx, liv, lvi.

Wardle, Miss Emily. One of his daughters. iv, vi-xi, xxviii, xxx, liv, lvii.

Wardle, Miss Isabella. Another daughter. iv, vi-viii, xxviii, lvii.

Wardle, Miss Rachael. His sister ; a spinster of doubtful age, with a peculiar dignity in her air, majesty in her eye, and touch-me-not-ishness in her walk. The "too susceptible" Mr. Tupman falls in love with her, only to be circumvented by the adroit Mr. Jingle, who steals her heart away from him, and elopes with her, but is pursued, overtaken, and induced to relinquish his prize in consideration of a check for a hundred and twenty pounds. iv, vi-ix.

Wardle, Mrs. Mother of Mr. Wardle and Miss Rachael ; very old and very deaf. vi-ix, xxviii, lvii.

Watty, Mr. A bankrupt client of Mr. Perker, whom he keeps pestering about his affairs, although they have not been in chancery for years. xxxi.

Weller, Samuel. Mr. Pickwick's valet ; an inimitable compound of wit, simplicity, quaint humor, and fidelity, who may be regarded as an embodiment of London low life in its most agreeable and entertaining form. Master and servant first meet at a public-house, whither Mr. Pickwick goes with Mr. Wardle in search of that gentleman's sister, who has eloped with Mr. Alfred Jingle. Mr. Weller first appears on the scene busily employed in brushing a pair of boots, and "habited in a coarse striped waistcoat, with black calico sleeves and blue glass buttons ; drab breeches and leggings. A bright red handkerchief was wound in a very loose and unstudied style round his neck, and an old white hat was thrown carelessly on one side of his head. There were two rows of boots before him ; one cleaned, and the other dirty ; and, at every addition he made to the clean row, he stopped in his work, and contemplated its results with evident satisfaction." In the famous trial of *Bardell vs Pickwick*, Sam was an interest-

ing witness. x, xii, xiii, xv, xvi, xviii-xx, xxii-xxviii, xxx-xxxv, xxxvi-xlviii, l-iii, lv-lvii.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance that he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and said, "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

COURT. — "What's your name, sir?"

"Sam Weller, my lord."

COURT. — "Do you spell it with a 'V,' or with a 'W'?"

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life; but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed, "Quite right too, Samivel; quite right. Put it down a we, my lord, put it down a we."

COURT. — "Who is that who dares to address the court? Usher."

"Yes, my lord."

COURT. — "Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But as the usher did n't find the person, he did n't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said:—

COURT. — "Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord."

COURT. — "Do you see him here now?"

Sam stared up into the lantern in the roof of the court, and said, "Wy, no, my lord, I can't say that I *do* see him at the present moment."

COURT. — "If you could have pointed him out, I would have sent him to jail instantly."

Sam bowed his acknowledgments.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir."

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?"

"Oh! quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes."



OLD WELLER AND THE COACHMEN.

COURT. — "You must not tell us what the soldier said, unless the soldier is in court, and is examined in the usual way : it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my lord."

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant? Eh, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit-out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury; and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

The judge looked sternly at Sam; but Sam's features were so perfectly serene that the judge said nothing.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not, sir. I was in the passage till they called me up; and then the old lady as you call the plaintiff, — she war n't there, sir."

"You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward? Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes; and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'r'aps I might be able to see through two flights o' stairs and a deal-door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

"Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir."

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November?"

"Oh, yes! wery well."

"Oh! you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller. I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that, too, sir."

"Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about the trial, — eh, Mr. Weller?"

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial."

"Oh! you did get a talking about the trial. Now, what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir. Arter a few unimportant

observations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Mr. Fogg, — them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now."

"The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes: they said what a very gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and not to charge nothin' at all for costs unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

"It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir. That's my case, my lord."

Weller, Tony. Father to Samuel Weller; one of the old plethoric, mottled-faced, great-coated, many-waistcoated stage-coachmen that flourished in England before the advent of railways. xx, xxii, xxiii, xxvii, xxxiii, xxxiv, xliii, xlv, lii, lv, lvi.

Weller, Mrs. Susan. His wife, formerly Mrs. Clarke. xxvii, xlv.

Whiffers. A footman at Bath. xxxvii.

Whiffin. The Eatanswill crier. xiii.

Wicks, Mr. Clerk in office of Dodson and Fogg. xx.

Wilkins. Gardener to Captain Boldwig. xix.

Winkle, Mr., senior. Father of Nathaniel Winkle; an old wharfinger at Birmingham, and a thorough man of business, having the most methodical habits, and never committing himself hastily in any affair. He is greatly displeased at his son's marriage to Miss Arabella Allen, but finally forgives him, and admits that the lady is "a very charming little daughter-in-law, after all." 1, lvi.

Winkle, Nathaniel. A member of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club, and a cockney pretender to sporting skill. i-v, vii, ix, xi-xiii, xv, xviii, xix, xxiv-xxvi, xxviii, xxx-xxxii, xxxiv-xxxvi, xxxviii, xxxix, xliv, xlvii, liv, lvi, lvii.

Witherfield, Miss. A middle-aged lady, affianced to Mr. Magnus. xxii, xxiv.

Wugsby, Mrs. Colonel. A fashionable lady whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Bath. xxxv, xxxvi.

Zephyr, The. See MIVINS, Mr.

SKETCHES BY BOZ

ILLUSTRATIVE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE AND EVERY-DAY PEOPLE

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

OUR PARISH

THE BEADLE

Simmons. Parish beadle, and prototype of Mr. Bumble in "Oliver Twist."

THE FOUR SISTERS

Lawson, Mr. A surgeon, &c., in attendance on Mrs. Robinson at the time of her confinement.

Robinson, Mr. A gentleman in a public office, who marries the youngest Miss Willis, though he has to court her three sisters also, as they are all completely identified one with another.

Willises, The four Miss. Four sisters in "our parish," who seem to have no separate existence, and who drive the neighborhood distracted by keeping profoundly secret the name of the fortunate one who is to marry Mr. Robinson.

ELECTION FOR BEADLE

Bung, Mr. A man of thirty-five years of age, with five small children; a candidate for the office of beadle, which he obtains by a large majority.

Purday, Captain. A bluff and uncereemonious old naval officer on half-pay (first introduced, though not mentioned by name, in the sketch entitled "The Curate"). He is a determined opponent of the constituted authorities, whoever they may chance to be, and zealously supports Bung for beadle.

Spruggins, Mr. Thomas. Defeated candidate for beadle; a little thin man, fifty years old, with a pale face expressive of care and fatigue, owing, perhaps, to the fact of his having ten small children (two of them twins) and a wife.

Spruggins, Mrs. His wife. She solicits votes for her husband, and increases the general prepossession which at first prevails in

his favor by her personal appearance, which indicates the probability of a still further addition, at no remote period, to his already large family.

THE BROKER'S MAN

Bung, Mr. A broker's assistant, afterwards the parish beadle. (*See above.*) One of those careless, good-for-nothing, happy fellows who float cork-like on the surface for the world to play at hockey with.

Fixem. A broker, who assumes the alias of Smith; Bung's master.

John. A servant.

THE LADIES' SOCIETIES

Browns, The three Miss. Members of various visitation committees and charitable societies, and admirers of the curate, who is a young man, and unmarried. They are opposed to —

Parker, Mrs. Johnson. The mother of seven extremely fine girls, — all unmarried, — and the founder of a Ladies' Bible and Prayer-Book Distribution Society, from which the Miss Browns are excluded.

OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR

William. A young man who overtasks himself to earn a support for himself and his widowed mother, and at last dies in her arms.

SCENES

THE STREETS — NIGHT

Macklin, Mrs. An inhabitant of No. 4 in one of the little streets in the suburbs of London.

Peplow, Mrs. A neighbor of Mrs. Macklin.

Peplow, Master. Her son.

Smuggins, Mr. A little round-faced man, in the comic line, with a mixed air of self-denial and mental consciousness of his own powers.

Walker, Mrs. An inhabitant of No. 5 in the same street with Mrs. Macklin.

SEVEN DIALS

Mary. A woman who has taken "three-outs" enough of gin and bitters to make her quarrelsome.

Sarah. A vixen who falls out with her, and settles the difficulty by a resort to blows.

DOCTORS' COMMONS

Bumple, Michael. Promoter, or complainant, against Mr. Sludberry, in a brawling case.

Sludberry, Thomas. A little red-faced, sly-looking ginger-beer seller, defendant in the case of "Bumple against Sludberry;"

sentenced to excommunication for a fortnight and payment of costs.

LONDON RECREATIONS

Bill, Uncle. One of a party of Sunday pleasers at a tea-garden; considered a great wit by his friends.

Sally. His niece, joked by Uncle Bill about her marriage, and her first baby, because a certain young man is "keeping company" with her.

THE RIVER

Dando. A boatman.

ASTLEY'S

Woolford, Miss. A circus-rider.

PRIVATE THEATRES

Larkins, Jem. An amateur actor in the genteel comedy line, known to the public as Mr. Horatio St. Julian.

Loggins, Mr. A player who takes the part of Macbeth, and is announced on the bills as Mr. Beverley.

VAUXHALL GARDENS BY DAY

Green, Mr. An aeronaut.

Green, Mr., jun. His son and assistant.

THE LAST CAB-DRIVER AND THE FIRST OMNIBUS-CAD

Barker, Mr. William, *commonly called BILL BOOKER or AGGERAWATIN BILL.* An omnibus-cad, with a remarkable talent for enticing the youthful and unwary, and shoving the old and helpless, into the wrong 'bus.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH

Captain, The. A spare, squeaking old man, always damning his own eyes or "somebody else's," and a complete walking-reservoir of spirits and water.

Jane. The Hebe of "Bellamy's," or the refreshment-room of the Houses of Parliament. She has a thorough contempt for the great majority of her visitors, and a great love of admiration.

Nicholas. The butler of "Bellamy's." He has held the same place, dressed exactly in the same manner, and said precisely the same things, ever since the oldest of its present visitors can remember.

Tom, Honest. A metropolitan member of the House of Commons.

THE FIRST OF MAY

Sluffen, Mr., of Adam-and-Eve Court. A speaker at the anniver

sary dinner given to the chimney-sweeps on May Day at White Conduit House.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP

Henry, Mr. A pawnbroker, whose shop is near Drury Lane.

Jinkins. A customer, dirty, intoxicated, and quarrelsome.

Mackin, Mrs. Another customer, slipshod and abusive.

Tatham, Mrs. An old woman who tries to borrow eighteen pence or a shilling on a child's frock and "a beautiful silk ankecher."

CHARACTERS

THOUGHTS ABOUT PEOPLE

Smith, Mr. A poor clerk, a mere passive creature of habit and endurance.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

George, Aunt. The hostess at whose house the Christmas family party assemble.

George, Uncle. Her husband.

Jane, Aunt. Another member of the family.

Margaret, Aunt. Married to a poor man, and treated coldly by her relations in consequence.

Robert, Uncle. Husband to Aunt Jane.

THE NEW YEAR

Dobble, Mr. A clerk in a public office, who gives a quadrille party on New Year's eve.

Dobble, Mr., jun. His son.

Dobble, Miss Julia. His eldest daughter.

Dobble, Mrs. His wife.

Tupple, Mr. A junior clerk in the same office with Mr. Dobble; a young man with a tendency to cold and corns, but "a charming person," and "a perfect ladies' man."

MISS EVANS AND THE EAGLE

Evans, Miss Jemima (*called "J'mima Ivins" by her acquaintances*). A shoe-binder and straw-bonnet-maker, affianced to Mr. Samuel Wilkins.

Evans, Miss Tilly. One of her sisters.

Evans, Mrs. Her mother.

Wilkins, Mr. Samuel. A journeyman carpenter of small dimensions, "keeping company" with Miss Jemima Evans.

THE PARLOR ORATOR

Ellis, Mr. A sharp-nosed man with a very slow and soft voice, who considers Mr. Rogers "such improving company."

Rogers, Mr. A stoutish man of about forty, with a red face and a confident oracular air, which marks him as a leading politician, general authority, and universal anecdote-relater. Proof is what he requires — proof, not assertions — in regard to anything and everything whatsoever.

Tommy. A little chubby-faced green-grocer, of great good sense, who opposes Mr. Rogers, and is denounced by him, in consequence, “as a willing slave.”

THE HOSPITAL PATIENT

Jack. A young fellow who treats his paramour so brutally as to cause her death, and yet is so loved by her, even to the last, that she cannot be persuaded to swear his life away, but dies praying God to bless him.

THE MISPLACED ATTACHMENT OF MR. JOHN DOUNCE

Dounce, Mr. John. A fat, red-faced, white-headed old boy, a retired glove and braces maker, and a widower. He falls in love with a bewitching bar-maid, who trifles with his affections, and at last tells him plainly that she “would n’t have him at no price;” whereupon he offers himself successively to a school-mistress, a landlady, a feminine tobacconist, a housekeeper, and his own cook, by the last of whom he is accepted, married, — and thoroughly henpecked.

Harris, Mr. A law-stationer and a jolly old fellow; a friend of Mr. Dounce.

Jennings, Mr. A robe-maker; also a friend of Mr. Dounce, and a sad dog in his time.

Jones, Mr. Another friend, a barrister’s clerk, and a rum fellow, — capital company, — full of anecdote.

THE MISTAKEN MILLINER

Martin, Miss Amelia. A milliner and dressmaker who has an ambition to “come out” as a public singer, and tries it, but fails miserably.

Rodolph, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings. Her friends and counsellors.

THE DANCING ACADEMY

Billsmethi, Signor. A popular dancing-master.

Billsmethi, Master. His son.

Billsmethi, Miss. His daughter, a young lady with her hair curled in a crop all over her head, and her shoes tied in sandals all over her ankles. She sets her cap for Mr. Cooper, and, not succeeding in securing him for a husband, brings a suit for breach

of promise, but finally compromises the matter for twenty pounds, four shillings, and sixpence.

Cooper, Mr. Augustus. A young gentleman of Fetter Lane, in the oil-and-color business, just of age, with a little money, a little business, and a little mother.

MAKING A NIGHT OF IT

Potter, Mr. Thomas. A clerk in the city, with a limited income, and an unbounded friendship for Mr. Smithers.

Smithers, Mr. Robert. Also a clerk in the city, knit by the closest ties of intimacy and friendship to Mr. Potter. On the receipt of their quarter's salary, these two "thick-and-thin pals," as they style themselves, spend an evening together, and proceeding by degrees from simple hilarity to drunkenness, commit various breaches of the peace; are locked up in the station-house for the night; brought before the police court in the morning, and each fined five shillings for being drunk, and thirty-four pounds for seventeen assaults at forty shillings a head.

THE PRISONERS' VAN

Bella. A young girl, not fourteen, forced by a sordid and rapacious mother to a life of vice and crime, which she loathes, but cannot escape from.

Emily. Her sister, hardened in depravity by two additional years' experience of the debauchery of London street-life, and priding herself on being "game."

TALES

THE BOARDING-HOUSE

Agnes. Mrs. Bloss's maid.

Bloss, Mrs. The wealthy widow of a cork-cutter, whose cook she had been. Having nothing to do, she imagines she must be ill, but eats amazingly, and has the appearance of being remarkably well. She makes the acquaintance of Mr. Gobler, and marries him.

Calton, Mr. A superannuated beau, exceedingly vain, inordinately selfish, and the very pink of politeness. He makes himself agreeable to Mrs. Maplesone, and agrees to marry her; but, failing to do so, she sues him for breach of promise, and recovers a thousand pounds.

Evenson, Mr. John. A stern, morose, and discontented man, a thorough radical, and a universal fault-finder.

Gobler, Mr. A lazy, selfish hypochondriac, whose digestion is so

much impaired, and whose interior so deranged, that his stomach is not of the least use to him.

Hicks, Mr. Septimus. A tallish, white-faced, spectacled young man, who has the reputation of being very talented. He falls in love with Miss Matilda Maplesone, whom he marries, but afterwards deserts.

James. A servant to Mrs. Tibbs.

Maplesone, Mrs. An enterprising widow of fifty, shrewd, scheming, and good-looking, with no objection to marrying again, if it would benefit her dear girls.

Maplesone, Miss Julia. Her younger daughter; married to Mr. Septimus Hicks.

Maplesone, Miss Matilda. Her elder daughter; married to Mr. Simpson.

O'Bleary, Mr. Frederick. A patriotic Irishman recently imported in a perfectly wild state; in search of employment and ready to do or be anything that might turn up.

Robinson. A female servant to Mrs. Tibbs.

Simpson, Mr. One of the "walking gentlemen" of society; an empty-headed young man, always dressed according to the caricatures published in the monthly fashions.

Tibbs, Mr. A short man, with very short legs, but a face peculiarly long, by way of indemnification. He is to his wife what the 0 is in 90,—of some importance with her, but nothing without her.

Tibbs, Mrs. His wife, mistress of the boarding-house; the most tidy, fidgety, thrifty little person that ever inhaled the smoke of London.

Tompkins, Mr. Alfred. Clerk in a wine-house; a connoisseur in paintings, and with a wonderful eye for the picturesque.

Wisbottle, Mr. A clerk in the Woods and Forests office, and a high Tory; addicted to whistling, and having a great idea of his singing powers.

Wosky, Doctor. Mrs. Bloss's medical attendant, who has amassed a fortune by invariably humoring the worst fancies of his female patients.

MR. MINNS AND HIS COUSIN.

Brogson, Mr. An elderly gentleman visiting at Mr. Budden's.

Budden, Mr. Octavius. A retired corn-chandler, residing at Amelia Cottage, Poplar Walk, Stamford Hill. He is a cousin to Mr. Minns.

Budden, Mrs. Amelia. His wife.

Budden, Master Alexander Augustus. Their son, a precocious child, and the pride of his parents.

Jones, Mr. A little man with red whiskers, a visitor at Mr. Budden's and a "devilish sharp fellow," who talks equally well on any subject.

Minns, Mr. Augustus. A clerk in Somerset House, and a precise, tidy, retiring old bachelor, who is always getting into trouble when he leaves his own snug and well-ordered apartments, and who is thoroughly disgusted with a visit which he is compelled to make to his cousin, Mr. Octavius Budden.

SENTIMENT

Butler, Mr. Theodosius. A very wonderful genius, author of a pamphlet entitled "Considerations on the Policy of Removing the Duty on Beeswax." This he presents to Cornelius Brook Dingwall, Esq., M. P., under the assumed name of Edward M'Neville Walter, and thus gains admission to his house, and an opportunity of winning the heart of his supersentimental daughter.

Crumpton, Miss Amelia. A very tall, thin, skinny, upright, yellow, and precise maiden lady, with the strictest possible idea of propriety.

Crumpton, Miss Maria. The exact counterpart of her sister, in conjunction with whom she carries on a finishing-school for young ladies, called "Minerva House."

Dadson, Mr. Writing-master at the Miss Crumptions' school.

Dadson, Mrs. His wife.

Dingwall, Cornelius Brook, Esq., M. P. A very haughty, solemn, and portentous man, having a great opinion of his own abilities, and wonderfully proud of being a member of parliament.

Dingwall, Mrs. Brook. His wife.

Dingwall, Frederick. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Brook Dingwall; one of those public nuisances, -- a spoiled child.

Dingwall, Miss Lavinia Brook. Their daughter, the most romantic of all romantic young ladies; in love with Edward M'Neville Walter (otherwise Mr. Theodosius Butler), a young man much her inferior in life. She is therefore sent to the Miss Crumptions' educational establishment, to eradicate the sentimental attachment from her young mind, on the supposition that she can have no opportunity of meeting him there. She does meet him, however, and runs away with and marries him in haste, only to repent at leisure.

Hilton, Mr. Master of ceremonies at a ball at Minerva House.

James. Servant to Mr. Brook Dingwall.

Lobskini, Signor. A singing-master, with a splendid tenor voice.

Parsons, Miss Lætitia. A brilliant musical performer.

Smithers, Miss Emily. The belle of Minerva House.

Wilson, Miss Caroline. Her bosom-friend, and the ugliest girl in Hammersmith, — or out of it.

THE TUGGSES AT RAMSGATE

Amelia, Jane, and Mary Ann. Young ladies who take part in games of chance in a concert-room at Ramsgate.

Slaughter, Lieutenant. A friend of Captain Waters.

Tippin, Mr. A comic singer at Ramsgate.

Tippin, Mrs. His wife ; a concert-singer from the London theatres.

Tippin, Master. Their son.

Tippin, Miss. Their daughter ; a performer on the guitar.

Tuggs, Mr. Joseph. A little pursy London grocer, with shiny hair, twinkling eyes, and short legs. By the unexpected decision of a long-pending lawsuit he comes into possession of twenty thousand pounds, whereupon he incontinently puts on airs, closes his shop, and starts with his family for Ramsgate, that being a fashionable watering-place.

Tuggs, Mrs. His wife ; in charge of the cheesemongery department while her husband is a shop-keeper.

Tuggs, Miss Charlotte. Their only daughter. When her father becomes rich, she calls herself Charlotta.

Tuggs, Mr. Simon. Their only son ; a young gentleman with that elongation in his thoughtful face, and that tendency to weakness in his interesting legs, which tell so forcibly of a great mind and romantic disposition. At first, he is a book-keeper in his father's shop ; but, when a large fortune suddenly falls to the family, he changes the orthographical architecture of his name, and styles himself Cymon ; attempts to play the gentleman ; and roundly abuses his father for not appearing aristocratic. Going to Ramsgate, he is neatly taken in and swindled by Captain Waters and his wife, whom he meets there, and greatly admires, — especially the wife. He escapes with the loss of his veneration for appearances, and of fifteen hundred pounds in money.

Waters, Captain Walter. A pretended military man, and a sharper.

Waters, Mrs. Belinda. His wife ; a young lady with long black ringlets, large black eyes, brief petticoats, and unexceptionable ankles.

HORATIO SPARKINS

Barton, Mr. Jacob. Brother of Mrs. Malderton ; a large grocer, who never scrupled to avow that he was n't above his business.

“He'd made his money by it, and he did n't care who know'd it.”

Flamwell, Mr. A little spoffish toad-eater, with green spectacles,

always pretending to know everybody, but in reality knowing nobody; a friend of Mr. Malderton.

John. A man in Mr. Malderton's service, half groom, half gardener, but, on great occasions, touched up and brushed to look like a second footman.

Malderton, Mr. (of Oak Lodge, Camberwell). A man who has become rich in consequence of a few successful speculations, and who is hospitable from ostentation, illiberal from ignorance, and prejudiced from conceit. The whole scope of his ideas is limited to Lloyds, the Exchange, the India House, and the Bank.

Malderton, Mrs. His wife; a little fat woman, with a great aversion to anything *low*.

Malderton, Miss Marianne. Their younger daughter; a sentimental damsel.

Malderton, Miss Teresa. Their elder daughter; a young lady of eight and twenty, who has flirted for ten years in vain, but is still on the lookout for a husband.

Malderton, Mr. Frederick. Their elder son; the very *beau idéal* of a smart waiter, and the family authority on all points of taste, dress, and fashionable arrangement.

Malderton, Mr. Thomas. Their younger son; snubbed by his father on all occasions, with a view to prevent his becoming "sharp," — a very unnecessary precaution.

Sparkins, Mr. Horatio. A young man whose dashing manners and gentlemanlike appearance so dazzle the Maldertons, that they think he must be a man of large fortune and aristocratic family. They even go so far as to suspect that he may be a nobleman, and are greatly mortified at last to discover that he is a mere clerk in a linen-draper's shop, and owns to the plebeian name of Smith.

THE STEAM EXCURSION

Briggs, Mrs. A widow-lady; a rival of Mrs. Taunton.

Briggs, Miss. One of her three daughters.

Briggs, Miss Julia. Another daughter.

Briggs, Miss Kate. Another daughter.

Briggs, Mr. Alexander. Her younger son, articled to his brother. He is remarkable for obstinacy.

Briggs, Mr. Samuel. Her elder son; an attorney, and a mere machine; a sort of self-acting, legal walking-stick.

Edkins, Mr. (of the Inner Temple). A pale young gentleman in a green stock and green spectacles, who makes a speech on every occasion on which one can possibly be made.

Fleetwood, Mr. One of the excursion party.

Fleetwood, Mrs. His wife, who accompanies him.

- Fleetwood, Master.** Their son; an unfortunate innocent of about four years of age.
- Hardy, Mr.** A stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a red face, a somewhat husky voice, and a tremendous laugh. He is a practical joker, is immensely popular with married ladies, and a general favorite with young men.
- Helves, Captain.** A military gentleman with a bass voice and an incipient red moustache; a friend of the Tauntons.
- Noakes, Mr. Percy.** A law-student, smart, spoffish, and eight and twenty. With a few friends he attempts to get up an excursion party to which no one shall be invited who has not received the unanimous vote of a committee of arrangements. But the obstinate Mr. Alexander Briggs being a member of this committee, and blackballing everybody who is proposed by Mr. Noakes or his friends, the original plan is abandoned; and every gentleman is allowed to bring whom he pleases. The party start on a Wednesday morning for the Nore, and reach it after a pleasant trip; but on the return a violent squall comes up; the pitching and tossing of the boat bring on a general seasickness; and, when they get back to the wharf at two o'clock the next morning, every one is thoroughly dispirited and worn out.
- Stubbs, Mrs.** A dirty old laundress, with an inflamed countenance.
- Taunton, Mrs.** A good-looking widow of fifty, with the form of a giantess and the mind of a child. The sole end of her existence is the pursuit of pleasure, and some means of killing time. She is a particular friend of Mr. Percy Noakes, and a mortal enemy of the Briggses.
- Taunton, Miss Emily.** Her daughter; a frivolous young lady.
- Taunton, Miss Sophia.** Another daughter, as light-minded as her sister.

THE GREAT WINGLEBURY DUEL

- Brown, Miss Emily.** A young lady beloved by both Mr. Trott and Mr. Hunter, but finally married to the latter.
- Hunter, Mr. Horace.** Rival of Mr. Trott for the hand of Miss Emily Brown.
- Manners, Miss Julia.** A buxom and wealthy woman of forty, formerly engaged to be married to a Mr. Cornberry, who died leaving her a large property unencumbered with the addition of himself. Being in want of a young husband, she falls in love with a certain wild and prodigal nobleman, Lord Peter, who falls in love with her handsome fortune of three thousand pounds a year; but in the end she marries plain Mr. Trott.
- Overton, Joseph, Esq.** Solicitor, and mayor of Great Winglebury.

Peter, Lord. A dissipated sprig of nobility, attached to Miss Manners (or her money); killed by being thrown from his horse in a steeple-chase.

Thomas. A waiter at the Winglebury Arms.

Trott, Mr. Alexander. A cowardly young tailor (or umbrella-maker). He desires to marry Miss Emily Brown, but is deterred by the hostile attitude of Mr. Horace Hunter, who challenges him to mortal combat for daring to think of such a thing. He accepts the challenge in a bloodthirsty note, but immediately sends another, and an anonymous one, to the mayor of Great Winglebury, urging that Mr. Trott be forthwith arrested. By a ludicrous blunder he is mistaken for Lord Peter, who is expected at the Winglebury Arms for the purpose of meeting Miss Julia Manners, his intended, and who is to be seized and carried off as an insane person in order that his relatives may not discover him. Thus it happens that Trott is taken away in a carriage with Miss Manners, and, mutual explanations having been made, that he marries her instead of the adorable Miss Emily Brown.

Williamson, Mrs. Landlady of the Winglebury Arms.

MRS. JOSEPH PORTER

Balderstone, Mr. Thomas, called "UNCLE TOM." A rich brother of Mrs. Gattleton, always in a good temper, and always talking and joking.

Brown, Mr. A performer on the violoncello at the private theatricals.

Cape, Mr. A violinist.

Evans, Mr. A tall, thin, and pale young gentleman, with lovely whiskers, and a remarkable talent for writing verses in albums, and for playing the flute. He is the *Roderigo* of the private theatricals.

Gattleton, Mr. A retired stockbroker, living at Rose Villa, Clapham Rise. He is infected, as are the other members of his family, with a mania for private theatricals, acting himself as prompter.

Gattleton, Mrs. His wife; a kind-hearted, good-tempered, vulgar soul, with a natural antipathy to other people's unmarried daughters, a bodily fear of ridicule, and a great dislike for Mrs. Joseph Porter.

Gattleton, Miss. One of their three daughters.

Gattleton, Miss Caroline. Another daughter; the *Fenella* of the private theatricals.

Gattleton, Miss Lucina. Another daughter, who plays the part of *Desdemona*.

Gattleton, Mr. Sempronius. Their son, at once stage-manager and *Othello*.

Harleigh, Mr. A singer, who takes the part of *Masaniello*.

Jenkins, Miss. A piano-player.

Porter, Mrs. Joseph. A sarcastic scandal-monger, who delights in making other people uncomfortable. At the private theatricals of the Gattletons, she indulges her propensity to mischief-making by setting on Mr. Thomas Balderstone (who prides himself on his accurate knowledge of Shakespeare) to interrupt the performers in the very midst of the play by correcting their numerous mistakes.

Porter, Miss Emily. Her daughter.

Wilson, Mr. The *Iago* of the private theatricals.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MR. WATKINS TOTTLE

Ikey. The factotum of Mr. Solomon Jacobs's sponging-house.

Jacobs, Mr. Solomon. A bailiff, living in Cursitor Street.

Jem. A sallow-faced, red-haired, sulky boy in charge of the door of Mr. Jacobs's private lock-up.

John. Servant to Mrs. Parsons.

Lillerton, Miss. A prim spinster of uncertain age, with a complexion as clear as that of a wax doll, and a face as expressive.

Martha. Servant to Mrs. Parsons.

Parsons, Mr. Gabriel. An elderly and rich sugar-baker, who mistakes rudeness for honesty, and abrupt bluntness for an open and candid manner.

Parsons, Mrs. Fanny. His wife.

Timson, The Reverend Charles. A friend of Mr. Parsons. He marries Miss Lillerton.

Tottle, Mr. Watkins. A plump, clean, rosy bachelor of fifty; a compound of strong uxorious inclinations and an unparalleled degree of anti-connubial timidity. Having been arrested for debt, and confined in a sponging-house, his friend Parsons engages to pay the debt, and take him out, if he will agree to marry Miss Lillerton, who has five hundred pounds a year in her own right. On being released, he offers himself to that lady, but after such an awkward and ambiguous fashion, that she quite mistakes his meaning, and answers him in a way that makes him think himself accepted. On being sent by her with a note—respecting their marriage, as he supposes—to the Reverend Mr. Timson, it transpires that she has been engaged to that gentleman for several weeks. The upshot of the whole affair is that Mr. Parsons renounces the friendship and acquaintance of Mr. Tottle, who

takes refuge from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" by walking into the Regent's Canal.

Walker, Mr. An imprisoned debtor, inmate of Mr. Solomon Jacobs's private lock-up.

Willis, Mr. Another inmate of the same establishment.

THE BLOOMSBURY CHRISTENING

Danton, Mr. A young man with a considerable stock of impudence, and a very small share of ideas, who passes for a wit. He is a friend of Mr. Kitterbell's, and a great favorite generally, especially with young ladies.

Dumps, Mr. Nicodemus, called "LONG DUMPS." An old bachelor, never happy but when he is miserable, and always miserable when he has the best reason to be happy, and whose only real comfort is to make everybody about him wretched. He is uncle to Mr. Charles Kitterbell, and, having been invited to stand as godfather to that gentleman's infant son, reluctantly does so, but takes his revenge by suggesting the most dismal possibilities of sickness and accident, as altogether likely to happen to the child, and by making a speech at the supper after the christening, so lugubrious and full of gloomy forebodings as to throw Mrs. Kitterbell into violent hysterics, thus breaking up the party, and enabling him to walk home with a cheerful heart.

Kitterbell, Mr. Charles. A small, sharp, spare man, with an extraordinarily large head and a cast in his eye; very credulous and matter-of-fact.

Kitterbell, Mrs. Jemima. His wife; a tall, thin young lady with very light hair, a particularly white face, a slight cough, and a languid smile.

Kitterbell, Master Frederick Charles William. Their first baby.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH

Tom. One of the officers who arrest young Warden.

Warden. A confirmed and irreclaimable drunkard. Remorse, fear, and shame; the loss of friends, happiness, and station; the death of his wife from grief and care; the murder of one of his sons, whom he had driven from home in a drunken fit; his own betrayal of another son into the hangman's hands from a like cause; his final desertion by his daughter, who has stayed by him and supported him for years; the utmost extremity of poverty, disease, and houseless want, — do not avail to conquer his fierce rage for drink, which drives him remorselessly on, until at last he seeks release in death by drowning himself in the Thames.

Warden, Mary. His daughter.

Warden, William. His son. He avenges his brother's death by killing the gamekeeper who shot him; flees from justice to his father's solitary attic room in the obscurest portion of Whitefriars; is discovered by the officers in consequence of his father's getting intoxicated and betraying his hiding-place; and is seized, handcuffed, carried off, and made to suffer the penalty of his crime.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST

OUTLINE

Chapter I The hero of this tale was born in a workhouse; his mother, brought in the night before from the street, died on giving him birth, without making known her own history. In this

II forlorn substitute for a home the child was brought up. The parish beadle, Mr. Bumble, who named the foundlings in alphabetical order, presented him with the name of Oliver Twist, and for nine years Oliver knew no other home than the workhouse. At the end of that time the authorities proposed to let him out, as

III the phrase runs, as an apprentice, and were ready to pay three pounds ten to Mr. Gamfield, a chimney sweep, if he would thus take Oliver off their hands. Mr. Gamfield, who was not without a reputation for hard dealings with youngsters, and bore his reputation in his face, might have carried his point, if Oliver, terrified at the prospect, had not pleaded so piteously that a more humane member of the workhouse board refused to have the bargain carried out.

IV Bumble presently discovered a new chance to be rid of Oliver, and after a short consideration the little orphan was turned over to Mr. Sowerberry, the undertaker. Far below Mr.

V Sowerberry, but far above Oliver, were a charity-boy, Mister Noah Claypole, and a maid of all work, Charlotte, who rejoiced in having a lowlier worm than themselves to turn upon, and Oliver soon learned his situation. His master also began to make him useful, and was particularly pleased with the effect produced by the little chap as a mute or professional mourner.

VI A month of probation passed, and then Oliver was regularly apprenticed. He was a meek, downtrodden creature, but one day Noah brutally taunted the memory of Oliver's dead mother, and the apprentice, stung into spirit, flew at the hulking coward and thrashed him to the content of the reader.

VII Although Mrs. Sowerberry and Charlotte immediately pounced on Oliver like a couple of hawks, his spirit had so enlarged the boy in their eyes that Noah Claypole was sent off for Mr. Bumble, rolling his story like a snowball into a mountainous

mass, so that Mr. Bumble came back with him and administered an official beating, after which Oliver was shut up on bread and water. At night the boy, thus flung away by his kind, crept out into the darkness and stole away, his only blessing the good-by of little Dick, one of his workhouse companions.

VIII For five miles Oliver ran and stealthily eluded any chance passer-by. Then he stopped to rest by a mile-stone which told him he was seventy miles from London. To the little fellow, frantically eager to escape, that great city seemed to offer the only final hiding-place, and he pushed on his way, footsore and hungry, helped by some, driven off by others, until he reached in the early morning the village of Barnet. Here he fell in with a swaggering youngster named Jack Dawkins, otherwise known as The Artful Dodger, who offered to escort him to London and make him acquainted with a very respectable old gentleman.

IX The very respectable old gentleman was one Fagin, a Jew, and his occupation was nothing other than that of a professional thief, who was, so to speak, at the head of a school of thieves, for he was surrounded by youngsters whom he was training in the art of pilfering and picking pockets.

When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious and uncommon game, which was performed in this way. The merry old gentleman, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck, and sticking a mock diamond pin in his shirt, buttoned his coat tight round him, and putting his spectacle-case and handkerchief in his pockets, trotted up and down the room with a stick, in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets any hour in the day. Sometimes he stopped at the fireplace, and sometimes at the door, making belief that he was staring with all his might into shop windows. At such times, he would look constantly round him, for fear of thieves, and keep slapping all his pockets in turn, to see that he had n't lost anything, in such a very funny and natural manner, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time, the two boys followed him closely about; getting out of his sight, so nimbly, every time he turned round, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last, the Dodger trod upon his toes, or ran upon his boot accidentally, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind; and in that one moment they took from him, with the most extraordinary rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watch, guard-chain, shirt-pin, pocket-handkerchief — even the spectacle-case. If the old gentle-

man felt a hand in any one of his pockets, he cried out where it was ; and then the game began all over again.

When this game had been played a great many times, a couple of young ladies called to see the young gentlemen ; one of whom was named Bet, and the other Nancy. They wore a good deal of hair, not very neatly turned up behind, and were rather untidy about the shoes and stockings. They were not exactly pretty, perhaps ; but they had a great deal of color in their faces, and looked quite stout and hearty. Being remarkably free and agreeable in their manners, Oliver thought them very nice girls indeed. As there is no doubt they were.

These visitors stopped a long time. Spirits were produced, in consequence of one of the young ladies complaining of a coldness in her inside ; and the conversation took a very convivial and improving turn. At length, Charley Bates expressed his opinion that it was time to pad the hoof. This, it occurred to Oliver, must be French for going out ; for, directly afterwards, the Dodger, and Charley, and the two young ladies, went away together, having been kindly furnished by the amiable old Jew with money to spend.

"There, my dear," said Fagin. "That's a pleasant life, is n't it ? They have gone out for the day."

"Have they done work, sir ?" inquired Oliver.

"Yes," said the Jew ; "that is, unless they should unexpectedly come across any, when they are out ; and they won't neglect it, if they do, my dear : depend upon it."

"Make 'em your models, my dear. Make 'em your models," said the Jew, tapping the fire-shovel on the hearth to add force to his words ; "do everything they bid you, and take their advice in all matters — especially the Dodger's, my dear. He'll be a great man himself, and will make you one too, if you take pattern by him — Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear ?" said the Jew, stopping short.

"Yes, sir," said Oliver.

"See if you can take it out, without my feeling it, — as you saw them do, when we were at play this morning."

Oliver held up the bottom of the pocket with one hand, as he had seen the Dodger hold it, and drew the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

"Is it gone ?" cried the Jew.

"Here it is, sir," said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

"You're a clever boy, my dear," said the playful old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head approvingly. "I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you. If you go on in this

way, you'll be the greatest man of the time. And now come here, and I'll show you how to take the marks out of the handkerchiefs."

Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket in play had to do with his chances of being a great man. But, thinking that the Jew, being so much his senior, must know best, he followed him quietly to the table, and was soon deeply involved in his new study.

X For a while Oliver innocently took part in what he supposed to be a lively game, until, on being sent out with two of the boys, he was horrified to discover in a flash what all this training meant, when the boys made off with the handkerchief of an old gentleman who was poring over some books in a bookstall. Just as the old gentleman discovered his loss, Oliver made his own discovery, and in the confusion of the moment turned and fled. After him, with the cry of "Stop thief!" went every one in the neighborhood, and in a trice he was knocked down and picked up bruised and stunned, an object of derision to the crowd and of pity to the old gentleman.

XI There was a police-office near by, presided over by an insolent petty magistrate, and Oliver was brought before him, while Mr. Brownlow, the old gentleman, appeared reluctantly as prosecutor. Mr. Fang, the police-justice, after abusing the law, Mr. Brownlow, and Oliver, was about to commit the last to prison, when the keeper of the bookstall rushed in and made it clear that the two boys who had been with Oliver were the sinners, and that Oliver himself was innocent. Mr. Brownlow, who had been puzzled at some obscure reminder in Oliver's face, now took charge of the boy, who had fainted away, called a coach, and drove off with him to his own home in Pentonville.

XII When Oliver began to recover from a fever, and found himself in the home of his new friend, he was strangely drawn toward a picture in the room in which he slept, and Mr. Brownlow himself was struck by the extraordinary likeness between the boy's face and that of the lady in the picture. Mr. Brownlow appeared to be on the point of tracing a possible real connection, when his plans were suddenly thwarted in an unexpected manner. For when the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates

XIII returned to Fagin and told their story, the old Jew was fearful that Oliver might disclose the secret of his school of crime. One of his companions in wickedness, Bill Sikes, accompanied by his dog, entered just then, and between them they persuaded Nancy, a girl who was Bill's companion, to impersonate the heart-broken sister of Oliver, to make inquiries at the police-office,

and if possible to secure the boy. A singular chance threw Oliver in Nancy's way.

XIV Mr. Brownlow had invited an irascible, warm-hearted, skeptical old friend of his, Mr. Grimwig, to visit Oliver in preparation for the discovery which he hoped to make regarding his origin. As they were talking together, a package of books was brought from the bookstall, which was the scene of Oliver's adventure a little time before. The messenger got away before Mr. Brownlow could stop him to send the money and return another parcel of books, and Oliver, who had quite recovered, was eager to run the errand. Mr. Grimwig was ready "to eat his head" if the boy came back, and to his surprise, as well as Mr. Brownlow's, the boy did not come back.

XV He was walking along, thinking how happy and contented he ought to feel, and how much he would give for only one look at poor little Dick, who, starved and beaten, might be lying dead at that very moment, when he was startled by a young woman screaming out very loud, "Oh, my dear brother!" and he had hardly looked up to see what the matter was, when he was stopped by having a pair of arms thrown tight round his neck.

"Don't!" cried Oliver, struggling. "Let go of me! Who is it? What are you stopping me for?"

The only reply to this was a great number of loud lamentations from the young woman who had embraced him, and who had got a little basket and a street-door-key in her hand.

"Oh, my gracious!" said the young woman, "I've found him! Oh, Oliver, Oliver! Oh, you naughty boy, to make me suffer such distress on your account. Come home, dear, come. Oh, I've found him! Thank gracious goodness heavins, I've found him!" With these incoherent exclamations the young woman burst into another fit of crying, and got so dreadfully hysterical, that a couple of women who came up at the moment asked a butcher's boy with a shiny head of hair anointed with suet, who was also looking on, whether he did n't think he had better run for the doctor. To which the butcher's boy, who appeared of a lounging, not to say indolent disposition, replied that he thought not.

"Oh, no, no! never mind," said the young woman, grasping Oliver's hand; "I'm better now. Come home directly, you cruel boy, come!"

"What's the matter, ma'am?" inquired one of the women.

"Oh, ma'am!" replied the young woman, "he ran away near a month ago from his parents, who are hard-working and respectable people, and joined a set of thieves and bad characters, and almost broke his mother's heart."

"Young wretch!" said one woman.

"Go home, do, you little brute!" said the other.

"I'm not," replied Oliver, greatly alarmed. "I don't know her. I have n't got any sister, or father and mother, either. I'm an orphan; I live at Pentonville."

"Oh, only hear him! how he braves it out!" cried the young woman.

"Why, it's Nancy!" exclaimed Oliver, who now saw her face for the first time, and started back in irrepressible astonishment.

"You see he knows me," cried Nancy, appealing to the bystanders. "He can't help himself. Make him come home, there's good people, or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart!"

"What the devil's this?" said a man, bursting out of a beer-shop, with a white dog at his heels. "Young Oliver! Come home to your poor mother, you young dog! come home directly."

"I don't belong to them; I don't know them. Help, help!" cried Oliver, struggling in the man's powerful grasp.

"Help!" repeated the man. "Yes; I'll help you, you young rascal! What books are these? You've been stealing 'em, have you? Give 'em here!" With these words the man tore the volumes from his grasp, and struck him violently on the head.

"That's right!" cried a looker-on, from a garret-window. "That's the only way of bringing him to his senses!"

"To be sure!" cried a sleepy-faced carpenter, casting an approving look at the garret window.

"It'll do him good!" said the two women.

"And he shall have it too!" rejoined the man, administering another blow, and seizing Oliver by the collar. "Come on, you young villain! Here, Bull's-eye, mind him, boy! mind him!"

Weak with recent illness, stupefied by the blows and the suddenness of the attack, terrified by the fierce growling of the dog and the brutality of the man, and overpowered by the conviction of the bystanders that he was really the hardened little wretch he was described to be, what could one poor child do? Darkness had set in; it was a low neighborhood; no help was near; resistance was useless. In another moment he was dragged into a labyrinth of dark, narrow courts, and forced along them at a pace which rendered the few cries he dared give utterance to wholly unintelligible. It was of little moment, indeed, whether they were intelligible or not; for there was nobody to care for them had they been ever so plain.

XVI Nancy and Bill dragged the terrified boy back to Fagin's, where he was stripped of his new clothes, robbed of books

and money, and set upon by the boys; but all this was not without a passionate protest from Nancy, in whose heart the forlorn boy had awakened a slumbering pity.

XVII Oliver's real friends had not lost him without an effort to recover him. They had posted notices, offering a reward for information, and one of these posters met the eye of Mr. Bumble, who had come up to London on parochial business. The beadle at once sought Mr. Brownlow, but sadly disappointed that gentleman by the tale of Oliver's baseness which his worm-eaten head had concocted.

XVIII Meanwhile Oliver was in very sooth shut up in prison, for the wily Jew was intent on making him useful, and as a preparation kept him close under his eye, and by all the arts he knew attempted to undermine his conscience and convert him into a supple if not a willing tool. He was indeed concocting with Bill

XIX Sikes and Nancy a plan for a midnight robbery, and they had decided that they needed the aid of Oliver. Nancy had not lost her sense of guardianship of the boy, and it was partly to protect him now that she fell in with the plan of the men, and drew

XX Oliver with her one night to the home of Bill Sikes, who was to take the chief part in the proposed robbery. Bill threatened Oliver with instant death if he hesitated to do whatever he was bidden, and in the early morning Bill and Oliver took their

XXI way into the city proper, then to Smithfield, and finally at night reached a place called Shepperton.

XXII Here in a lonely house they found two of Bill's companions, Barney and Toby Crackit, and in the dead of night the whole party stealthily sought a gentleman's house in the neighborhood, which was to be the scene of their burglary. The use to be made of Oliver was apparent. As a small boy he could be pushed through a narrow opening and made to open the outer door to the robbers. In the moment when he discovered how he was to be used Oliver determined to rush up the staircase and rouse the house. But at that moment the thieves were seen from within, and the shot that was fired took effect upon Oliver.

XXIII The mystery of this poor boy's origin came near solution when he was in this plight, for as Mr. Bumble was taking tea with Mrs. Corney, matron of the workhouse, and pleasantly occupying himself with schemes on that thrifty person's heart and purse, word was brought that old Sally lay a-dying; and Mrs.

XXIV Corney, reluctantly leaving Mr. Bumble, reached the old woman's bedside in time only to hear her confession that when Oliver was brought into the world she was in attendance, and stole from the dying mother — what, old Sally's own death forbade her disclosing.

XXV But Oliver's own fate was for a time quite as uncertain as his origin. As Fagin and the boys were in their room, Toby Crackit appeared. He did not need to tell them what the papers had already revealed, that the attempt at burglary had failed and the robbers had escaped, but it was news to him that Bill Sikes had not returned. The last Toby had seen of him, Bill was making off with the wounded Oliver on his back. Nor could Fagin learn anything when he went in search of Nancy, but before he returned he fell in with a mysterious acquaintance named Monks, who returned with him and seemed to have strong reasons for wishing to secure the safety of Oliver.

XXVII Meanwhile, Mrs. Corney, having seen the last of old Sally, returned to her apartment and her Bumble, who extracted from her "the one little, little, little word ye-ye-yes," and then bidding her good night stopped on his way home to give Sowerberry an order for Sally's coffin. There the virtuous and indignant beadle came suddenly upon Noah and Charlotte repeating without authority his own recent performance with Mrs. Corney.

XXVIII In point of fact, Bill Sikes had carried Oliver off, and had commanded Toby Crackit to keep him, but as their pursuers drew near with dogs, Toby took to his heels with all the risks of Bill's pistol in his rear, and Bill Sikes himself at last let Oliver lie in a ditch and made his own escape. When Oliver came to himself he crept confused and trembling out of the ditch, and stumbled back to the very house which he had been forced to enter. Here he was discovered on the doorstep by the servants who had been the frightened heroes of the night, and, better yet, was brought in

XXIX and cared for by Miss Rose Maylie and her aunt, who were the occupants of the house, and who sent for the neighboring surgeon.

XXX The whole party, who had expected from Giles the butler's account to find a brawny villain, were much surprised at finding a pale, feeble boy, scarcely more than a child in appearance. Between them they determined to save the little fellow, and though the servants with unheard-of promptness had sent for Bow

XXXI Street officers, Mr. Losberne, the surgeon, succeeded in convincing these officers and even Giles himself that the boy was not the supposed housebreaker's boy.

XXXII Under the care of his friends Oliver thrived apace, but all attempts at substantiating his story failed. The surgeon drove with him to the house where Oliver had spent the night of the robbery, but he threw away all his chances of catching any accomplice of the thieves by blurting out his errand to the villainous-looking hunchback whom he found there. They drove to Mr.

Brownlow's house only to find that he had gone to the West Indies, and his house was closed.

XXXIII For several months peace reigned; then an unexpected alarm fell on the house. Rose Maylie was taken ill and her life was despaired of. It chanced that one day there was need of the utmost haste in reaching Mr. Losberne. Oliver was dispatched on the errand, and at the inn encountered the stranger who had shown such exceeding interest in him when talking with Fagin. Oliver himself was ignorant of the significance of the encounter. His only thought was for Rose, and his fears were allayed by a favorable turn to the disease.

XXXIV The recovery of Rose was accompanied by the appearance on the scene of Mrs. Maylie's son Harry, who was Rose's lover, and it transpired from his conversation with his mother that a mystery hung over Rose's birth. What most concerned Oliver, however, was that one day as he sat by himself there looked in upon him through the window for one moment of mutual recognition the faces of Fagin the Jew and Monks the stranger. In vain he

XXXV raised the alarm; the two men disappeared as mysteriously as they came, and the other mystery appeared no nearer solution, for earnestly as Harry pleaded Rose would not consent to bestow herself on him, when there was a stain apparently resting on

XXXVI her name. Harry left the place, but made a secret compact with Oliver that the boy should write him regularly.

XXXVII It will be remembered that Mr. Bumble, after a secret inventory of Mrs. Corney's property, decided that it would be a step upward in life for him to marry her, resign his beadle's truncheon, and become master of the workhouse. This he did, but unhappily for his peace he found he was not master of Mrs. Bumble. That lady, on the contrary, made him a mere attachment to her authority. It was after the first pitched battle between them, in which he was made to know his place, that Mr. Bumble, repairing to the public house, fell into the hands of Monks, who had come down to see if he could get word with the woman who had been with Oliver's mother when she died.

XXXVIII Accordingly Bumble, Mrs. Bumble, and Monks met in an old mill near by, with a thunder storm rolling over them, and there Mrs. Bumble disclosed all she knew, which was that old Sally died with a pawnbroker's ticket in her hand, that this ticket was for a trinket, and that Mrs. Bumble redeemed the trinket, a locket with the name Agnes upon it. This she produced, and for her information received twenty-five pounds from Monks. As for the locket, that he flung down a trap-door into the roaring stream below.

XXXIX Monks returned to London and sought Fagin, whom he found just returned from Bill Sikes, who was recovering from a fever and had sent Nancy to the Jew's to get some money. Monks drew off into another room with Fagin, but Nancy, who had already learned something of the plot that was hatching against Oliver, succeeded in following them without being discovered, and in learning more of Monks's secret. She carried her secret straight

XL to Rose Maylie, who had come up to London, and conveyed so much as she had learned, to wit, that Monks was Oliver's evil brother, who was fired with an unholy hatred of him, a desire to secure the fortune which otherwise would belong to the poor boy, and if possible to disgrace him by making him in Fagin's hands a thief and an outcast.

XLI Rose was much perplexed over the disclosure, more especially as Nancy had enjoined on her not to reveal her part in the business. As she was deliberating over the matter, Oliver suddenly burst into the room. He had been out with Giles and had, without being seen himself, set eyes on his old benefactor, Mr. Brownlow. He had noted the house at which he stopped, and Rose at once called a carriage and drove with him to the place. She found Mr. Brownlow and Mr. Grimwig together, told them Oliver's story and what she had learned from Nancy, and then produced Oliver himself. As a consequence, Mrs. Maylie, Rose, Harry, Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Grimwig, and Mr. Losberne formed themselves into a sort of committee to bring Monks to justice and give Oliver his own.

XLII Meantime an early acquaintance of Oliver's had appeared on the scene. Noah Claypole had with Charlotte's assistance robbed Sowerberry's till, and the two had come up to London. As luck would have it they put up at The Three Cripples, which was one of the resorts of Fagin and his friends, and Fagin over-hearing their conversation and learning their history introduced himself to them, and invited them to join his band. The Artful

XLIII Dodger had just been caught at pocket-picking, and Noah Claypole, who now called himself Morris Bolter, was set upon his first duty of going in disguise to the police court and learning the fate of young Dawkins.

XLIV His second mission was a more significant one, for Fagin, discovering that Nancy had some secret errand away from Bill Sikes, employed Noah to dog her steps. Fagin fancied that Nancy had formed a new attachment, and that by possessing himself of it he could get her into his own power, and perhaps

XLV with her connivance get rid of the ruffian Bill Sikes, whom he greatly feared. In point of fact Nancy had made an appoint-

ment with Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie, and met them in one of the dark recesses under London Bridge. Here Noah Claypole hid himself and overheard the conference, in which Nancy disclosed to them the place where they were likely to find Monks, but refused to have any part in giving up Fagin or Bill Sikes. She told them that she had failed to keep her appointment the week before because Bill had suspected her and secured her against going out, and that she succeeded this time only by drugging him. It was this fact told by Fagin to Sikes which so infuriated him that, rushing back to his room, he beat her and left her dead on the floor.

The murderer, whose evil life had brought him no remorse hitherto, was now dazed by his foul deed. He wandered forth with his dog. Wherever he went he seemed to cross the path of some one who was about to detect his crime. At last, turning back to London as by some fatal instinct, he resolved to flee the country. He determined first to kill his dog, since he was in danger of being discovered by means of that faithful comrade; but even his dog seemed to have his eye on him, and eluded capture himself.

While Sikes was thus trying to escape from himself, a principal in the business had been taken; for Mr. Brownlow, acting through Nancy's information, had with the aid of others entrapped Monks and brought him to his own house. Then he confronted him with the knowledge he had of the man's villainy, and, under threat of delivering him over to the law, wrested from him a signature to a document which was to be a clear recital of his brother's rights; for Mr. Brownlow had been the faithful friend of the father of these two. While they were thus engaged, Mr.

L Losberne interrupted them with the news that the officers were upon the heels of Sikes and Fagin. Sikes was indeed hard pressed. As the young accomplices of Fagin were huddled together, telling of the misfortune which was overtaking their master, Bill's dog came bounding into the room from an open window. Then knocks were heard below. Bill himself had come. Of the party gathered there, one, the boy Charley Bates, was seized with a frenzied desire to deliver Bill up, and attacked him. While they were struggling, the officers came nearer. Bill made one terrible effort to escape. He wrenched himself loose from the boy, and with a rope essayed to lower himself from the roof into a dark corner in the rear of the building. Suddenly he seemed to see Nancy in a vision, he threw up his arms, the rope formed a noose, he lost his balance, and fell strangled from the building. After him with a howl went his dog, dashing his faithful brains out.

LI Two days after this event, Mr. Brownlow, Mrs. Maylie, Mr. Grimwig, Rose, and Oliver all went to Oliver's native town, where they had before them Monks, Mr. Bumble, and Mrs. Bumble, and little by little the whole mystery was solved, carrying with it the knowledge now first disclosed of Rose's parentage.

LII All that remained was to secure certain papers which Monks had deposited with the Jew for safe keeping, and a visit to the cell where Fagin was confined wrested the secret from the trembling old wretch.

LIII And thus each got his deserts. The Jew was hanged. Rose and Harry were married. Monks betook himself to a distant part of the new world, where his evil courses brought him to a death in prison. Mr. Brownlow adopted Oliver. Noah and Charlotte became degraded informants. Mr. and Mrs. Bumble ended their days as paupers in the workhouse where once they had tyrannized over the weak and helpless.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Anny. A pauper. xxiv, li.

Artful Dodger, The. See DAWKINS, JOHN.

Barney. A villainous young Jew, with a chronic catarrh, employed at The Three Cripples Inn, Little Saffron Hill. xv, xxii, xlii, xlv.

Bates, Charley. A thief; one of Fagin's "apprentices." ix, x, xii, xiii, xvi, xviii, xxv.

Bayton. One of the poor of the parish. v.

Becky. Bar-maid at the Red Lion Inn. xxi.

Bedwin, Mrs. Mr. Brownlow's housekeeper. xii, xiv, xvii, xli, li.

Bet, or Betsy. A thief in Fagin's service, and a companion of Nancy. ix, xiii, xvi, xviii.

Bill. A grave-digger. v.

Blathers and Duff. Bow Street officers. xxxi.

Bolter, Morris. See CLAYPOLE, NOAH.

Brittles. A servant at Mrs. Maylie's. xxviii, xxx, xxxi, liii.

Brownlow, Mr. A benevolent old gentleman, who takes Oliver into his house, and treats him kindly. x-xii, xvi, xli, xlv, xlii-liiii.

Bull's-eye. Bill Sikes's dog. xiii, xv, xvi, xix, xxxix, xlviii, l.

Bumble, Mr. A beadle puffed up with the insolence of office. i, iii-v, vii, xvii, xxiii, xxxvii, xxxviii, li. He visits the branch workhouse where Oliver Twist is "farmed," and is received with great attention by Mrs. Mann, the matron.

Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlor with a brick floor, placed a seat for him, and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his walk had engendered, glanced complacently at the cocked hat, and smiled. Yes, he smiled. Beadles are but men; and Mr. Bumble smiled.

"Now, don't you be offended at what I'm a going to say," observed Mrs. Mann with captivating sweetness. "You've had a long walk, you know, or I would n't mention it. Now, will you take a little drop of something, Mr. Bumble?"

"Not a drop, not a drop," said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified but still placid manner.

"I think you will," said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal and the gesture that had accompanied it,—"just a *leetle* drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar."

Mr. Bumble coughed.

"Now, just a little drop," said Mrs. Mann persuasively.

"What is it?" inquired the beadle.

"Why, it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put in the blessed infants' daffy when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble," replied Mrs. Mann, as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. "It's gin."

"Do you give the children daffy, Mrs. Mann?" inquired Bumble, following with his eyes the interesting process of mixing.

"Ah, bless 'em! that I do, dear as it is," replied the nurse.

"I could n't see 'em suffer before my eyes, you know, sir."

"No," said Mr. Bumble approvingly; "no, you could not. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Mann." (Here she set down the glass.)

"I shall take an early opportunity of mentioning it to the Board, Mrs. Mann." (He drew it towards him.) "You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann." (He stirred the gin and water.) "I—I drink your health with cheerfulness, Mrs. Mann;" and he swallowed half of it.

"And now about business," said the beadle, taking out a leathern pocket-book. "The child that was half-baptized, Oliver Twist, is eight years old to-day."

"Bless him!" interposed Mrs. Mann, inflaming her left eye with the corner of her apron.

"And notwithstanding an offered reward of ten pound, which was afterwards increased to twenty pound; notwithstanding the most superlative, and I may say, supernatural exertions on the part of this parish," said Bumble, "we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what is his mother's settlement, name, or condition."

Mrs. Mann raised her hands in astonishment, but added, after a moment's reflection, "How comes he to have any name at all, then?"

The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, "I invented it."

"You, Mr. Bumble?"

"I, Mrs. Mann. We name our foundlin's in alphabetical order. The last was a S, — Swubble: I named him. This was a T, — Twist: I named *him*. The next one as comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z."

"Why, you're quite a literary character, sir," said Mrs. Mann.

"Well, well," said the beadle, evidently gratified with the compliment; "perhaps I may be, perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." He finished the gin and water, and added, "Oliver being now too old to remain here, the Board have determined to have him back into the house; and I have come out myself to take him there: so let me see him at once."

Mrs. Corney being matron of the workhouse, and the death of Mr. Slout, the master of the establishment, being daily expected, Mr. Bumble, who stands next in the order of succession, thinks it might be a good opportunity for "a joining of hearts and house-keepings." With this idea in his mind, he pays the lady a visit, and, while she is out of the room for a few moments, counts the spoons, weighs the sugar-tongs, closely inspects the silver milk-pot, takes a mental inventory of the furniture, and makes himself acquainted with the contents of a chest of drawers. Upon her return, after some billing and cooing, she says "the one little, little word" he begs to hear, and bashfully consents to become Mrs. Bumble as soon as ever he pleases. But the course of Mr. Bumble's love does not run smooth after marriage; for his wife turns out to be a thorough shrew. When the first tiff occurs, Mrs. Bumble bursts into tears, but they do not serve to soften the heart of Mr. Bumble; for he smilingly bids her keep on. "It opens the lungs," he tells her, "washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens the temper: so cry away." When, however, she changes her tactics, boldly flies at him, and gives him a sound and well-merited drubbing, he yields incontinently, and indulges in sad and solitary reflections. "I sold myself," he says, "for six tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a milk-pot, with a small quantity of second-hand furniter, and twenty pound in money. I went very reasonable, cheap, — dirt cheap."

This precious pair are afterwards guilty, — first, of selling certain

articles which were left in the workhouse by the mother of Oliver Twist, and which are necessary to his identification; and, secondly, of witnessing what they suppose to be the destruction of these articles. Brought before Mr. Brownlow, they are confronted with proofs and witnesses of their rascality; but Bumble excuses himself by saying, "It was all Mrs. Bumble. She *would* do it."

"That is no excuse," replied Mr. Brownlow. "You were present on the occasion of the destruction of these trinkets, and, indeed, are the more guilty of the two, in the eye of the law; for the law supposes that your wife acts under your direction."

"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble, squeezing his hat emphatically in both hands, "the law is a ass, a idiot. If that's the eye of the law, the law's a bachelor; and the worst I wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by experience,—by experience."

Notwithstanding this disclaimer of any personal responsibility in the matter, Mr. Bumble loses his situation, and retires with his wife to private life.

Charlotte. Servant to Mrs. Sowerberry; afterwards married to Noah Claypole. iv-vi, xxvii, xlii, liii.

Chitling, Tom. An "apprentice" of Fagin's; a "half-witted dupe," who makes a rather unsuccessful thief. xviii, xxv, xxxix, l.

Claypole, Noah. A chuckle-headed charity-boy, apprenticed to Mr. Sowerberry the undertaker. He afterwards goes to London, and becomes a thief. v, vi, xxvii, xlii, xliii, xlv-xlvii, liii.

Corney, Mrs. Matron of a workhouse; afterwards married to Mr. Bumble. xxiii, xxiv, xxvii, xxxvii, xxxviii, li.

Crackit, Toby. A housebreaker. xxiii, xxv, xxviii, xxxix, l.

Dawkins, John, called THE ARTFUL DODGER. A young pick-pocket in the service of Fagin the Jew. viii-x, xii, xiii, xvi, xviii, xix, xxv, xxxix, xliii. When Oliver Twist runs away from his master, and sets out for London, he meets the Artful Dodger on the road, who gives him something to eat, and afterwards takes him to Fagin's den.

"Don't fret your eyelids," . . . said the young gentleman. "I've got to be in London to-night, and I know a 'spectable old genelman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgings for nothink, and never ask for the change; that is, if any genelman he knows interduces you. And don't he know me? Oh, no! Not in the least! By no means! Certainly not!"

Although the Dodger is an adept in thieving and knavery, he is detected at last in attempting to pick a gentleman's pocket, and is sentenced to transportation for life. While in court, he maintains

his accustomed coolness, impudently chaffs the police officers, asking the jailer to communicate "the names of them two files as was on the bench," and generally "doing full justice to his bringing-up, and establishing for himself a glorious reputation." When brought into court, he requests to know what he is "placed in that 'ere disgraceful situation for."

"Hold your tongue; will you?" said the jailer.

"I'm an Englishman, ain't I?" rejoined the Dodger. "Where are my privileges?"

"You'll get your privileges soon enough," retorted the jailer, "and pepper with 'em."

"We'll see wot the Secretary of State for the Home Affairs has got to say to the beaks, if I don't," replied Mr. Dawkins. "Now, then, wot is this here business? I shall thank the madg-strates to dispose of this here little affair, and not to keep me while they read the paper; for I've got an appointment with a gentleman in the city: and as I'm a man of my word, and wery punctual in business matters, he'll go away if I ain't there to my time, and then, p'r'aps there won't be an action for damage against those as kept me away. Oh, no, certainly not!"

The evidence against him is direct and conclusive; but the Dodger continues unabashed; and, when the magistrate asks him if he has anything to say, he affects not to hear the question.

"Do you hear his worship ask you if you've anything to say?" inquired the jailer, nudging the silent Dodger with his elbow.

"I beg your pardon," said the Dodger, looking up with an air of abstraction. "Did you redress yourself to me, my man?"

"I never see such an out-and-out young wagabond, your worship," observed the officer with a grin. "Do you mean to say any thing, you young shaver?"

"No," replied the Dodger, "not here; for this ain't the shop for justice; besides which, my attorney is a breakfasting this morning with the wice-president of the house of commons. But I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a wery numerous and 'spectable circle of acquaintance, as 'll make them beaks wish they'd never been born, or that they'd got their footmen to hang 'em up to their own hat-pegs afore they let 'em come out this morning to try it on upon me. I'll"—

"There! he's fully committed," interposed the clerk. "Take him away."

"Come on," said the jailer.

"Oh, ah! I'll come on," replied the Dodger, brushing his hat

with the palm of his hand. "Ah," (to the bench) "it's no use your looking frightened: I won't show you no mercy, — not a ha'porth of it. *You'll* pay for this, my fine fellers. I would n't be you for something! I would n't go free, now, if you was to fall down on your knees and ask me. Here, carry me off to prison! Take me away!"

With these last words the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar, threatening, till he got into the yard, to make a parliamentary business of it, and then grinning in the officer's face with great glee and self-approval.

Dick, Little. Companion of Oliver Twist at a branch workhouse where infant paupers are tended with parochial care. vii, xvii.

Dodger, The Artful. See DAWKINS, JOHN.

Duff. A Bow Street officer. See BLATHERS and DUFF.

Fagin. A crafty old Jew, a receiver of stolen goods, with a number of confederates of both sexes. He also employs several boys (styled "apprentices") to carry on a systematic trade of pilfering. After a long career of villainy, he is sentenced to death for complicity in a murder. Having been taken to prison, he is placed in one of the "condemned cells," and left there alone. viii, ix, xii, xiii, xv, xvi, xix, xx, xxv, xxvi, xxxiv, xxxix, xlii–xlv, liii.

He sat down on a stone bench opposite the door, which served for seat and bedstead, and, casting his bloodshot eyes upon the ground, tried to collect his thoughts. After a while, he began to remember a few disjointed fragments of what the judge had said, though it had seemed to him at the time that he could not hear a word. These gradually fell into their proper places, and, by degrees, suggested more; so that in a little time he had the whole almost as it was delivered. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead: that was the end, — to be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

As it came on very dark, he began to think of all the men he had known who had died upon the scaffold, — some of them through his means. They rose up in such quick succession that he could hardly count them. He had seen some of them die, and joked, too, because they died with prayers upon their lips. With what a rattling noise the drop went down! and how suddenly they changed from strong and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes!

Some of them might have inhabited that very cell, — sat upon that very spot. It was very dark: why didn't they bring a light? The cell had been built for many years. Scores of men must have passed their last hours there. It was like sitting in a vault strewn with dead bodies, — the cap, the noose, the

pinioned arms, the faces that he knew even beneath that hideous veil. — Light, light !

At length, when his hands were raw with beating against the heavy door and walls, two men appeared, — one bearing a candle, which he thrust into an iron candlestick fixed against the wall, and the other dragging in a mattress on which to pass the night ; for the prisoner was to be left alone no more.

Then came night, — dark, dismal, silent night. Other wretches are glad to hear the church-clocks strike ; for they tell of life and coming day : to the Jew they brought despair. The boom of every iron bell came laden with the one deep, hollow sound, — death. What availed the noise and bustle of cheerful morning, which penetrated even there, to him ? It was another form of knell, with mockery added to the warning.

The day passed off. Day ! — there was no day : it was gone as soon as come : and night came on again, — night so long, and yet so short ; long in its dreadful silence, and short in its fleeting hours. At one time he raved and blasphemed ; and at another howled, and tore his hair. Venerable men of his own persuasion had come to pray beside him ; but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off.

Saturday night. He had only one night more to live ; and, as he thought of this, the day broke, — Sunday.

It was not until the night of this last awful day that a withering sense of his helpless, desperate state came in its full intensity upon his blighted soul ; not that he had ever held any defined or positive hope of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had spoken little to either of the two men who relieved each other in their attendance upon him ; and they, for their parts, made no effort to rouse his attention. He had sat there, awake, but dreaming. Now he started up every minute, and, with gasping mouth and burning skin, hurried to and fro, in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath, that even they — used to such sights — recoiled from him with horror. He grew so terrible, at last, in all the tortures of his evil conscience, that one man could not bear to sit there eyeing him alone ; and so the two kept watch together.

He cowered down upon his stone bed, and thought of the past. He had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face ; his beard was torn, and twisted into knots ; his eyes shone with a terrible light ; his unwashed flesh crackled with the fever that burnt him up.

Eight — nine — ten. If it was not a trick to frighten him, and those were the real hours treading on each other's heels, where would he be when they came round again! Eleven! Another struck before the voice of the previous hour had ceased to vibrate. At eight he would be the only mourner in his own funeral-train; at eleven —

Those dreadful walls of Newgate, which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish, not only from the eyes, but, too often and too long, from the thoughts of men, never held so dread a spectacle as that. The few who lingered as they passed, and wondered what the man was doing who was to be hung to-morrow, would have slept but ill that night if they could have seen him.

Fang, Mr. A violent and overbearing police-magistrate; intended as a portrait of one A. S. Laing, the senior magistrate of Hatton Garden Police Office at the time "Oliver Twist" was in course of publication, who was notorious for his arrogant and brutal treatment of witnesses, and, indeed, of all who came before him. So true a likeness was it, that Lord John Russell, the home secretary, felt compelled to remove Mr. Justice Laing from office. xi.

Oliver Twist, charged with stealing a handkerchief from Mr. Brownlow as he stands quietly reading at a book-stall, is brought before Mr. Fang for trial; Mr. Brownlow appearing as witness.

Mr. Fang was a middle-sized man, with no great quantity of hair, and what he had, growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern, and much flushed. If he were really not in the habit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against his countenance for libel, and have recovered heavy damages.

The old gentleman bowed respectfully, and advancing to the magistrate's desk, said, suiting the action to the word: "That is my name and address, sir." He then withdrew a pace or two, and, with another polite and gentlemanly inclination of the head, waited to be questioned.

Now, it so happened that Mr. Fang was at that moment perusing a leading article in a newspaper of the morning, adverting to some recent decision of his, and commending him, for the three hundred and fiftieth time, to the special and particular notice of the secretary of state for the home department. He was out of temper, and he looked up with an angry scowl.

"Who are you?" said Mr. Fang.

The old gentleman pointed with some surprise to his card.

"Officer," said Mr. Fang, tossing the card contemptuously away with the newspaper, "who is this fellow?"

"My name, sir," said the old gentleman, speaking *like* a gentleman, and consequently in strong contrast to Mr. Fang, — "my name, sir, is Brownlow. Permit me to inquire the name of the magistrate who offers a gratuitous and unprovoked insult to a respectable man, under the protection of the bench." Saying this, Mr. Brownlow looked round the office as if in search of some person who could afford him the required information.

"Officer," said Mr. Fang, throwing the paper on one side, "what's this fellow charged with?"

"He's not charged at all, your worship," replied the officer. "He appears against the boy, your worship."

His worship knew this perfectly well; but it was a good annoyance, and a safe one.

"Appears against the boy, does he?" said Fang, surveying Mr. Brownlow contemptuously from head to foot. "Swear him."

"Before I am sworn, I must beg to say one word," said Mr. Brownlow; "and that is, that I never, without actual experience, could have believed" —

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Fang peremptorily.

"I will not, sir!" replied the spirited old gentleman.

"Hold your tongue this instant, or I'll have you turned out of the office!" said Mr. Fang. "You're an insolent, impertinent fellow. How dare you bully a magistrate?"

"What?" exclaimed the old gentleman, reddening.

"Swear this person!" said Fang to the clerk. "I'll not hear another word. Swear him!"

Mr. Brownlow's indignation was greatly roused; but, reflecting that he might injure the boy by giving vent to it, he suppressed his feelings, and submitted to be sworn at once.

"Now," said Fang, "what's the charge against this boy? What have you got to say, sir?"

"I was standing at a book-stall," Mr. Brownlow began.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Fang. "Policeman! — Where's the policeman? Here, swear this man. Now, policeman, what is this?"

The policeman, with becoming humility, related how he had taken the charge; how he had searched Oliver, and found nothing on his person; and how that was all he knew about it.

"Are there any witnesses?" inquired Mr. Fang.

"None, your worship," replied the policeman.

Mr. Fang sat silent for some minutes, and then, turning round to the prosecutor, said in a towering passion: —

"Do you mean to state what your complaint against this boy is, fellow, or do you not? You have been sworn. Now, if you

stand there, refusing to give evidence, I'll punish you for disrespect to the bench: I will, by" —

By what or by whom nobody knows; for the clerk and jailer coughed very loud just at the right moment, and the former dropped a heavy book on the floor; thus preventing the word from being heard, — accidentally, of course.

With many interruptions and repeated insults, Mr. Brownlow contrived to state his case; observing that in the surprise of the moment he had run after the boy because he saw him running away; and expressing his hope that if the magistrate should believe him, although not actually the thief, to be connected with thieves, he would deal as leniently with him as justice would allow.

"He has been hurt already," said the old gentleman in conclusion. "And I fear," he added with great energy, looking towards the bar, "I really fear that he is very ill."

"Oh, yes! I dare say," said Mr. Fang with a sneer. "Come, none of your tricks here, you young vagabond: they won't do. What's your name?"

Oliver tried to reply; but his tongue failed him. He was deadly pale; and the whole place seemed turning round and round.

"What's your name, you hardened scoundrel?" thundered Mr. Fang. "Officer, what's his name?"

This was addressed to a bluff old fellow in a striped waistcoat, who was standing by the bar. He bent over Oliver, and repeated the inquiry; but finding him really incapable of understanding the question, and knowing that his not replying would only infuriate the magistrate the more, and add to the severity of his sentence, he hazarded a guess.

"He says his name's Tom White, your worship," said this kind-hearted thief-taker.

"How do you propose to deal with the case, sir?" inquired the clerk in a low voice.

"Summarily," replied Mr. Fang. "He stands committed for three months, — hard labor, of course. Clear the office."

The keeper of the book-stall, however, who saw the affair, and knows that Oliver is not guilty, just at this moment hastily enters the room, demands to be heard, and testifies that it was not Oliver, but his companion (the "Artful Dodger"), who picked Mr. Brownlow's pocket; and that Oliver, apparently much terrified and astonished by the proceeding, ran off, was pursued, knocked down, arrested, and taken away by a police-officer. This evidence, though unwillingly received by the magistrate, acquits the boy, who is compassionately taken by Mr. Brownlow to his own house, where he is laid up with fever, and is carefully nursed till he recovers.

Fleming, Agnes. Mother of Oliver Twist. i, liii.

Fleming, Rose. See MAYLIE, ROSE.

Gamfield. A chimney-sweep. iii.

Giles, Mr. Mrs. Maylie's butler and steward. xxviii-xxxi, xxxiv, xxxv, liii. Two burglars, Sikes and Crackit, attempt to break into Mrs. Maylie's house, one night, but, being alarmed, retreat in haste, and are followed in a most valiant manner by Giles and his fellow-servants. When a short distance from the house, however, they stop very suddenly, under instructions from Giles.

"My advice, or, leastways, I should say, my *orders*, is," said the fattest man of the party, "that we 'mediately go home again."

"I am agreeable to anything which is agreeable to Mr. Giles," said a shorter man, who was by no means of a slim figure, and who was very pale in the face, and very polite, as frightened men frequently are.

"I should n't wish to appear ill-mannered, gentlemen," said the third, who had called the dogs back. "Mr. Giles ought to know."

"Certainly," replied the shorter man; "and, whatever Mr. Giles says, it is n't our place to contradict him. No, no, I know my sitiuation, — thank my stars, I know my sitiuation." To tell the truth, the little man *did* seem to know his situation, and to know perfectly well that it was by no means a desirable one, for his teeth chattered in his head as he spoke.

"You are afraid, Brittles," said Mr. Giles.

"I ain't," said Brittles.

"You are," said Giles.

"You're a falsehood, Mr. Giles," said Brittles.

"You're a lie, Brittles," said Mr. Giles.

Now, these four retorts arose from Mr. Giles's taunt: and Mr. Giles's taunt had arisen from his indignation at having the responsibility of going home again imposed upon himself under cover of a compliment. The third man brought the dispute to a close most philosophically.

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen," said he, "we're all afraid."

"Speak for yourself, sir," said Mr. Giles, who was the palest of the party.

"So I do," replied the man. "It's natural and proper to be afraid under such circumstances: *I* am."

"So am I," said Brittles; "only there's no call to tell a man he is, so bounceably."

These frank admissions softened Mr. Giles, who at once owned that *he* was afraid; upon which they all three faced about, and ran back again with the completest unanimity, till Mr. Giles (who had the shortest wind of the party, and was encumbered

with a pitchfork) most handsomely insisted upon stopping to make an apology for his hastiness of speech.

"But it's wonderful," said Mr. Giles, when he had explained, "what a man will do when his blood is up. I should have committed murder, I know I should, if we'd caught one of the rascals."

As the other two were impressed with a similar presentiment, and their blood, like his, had all gone down again, some speculation ensued upon the cause of this sudden change in their temperament.

"I know what it was," said Mr. Giles: "it was the gate!"

"I should n't wonder if it was!" exclaimed Brittles, catching at the idea.

"You may depend upon it," said Giles, "that that gate stopped the flow of the excitement. I felt all mine suddenly going away as I was climbing over it."

By a remarkable coincidence the other two had been visited with the same unpleasant sensation at that precise moment: so that it was quite conclusive that it was the gate, especially as there was no doubt regarding the time at which the change had taken place, because all three remembered that they had come in sight of the robbers at the very instant of its occurrence.

Grimwig, Mr. An irascible but warm-hearted friend of Mr. Brownlow's. xiv, xvii, xli, li, liii. He is thus introduced:—

At this moment there walked into the room, supporting himself by a thick stick, a stout old gentleman, rather lame in one leg, who was dressed in a blue coat, striped waistcoat, nankeen breeches and gaiters, and a broad-brimmed white hat with the sides turned up with green. A very small-plaited shirt-frill stuck out from his waistcoat, and a very long steel watch-chain, with nothing but a key at the end, dangled loosely below it. The ends of his white neckerchief were twisted into a ball about the size of an orange: the variety of shapes into which his countenance was twisted defy description. He had a manner of screwing his head round on one side when he spoke, and looking out of the corners of his eyes at the same time, which irresistibly reminded the beholder of a parrot. In this attitude he fixed himself the moment he made his appearance, and, holding out a small piece of orange-peel at arm's length, exclaimed in a growling, discontented voice:—

"Look here! do you see this? Is n't it a most wonderful and extraordinary thing that I can't call at a man's house, but I find a piece of this cursed poor surgeon's friend on the staircase? I've been lamed with orange-peel once; and I know orange-peel will be my death at last. It will, sir: orange-peel will be my

death, or I'll be content to eat my own head, sir!" This was the handsome offer with which Mr. Grimwig backed and confirmed nearly every assertion that he made; and it was the more singular in his case, because, even admitting, for the sake of argument, the possibility of scientific improvements being ever brought to that pass which will enable a gentleman to eat his own head, in the event of his being so disposed, Mr. Grimwig's head was such a particularly large one, that the most sanguine man alive could hardly entertain a hope of being able to get through it at a sitting, to put entirely out of the question a very thick coating of powder.

Kags. A returned transport. i.

Leeford, Edward. See **MONKS**.

Limbkins, Mr. Chairman of the workhouse board. ii, iii.

Lively, Mr. A salesman in Field Lane, and a dealer in stolen goods. xxvi.

Losberne, Mr., called "THE DOCTOR." A friend of the Maylie family; a surgeon, fat rather from good humor than good living, and an eccentric bachelor, but kind and large-hearted withal. xxix-xxxvi, xli, xlix, li, liii.

Mann, Mrs. Matron of the branch workhouse where Oliver Twist is "farmed." i, xvii.

Martha. A pauper. xxiii, xxiv, li.

Maylie, Mrs. A lady who befriends Oliver Twist. xxix-xxxi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xli, li, liii.

Maylie, Harry. Son of Mrs. Maylie; afterwards married to his foster-sister, Rose. xxxiv-xxxvi, li, liii.

Maylie, Rose. Her adopted daughter; an orphan, whose true name is Rose Fleming, and who turns out to be Oliver Twist's aunt. xxviii, xxix, xxx-xxxiii, xxxv, xxxvi, xl, xli, xlv, li, liii.

Monks. A half-brother of Oliver Twist. His real name is Edward Leeford. His father, while living apart from his wife, from whom he has long been separated, sees and loves Agnes Fleming, daughter of a retired naval officer. The result of their intimacy is a child (Oliver), who is born while Mr. Leeford is in Rome, where he is suddenly taken ill and dies. His wife and her son join him as soon as they hear of his illness, that they may look after his large property, which they take possession of immediately upon his death, destroying a will, which leaves the great bulk of it to Agnes Fleming and her unborn child. Believing that this child will yet appear to claim his rights, young Leeford, under the assumed name of Monks, endeavors to find him out, and, after a long search, discovers that he was born in a

workhouse, but has left there. He pursues the boy, and finds him at last in London, in the den of Fagin the Jew, whom he makes his accomplice and confidant, giving him a large reward for keeping the boy ensnared. The proofs of Monks' villainy are discovered by Mr. Brownlow; and he is compelled to give up one-half (three thousand pounds) of the wreck of the property remaining in his hands, after which he leaves the country, and ultimately dies in prison. xxvi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xxxvii-xxxix, xlix, li, liii.

Nancy. A thief in Fagin's service, and mistress to Sikes, to whom. brutal as he is, she is always faithful and devoted. ix, xiii, xv, xvi, xix, xx, xxvi, xxxix, xl, xlv-xlvii.

Sally, Old. An inmate of the workhouse, who robs Agnes Fleming (Oliver's mother) when on her death-bed. xxiv.

Sikes, Bill. A brutal thief and housebreaker, with no gleam of light in all the blackness of his character. He first appears on the scene during a squabble between Fagin and the Artful Dodger, in which Fagin throws a pot of beer at Charley Bates. The pot misses its mark; and the contents are sprinkled over the face of Sikes, who just then opens the door. xiii, xv, xvi, xix-xxii, xxviii, xxxix, xlv, xlvii, xlviii, l.

"Why! what the blazes is in the wind now?" growled a deep voice. "Who pitched that 'ere at me? It's well it's the beer, and not the pot, as hit me, or I'd have settled somebody. . . Wot's it all about, Fagin? D— me, if my neckankecher ain't lined with beer! — Come in, you sneaking warmint: wot are you stopping outside for, as if you was ashamed of your master? Come in!"

The man who growled out these words was a stoutly-built fellow of about five and forty, in a black velveteen coat, very soiled drab breeches, lace-up half-boots, and gray cotton stockings, which enclosed a very bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves, — the kind of legs which in such costume always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty belcher handkerchief round his neck, with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke, disclosing, when he had done so, a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three days' growth, and two scowling eyes, one of which displayed various party-colored symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow.

"Come in, d'ye hear?" growled this engaging-looking ruffian. A white shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, skulked into the room.

"Why did n't you come in afore?" said the man. "You're getting too proud to own me afore company, are you? Lie down!"

This command was accompanied with a kick which sent the animal to the other end of the room. He appeared well used to it, however; for he coiled himself up in a corner very quietly, without uttering a sound, and, winking his very ill-looking eyes about twenty times in a minute, appeared to occupy himself in taking a survey of the apartment.

"What are you up to? Ill-treating the boys, you covetous, avaricious, in-sa-ti-a-ble old fence?" said the man, seating himself deliberately. "I wonder they don't murder you: I would if I was them. If I'd been your 'prentice, I'd have done it long ago; and — No, I could n't have sold you arterwards, though; for you're fit for nothing but keeping as a curiosity of ugliness in a glass bottle; and I suppose they don't blow them large enough."

"Hush, hush! Mr. Sikes," said the Jew, trembling. "Don't speak so loud."

"None of your mistering," replied the ruffian: "you always mean mischief when you come that. You know my name: out with it. I shan't disgrace it when the time comes."

"Well, well, then, Bill Sikes," said the Jew with abject humility. "You seem out of humor, Bill."

"Perhaps I am," replied Sikes. "I should think *you* were rather out of sorts too, unless you mean as little harm when you throw pewter pots about, as you do when you blab and" —

"Are you mad?" said the Jew, catching the man by the sleeve, and pointing towards the boys.

Mr. Sikes contented himself with tying an imaginary knot under his left ear, and jerking his head over on the right shoulder; a piece of dumb show which the Jew appeared to understand perfectly. He then in cant terms, with which his whole conversation was plentifully besprinkled, but which would be quite unintelligible if they were recorded here, demanded a glass of liquor.

"And mind you don't poison it," said Mr. Sikes, laying his hat upon the table.

This was said in jest; but, if the speaker could have seen the evil leer with which the Jew bit his pale lip as he turned round to the cupboard, he might have thought the caution not wholly unnecessary, or the wish, at all events, to improve upon the distiller's ingenuity not very far from the old gentleman's merry heart.

Sowerberry, Mr. A parochial undertaker, to whom Oliver Twist is apprenticed. iv, v, vii.

Sowerberry, Mrs. His wife, "a short, thin, squeezed-up woman, with a vixenish countenance" and disposition. iv-vii.

Thingummy, Mrs. An old nurse at the workhouse, who assists Oliver Twist into the world. i.

Twist, Oliver. A poor, nameless orphan boy, born in the workhouse of an English village, whither his young mother, an outcast and a stranger, had come to lie down and die. He is "brought up by hand," and "farmed out" at a branch establishment, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws are starved, beaten, and abused by an elderly woman named Mrs. Mann. On his ninth birthday, Mr. Bumble, the beadle, visits the branch, and removes him to the workhouse, to be taught a useful trade. i-xii, xiv-xvi, xviii, xx-xxii, xxviii-xxxvi, xli, li-liii.

The room [in the workhouse] in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at meal-times; of which composition each boy had one porringer, and no more,—except on festive occasions,—and then he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing: the boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and, when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper with such eager eyes, as if they could devour the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves meanwhile in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months: at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and had n't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook's shop), hinted darkly to his companions, that, unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he should some night eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held. Lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived. The boys took their places; the master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his

pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him: the gruel was served out, and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; and the boys whispered to each other, and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbors nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and advancing, basin and spoon in hand, to the master, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity:—

“Please, sir, I want some more.”

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds; and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralyzed with wonder, and the boys with fear.

“What!” said the master at length in a faint voice.

“Please, sir,” replied Oliver, “I want some more.”

The master aimed a blow at Oliver’s head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms, and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The Board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and, addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said:—

“Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more.” There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

“For *more*!” said Mr. Limbkins. “Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?”

“He did, sir,” replied Bumble.

“That boy will be hung,” said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. “I know that boy will be hung.”

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman’s opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish: in other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

OUTLINE

Chapter The pedigree of the Nickleby family so far as regards the

I hero of this tale was very simple. One Godfrey Nickleby, who had been in sore straits most of his life, but enjoyed a modest property toward the end, left two sons, Ralph and Nicholas. The oft-told tale of their father's struggle with ill fortune had the effect in the case of Ralph of stimulating all his money-getting powers, while Nicholas was made timid and cautious. Ralph went to the city to make a fortune. Nicholas retired to a little country place and kept what he could, marrying and bringing up two children, a son Nicholas, and a daughter Kate. Egged on by his wife, who was ill-satisfied with their small income, the elder Nicholas speculated with his small fortune, with the result that he lost it all, and dying bequeathed his widow and two children to an indifferent world.

II It had fared quite otherwise with Mr. Ralph Nickleby. He had established himself in Golden Square, London, and conducted what business he had in an office in his house, aided by a sallow-faced man in rusty brown, his clerk Newman Noggs. Some notion of the kind of business which occupied Mr. Nickleby is seen by his attendance with a friend as promoter at a meeting called to petition Parliament in favor of The United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company, of which said company Mr. Nickleby was an active director.

III On his way home from luncheon after the meeting, Ralph Nickleby was met by his clerk Newman Noggs, who brought him a letter announcing the death of his brother and the presence in London of Mrs. Nickleby and her son and daughter. The letter contained information of their whereabouts, and Ralph Nickleby with sourness in his face and at his heart made his way to the house in the Strand where he was to look for them. Before coming into their apartment he encountered Miss La Creevy, a miniature painter who at fifty had not parted with her sentiment. She was the landlady of the unfortunate Nicklebys, and Ralph endeavor-

ored at once to instill an unhealthy suspicion of their ability to pay their rent, since his first thought was to get them out of London again as quickly as possible. He then presented himself to his sister-in-law and her young family, and, after hectoring them all, offered to obtain a position for Nicholas as usher in a Yorkshire school kept by a Mr. Squeers, where he would receive a munificent salary of five pounds a year; with an equivocal show of surly kindness he undertook to provide for Mrs. Nickleby and Kate after Nicholas was out of the way.

IV Mr. Wackford Squeers was at this time in London picking up boys for his school, and Ralph Nickleby, who had had previous dealings with him, at once escorted Nicholas to his inn. They found Mr. Squeers just closing a bargain with Mr. Snawley, a stepfather who wished to get rid of his new wife's two boys, and Ralph Nickleby quickly turned over Nicholas to Mr. Squeers, readily persuading the schoolmaster by some private logic, and giving Nicholas to understand that his acceptance of the post and his steady adherence to it were the price to be paid for the support of his mother and sister. This business despatched, Nicholas was sent to Golden Square with a package of papers to be delivered to Newman Noggs, who received this nephew of his employer with such enigmatic grimaces and cracking of finger-joints as quite disconcerted the youngster.

V The next morning Nicholas, leaving his mother and sister asleep, that they might not have the pain of parting, stole out of the house, saying only a good-bye to the good-natured Miss La Creevy, whom he charged to look after his dear ones, and went with his box to the inn from which the party was to go by coach to Yorkshire. Here he found Squeers eating breakfast for the little boys as well as for himself, and haranguing them on the duty of conquering their animal passions. Just before the coach started Mrs. Nickleby and Kate arrived, followed by Ralph Nickleby. The mother and sister had hastened to see Nicholas off, and Ralph had wished to make sure that he got away. Kate was greatly troubled over the most unengaging appearance of her brother's master, but there was no help now. At the last moment Newman Noggs suddenly arrived and secretly handed Nicholas a letter with impressive secrecy. Off went the coach on its cold and wearisome journey.

VI The journey was not without adventure, for in the gray of the next day the coach broke down, and while waiting at an inn for an opportunity to go forward, two of the company regaled the rest with the tales of *The Five Sisters of York* and *The Baron of Grogzwig*. Finally the coach again set forth, and deposited Mr. Squeers, Nicholas, and the boys at the George and New Inn, Greta

Bridge. Thence they were taken by a cart and chaise in attendance to Dotheboys Hall, the name given by Squeers to his establishment. Here Nicholas, on his first evening, where he remained with Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, had an uncomfortable presentiment from the conversation of this unworthy couple that he had fallen upon evil things, rendered greater by what he saw of a miserable boy named Smike, who appeared as a drudge in the service of the schoolmaster.

Mr. Squeers was emptying his great-coat pockets of letters to different boys, and other small documents which he had brought down in them. The boy glanced with an anxious and timid expression at the papers, as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once; for it told a long and very sad history.

It induced him to consider the boy more attentively; and he was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit such as was then usually put upon a very little boy. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with this singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots, originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. God knows how long he had been there; but he still wore a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse man's neckerchief. He was lame; and, as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

"What are you bothering about there, Smike?" cried Mrs. Squeers. "Let the things alone, can't you?"

"Eh!" said Squeers, looking up. "Oh! it's you; is it?"

"Yes, sir. Is there" —

"Well! what are you stammering at?"

"Have you — did anybody — has nothing been heard — about me?"

"Devil a bit, not a word; and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, is n't it, — that you should have been left here all these years, and no money paid after the first six, nor no notice taken, nor no clue to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it; is n't it?"

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an

effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile, and limped away.

"I'll tell you what, Squeers," remarked his wife, as the door closed, "I think that young chap's turning silly."

"I hope not; for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink any way. Hows'ever, I should think he'd have wit enough for us if he *was* silly. But come! Let's have supper; for I'm hungry and tired, and want to get to bed."

This reminder brought in an exclusive steak for Mr. Squeers; and Nicholas had a tough bit of cold beef. Mr. Squeers then took a bumper of hot brandy and water of a stiff nature; and Mrs. Squeers made the new young man the ghost of a small glassful of that compound.

Then Mr. Squeers yawned again, and opined that it was time to go to bed; upon which signal Mrs. Squeers and the girl dragged in a straw mattress and a couple of blankets, and arranged them into a couch for Nicholas.

"We'll put you into your regular bedroom to-morrow, Nickleby. Let me see. Who sleeps in Brooks's bed, my dear?"

"In Brooks's there's Jennings, little Bolder, Graymarsh, and What's-his-name."

"So there is. Yes: Brooks is full."

"There's a place somewhere, I know; but I can't at this moment call to mind where. However, we'll have that all settled to-morrow. Good-night, Nickleby. Seven o'clock in the morning, mind."

"I shall be ready, sir. Good-night!"

"I don't know, by the by, whose towel to put you on; but, if you'll make shift with something to-morrow morning, Mrs. Squeers will arrange that in the course of the day. My dear, don't forget."

Mr. Squeers then nudged Mrs. Squeers to bring away the brandy bottle, lest Nicholas should help himself in the night; and, the lady having seized it with great precipitation, they retired together.

Nicholas went to bed with a heavy heart, but first read his communication from Newman Noggs, who mysteriously offered him aid whenever he should need it, in return for some service which Nicholas's father had once done him.

VIII In the morning Nicholas was to have a glimpse of the internal economy of the school. The most significant part of the early exercise was the breakfast of brimstone and treacle which Mrs. Squeers administered. The schoolroom itself was full of vicious, neglected, and down-trodden boys, and Squeers, having just returned from London, proceeded to render the boys still more

wretched by the manner of his communication of such home news as he thought it judicious to convey. Once more Nicholas had his heart wrung by the misery of poor Smike.

It was Mr. Squeers's custom to call the boys together, and make a sort of report, after every half-yearly visit to the metropolis: so, in the afternoon, the boys were recalled from house-window, garden, stable, and cow-yard; and the school were assembled in full conclave.

"Let any boy speak a word without leave," said Mr. Squeers mildly, "and I'll take the skin off his back."

Death-like silence immediately prevailed.

"Boys, I've been to London, and have returned to my family and you as strong and as well as ever."

The boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers!

"I have seen the parents of some boys," continued Squeers, turning over his papers; "and they're so glad to hear how their sons are getting on, that there's no prospect at all of their sons going away, which, of course, is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon for all parties."

Two or three hands went to two or three eyes; but the greater part of the young gentlemen—having no particular parents to speak of—were wholly uninterested in the thing, one way or other.

"I have had disappointments to contend against. Bolder's father was two pound ten short. Where is Bolder? Come here, Bolder!"

An unhealthy-looking boy, with warts all over his hands, stepped from his place to the master's desk, and raised his eyes to Squeers's face; his own quite white from the rapid beating of his heart.

"Bolder," said Squeers, speaking very slowly; for he was considering, as the saying goes, where to have him,—"Bolder, if your father thinks, that, because—Why! what's this, sir?"

He caught up the boy's hand by the cuff of the jacket.

"What do you call this, sir?"

"I can't help the warts, indeed, sir. They will come. It's the dirty work, I think, sir,—at least, I don't know what it is, sir; but it's not my fault."

"Bolder, you're an incorrigible young scoundrel; and, as the last thrashing did you no good, we must see what another will do towards beating it out of you."

Mr. Squeers fell upon the boy, and caned him soundly.

"There, rub away as hard as you like: you won't rub that off

in a hurry. Now let us see. A letter for Cobbey. Stand up, Cobbey!"

Another boy stood up, and eyed the letter very hard, while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

"Oh! Cobbey's grandmother is dead, and his Uncle John has took to drinking, which is all the news his sister sends, except eighteenpence, which will pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money?"

"Graymarsh, — he's the next. Stand up, Graymarsh!"

Another boy stood up.

"Graymarsh's maternal aunt is very glad to hear he's so well and happy, and sends her respectful compliments to Mrs. Squeers, and thinks she must be an angel. She likewise thinks Mr. Squeers is too good for this world, but hopes he may long be spared to carry on the business. Would have sent the two pair of stockings, as desired, but is short of money, so forwards a tract instead. Hopes, above all things, that Graymarsh will study to please Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, and look upon them as his only friends; and that he will love Master Squeers; and not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should. Ah, a delightful letter; very affecting, indeed."

It was affecting in one sense; for Graymarsh's maternal aunt was strongly supposed by her more intimate friends to be his maternal parent.

"Mobbs's mother-in-law took to her bed on hearing that he would n't eat fat, and has been very ill ever since. She wishes to know by an early post where he expects to go to, if he quarrels with his vittles; and with what feelings he *could* turn up his nose at the cow's-liver broth, after his good master had asked a blessing on it. This was told her in the London newspapers, — not by Mr. Squeers; for he is too kind and too good to set anybody against anybody. Mobbs's mother-in-law is sorry to find Mobbs is discontented (which is sinful and horrid), and hopes Mr. Squeers will flog him into a happier state of mind; with this view she has also stopped his halfpenny a week pocket-money, and given a double-bladed knife, with a corkscrew in it, which she had bought on purpose for him, to the missionaries. A sulky state of feeling won't do. Cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. — Mobbs, come to me!"

The unhappy Mobbs moved slowly towards the desk, rubbing his eyes in anticipation of good cause for doing so; and soon afterwards retired by the side door, with as good cause as a boy need have.

Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection

of letters, — some enclosing money, which Mrs. Squeers “took care of;” and others referring to small articles of apparel, as caps, and so forth, all of which the same lady stated to be too large or too small for everybody but young Squeers, who would appear to have had most accommodating limbs; since everything that came into the school fitted him.

In course of time, Squeers retired to his fireside, leaving Nicholas to take care of the boys in the schoolroom, which was very cold, and where a meal of bread and cheese was served out shortly after dark.

There was a small stove at that corner of the room which was nearest to the master’s desk; and by it Nicholas sat down, depressed and self-degraded. As he was absorbed in meditation, he encountered the upturned face of Smike, on his knees before the stove, picking a few cinders from the hearth, and planting them on the fire. When he saw that he was observed, he shrunk back, expecting a blow.

“You need not fear me. Are you cold?”

“N-n-o.”

“You are shivering.”

“I am not cold. I am used to it.”

“Poor, broken-spirited creature!”

If he had struck the wretched object, he would have slunk away without a word. But now he burst into tears.

“Oh, dear! oh, dear! My heart will break! It will, it will!”

“Hush! Be a man; you are nearly one by years. God help you!”

“By years! Oh, dear, dear! how many of them! How many of them since I was a little child, younger than any that are here now? Where are they all?”

“Whom do you speak of?”

“My friends, myself, my — Oh! what sufferings mine have been!”

“There is always hope.”

“No, no; none for me. Do you remember the boy that died here?”

“I was not here, you know; but what of him?”

“I was with him at night; and, when it was all silent, he cried no more for friends he wished to come and sit with him, but began to see faces round his bed, that came from home: he said they smiled and talked to him; and he died at last, lifting his head to kiss them. What faces will smile on me when I die? Who will talk to me in those long, long nights? They cannot come from home: they would frighten me if they did; for I don’t

know what home is. Pain and fear, pain and fear, for me, alive or dead. No hope, no hope!"

The bell rang to bed, and the boy crept away. With heavy heart Nicholas soon afterwards retired — no, not retired; there was no retirement there — followed to the dirty and crowded dormitory.

IX Nicholas, however, had so far seen only one side of the Squeers family. The other members were young Wackford, who looked forward to the day when he should make his little finger felt more heavily than his father's loins, and Miss Fanny Squeers, who had been visiting her friend 'Tilda Price when Nicholas arrived. Fanny's curiosity was aroused by the malignity with which her mother spoke of this upstart son of a gentleman, and it needed only a coy approach to Nicholas to inflame her with passion for him. She took the first opportunity that offered when her father and mother were away to make a little *partie carrée*, consisting of herself and Nicholas, 'Tilda Price and 'Tilda's young man, John Browdie, a big Yorkshireman. Alas for human hopes! The giddy 'Tilda took to flirting with the innocent Nicholas, and the party broke up with threats and tears.

X While Nicholas was thus beginning to make his way in the world, his sister Kate was initiated into her first acquaintance with the pleasure of earning one's living. Miss La Creevy found her a delightful companion, and a good sitter, and one morning as the two were together, Mr. Ralph Nickleby walked in, and, carrying Kate back to her mother, informed them that he had found a situation for Kate at the establishment of a milliner and dressmaker. This was presided over by Mrs. Mantalini and ornamented by Mr. Mantalini. As before, Ralph Nickleby had some financial dealings with the Mantalinis, which made them particularly anxious to do his bidding, and Kate was installed, with her hours from nine to nine, but with the great privilege of spending her nights with her mother. They were not to remain in their lodgings, however, for their highly prudential guardian, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, had provided them with the use of an old dingy house in

XI Thames Street, whither Newman Nogs conducted them, concealing his own provision for their needs, and allowing the volatile Mrs. Nickleby to dress up Mr. Ralph Nickleby's character.

XII It fared worse and worse with Nicholas, for on the day after the tea-party, when Fanny Squeers was returning from a visit to 'Tilda Price, after some squaring of emotional accounts between the two young women, he chanced to meet them both, and being driven into a corner by their wiles, escaped out of it only by the violent method of declaring that the one hope of his life was to escape from his accursed place. Naturally Miss Squeers received

this declaration in the spirit of her family and immediately joined her mother's side, so that Nicholas's life was rendered still more a burden, and poor Smike suffered with him. Indeed, Smike, driven

XIII to desperation, slipped away one night, hoping to escape his torment. In the morning, when the flight was discovered, Mr. and Mrs. Squeers were quite beside themselves with wrath, but they lost little time in pursuing the wretch with such success that Mrs. Squeers brought him back tied hand and foot.

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord; and Smike, more dead than alive, was brought in, and locked up in a cellar until such time as Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him.

The news that the fugitive had been caught and brought back ran like wildfire through the hungry community; and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it remained until the afternoon; when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner and an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner) with a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new.

"Is every boy here?"

Every boy was there; but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself.

There was a curious expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat without opening his lips in reply. Squeers left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smike by the collar, or, rather, by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar ought to have been.

"Now, what have you got to say for yourself?—Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear: I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, sir!"

"Oh! that's all you've got to say; is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

One cruel blow had fallen on him, when Nicholas Nickleby cried, "Stop!"

"Who cried stop?"

"I did. This must not go on!"

"Must not go on?"

"No! Must not! Shall not! I will prevent it! You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad's behalf; you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I."

"Sit down, beggar!"

"Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. By Heaven! I will not spare you if you drive me on. I have a series of personal insults to avenge; and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practised in this foul den. Have a care; for, if you raise the devil in me, the consequences will fall heavily upon your head."

Squeers spat at him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas instantly sprang upon him, wrested his weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

He flung him away with all the force he could muster; and the violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers over an adjacent form; Squeers, striking his head against the same form in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and having ascertained, to his satisfaction, that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas packed up a few clothes in a small valise, and, finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front door, and struck into the road. Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and would never respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the crowd of boys not one remained.

As Nicholas made his way down the road, he met to his dismay John Browdie, prepared to take satisfaction out of the young man who had come between him and his sweetheart; but a word of frank apology turned the good-natured Yorkshireman into a friend, and the account which Nicholas gave of his late adventure made him at once an enthusiastic partisan of the young hero, so that he forced money upon him. In the morning after his first night on the road Nicholas was joined by the unhappy SMike, who had fled in the darkness to his one friend in the world.

XIV Nicholas, remembering the offer of the mysterious Newman Noggs, and not desiring to alarm his mother and sister, had resolved to present himself at the door of this friend as soon as he reached London with SMike. It chanced to be on an evening when the decayed gentleman, as his compassionate neighbors termed him, was engaged in helping out the wedding anniversary of two of these neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs, who with their children, Mrs. Kenwigs's uncle, a water-rates collector, Mr.

Lillyvick, supposed to have Mrs. Kenwigs down in his will, Miss Petowker of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and other friends, were holding high festival, including a figure dance by Morleena Kenwigs and a recitation of the "Blood Drinker's Burial" by Miss Petowker. From this scene Newman Noggs was called to meet two strangers.

XV They were of course Nicholas and SMIKE, and Nicholas having told his story pressed Newman Noggs to tell him what his uncle had heard. In response Newman showed him the copy he had hastily made of a letter from Fanny Squeers to Ralph Nickleby. It tortured the truth to such an extent that Nicholas was scarcely restrained from rushing out at once to tell his uncle exactly what had happened. In the course of the evening Nicholas had one further adventure, very slight in itself, but capable of making a great impression on the Kenwigs family, for he rescued the Kenwigs infant from an imitation danger.

XVI Nicholas Nickleby lost no time in making ready to support himself and SMIKE and relieve Newman Noggs of a willing care of them. He secured an empty apartment in the same house, and visited a General Agency Office to see if he could find work suited to his capacity. He fancied he should like to be a secretary to some gentleman, and getting the address of a Mr. Gregsbury, a member of Parliament, he waited on him just as a committee of that gentleman's constituents were calling to express their disapproval of his parliamentary conduct. Nicholas was forced to listen to an interview which showed the difference between a member of Parliament before and after he was elected, and then he offered his services as secretary, only to find that for fifteen shillings a week he was to bring enormous information to the service and a willingness to black the gentleman's boots, as the metaphor has it. Declining this broken step-ladder to fortune, Nicholas returned somewhat disconsolate, to find that Newman Noggs had by his representations secured him as a teacher of French to the young Kenwigses at five shillings a week, taking the precaution to remove Nicholas's name as too good for the purpose, and concealing him under the alias of Mr. Johnson. And so Nicholas began his duties at once under the dampening supervision of Mr. Lillyvick.

XVII Nicholas had not made himself known to his mother and sister, and Kate, supposing him happy in Yorkshire, had already begun her own unpromising efforts at self-support, by presenting herself at the Mantalini's, where she was the forced listener to a conjugal discussion which resulted in Mr. Mantalini's extorting money from his wife for his indulgence in horseflesh. Kate herself was set to work under the forewoman of the establishment, Miss Knag, and returned at the end of the first day, dispirited, to

her mother, who had been more agreeably engaged in building houses of cards, in which frail structures she had bestowed Kate and Nicholas, the one as partner to Madame Mantalini, the latter as Dr. Nickleby of Westminster School. Kate had no such illusions, and even the intimate affection with which Miss Knag

XVIII at first regarded her and which enchanted Mrs. Nickleby, as the forewoman, walking home with Kate and meeting Mrs. Nickleby, insisted on their both taking tea at her house with her brother, an unhappy rejected lover of Madame Mantalini, — even this affection was turned to gall when the spinster forewoman was suddenly supplanted by the young girl in the duty of waiting upon some of Madame Mantalini's noble customers.

XIX With Mrs. Nickleby's agile mind it was an easy matter to move out of one castle in Spain into another, and when after several days of torture by Miss Knag, whose K turned out to be a superfluous letter, Kate, coming home, met her mother in conversation on the street corner with Mr. Ralph Nickleby, that ingenious old lady had built an entirely new structure from Mr. Nickleby's fortune in consequence of his inviting Kate to preside at his dinner-table the next evening, when he was to entertain a party of gentlemen. This party proved on close acquaintance to consist of Lord Frederick Verisopht, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Mr. Pyke and Mr. Pluck, two hangers-on of Sir Mulberry who was a vicious old rake and older but perhaps not therefore a better man than Lord Frederick Verisopht, and finally Mr. Snobb and Colonel Chowser. All these ornaments of society were geese for Ralph Nickleby to pluck, and he designed to use Kate especially in taking the feathers from Lord Frederick Verisopht. The dinner with its sly allusions was insufferable to Kate, but even the dinner was less terrible than the sudden intrusion into the drawing-room afterward of the baleful old brute, Sir Mulberry Hawk. Ralph Nickleby came in, in time to save Kate from the desecration of Sir Mulberry's touch, and for a moment showed a gleam of compassion for his niece.

XX The effect of this social experience on Kate was so disturbing that the next morning Miss La Creevy carried a message to the haughty Miss Knag, excusing Kate from attendance that day. — On her return she was greatly surprised by a visit from Nicholas, who thus far had failed to find his uncle at home, and now, preceded by Miss La Creevy, found him at his mother's, where he had been reading Fanny Squeers's note, and passing his own saturnine comments on it. Nicholas with vigor rather than discretion denounced his uncle, tried to set his mother up on some firm understanding of the situation, and then left, determined not to be a burden on the family, and found poor Snike at his room,

vainly essaying to cut loose from the one source of comfort he possessed.

XXI It was by no means certain that had Nicholas been willing to live on Kate's earnings he could well have done so, for on her returning to Madame Mantalini's, and setting to work after being an unwilling witness to an altercation between Mantalini and his wife upon the financial outlook, she was surprised by the intrusion of a sheriff's deputy, who proceeded to put in a writ of execution on the goods in payment of Mr. Mantalini's just and unjust debts. So the establishment closed. Kate was out of work; but taking note of an advertisement for a companion to a lady, she applied to Mrs. Wititlerly, and was received into the household of that languid and too highly organized nature. Once more the undaunted Mrs. Nickleby proceeded to build her daughter's fortune, this time on the Wititlerly sand.

XXII Nicholas, with the hopefulness of youth, determined not to remain in London, but to set out on his travels in hopes of bettering his fortune. Accompanied by the faithful Smike he trudged over the road which led to Portsmouth, with the vague notion, if all else failed, of going to sea. By the way he burrowed in the dark places of Smike's confused memory, hoping to rescue some remains of fact. Twelve miles short of Portsmouth, the two, well tired out, stopped for the night at a roadside inn, and there fell in with a company of strolling players under the management of Mr. Vincent Crummles, also on the way to Portsmouth. Mr. Crummles at once discovered great latent dramatic possibilities in Nicholas and Smike, declaring the latter would be an immense success as the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, and without more ado added them to his company. The next day the party

XXIII joined Mrs. Crummles and others in Portsmouth. Nicholas and Smike were introduced to the theatre and all the queerly assorted members of the company, the infant phenomenon, Miss Ninetta Crummles, being particularly dazzling, and were received practically into the Crummles household. Nicholas was at once invested with the character of play-wright to the company, and given half a dozen leading parts in old plays for his varied powers.

XXIV He had an opportunity very soon of trying all his wits, for not only was he bidden to prepare a play adapted from the French, for Miss Snevellicci's benefit, and take a leading part in it himself, but he had beforehand to go through the trying ordeal of accompanying that lady and the infant phenomenon on a canvassing tour through the town. The success of the play, however, atoned

XXV for any small discomfort. There was a surprise in store for him, a sort of *coup de théâtre*, when, the next day, Mr.

Crummles with great pride announced that the company was to be strengthened by the addition of Miss Henrietta Petowker of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Miss Petowker herself appearing on the stage was rapturously applauded by a gentleman with an umbrella, who revealed himself to Nicholas as Mr. Lillyvick. Then it transpired that Mr. Lillyvick, having won Miss Petowker's affections, and being in considerable alarm over the effect of his proceedings on the Kenwigs family, had come down into the provinces to marry Miss Petowker on the sly. The wedding came off almost as an additional play, and was followed shortly by "Romeo and Juliet," with Smike, under the training of Nicholas, an irreproachable apothecary.

XXVI While Nicholas was thus doing his best to get the better of the world he lived in, poor Kate had an even more difficult task, for the two dissipated scoundrels, Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk, became more hot on her trail as the chase developed difficulties. Each sought to out-manceuvre the other. Both went to see Ralph Nickleby, and he, usurer as he was and ready to coin money out of hearts if he could, told Lord Frederick where she now lived. Sir Mulberry, meanwhile, encountering Mrs. Nickleby, discovered from that incoherent lady her home, and shortly after the two pimps Pyke and Pluck visited her with an

XXVII invitation from the noble rascals to attend the theatre with them. At the play, by a most fortunate accident for the intriguers, Mrs. Wititterly appeared with Kate in a neighboring box. It was easy to bring the two parties together, and Mrs. Wititterly, with her twittering after society, became the dupe, and

XXVIII through her means the rakes persecuted the girl until in desperation she had recourse to her uncle. Small comfort she received from him, but Newman Noggs gave his apparently rather ineffectual blessing and took his own satisfaction in making up faces at Ralph Nickleby behind the door.

XXIX Nevertheless Newman Noggs was the guardian angel of the young Nicklebys, for it was his letter, mysteriously conveying the knowledge of some impending trouble for Kate, which determined Nicholas, who had won a place quite at the head of the company, thereby exciting most unreasonable jealousy and envy,

XXX to retire from the boards and return to London; but this he did not do without first a dinner with the Snevelliccis and Lillyvicks, at which Mr. Lillyvick made some discoveries as to his wife's nature, and an affecting parting with Mr. Crummles, who seized the opportunity of the starting of the coach for a public embrace of Nicholas.

XXXI Nicholas would have found Newman Noggs at once, or

failing him, Miss La Creevy, if those two conspirators had not taken good care to be out of the way in the evening, that he might not, upon receiving the intelligence they had for him, precipi-

XXXII tately do some rash thing. As it was, not finding either of them, or his mother, whom Miss La Creevy had sagaciously carried off to the theatre, he impatiently walked the streets, and, going into a hotel to get some refreshment, he caught the name of his sister from the lips of some body in a neighboring box. The conversation waxed insolent about her. Nicholas, infuriated, sprang up and made himself known to Sir Mulberry Hawk, who treated him with contempt and refused to give his name. Nicholas followed him to his quarters, and as a parting compliment received a cut of his whip from Sir Mulberry, but immediately repaid it with a violence which temporarily put an end to that nobleman's career.

XXXIII The next morning Nicholas went at once to the Witit-terly's and brought Kate away. He had some difficulty in readjusting his mother to new conditions, but none whatever in writing a brief note to his Uncle Ralph in which he cast off that relationship. While Ralph Nickleby was holding this note, in came

XXXIV Mantalini to borrow money at usurious rates on papers stolen from his wife, and after him Madame Mantalini, all resolves to extinguish her husband, and under his blandishments anon condoning his offence. Scarcely had they gone, leaving a single gleam of comfort with Ralph in the news they brought of Nicholas's encounter with Hawk, which Ralph hoped meant mischief for Nicholas, when Squeers was ushered in, attended by the cub Wackford. Ralph, full of his malignant feelings towards his nephew, listened to Squeers as he related the abduction by Nicholas of Smike, with the thought of possibly wounding the young man through his affection for his forlorn comrade.

XXXV For the present, at any rate, Smike had nothing to fear. Nicholas, having established his mother and sister with Miss La Creevy, made haste to bring his poor defendant into the household, and with some difficulty brought him and his history into focus with Mrs. Nickleby. Then he set out to find employment, and bethought himself of the same agency he had visited before. As he stood before the window, his eye caught a benevolent-looking gentleman also looking in, and presently they fell into conversation. Something in the old gentleman's benevolence drew out the young man's story, and as he told it the attraction seemed to be reversed, and now it was Nicholas who drew the old gentleman to himself. In a trice, Mr. Charles Cheeryble, for such was his name, had carried Nicholas off to his office in the city, and there introduced him to his twin brother, Edwin, who was twin also in nature, and

to Mr. Tim Linkinwater, their right hand man, an obstinate piece of fidelity and affection. It took but a short time not only to install Nicholas as a clerk in the office, but to establish the family in a vacant cottage at Bow.

XXXVI Nicholas had not forgotten his friends the Kenwigses. Indeed, he was forced to visit them on a somewhat painful errand, but taking his courage in both hands he called upon the family in Golden Square shortly after a new child had arrived, with great expectations of wealth from the family uncle. Into the comfortable, sanguine family circle Nicholas projected the most disturbing news that Mr. Lillyvick, the fairy-uncle, had married Henrietta Petowker. The rapidity with which Mr. Lillyvick's character crumbled at the touch of Mr. Kenwigs was remarkable.

XXXVII In his new office Nicholas showed himself so proficient a pupil of Tim Linkinwater that that exacting gentleman called the Brothers Cheeryble to witness as he displayed the ledger, and triumphantly compared Nicholas's work with his own. It was on the birthday of Tim, and the Brothers, Tim, Tim's sister, and Nicholas dined together in honor of the event. On his return from the dinner to his own cottage late in the evening, Nicholas was astounded to hear from his mother a tale, which to her ears meant that their next neighbor had fallen in love with her, and to his that there must be some lunatic on the other side of the wall who used cucumbers as other lovers used roses.

XXXVIII Miss La Creevy, who had been an energetic visitor at the cottage, took it into her head to take Smike to town with her on her return, and a sorrowful day it was for him; for as he was on his way back after leaving her, he was suddenly pounced upon by Mr. Squeers and Wackford, who came upon him unexpectedly, but none the less joyfully. They hustled him into a hackney coach, thrashed him there, and bore him off to their lodgings, which

XXXIX were in Somers Town. Squeers had taken lodgings there with Mr. Snawley as less expensive than the Saracen's Head, but that inn was his rendezvous, and thither he resorted the next day to meet his daughter Fanny, who had come up to London with John Browdie and Mrs. Browdie, née 'Tilda Price. Squeers was so delighted with his capture that he burst out with the news, and told further how he intended to return to Yorkshire the next day with Wackford and his victim. He had them all at his lodgings that night, and John Browdie, who had a level head, a warm heart, and a close mouth, managed to set Smike loose and put him out of the house on his way home to Nicholas.

XL Smike went to the first harbor of refuge, Newman Noggs's quarters, and by him was taken home to Nicholas, who had

been hunting in vain for him. Nicholas at first had been disposed to charge this abduction of Smike on his uncle, but at last made up his mind that Squeers was alone at the bottom of it. He was somewhat distracted, however, from these matters by a little affair of his own, for it chanced that about this time there was an apparition of a lovely girl in the counting-room of the Cheeryble Brothers, a girl whom he had once caught sight of on the occasion of his first visit to the agency office. Tim Linkinwater apparently knew who she was, but he was provokingly non-committal, and in default of other means Nicholas laid upon Newman Noggs the duty of watching her servant, with the result that Newman not only found name and residence, but brought about an interview for Nicholas with —

XLI the wrong person. Indeed, the love affairs of the family seemed to be in a sad way, for the old gentleman next door, pursuing his attentions in the most marked manner toward Mrs. Nickleby, went so far as to look over the garden wall and deliver himself of most sentimental utterances, and after all was carried off from the scene by his keeper, who explained to Mrs. Nickleby and Kate his unhappy lunacy.

XLII Nicholas for a moment thought, even feared, that he might be on the track of the girl whose name and home still baffled him, for, going to take supper with the Browdies at the Saracen's Head, where Squeers, Fanny, and Wackford unexpectedly appeared, though not as guests, he was witness to a sudden row in the bar-room, which proved to be a punishment inflicted by a young

XLIII man on an objectionable fellow who had been taking a certain young lady's name in vain. As Nicholas recognized in the culprit an offensive clerk at the Agency office, he put two and two together with the instinct of a lover, and was not a little dismayed at finding the young gentleman to be Mr. Frank Cheeryble, a nephew of the Brothers, just returned from Germany. The next Sunday the Cheerybles came to Mrs. Nickleby's to tea, and before the evening was over Nicholas, observing Frank and Kate, might readily have put one and one together.

XLIV Mr. Ralph Nickleby, stealthily pursuing his evil designs and consumed with a passionate hatred of Nicholas, did not disregard his own interests. It chanced that one day, as he was setting out on some of his errands of mercilessness toward poor debtors, he was accosted by a man, one Brooker, who had been his tool and dupe. He shook him off coldly and kept on his way to the Mantalini's, where he found Madame Mantalini coolly surveying her husband prostrated with one of his attacks of narrowly escaped suicide, and came back to his house to find waiting for him Mr. Squeers and Mr. Snawley. They were waiting for him

in pursuance of a plan he had concocted for the furtherance of his own ends.

XLV At once he took them off in a coach and proceeded to Mrs. Nickleby's, where it chanced that John Browdie and his wife were taking supper. Here he proceeded to demand Smike as the son of Mr. Snawley by a former wife, in proof of which he produced papers that seemed to Nicholas incontrovertible. But Smike, terrified and revolting from the new relationship, clung to his real friends, who stood by him to the extent of ejecting Mr. Squeers from the house, and allowing Snawley and Ralph to follow, the last named breathing out vengeance in the form of law-suits.

XLVI Nicholas had no question as to his course in the matter, but he deemed it prudent to confide in his employers, and was rejoiced to find that they entirely agreed with him and with each other. At the end of the interview they stated that they had a delicate mission for him to perform. There was a certain young lady, the daughter of one whom they had both fondly loved and whom one of them gladly would have married. The mother had died, and the daughter, Madeline Bray, was living with her selfish, broken-down, spendthrift father, within the Rules of the King's Bench Prison. The Cheeryble Brothers were really maintaining them, but by the pretence of purchasing small drawings and other works of art produced by the young lady, and now Nicholas was to serve as a go-between. At last he stood face to face with the beautiful girl he had been pursuing ineffectually.

XLVII He was not the only one, however, who had looked on Madeline Bray and desired her. There was an old money-lender, Arthur Gride, who with Ralph Nickleby had been the means of detaining Mr. Bray for debt. He called on Ralph and disclosed to him the secret, Newman Noggs listening from behind a door, of his purpose to buy Madeline for a wife by releasing and pensioning Mr. Bray, and with this in view he asked Ralph's counsel and help. He intimated moreover that there was a piece of property which would fall into the hands of the husband of the girl. The two hoary plotters paid a visit to Mr. Bray, and Arthur Gride asked him formally for the hand of his daughter. Nicholas,

XLVIII so far from aspiring to Madeline's hand, was filled with a sense of immeasurable distance from her as he surveyed her charms and her noble self-sacrifice. It was a diversion thus of his melancholy when he came accidentally upon Mr. Vincent Crummles, and, finding that he was about to take leave of his native and for a theatrical season in America, assisted at a farewell dinner.

XLIX Nicholas could not fail to see that all this time poor Smike

grew feebler and feebler. His wasting away was unaccountable. Could it be, the reader begins to surmise, that he was consumed by a hopeless passion for Kate? If so, his trouble certainly was increased by the frequent visits of Frank Cheeryble. It was on one of these occasions, when Frank came with Tim Linkinwater and found Miss La Creevy also at the house, that the party was suddenly disconcerted by a noise in the adjoining room which resolved itself into some disturbance in the chimney. The whole party, save Miss La Creevy, who did not at first enter, proceeded with improvised weapons to the next room. There was a pair of legs struggling out of the fireplace. They were the legs of Mrs. Nickleby's eccentric admirer, and when he was extracted in full, he was proceeding with his extraordinary love-making when Miss La Creevy suddenly entered. Instantly all his attention was given to her, and by thus attaching himself to a new object he detached Mrs. Nickleby.

L Since Nicholas had dealt Sir Mulberry Hawk a blow which retired that rascal from active life for a season, he and Lord Frederick Verisopht had been living in Belgium. But on Sir Mulberry's recovery they returned to England in time for the Hampton races. There Sir Mulberry avowed his intention of revenging himself on Nicholas. His companion had a spasm of better feeling, but in the orgies which followed, a quarrel sprang up between them, followed by a duel in which the younger roué fell by the hands of his preceptor in vice.

LI The affairs of the other villains seemed to be prospering. Arthur Gride went so far as to consult his old housekeeper, Peg Sliderskew, as to what suit he should wear at his wedding. While they were talking, Newman Noggs came with a letter from Ralph Nickleby, and, with his customary good luck at getting hold of Ralph's secrets, managed to read the letter when Gride was out of the room. It put him in possession of a piece of information which he communicated to Nicholas that evening, little suspecting how much it meant to his young friend. It meant so much that

LII Newman Noggs could hardly restrain Nicholas from rushing off upon some wild venture; but by degrees he calmed him, and Nicholas went home resolved at once to see what he could do by seeing Madeline. Newman returned home, and by good fortune could at once be of service to the Kenwigs family, for it chanced that Morleena, who was to go on a picnic on the morrow, needed to have her hair dressed, and Newman alone was available to escort her to the barber's. There whom should they encounter but Mr. Lillyvick, a much changed man, sadly in need of soap and other comforts. The cast-off uncle returned with them to the family, and

there disclosed the momentous fact that Mrs. Lillyvick had eloped with a half-pay captain. Sudden reversal of the engine, and return to the friendly relations of Mr. Lillyvick and the Kenwigs family.

LIII Nicholas, the next day, kept his purpose and went to see Madeline Bray and her father. He found the old man nervously anticipating the marriage which was to restore him to luxury, and the girl tearfully yet proudly resolved on sacrificing herself to her father's need. It seemed as if he could do no more. Yet he determined to make one more effort, and that night he visited Gride with threats, warnings, and expostulations. Nicholas showed so much knowledge of affairs that for a moment Gride was baffled, but he recovered himself and at last got rid of his very unwelcome visitor. Nothing now seemed to remain but the sacrifice of the victim. Gride and Ralph proceeded to the house

LIV in due season, but to their amazement and to the furious wrath of the latter they were confronted by Nicholas and Kate. A scene ensued of indignant words and bitter recriminations, in the midst of which old Mr. Bray suddenly died, and Nicholas and Kate bore off the prostrate Madeline from her baffled

LV persecutors. At the home of the Nicklebys Madeline slowly recovered from the shock occasioned by the death of her father, and time was given for Frank Cheeryble to make love to Kate so openly that the astute Mrs. Nickleby saw it all and Nicholas did not. But poor SMIKE failed rapidly, and in hopes of yet saving his life, Nicholas carried him away to Devonshire, breathing benedictions on Kate Nickleby.

LVI Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride had left the presence of the Brays with a humiliating sense of defeat, but to the latter an even worse catastrophe showed itself, when on their return to his house he found that Peg Sliderskew had meanwhile robbed him of his papers, among them one concerning Madeline Bray, the discovery of which would send him to Newgate. Ralph Nickleby had his own misfortune to bewail upon reaching his quarters, when he learned the failure of a house to which he had intrusted ten thousand pounds, but he had deeper feelings, feelings of intense resentment, against Nicholas, and in obedience to these he formed a subtle plan.

He sent for Squeers, and reminding him of the perjury which he and Snawley had committed in swearing to the relationship between Snawley and SMIKE, set him at the task of recovering the paper which Peg Sliderskew had stolen from Gride. He himself tracked Peg to her hiding-place, and Squeers, using all his art to possess himself of the paper, had just succeeded in secreting

LVII it in his pocket when Newman Noggs, who, with Frank

Cheeryble, had been an unseen witness of the act, felled him to the earth with a pair of bellows.

LVIII The journey which Nicholas took with Smike could not save the boy's life, and he was buried where he died, but not before he had seen suddenly, with great alarm, the man whom he remembered as the one who took him to Yorkshire to school. It was no other than the tramp Brooker, who had been moving about in a shadowy fashion, and consorting with Newman Noggs. It was he who held a dread secret, that was sure to come out. For Squeers was now in prison, and Ralph Nickleby seeking for him at

LIX Snawley's was repulsed by Snawley's wife, and again by Gride. He went to see the Brothers Cheeryble, for Mr. Charles had been to see him in the morning and had darkly hinted that he knew something of his affairs. At the office of the Cheeryble Brothers he encountered Newman Noggs and learned, as he had suspected, that his clerk had turned upon him. But he was still undaunted. He went now to see Squeers, and returned heavy-hearted at the failure of his plot, which Squeers related in detail.

LX Once more at home, at night, he was waited upon by Tim Linkinwater, who by a mysterious summons persuaded him to go once more to the Cheerybles. At first his wicked old heart flamed up in hope, as he thought from what he first heard that Nicholas was dead. Instead, he was confronted with Brooker and the disclosure was made that all present now knew Smike to be the child of Ralph Nickleby.

LXI Nicholas returned the next day and reported all particulars of Smike's end to his family, the Cheeryble Brothers, and Tim Linkinwater, but he had something else to report to the Brothers, for before going thither he and Kate had made mutual confessions, she that Frank Cheeryble had offered himself to her, and she had refused him, he, that he loved Madeline, but never, never would ask her to marry him, both resolutions being taken in consequence of the relations which these young people held to Cheeryble Brothers. These gentlemen received the news imperturbably, seemed to accept the situation, but told Nicholas he was to go with them by appointment to see his uncle. Thither they went, for

LXII Ralph had indeed agreed to meet them. They went and found him hanging by the neck, dead, dead, dead.

LXIII All unpleasantness was now over. At a dinner-party given by the Cheeryble Brothers, the story of Madeline's inheritance was told, and also that Madeline herself had something better than riches in the love of Nicholas Nickleby. Frank Cheeryble paired off with Kate, and bless us! Tim Linkinwater and Miss La Creevy were found of the same mind and heart.

XLIV And now the adventures of Nicholas Nickleby were near an end, yet since all this good fortune had come to him, he must needs revisit the scene of his wretched experience. Before he went to Yorkshire, however, he and Kate in one of their walks came unexpectedly on an old acquaintance of hers, Mantalini, engaged in mangling, under supervision of a vixenish substitute for Madame Mantalini. There was a moment of recognition, and then a wild flight of the disgraced dandy. In Yorkshire Nicholas visited the Browdies, and told them that Squeers had been sentenced to transportation for seven years. John Browdie rode over to Dotheboys Hall, but the news had outrun him, and when he reached the place he found a rebellion and riot which ended in a dispersion of the unhappy youngsters. What remains to be told but that the three happy couples were married, the firm became Cheeryble and Nickleby, and good and bad got their respective deserts.

LXV

INDEX TO CHARACTERS.

- Adams, Captain.** One of the seconds in the duel between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht.
- African Knife-Swallower, The.** A member of Mr. Crummles's theatrical company. *xlvi.*
- Alice.** *See* YORK, THE FIVE SISTERS OF.
- Alphonse.** Mrs. Wititterly's page; so diminutive, "that his body would not hold, in ordinary array, the number of small buttons which are indispensable to a page's costume; and they were consequently obliged to be stuck on four abreast." *xxi, xxviii, xxxii.*
- Belling, Master.** One of Mr. Squeers's pupils at Dotheboys Hall. *iv.*
- Belvawney, Miss.** A lady in Mr. Vincent Crummles's theatrical company. *xxiii-xxv, xxix.*
- Blockson, Mrs.** A charwoman employed by Miss Knag. *xviii.*
- Bobster, Mr.** A ferocious old fellow into whose house Nicholas Nickleby is introduced one evening by Newman Noggs, whom he has commissioned to find out where Madeline Bray lives, and who makes the ludicrous mistake of discovering the wrong party. *xl.*
- Bobster, Miss Cecilia.** His daughter; mistaken by Newman Noggs for Miss Madeline Bray, and persuaded by him to see Nicholas, and to hear him speak for himself. *xl.*
- Bolder.** A pupil at Mr. Squeers's educational establishment, called Dotheboys Hall. *viii.*

- Bonney, Mr.** A friend of Ralph Nickleby's, and the prime organizer of the "United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company." ii.
- Borum, Mr.** A gentleman at whose house Nicholas Nickleby and Miss Snevellicci call (accompanied by Miss Ninetta Crummles, the "Infant Phenomenon") to induce him to put his name to Miss Snevellicci's "bespeak." xxiv.
- Borum, Mrs.** His wife; mother of six interesting children. xxiv.
- Borum, Augustus.** Their son; a young gentleman who pinches the "Phenomenon" behind, to ascertain whether she is real. xxiv.
- Borum, Charlotte.** One of their daughters, who filches the "Phenomenon's" parasol, and carries it off. xxiv.
- Borum, Emma.** Another daughter. xxiv.
- Bravassa, Miss.** One of the members of Mr. Crummles's theatrical company. xxiii-xxv, xxix.
- Bray, Madeline.** Daughter of a gentleman who married a very particular friend of the Cheeryble Brothers. Her mother dies while she is a mere child; and her selfish and profligate father, at a somewhat later date, is reduced, between sickness and poverty, to the verge of death. Although she braves privation, degradation, and affliction, for the sake of supporting him, he is on the point of forcing her to marry a rich old miser named Gride, when death suddenly carries off the unnatural parent, and Madeline is removed to Mrs. Nickleby's house. She afterwards marries Nicholas. xvi, xl, xlv, xlvii, li, lii, liv-lvi, lxiii, lxv.
- Bray, Walter.** Father to Madeline, a broken-down, irritable, and selfish debauchee. xlv, xlvii, lii-liv.
- Brooker.** A felon and an outcast; a former clerk to Ralph Nickleby. Being ill-treated by his master, and hating him, he takes advantage of favoring circumstances to make him think his only son has died and been buried during his temporary absence from home; though, in reality, the boy has been left at a Yorkshire school, with the design of one day making the secret a means of getting money from the father. But the plan fails; and Mr. Nickleby, in the hot pursuit of bad ends, persecutes and hunts down his own child to death. xlv, lx, lxv.
- Browdie, John.** A stout, kind-hearted Yorkshire man, drawn from life. He is betrothed to Miss Matilda Price, whom he afterwards marries. At his first meeting with Nicholas Nickleby, he becomes furiously jealous of him. Finding, however, that Nicholas has no intention of making trouble between him and his intended, he conceives a more favorable opinion of the young gentleman, and they become good friends. ix, xiii, xxxix, xlii, xliii, xlv, lxiv.

Bulph, Mr. A pilot, who keeps a lodging house at which Mr. Crummles lives. xxiii.

Cheeryble Brothers, The (Charles and Edwin). Twin brothers, partners in business, and the benefactors and employers of Nicholas Nickleby. Having been encouraged to tell his story to one of the brothers whom he has accidentally met on the street, Nicholas is hurried into an omnibus, and taken straight to the warehouse, where he is introduced to the other brother, and, after some inquiries and private conference, is taken into their counting-room. xxxv, xxxvii, xl, xliii, xlvi, xlix, lv, lix, lx, lxi, lxiii, lxv.

Cheeryble, Frank. Nephew of the Cheeryble Brothers. He finally marries Kate Nickleby. xliii, xlix, lv, lvii, lix, lxi, lxiii, lxv.

Chowser, Colonel. One of the guests at a dinner-party given by Ralph Nickleby. xix, l.

Cobbey. A pupil at Squeers's school. viii.

Crowl, Mr. A fellow-lodger of Newman Noggs. xiv, xv, xxxii.

Crummles, Mr. Vincent. The manager of an itinerant theatrical company. Meeting Nicholas Nickleby and Smike at an inn not far from Portsmouth, he advises them to adopt the stage for a profession, and offers to bring them out. "There's a genteel comedy," he tells Nicholas, "in your walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in your eye, and touch-and-go farce in your laugh." Of Smike he says:—

"Without a pad upon his body, and hardly a touch of paint upon his face, he'd make such an actor for the starved business as was never seen in this country. Only let him be tolerably well up in the apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet,' with the slightest possible dab of red on the tip of his nose, and he'd be certain of three rounds the moment he put his head out of the practicable door in the front grooves O. P."

The result is, that Nicholas, after a little deliberation, declares it a bargain; and he and Smike become a part of Mr. Crummles's company. He treats them very kindly, and pays them well; and when he finally separates from them,—on the occasion of his departure with his family for America,—he puts out his hand, with "not a jot of his theatrical manner" remaining, and says with great warmth, "We were a very happy little company. You and I never had a word. I shall be very glad to-morrow morning to think that I saw you again; but now I almost wish you had n't come." xxii-xxv, xxix, xxx, xlviii.

Crummles, Mrs. Wife of Mr. Vincent Crummles. xxiii-xxv, xxix, xxx, xlviii.

Crummles, Master. One of their sons, and a member of the theatrical company. xxii, xxiii, xxx, xlviii.

Crummles, Master Percy. Another son. xxii, xxiii, xxx, xlviii.
Crummles, Miss Ninetta. Their daughter, known and advertised as the "Infant Phenomenon." This character was drawn from life; and the original is now the wife of a distinguished American general. xxiii, xxiv, xxv, xxix, xlviii.

Curdle, Mr. A Portsmouth gentleman, whom Miss Snevellicci calls upon to request that he would put his name to her "bespeak;" he being a great critic, and having quite the London taste in matters relating to literature and the drama. He is the author of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post octavo, on the character of the nurse's deceased husband, in "Romeo and Juliet." xxiv.

Curdle, Mrs. His wife. xxiv.

Cutler, Mr. and Mrs. Friends of the Kenwigses. xiv.

David. Butler to the Cheeryble Brothers. xxxvii, lxiii.

Digby. Smike's theatrical name. *See* SMIKE.

Folair, Mr. A dancer and pantomimic actor belonging to Mr. Crummles's company. xxiii-xxv, xxix, xxx.

Gazingi, Miss. An actress in the theatrical company of Mr. Vincent Crummles. xxiii.

Gentleman, The, in small-clothes. *See* NICKLEBY, MRS.

George. A friend of the Kenwigses. He is a young man who had known Mr. Kenwigs when he was a bachelor, and is much esteemed by the ladies, as bearing the reputation of a rake. xiv.

Graymarsh. A pupil at Dotheboys Hall, Squeers's school. viii.

Green, Miss. A friend of the Kenwigses. xiv.

Gregsbury, Mr. A member of parliament, to whom Nicholas Nickleby applies for a situation as private secretary. The requirements, however, are so many, and so difficult to meet, that the situation is declined. Says Mr. Gregsbury:—

"My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world, as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles, and accounts of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Then," said Mr. Gregsbury, "it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted from day to day with newspaper paragraphs on passing events, such as 'Mysterious disappearance and supposed suicide of a pot-boy,' or anything of that sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State

for the Home Department. Then he would have to copy the question and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about my independence and good sense), and to send the manuscript in a frank to the local paper, with perhaps half a dozen lines of leader, to the effect that I was always to be found in my place in parliament, and never shrunk from the discharge of my responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see?"

Nicholas bowed.

"Besides which," continued Mr. Gregsbury, "I should expect him now and then to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber-duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash-payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank-notes, and all that kind of thing, which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands it. Do you take me?"

"I think I understand," said Nicholas.

"With regard to such questions as are not political," continued Mr. Gregsbury, warning, "and which one can't be expected to care a damn about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves (else where are our privileges?), I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast. . . . This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night (in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming), and now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about, 'You see that gentleman with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar? That's Mr. Gregsbury, the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury,'—with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment." xvi.

Gride, Arthur. An old miser. xlvii, li, liii, liv, lvi, lix, lxx.

Grogzwig, Baron of. See KOELDWEHOUT, BARON VON.

Grudden, Mrs. An actress attached to Mr. Crummles's theatrical company, and an assistant to Mrs. Crummles in her domestic affairs. xxiii, xxiv, xxix, xxx, xlix.

Hannah. Servant to Miss La Creevy. iii.

Hawk, Sir Mulberry. A fashionable gambler, *roué*, and knave remarkable for his tact in ruining young gentlemen of fortune. He endeavors to lead Kate Nickleby astray, but fails, and is punished by her brother. He afterwards fights a duel with his

pupil and dupe, Lord Frederick Verisopht, in which the latter is killed. xix, xxvi-xxviii, xxxii, xxxviii, l, lxv.

Johnson, Mr. The stage name given by Mr. Crummles to Nicholas Nickleby.

Kenwigs, Mr. A turner in ivory, and a lodger in the same house with Newman Noggs; "looked upon as a person of some consideration on the premises, inasmuch as he occupied the whole of the first floor, comprising a suite of two rooms." xiv-xvi, xxxvi, lii.

Kenwigs, Mrs. His wife; "quite a lady in her manners, and of a very genteel family, having an uncle [Mr. Lillyvick] who collected a water-rate; besides which distinction, the two eldest of her little girls went twice a week to a dancing-school in the neighborhood, and had flaxen hair tied with blue ribbons hanging in luxuriant pigtailed down their backs, and wore little white trousers with frills round the ankles,—for all of which reasons, and many more, equally valid, but too numerous to mention, she was considered a very desirable person to know." xiv-xvi, xxxvi, lii.

Kenwigs, Morleena. Her eldest daughter, "regarding whose uncommon Christian name it may be stated, that it was invented and composed by Mrs. Kenwigs previous to her first lying-in, for the special distinction of her eldest child, in case it should prove a daughter." xiv-xvi, xxxvi, lii.

Knag, Miss. Forewoman in Madame Mantalini's millinery establishment, and her successor in the business. xvii, xviii, xx, xxi, xlv.

Knag, Mr. Mortimer. Her brother; a young man whom unrequited affection has made miserable. xviii.

Koëldwethout, Baron von, of Grogzwig, Germany. Hero of one of the tales told at a roadside inn when Nicholas Nickleby and Squeers, with other passengers, were detained there by an accident to the stage-coach in which they were travelling. vi.

Koëldwethout, Baroness von. His wife. vi.

La Creevy, Miss. A mincing young lady of fifty; a miniature-painter, who becomes a fast friend of the Nicklebys, and finally marries Tim Linkinwater, the old clerk of the Cheeryble Brothers. iii, v, x, xi, xx, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii, xlix, lxi, lxiii, lxv.

Lane, Miss. Governess in Mr. Borum's family. xxiv.

Ledrook, Miss. A member of Mr. Crummles's dramatic company. xxiii, xxv, xxx.

Lenville, Thomas. A tragic actor in Mr. Crummles's theatre. xxiii, xxiv, xxix.

Lenville, Mrs. His wife; a member of the same profession. xxiii, xxix.

Lillyvick, Mr. A collector of water-rates. He is uncle to Mrs. Kenwigs, at one of whose anniversary wedding-parties he meets Miss Henrietta Petowker, an amateur actress, and is smitten with her charms. He finally follows her to Portsmouth, — where she has engaged to appear in Mr. Crummles's theatre, — and marries her, much to the disgust of the Kenwigses, who have considered themselves his heirs. But Miss Petowker soon proves false, and runs away with another man, leaving the collector disconsolate. He returns to London, where he meets Newman Noggs, and is prevailed upon to go to the house of his relatives, where a ludicrously affecting scene ensues. A boy has been born to them during his absence. Mr. Lillyvick informs them that he never shall expect them to receive his wife, as she has deserted him.

"Eloped with a half-pay captain," repeated Mr. Lillyvick, — "basely and falsely eloped with a half-pay captain, with a bottle-nosed captain that any man might have considered himself safe from. It was in this room," said Mr. Lillyvick, looking sternly round, "that I first see Henrietta Petowker: it is in this room that I turn her off for ever."

This declaration completely changed the whole posture of affairs. Mrs. Kenwigs threw herself upon the old gentleman's neck, bitterly reproaching herself for her late harshness, and exclaiming, if she had suffered, what must his sufferings have been! Mr. Kenwigs grasped his hand, and vowed eternal friendship and remorse. . . . And Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs both said, with strong feeling and tears of sympathy, that everything happened for the best, and conjured the good collector not to give way to unavailing grief, but to seek consolation in the society of those affectionate relations whose arms and hearts were ever open to him.

"Out of affection and regard for you, Susan and Kenwigs," said Mr. Lillyvick, "and not out of revenge and spite against her (for she is below it), I shall tomorrow morning settle upon your children, and make payable to the survivors of them, when they come of age or marry, that money that I once meant to leave 'em in my will. The deed shall be executed to-morrow, and Mr. Noggs shall be one of the witnesses. He hears me promise this, and he shall see it done." xiv-xvi, xxv, xxx, xxxvi, xlviii.

Linkinwater, Miss. Sister to Tim Linkinwater. xxxvii, lxiii.

Linkinwater, Tim. Chief clerk of the Cheeryble Brothers.

"It's forty-four year," said Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before he cast it up, — "forty-four year next May, since I first kept the books of

Cheeryble Brothers. I've opened the safe every morning all that time (Sundays excepted), as the clock struck nine, and gone over the house every night at half-past ten (except on Foreign Post nights, and then twenty minutes before twelve) to see the doors fastened, and the fires out. I've never slept out of the back attic one single night. There's the same mignonette-box in the middle of the window, and the same four flower-pots, two on each side, that I brought with me when I first came. There ain't, — I've said it again and again, and I'll maintain it, — there ain't such a square as this in the world. I *know* there ain't," said Tim with sudden energy, and looking sternly about him, — "not one. For business or pleasure, in summer time or winter, — I don't care which, — there's nothing like it. There's not such a spring in England as the pump under the archway. There's not such a view in England as the view out of my window. I've seen it every morning before I shaved, and I ought to know something about it. I have slept in that room," added Tim, sinking his voice a little, "for four and forty year; and if it was n't inconvenient, and did n't interfere with business, I should request leave to die there." xxxv, xxxvii, xl, xliii, xlix, lv, lix-lxi, lxiii, lxxv.

Lumbey, Doctor. A physician who attends on Mrs. Kenwigs in her last confinement. xxxv.

Mantalini, Madame. A fashionable milliner and dressmaker. x, xvii, xviii, xxi, xxxiv, xlv.

Mantalini, Mr. Alfred. Her husband.

His name was originally Muntle; but it had been converted, by an easy transition, into Mantalini, the lady rightly considering that an English appellation would be of serious injury to the business. He had married on his whiskers, upon which property he had previously subsisted, in a genteel manner, for some years; and which he had recently improved, after patient cultivation, by the addition of a mustache, which promised to secure him an easy independence; his share in the labors of the business being . . . confined to spending the money.

When Madame refuses to supply his demands, he at first resorts to flattery and honeyed words, then declares, that, being a burden, he will put an end to his existence; which generally has the effect of softening her heart, and bringing her to terms. She is at last, however, driven into bankruptcy by his reckless extravagance, and, the suicide dodge having been tried once too often, insists on a separation, and declares her firm determination to have nothing more to do with such a man. The elegant and dashing fop's butterfly-life is soon ended, and he goes "to the demnition bow-wows." He gets into prison, and is taken out by a vixenish washerwoman, who

is at first captivated by his handsome person and graceful manners, but, becoming disenchanted, keeps him constantly turning a mangle in the cellar in which she lives, "like a demd old horse in a demnition mill;" making his life, as he says, "one demd horrid grind." x, xvii, xxii, xxxiv, xlv, lxiv.

Mobbs. A pupil at Squeers's school. viii.

Nickleby, Mr. Godfrey. Father of Ralph and the elder Nicholas, to the former of whom he left three thousand pounds in cash, and to the latter "one thousand and the farm, which was as small a landed estate as one would desire to see." i.

Nickleby, Nicholas, the elder. Son of Mr. Godfrey Nickleby, brother of Ralph, and father of Nicholas and Kate. By his wife's advice he undertook to speculate with what little capital he had, and, losing it all, lost heart too, took to his bed, and died. i.

Nickleby, Nicholas, the younger. The character from whom the story takes its name; a young man who finds himself, at the age of nineteen, reduced to poverty by the unfortunate speculations and death of his father, but possessed, notwithstanding, of a good education, and with abounding energy, honesty, and industry. His mother being determined to make an appeal for assistance to her deceased husband's brother, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, he accompanies her, with his sister, to London. On their first interview their relative receives them very roughly, and takes a dislike to his nephew, amounting to positive hatred; but he procures him a situation as assistant tutor at Dotheboys Hall, — a school kept by Mr. Wackford Squeers, in Yorkshire. Nicholas proceeds thither to assume his new duties; but such is the meanness, rapacity, and brutality of Mr. Squeers, that he soon forcibly interferes on behalf of the "pupils;" gives the master a sound drubbing; and then turns his back upon the place, taking with him a poor, half-starved, and shamefully-abused lad, named Smike. He returns to London only to find that the story of his adventure, highly magnified and distorted, has preceded him. Learning that his sister will lose a situation she has obtained, if he remains at home, he quits London again, and goes to Portsmouth, where he joins a theatrical company, and becomes a "star" actor. He is, however, suddenly summoned back to London to protect his sister from the insults and persecutions of two aristocratic *roués*, one of whom he chastises severely under circumstances of great provocation. He then takes his mother and sister under his own protection, and soon after makes the acquaintance of two benevolent merchants, — the Cheeryble Brothers; gains their respect and confidence; is, after a while,

admitted into the firm; and finally marries a friend and *protégée* of his benefactors. iii-ix, xii, xiii, xv, xvi, xx, xxii-xxv, xxix, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxvii, xl, xlii, xliii, xlv, xlvi, xlviii, xlix, li-lv, lviii, lxi, lxiii-lxv.

Nickleby, Ralph. A miser and usurer; uncle to the younger, and brother to the elder, Nicholas Nickleby.

These two brothers had been brought up together in a school at Exeter, and, being accustomed to go home once a week, had often heard from their mother's lips long accounts of their father's sufferings in his days of poverty, and of their deceased uncle's importance in his days of affluence, — which recitals produced a very different impression on the two; for while the younger, who was of a timid and retiring disposition, gleaned from thence nothing but forewarnings to shun the great world, and attach himself to the quiet routine of a country life, Ralph the elder deduced from the often-repeated tale the two great morals, — that riches are the only true source of happiness and power, and that it is lawful and just to compass their acquisition by all means short of felony. “And,” reasoned Ralph with himself, “if no good came of my uncle's money when he was alive, a great deal of good came of it after he was dead; inasmuch as my father has got it now, and is saving it up for me, which is a highly virtuous purpose. And, going back to the old gentleman, good *did* come of it to him too; for he had the pleasure of thinking of it all his life long, and of being envied and courted by all his family besides.” And Ralph always wound up these mental soliloquies by arriving at the conclusion, that there was nothing like money.

Not confining himself to theory, or permitting his faculties to rust, even at that early age, in mere abstract speculations, this promising lad commenced usurer on a limited scale at school, putting out at good interest a small capital of slate-pencil and marbles, and gradually extending his operations until they aspired to the copper coinage of this realm, in which he speculated to considerable advantage. Nor did he trouble his borrowers with abstract calculations of figures, or references to ready-reckoners; his simple rule of interest being all comprised in the one golden sentence, “twopence for every half-penny,” which greatly simplified the accounts, and which, as a familiar precept, — more easily acquired, and retained in the memory, than any known rule of arithmetic, — cannot be too strongly recommended to the notice of capitalists, both large and small, and more especially of money-brokers and bill-discounters. Indeed, to do these gentlemen justice, many of them are to this day in the frequent habit of adopting it with eminent success.

On the death of his father, he is placed in a mercantile house in London; applies himself passionately to his old pursuit of money-getting; soon has a spacious house of his own in Golden Square; and enjoys the reputation of being immensely rich. When his brother's widow presents herself in London, with her two children seeking his assistance, he gives her to understand that he is not to be looked to "as the support of a great hearty woman and a grown boy and girl." He makes them work, therefore, for their bread, and, taking an intense dislike to his nephew, tries in every way to humble and ruin him; but his machinations are all defeated, his illegal operations detected, his evil deeds discovered; and he finally hangs himself in a fit of mingled frenzy, hatred, and despair. i-iv, x, xix, xx, xxviii, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxv, xlv, xlvii, li, liv, lvi, lix, lx, lxii.

Nickleby, Kate. Sister of Nicholas. She marries Frank Cheeryble. iii, v, x, xi, xvii-xxi, xxvii, xxviii, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii, xli, xliii, xlv, xlix, lv, lxi, lxiii-lxv.

Nickleby, Mrs. Widow of the elder, and mother of the younger, Nicholas Nickleby; a well-meaning woman, but weak withal; very fond and proud of her children; very loquacious; very desirous of being considered genteel; and remarkable for the inaccuracy of her memory, the irrelevancy of her remarks, and the general discursiveness and inconsequence of her conversation, — traits which are said to have been characteristic, to some extent, of Mr. Dickens's mother.

When she leaves her quarters in London, and goes with Nicholas to live at Bow, her attention is attracted by the singular deportment of an elderly gentleman who lives in the next house. He is so plainly struck with Mrs. Nickleby's appearance, and becomes so very demonstrative, that, although she feels flattered by his homage, she determines, nevertheless, to acquaint her son with the facts.

"There can be no doubt," said Mrs. Nickleby, "that he *is* a gentleman, and has the manners of a gentleman, and the appearance of a gentleman; although he does wear smalls and gray worsted stockings. That may be eccentricity, or he may be proud of his legs. I don't see why he should n't be. The prince regent was proud of his legs, and so was Daniel Lambert, who was also a fat man; *he* was proud of his legs: so was Miss Biffin; she was — no," added Mrs. Nickleby, correcting herself, "I think she had only toes; but the principle is the same."

Nicholas looked on quite amazed at the introduction of this new theme, which seemed just what Mrs. Nickleby had expected him to be.

"You may well be surprised, Nicholas, my dear," she said: "I

am sure *I* was. It came upon me like a flash of fire, and almost froze my blood. The bottom of his garden joins the bottom of ours, and, of course, I had several times seen him sitting among the scarlet-beans in his little arbor, or working at his little hot-beds. I used to think he stared rather; but I didn't take any particular notice of that, as we were new-comers, and he might be curious to see what we were like. But when he began to throw his cucumbers over our wall" —

"To throw his cucumbers over our wall!" repeated Nicholas in great astonishment.

"Yes, Nicholas, my dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby in a very serious tone, "his cucumbers over our wall; and vegetable-marrows likewise."

"Confound his impudence!" said Nicholas, firing immediately. "What does he mean by that?"

"I don't think he means it impertinently at all," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"What!" said Nicholas, — "cucumbers and vegetable-marrows flying at the heads of the family as they walk in their own garden, and not meant impertinently! Why, mother" —

Nicholas stopped short; for there was an indescribable expression of placid triumph, mingled with a modest confusion, lingering between the borders of Mrs. Nickleby's night-cap, which arrested his attention suddenly.

"He must be a very weak and foolish and inconsiderate man," said Mrs. Nickleby, — "blamable, indeed; at least, I suppose other people would consider him so: of course, I can't be expected to express any opinion on that point, especially after always defending your poor dear papa, when other people blamed him, for making proposals to me. And, to be sure, there can be no doubt that he has taken a very singular way of showing it; still, at the same time, his attentions are — that is, as far as it goes, and to a certain extent, of course — a flattering sort of thing; and although I should never dream of marrying again, with a dear girl like Kate still unsettled in life" —

"Surely, mother, such an idea never entered your brain for an instant!" said Nicholas. . . . "You know there is no language of vegetables which converts a cucumber into a formal declaration of attachment."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, tossing her head, and looking at the ashes in the grate, "he has done and said all sorts of things."

"Is there no mistake on your part?" asked Nicholas.

"Mistake!" cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Lord, Nicholas, my dear! do you suppose I don't know when a man's in earnest?"

"Well, well," muttered Nicholas.

"Every time I go to the window," said Mrs. Nickleby, "he kisses one hand, and lays the other upon his heart: of course, it's very foolish of him to do so, and I dare say you'll say it's very wrong; but he does it very respectfully, — very respectfully indeed, and very tenderly, — extremely tenderly. So far he deserves the greatest credit: there can be no doubt about that. Then there are the presents, which come pouring over the wall every day; and very fine they certainly are — very fine: we had one of the cucumbers at dinner yesterday, and think of pickling the rest for next winter. And last evening," added Mrs. Nickleby with increased confusion, "he called gently over the wall, as I was walking in the garden, and proposed marriage and an elopement. His voice is as clear as a bell or a musical glass, — very like a musical glass indeed, — but, of course, I did n't listen to it. Then the question is, Nicholas, my dear, what am I to do?"

"Does Kate know of this?" asked Nicholas.

"I have not said a word about it yet," answered his mother.

"Then for Heaven's sake!" rejoined Nicholas, rising, "do not; for it would make her very unhappy. And with regard to what you should do, my dear mother, do what your better sense and feeling, and respect for my father's memory, would prompt. There are a thousand ways in which you can show your dislike of these preposterous and doting attentions. If you act as decidedly as you ought, and they are still continued, and to your annoyance, I can speedily put a stop to them." . . .

So saying, Nicholas kissed his mother, and bade her good night; and they retired to their respective chambers.

Mrs. Nickleby is finally convinced that her admirer is insane, which nobody else is slow to perceive; but she will not admit it until the old gentleman has transferred his admiration to another lady, when she suddenly becomes satisfied that such is the case; though she persists in thinking that her rejection of his addresses is the unhappy cause of his madness. iii, v, x, xi, xviii–xx, xxi, xxvi–xxviii, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii, xli, xliii, xlv, lv, lxi, lxiii, lxv.

Noggs, Newman. Mr. Ralph Nickleby's clerk and drudge.

He was a tall man, of middle age, with two goggle-eyes, — of which one was a fixture, — a rubicund nose, a cadaverous face, and a suit of clothes — if the term be allowable when they suited him not at all — much the worse for wear, very much too small, and placed upon such a short allowance of buttons, that it was quite marvellous how he contrived to keep them on. . . . He rarely spoke to anybody unless somebody spoke to him, . . . and [was in the habit of rubbing] his hands slowly over each other, crack

ing the joints of his fingers, and squeezing them into all possible distortions. The incessant performance of this routine on every occasion, and the communication of a fixed and rigid look to his unaffected eye, so as to make it uniform with the other, and render it impossible for anybody to determine where or at what he was looking, were two among the numerous peculiarities of Mr. Noggs, which struck an inexperienced observer at first sight.

This man was once a gentleman; but, being of an open and unsuspicious nature, he falls into the hands of Ralph Nickleby and other knaves, who ruin him. Reduced to poverty, he enters Nickleby's service as clerk and fag, both because he is proud and there are no other drudges there to see his degradation, and because he is resolved to find Nickleby out, and hunt him down. He befriends and assists Nicholas, aids in unravelling his master's wicked plots, and at last has the satisfaction of telling him what he has done, "face to face, man to man, and like a man." ii-vi, xi, xiv-xvi, xxii, xxviii, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xl, xlv, xlvii, li, lii, lvii, lix, lxiii, lxv.

Petowker, Miss Henrietta. An actress who marries Mr. Lillyvick, and then elopes with a "half-pay captain." xiv, xv, xxv, xxx, xxxvi, xlviii.

Phoebe, or Phib. Miss Squeers's maid. xii.

Pluck, Mr. A creature of Sir Mulberry Hawk's. xix, xxvii, xxviii, xxxviii, l.

Price, Matilda. A friend of Miss Fanny Squeers's, engaged to John Browdie, whom she afterwards marries. ix, xii, xxxix, xlii, xliii, xlv, lxiv.

Pugstyles, Mr. One of Mr. Gregsbury's constituents, and the spokesman of a delegation that wait on that gentleman, to request him to resign his seat in parliament. xvi.

Pupker, Sir Matthew. A member of parliament, and chairman of a meeting called to organize "The United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company." ii.

Pyke, Mr. Toad-eater in ordinary to Sir Mulberry Hawk. xix, xxvii, xxviii, xxxviii, l.

Scaley, Mr. A sheriff's officer. xxi.

Simmonds, Miss. A workwoman of Madame Mantalini's. xvii.

Sliderskew, Peg. Arthur Gride's housekeeper; a short, thin, weazen, blear-eyed old woman, palsy-stricken, hideously ugly, and very deaf. li, liii, liv, lvii, lxv.

Smikey. An inmate of Squeers's house. Left with Mr. Squeers at an early age, and no one appearing, after the first year, to claim

him, or to pay for his board and tuition, he is made use of as a drudge for the whole family. Starved and beaten, he becomes broken-spirited, and nearly half-witted. When Nicholas Nickleby arrives at Dotheboys Hall as Squeers's assistant, his heart is filled with pity for the poor lad, and he treats him with great gentleness and kindness; and when Squeers undertakes to flog the boy within an inch of his life, for attempting to run away, Nicholas interferes, compels the ruffian to desist, and gives him as severe a beating as Smike himself was to have had. The two then leave the school and the village together, and, after various wanderings, fall in with Mr. Crummles, who is much struck with Smike's haggard countenance, and secures him for his theatrical company as "an actor for the starved business," bringing him out as the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," under the stage-name of Digby. Smike is subsequently captured by Squeers, who meets him on the street in London, and takes him to Snawley's house; but he is aided to escape by John Browdie, and succeeds in finding his way back to Nicholas, who refuses to give him up. Introduced to Mrs. Nickleby and Kate and Miss La Creevy, and surrounded by all the comforts and pleasures of a home, Smike gradually becomes accustomed to the new life upon which he has entered, and recovers much of his natural intelligence; but it is not long before he begins to droop, and, though he rallies once or twice, grows weaker and weaker till he dies. It is afterwards ascertained that he was the son of Ralph Nickleby. vii, viii, xii, xiii, xv, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxv, xxix, xxx, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvii-xl, xlv, xlix, lv, lviii.

Snawley, Mr. A sanctimonious, hypocritical rascal, who places his two little step-sons in the care of Squeers, at Dotheboys Hall, with the tacit understanding that they are to have no vacations, and are to "rough it a little." Acting as the tool of Ralph Nickleby, he afterwards claims Smike as his son, for the purpose of separating him from Nicholas, and restoring him to the custody of Squeers; but his villainy is discovered, and, to secure his own safety, he divulges the whole scheme, naming Ralph Nickleby as his employer, and implicating Squeers as a confederate. iv, xxxviii, xlv, lix.

Snawley, Mrs. His wife. xxxviii, lix.

Snevellicci, Miss. A member of Mr. Crummles's dramatic company. xxiii-xxv, xxix, xxx, xlviii.

Snevellicci, Mr. Her father; an actor belonging to the same company. xxx.

Snevellicci, Mrs. Her mother. xxx.

Snewkes, Mr. A friend of the Kenwigses. xiv.

Snobb, The Honorable Mr. A guest at the dinner-party given by Ralph Nickleby. xix.

Squeers, Wackford. A brutal, rapacious, and ignorant Yorkshire schoolmaster. To this person Nicholas Nickleby engages himself as a scholastic assistant on the faith of the following advertisement in the London papers :—

“**EDUCATION.**—At Mr. Wackford Squeers’s Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages, living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town, and attends daily, from one till four, at the Saracen’s Head, Snow Hill. N. B.—An able assistant wanted. Annual salary, £5. A Master of Arts would be preferred.”

Mr. Squeers was standing by one of the coffee-room fireplaces ; and his appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye ; and the popular prejudice runs in favor of two. The blank side of his face was much puckered up, which gave him a sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered on the villainous. He wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a scholastic suit of black ; but his coat-sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.

The learned gentleman had before him a small measure of coffee, a plate of hot toast, and a cold round of beef ; but he was at that moment intent on preparing another breakfast for the little boys.

“This is twopenn’orth of milk ; is it, waiter ?” said Mr. Squeers, looking down into a large blue mug.

“That’s twopenn’orth, sir,” replied the waiter.

“What a rare article milk is, to be sure, in London ! Just fill that mug up with lukewarm water, William ; will you ?”

“To the wery top, sir ?” inquired the waiter. “Why, the milk will be drowned !”

“Serve it right for being so dear. You ordered that thick bread and butter for three ; did you ?”

“Coming directly, sir.”

"You need n't hurry yourself," said Squeers: "there's plenty of time. Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles." As he uttered this moral precept, Mr. Squeers took a large bite out of the cold beef, and recognized Nicholas.

"Sit down, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers. "Here we are a breakfasting, you see."

Nicholas did not see that anybody was breakfasting except Mr. Squeers.

"Oh! that's the milk and water; is it, William? Here's richness! Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets that would be glad of this, little boys. When I say number one, the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and when I say number two, the boy next him will go in; and so till we come to number five. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Keep ready till I tell you to begin. Subdue your appetites, and you've conquered human nature. — This is the way we inculcate strength of mind, Mr. Nickleby."

Nicholas murmured something in reply; and the little boys remained in torments of expectation.

"Thank God for a good breakfast! Number one may take a drink."

Number one seized the mug ravenously, and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more, when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for number two, who gave up at the same interesting moment to number three; and the process was repeated till the milk and water terminated with number five.

"And now," said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread and butter for three into five portions, "you had better look sharp with your breakfast; for the horn will blow in a minute or two, and then every boy leaves off."

The boys began to eat voraciously, while the schoolmaster (who was in high good humor after his meal) picked his teeth with a fork, and looked on. In a very short time the horn was heard.

"I thought it wouldn't be long," said Squeers, jumping up, and producing a little basket. "Put what you haven't had time to eat, in here, boys! You'll want it on the road."

Mr. Squeers meets his just deserts at last, being sentenced to transportation for seven years for being in the unlawful possession of a stolen will; the result of which is, that Dotheboys Hall is broken up for ever. iv–ix, xiii, xxxiv, xxxviii, xxxix, xlii, xlv, lvi, lvii, lix, lx, lxx.

Squeers, Mrs. Wife of Mr. Wackford Squeers. viii, ix, xiii, lxiv.

Squeers, Miss Fanny. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wackford

Squeers; a young lady in her three-and-twentieth year, resembling her mother in the harshness of her voice and the shrewishness of her disposition, and her father in the remarkable expression of her right eye, something akin to having none at all. ix, xii, xiii, xv, xxxix, xli, lxiv.

Squeers, Master Wackford, junior. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wackford Squeers. viii, ix, xiii, xxix, xxxiv, xxxviii, xlii, lxiv.

Swillenhausen, Baron von. Neighbor and father-in-law to the Baron of Grogzwig. vi.

Swillenhausen, Baroness von. His wife. vi.

Timberly, Mr. Snittle. An actor belonging to Mr. Crummles's theatre. xxi.

Tix, Mr. Tom. A broker who makes an inventory of the stock in Madame Mantalini's millinery establishment on the occasion of her sudden failure. xlviii.

Tom. Clerk at the General Agency office. xvi, xliii.

Tomkins. One of Squeers's pupils. xiii.

Trimmers, Mr. A friend of the Cheeryble Brothers. xxxv.

Verisopht, Lord Frederick. A silly young nobleman, the tool of Sir Mulberry Hawk. He becomes enamored of Kate Nickleby, and has an angry altercation concerning her with Sir Mulberry. The quarrel leads to a duel, in which Lord Frederick is killed. xix, xxvi-xxviii, xxxviii, l.

Westwood, Mr. One of the seconds in the duel between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht. l.

William. A waiter at the Saracen's Head Inn. v.

Wititterly, Mrs. Julia. A lady of the middle class, who apes the airs and style of the aristocracy, and with whom Kate Nickleby lives for a while as companion. xxi, xxvii, xxviii.

Wititterly, Mr. Henry. Husband of Mrs. Wititterly. Being informed that Kate has applied for a situation as companion to his wife, he discusses the matter for some time with Mrs. Wititterly in whispers. At last he notices Kate.

"Oh!" he said, turning round, "yes. This is a most important matter. Mrs. Wititterly is of a very excitable nature, very delicate, very fragile, a hot-house plant, an exotic."

"O Henry! my dear," interposed Mrs. Wititterly.

"You are, my love; you know you are. One breath"—said Mr. W., blowing an imaginary feather away. "Pho! you're gone." The lady sighed.

"Your soul is too large for your body," said Mr. Wititterly. "Your intellect wears you out: all the medical men say so. You know that there is not a physician who is not proud of being called in to you. What is their unanimous declaration? 'My

'dear doctor,' said I to Sir Tumley Snuffin, in this very room, the very last time he came, — 'my dear doctor, what is my wife's complaint? Tell me all. I can bear it. Is it nerves?' — 'My dear fellow,' he said, 'be proud of that woman; make much of her: she is an ornament to the fashionable world, and to you. Her complaint is soul: it swells, expands, dilates — the blood fires, the pulse quickens, the excitement increases — whew!' " Here Mr. Wititterly, who, in the ardor of his description, had flourished his right hand to within something less than an inch of Mrs. Nickleby's bonnet, drew it hastily back again, and blew his nose as fiercely as if it had been done by some violent machinery.

"You make me out worse than I am, Henry," said Mrs. Wititterly with a faint smile.

"I do not, Julia; I do not," said Mr. W. "The society in which you move — necessarily move, from your station, connection, and endowments — is one vortex and whirlpool of the most frightful excitement. . . . And for that very reason you must have a companion in whom there is great gentleness, great sweetness, excessive sympathy, and perfect repose."

Here both Mr. and Mrs. Wititterly, who had talked rather at the Nicklebys than to each other, left off speaking, and looked at their two hearers with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, "What do you think of all that?"

"Mrs. Wititterly," said her husband, addressing himself to Mrs. Nickleby, "is sought after and courted by glittering crowds and brilliant circles. She is excited by the opera, the drama, the fine arts, the — the — the" —

"The nobility, my love," interposed Mrs. Wititterly.

"The nobility, of course," said Mr. Wititterly, "and the military. She forms and expresses an immense variety of opinions, on an immense variety of subjects. If some people in public life were acquainted with Mrs. Wititterly's real opinion of them, they would not hold their heads perhaps quite as high as they do." xxi, xxvii, xxviii, xxxiii.

York, The Five Sisters of. The title of a story told by a gray-haired gentleman at a roadside inn between Grantham and Newark, for the amusement of his fellow-passengers, who have been detained there by the breaking-down of a stage-coach. The five sisters are represented as living in York in the early part of the sixteenth century, in an old house belonging to the black monks of St. Benedict. While engaged in embroidering a complicated and intricate pattern, they are visited by one of the monks, who urges them to take the veil; but, under the influence of the youngest sister (named Alice), they refuse to do so, believing that

peace and virtue can be found beyond as well as within a convent's walls. Years pass by, bringing change and separation and sorrow ; but at last the four elder sisters meet again in the old home : and again the same black monk urges them by all the sad memories of the past to seek consolation and peace within the sheltering arms of the Church. Remembering how the young heart of their lost sister had sickened at the thought of cloistered walls, they again refuse. As a work of piety, however, as well as a memorial of affection, they cause to be executed in five compartments of stained glass fitted into a large window in York Cathedral (which is still shown there under the name of the Five Sisters), a faithful copy of their old embroidery-work through which the sun may shine brightly on a flat stone in the nave, which bears the name of *Nice*. vi.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

OUTLINE

Chapter A child, lost in London streets at night, fell into the hands

I of a gentleman, who led her back to her home and found on entering a singular household, for this little Nell Trent lived with her grandfather, the keeper of an old curiosity shop, and Kit Nubbles, an awkward but faithful errand boy. When the gentleman left, the old grandfather took his stick and set forth, too, on some mysterious errand. The whole scene affected the gentleman so

II much that he made a visit a week later to the old curiosity shop, and entering, found an unwelcome visitor, who proved to be a scapegrace brother of Nell's, bent on browbeating the old grandfather into helping him with money. With Fred Trent was a companion in idleness, one Dick Swiveller, who made up for Fred's loss of virtue by an excess of good-natured vagabondism, and a power of drawing at pleasure upon a solvent bank of poetical quotations and images. As the three were together, Nell herself

III entered, followed by an old dwarf, Daniel Quilp, who appeared to have some secret dealings with the keeper of the old curiosity shop. One by one they left, leaving the visitor alone with Nell and her grandfather, the place enlivened by a pet bird in a well-dressed cage. The old man opened his trembling heart a little to the stranger, as he spoke of his hopes and fears for his dependent granddaughter, who was engaged presently in giving a writing lesson to the not very receptive Kit.

IV To know Daniel Quilp better, one needed to see him in his own home on Tower Hill, not far from the Thames. His place of business was Quilp's wharf, on the other side of the river. Mrs. Quilp was a gentle, mild-mannered woman, who had somehow been fascinated by this outlandish dwarf. Even Mrs. Jiniwin, Mrs. Quilp's mother, who lived near by, though bold as a lion in Quilp's absence, somehow became abject under his masterful presence. This was notable enough one afternoon when Quilp, coming home, found the two women and some neighbors at tea, and overheard a little of their conversation not meant for his ears. He took his revenge on his wife by sitting up all night smoking and keeping

her awake on the floor. Apparently he made up for lack of sleep

V when, the next morning, he went to his dingy office, and, after tyrannizing over his boy, who found a certain relief in standing on his own head, stretched himself out on his table. He was interrupted by the advent of little Nell.

VI Nell, accompanied by Kit, had come with a note from her grandfather, and Quilp, making horrible show of affection for the child, pretended he must needs go home to write the answer. So, taking the two with him, having first separated Kit and his wharf boy, who had been fighting over the reputation of their respective employers, he went to Tower Hill and gave Nell into Mrs. Quilp's charge, commanding that poor woman to worm all she could out of the child, while he listened on the other side of the door. Apparently, he was satisfied with what he heard, for soon he appeared with the note, which was to say he would see the grandfather in a day or two, and sent Nell and Kit back to their home.

VII Mr. Quilp, in his leering pleasantry, had suggested to Nell that when Mrs. Quilp died, in say four or five years, he would be happy to make her his second wife. She was terrified enough, but she would have been shocked in another way, had she known that her dissolute brother Fred had proposed to his boon companion, Dick Swiveller, that he should lay siege to the child's heart, — she was now fourteen, — and so secure for both the grandfather's money, which he himself had been baffled in attempting to secure. Dick saw the scheme in a rosy light, but presently remembered that really he was somewhat in the chains of Miss Sophy Wackles, who, at this moment, herself brought a note of invitation

VIII to a dance. In truth, Miss Wackles, in company with her mother and sisters, had grown somewhat distrustful of Dick's attentions, and, having secured a more promising claimant in the person of Mr. Cheggs, resorted to the expedient of a party, at which they could play off this enamored butcher against the shady Dick; and thus the plans of both jumped; for Dick, becoming at once jealous of Mr. Cheggs, made an excuse of his objectionable courtesies, and threw off the entire Wackles family, thus leaving himself clear for the more promising connection offered by Fred Trent.

IX Meantime, Nelly, living alone with her grandfather, grew more sorrowful over his mysterious suffering, and implored him one evening, as he waited, disconsolately, for Quilp's appearance, past the promised time, to take her away with him into the country, even if they were but beggars, so they might escape their present misery. As they talked, Quilp entered unnoticed, and overheard some of their talk. Then, when he was discovered, he sent

Nelly out of the room, and plainly told the old man that he knew now what became of the money he lent him; it was spent at the gambling table. The old man confessed it, but declared it was all for the sake of his granddaughter, and besought Quilp to let him once again have some money. But Quilp was obdurate, and took his leave, after giving the old man to believe that he had discovered his gambling habits through Kit.

X He did not go unobserved. Hanging about the entrance and watching his movements was Kit Nubbles, the faithful attendant of Nelly. Kit did not live at the old curiosity shop, and now went home to his mother, where he was complacent in the family circle, when, of a sudden, Nelly appeared, tearful and dishevelled, to say that her grandfather had been taken in a violent fit, and upon Kit's eagerly desiring to help her, to tell him that her grandfather raved about him as the cause of all his woes, though she did not know why, and he must never, never come near them again. At which word poor Kit's house of cards tumbled with a crash.

XI The keeper of the old curiosity shop was, indeed, very ill, and remained so. And no sooner was his illness known than Quilp was on hand, attended by a learned lawyer, of his own way of thinking and feeling, one Sampson Brass. The two worthies took possession of the house and all it contained by some process of law, and, for the better security of their possession, occupied the premises, along with Quilp's tumbling boy. Not so hermetically, however, did they seal the place, but that Kit Nubbles, coming again and again, made out to have a whispered conference with Nelly, in which he offered her and her grandfather a home in his mother's house, and begged to be restored to a confidence which he had unwittingly appeared to forfeit.

XII The sickness which befell the old man slowly passed away, leaving him weak and half-childish. His sole thought, now, seemed to be of Nell, and when Quilp informed him that he had sold all the effects in the house, he consented without difficulty to their removal in a few days. At sunrise of that day, while Quilp and Brass lay asleep, the old man and child left the house, their only home, and set out on their wanderings. It was clear now that the child was to lead and direct the old man.

XIII A few hours after they left, and while Quilp and Brass were still asleep, knockings sounded on the outer door, and Quilp, when fairly awake, opened the door cautiously and then flung himself violently upon a person whom he supposed to be his wife, but who proved to be Dick Swiveller, a very different recipient of his attentions, who had come up to aid Mrs. Quilp in her timid attempt at rousing her husband. It was quickly discovered, to the

surprise of all, that Nell and her grandfather had vanished. Soon the vans came for removing the goods and with them came Kit, as much taken aback as the rest at the disappearance of the pair. Now happened what Nell had secretly hoped; the bird which she had been forced to leave behind fell into the hands of Kit, who bore it off triumphantly after a scrimmage with Quilp, and deposited it at his own home. Kit, much perplexed at the loss of his friends,

XIV strolled the streets, seeking for a chance to hold horses' heads, and had the good luck to fall in with Mr. and Mrs. Garland in their pony chaise, driving up to the door of Mr. Witherden, the Notary, to complete the articling to that gentleman of their son Abel Garland, who with Mr. Chuckster was a clerk of Witherden's. The liberal payment which the boy received was a happy omen of later good fortune. For want of a sixpence Mr. Garland had given Kit a shilling, and Kit had seriously agreed to bring the change back at a later day.

XV Meanwhile the two poor pilgrims made their way through the streets of London and issued in the open country beyond. They found rest for a little while in a friendly cottage, but the old man was feverishly impatient to get farther and farther away. The driver of a cart took pity on them and gave them a lift, leaving them at last near the entrance of a town. Here, as they stopped to rest, they found themselves in the company of some

XVI itinerant showmen. They were engaged in putting their Punch show in order, and Nelly proving expert with her needle, quickly made herself of use, and so when the showmen set out for the public-house, the two travellers joined themselves to the company, and were readily admitted on the strength of Nelly's sweet face. She, with the instinct of a careful provider, took care, when they were alone, to make sure of her small store of money, sewing her one gold piece into her dress. Their new friends were bound for

XVII the races, and the next day, after some parley, it was agreed that Codlin and Short, the two proprietors of the show, should take the pilgrims with them. As they went, occasionally giving a Punch and Judy performance to groups by the way, they came upon a similar party, "Grinder's lot," bound on a similar errand, the lot consisting of a young gentleman and a young lady on stilts, who found this professional occupation an agreeable mode of getting over the ground. The whole party kept together and came to the

XVIII Jolly Sandboys inn, where Codlin and Short, after private consultation, agreed with each other to take a sort of protecting proprietorship of the gentle girl and her decaying grandfather.

XIX Hither also came another stroller, Jerry, with his four performing dogs, and before supper was over, the company was

reënforced by Mr. Vuffin, the proprietor of a giant and a little lady without legs or arms who had gone on in a van, and Sweet William, as he was called, a silent gentleman who earned his living by showing tricks at cards. In this motley assemblage Nelly began to shrink from unknown perils, and all the more that Codlin and Short separately and secretly charged her each to beware of the other. In the turmoil of the fair, which attended the races, she tried in vain to escape from both, but at last, seizing a favorable moment, she and her grandfather, slipping away from observation, crept out of the precincts of the fair and made for the open fields.

XX It was a sore trial to poor Kit that his friends, whom he supposed all this time to be in London, did not accept his and his mother's invitation to take refuge in their humble home. He sought them in vain, and suddenly remembering his appointment with old Mr. Garland, presented himself at the Notary's door at the right hour, and sure enough, there were the old gentleman and old lady, with Whiskers, the little pony that drew them. Mr. Garland was surprised, but pleased, to see the boy, and, asking him many questions about his home, drove off after he had attended to his business. But he drove straight to Kit's own door, and there

XXI the boy found the old couple when he returned home. In fact, they had taken a fancy to the boy, and it was not long before they had engaged Kit for an attendant at Abel Cottage, Finchley, on a salary of six pounds a year. Scarcely had the Garlands gone, before Quilp and Dick Swiveller arrived on the scene, having come in hopes of discovering the whereabouts of Nell and her grandfather, each for his own purpose. They could neither learn anything nor tell anything, and when they went away, after nearly frightening the Nubbles family into fits, Quilp, having designs of his own, easily coaxed Dick into a drinking place where he wormed that gentleman's secrets out of his oozy brain, and immediately cherished the notion of aiding and abetting him for his own profit. A happier scene was that which awaited Kit when

XXII he went to his new place and was introduced to his duties by the pretty little servant girl, Barbara. Daniel Quilp followed up his advances with Dick Swiveller. He drew him back to his XXIII house with Nell's brother, Frederick Trent, and managed to strike a bargain with this profligate, by which, between them, they were to marry Dick to Nell.

XXIV Meanwhile Nell and her grandfather, all unconscious of these machinations, had escaped from their uncomfortable companions and were moving across the country. They came to a village school, and Nell quickly made friends with the schoolmaster, who was very anxious over the illness of a favorite little scholar.

Indeed he had good reason, and the next day he was fain to give the school a half-holiday, as he watched the ebbing hours

XXV of Dame West's grandson, to whom Nell — for the school-master had begged the child and her grandfather to stay awhile with him, — had already brought a soothing influence. Alas! it was a

XXVI sorrowful scene to which Nell was witness, and the next day she and her grandfather parted from their bereft friend and pushed on, coming at nightfall upon a gipsy-like caravan drawn up to rest. Mrs. Jarley, the proprietor of the famous Jarley's Waxworks, was in command of the caravan, and recognized Nell and her grandfather as the pair she had seen with the disreputable Punch show at the races; much at first to Nell's alarm, but presently to her relief, as it appeared that Mrs. Jarley highly disapproved of her late companions. So hospitable was the good woman, that she insisted on the old gentleman and his granddaughter entering her covered wagon and jogging along with her, for the next town was eight miles away.

XXVII Really, it was not at all an unpleasant mode of conveyance, and Mrs. Jarley, eying the child critically, saw how excellent an addition she would make to her management. She would have dispensed with the grandfather, but the two utterly refused to be separated; so Mrs. Jarley made an offer including them both, — the grandfather to dust the figures, and make himself generally useful, and Nell to act as show-girl in pointing out the wax-works, — an offer which, in their extremity, they were not unwilling to accept. When they drew up within the precincts of the town, Nell made a bed for her grandfather in one of the old wagons of the caravan, and herself shared Mrs. Jarley's quarters; but, as she was passing from one to the other, whom should she descry suddenly but Quilp, with his boy carrying a trunk. To be sure, she gathered from what she heard that they were on their way to London, but the sight brought a numbing terror to her heart.

XXVIII When morning came, the caravan proceeded to discharge its contents in the hall of exhibition. Here appeared to them Mr. Shum, the poet, ready to execute orders for poetical advertisements, and here Mrs. Jarley gave Nell her first lesson in exhibiting

XXIX the figures, — a lesson which the child quickly learned and applied, to the edification of the admiring visitors. Mrs. Jarley was kind to her, and, though visions of Quilp flitted across her mind, she was in comparative peace. But one evening, when she was out walking with her grandfather, they were caught in a storm, and found refuge in a wayside house, the Valiant Soldier, kept by Jem Groves. Here, as they rested, they heard voices, and suddenly the old grandfather was transformed. The men within

were playing at cards. He eagerly begged Nell's purse of her, and tremblingly insisted on playing, his one thought being to win some money for his Nell. On and on he played, till

midnight, when they all rose from the table, and every penny from Nell's purse had gone into the hands of the sharpers. It was now so late that they must perforce stay in the inn the rest of the night. Nell now told her grandfather that she still had a little money to pay for their lodging, and then, fearing the effect upon him if he discovered the secret of her gold piece, she went stealthily to the landlord and begged him to give her change for it, taking out what they needed to pay for their night's lodging; not so stealthily, however, but that her grandfather knew of it, and what was her horror in the middle of the night, when she discovered him greedily counting over the money which he had stolen from her. Sorrowfully, in

the morning, she led her grandfather back, and tried indirectly to win him from his return to old ways. She found plenty to do at the show, for Miss Monflathers and all her school had come to see the wax-works. So flourishing was the show that

Mrs. Jarley, with the art of the scientific exhibitor, ordered the caravan to move on, only to display her consideration for the public by reconsidering, and allowing the exhibition to be open a week longer.

What Mr. Quilp was doing in the neighborhood of the caravan does not yet appear; but in his own haunts he was busily promoting his interests; for he made it clear to Mr. Sampson Brass that it would be a good thing for him to take Dick Swiveller

as a clerk; and so Dick was introduced to the household consisting, as he quickly saw, of Sampson and his very masculine sister Sally. He was to learn of one other member of the household, for, upon being left alone by Sally Brass, there appeared presently a small, slipshod girl, very old-fashioned indeed in appearance, who represented herself as maid of all work, and now called on him to show the lodgings above to a single gentleman, who had presented himself, and who proceeded forthwith to take

possession of a room and go to bed. Sleep he did so profoundly and so long that Sampson and Sally Brass became a little uneasy, and at last, with the aid of the small servant and Dick, made a prodigious racket, which resulted in the admission of Dick into the irascible gentleman's room, where he was treated to the interesting spectacle of the gentleman making his own breakfast out of materials and with apparatus fetched from a mysterious

trunk, but learned neither the gentleman's name nor his business. This was of small account, however, so long as he paid punctually and in advance for all he had. His only acquaint-

tance in the household was Dick Swiveller, who, to be sure, invented the chief part of the acquaintance. Dick, for lack of better companionship, was forced to make the most of Sally Brass, and his lively behavior gradually transformed the gaunt spinster into something very like a boon companion. But what he could not make out was the condition of the small maid of all work, whom he had dubbed the Marchioness. What became of her, how she lived, what pleasure she got out of life, were all a mystery to him. One day, consumed with curiosity, he followed Sally Brass, unknown to her, into a dark, forbidding kitchen, and there had what satisfaction could be got from seeing her administering a diminutive meal to the starved little Marchioness, with blows for dessert.

XXXVII The most extraordinary thing about the lodger was that he seemed to have a consuming passion for Punch shows, and succeeded in drawing innumerable showmen into the precincts of Mr. Brass's house. He made friends with them, moreover, but some inkling of what he was after appeared when, one day, he en-

XXXVIII tertained in his apartment the very Codlin and Short who had escorted Nell and her grandfather, and proceeded to question them most assiduously, but with precious little result, about the two wanderers. Yet, some clue he seemed to have, for it was not long after that Kit, driving Mr. Abel to the Notary's office, was bidden come in by Mr. Chuckster, as he was wanted; and, going in, he was questioned regarding Nell by a stranger, who was no other than Mr. Brass's lodger; for, on coming out of the office, they were seen by Dick Swiveller, who was there himself to meet his good friend, Mr. Chuckster. Dick was exceedingly astonished, but all his probing of Kit afterward could extract nothing of value regarding this mysterious man.

XXXIX All this was nothing to Kit beside the great glory of his first quarter day, when he was paid his first instalment of salary, along with Barbara, Barbara's mother and Kit's mother both being on hand, and all of them, together with Kit's small brother Jacob and the baby, going to Astley's to see the pantomime and having an oyster supper afterward. On his return to Abel

XL Cottage the next day Kit was rather disconcerted at being told by Mr. Garland that this strange gentleman whom he had seen was desirous of receiving him into his service. He stoutly refused to leave his benefactor, but was made more reasonable when it appeared that he would perhaps only be borrowed now and then. While they were yet talking, Mr. Chuckster arrived on the scene for the express purpose of carrying Kit off to a meeting with the strange gentleman at the Notary's, and going thither Kit learned great news. The gentleman had got track of Nell and her grand-

father through a hint which Codlin and Short had given him of Jerry and his dogs, and was impatient to go in search of them. He wanted Kit's aid, but more especially he needed Kit's mother to

XLI go with him on his quest. There was no time to lose, and off went Kit to his mother's house, only to find that she was absent with Jacob at Little Bethel.

It was not very easy to procure direction to the fold in question, as none of the neighbors were of the flock that resorted thither, and few knew anything more of it than the name. At last, a gossip of Mrs. Nubbles's, who had accompanied her to chapel on one or two occasions, when a comfortable cup of tea had preceded her devotions, furnished the needful information; which Kit had no sooner obtained than he started off again.

Little Bethel might have been nearer, and might have been in a straighter road, though, in that case, the reverend gentleman who presided over its congregation would have lost his favorite allusion to the crooked ways by which it was approached, and which enabled him to liken it to paradise itself, in contradistinction to the parish church, and the broad thoroughfare leading thereunto. Kit found it at last, after some trouble, and pausing at the door to take breath, that he might enter with becoming decency, passed into the chapel.

It was not badly named in one respect, being, in truth, a particularly little Bethel, — a Bethel of the smallest dimensions, — with a small number of small pews, and a small pulpit in which a small gentleman (by trade a shoemaker, and by calling a divine) was delivering in a by no means small voice a by no means small sermon, judging of its dimensions by the condition of his audience, which, if their gross amount were but small, comprised a still smaller number of hearers, as the majority were slumbering.

Among these was Kit's mother, who, finding it matter of extreme difficulty to keep her eyes open after the fatigues of last night, and feeling their inclination to doze strongly backed and seconded by the arguments of the preacher, had yielded to the drowsiness that overpowered her, and fallen asleep; though not so soundly but that she could from time to time utter a slight and almost inaudible groan, as if in recognition of the orator's doctrines. The baby in her arms was as fast asleep as she; and little Jacob, whose youth prevented him from recognizing in this prolonged spiritual nourishment anything half as interesting as oysters, was alternately very fast asleep and very wide awake, as his inclination to slumber, or his terror of being personally alluded to in the discourse, gained the mastery over him.

"And now I'm here," thought Kit, gliding into the nearest pew, which was opposite his mother's, and on the other side of the little aisle, "how am I ever to get at her, or persuade her to come out? I might as well be twenty miles off. She'll never wake till it's all over; and there goes the clock again! If he would but leave off for a minute, or if they'd only sing!" —

But there was little encouragement to believe that either event would happen for a couple of hours to come. The preacher went on telling them what he meant to convince them of before he had done; and it was clear, that if he only kept to one half of his promises, and forgot the other, he was good for that time, at least.

In his desperation and restlessness Kit cast his eyes about the chapel, and, happening to let them fall upon a little seat in front of the clerk's desk, could scarcely believe them when they showed him — Quilp!

He rubbed them twice or thrice; but still they insisted that Quilp was there: and there, indeed, he was, sitting with his hands upon his knees, and his hat between them on a little wooden bracket, with the accustomed grin on his dirty face, and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. He certainly did not glance at Kit or at his mother, and appeared utterly unconscious of their presence; still Kit could not help feeling, directly, that the attention of the sly little fiend was fastened upon them, and upon nothing else.

But astounded as he was by the apparition of the dwarf among the Little Bethelites, and not free from a misgiving that it was the forerunner of some trouble or annoyance, he was compelled to subdue his wonder, and to take active measures for the withdrawal of his parent, as the evening was now creeping on, and the matter grew serious. Therefore, the next time little Jacob woke, Kit set himself to attract his wandering attention; and, this not being a very difficult task (one sneeze effected it), he signed to him to rouse his mother.

Ill-luck would have it, however, that, just then, the preacher, in a forcible exposition of one head of his discourse, leaned over upon the pulpit-desk, so that very little more of him than his legs remained inside, and while he made vehement gestures with his right hand, and held on with his left, stared, or seemed to stare, straight into little Jacob's eyes, threatening him by his strained look and attitude (so it appeared to the child), that, if he so much as moved a muscle, he, the preacher, would be literally, and not figuratively, "down upon him" that instant. In this fearful state of things, distracted by the sudden appearance of Kit, and

fascinated by the eyes of the preacher, the miserable Jacob sat bolt upright, wholly incapable of motion, strongly disposed to cry, but afraid to do so, and returning his pastor's gaze until his infant eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

"If I must do it openly, I must," thought Kit. With that he walked softly out of his pew, and into his mother's, and, as Mr. Swiveller would have observed if he had been present, "collared" the baby without speaking a word.

"Hush, mother!" whispered Kit. "Come along with me: I've got something to tell you."

"Where am I?" said Mrs. Nubbles.

"In this blessed Little Bethel," returned her son peevishly.

"Blessed indeed!" cried Mrs. Nubbles, catching at the word.

"O Christopher, how have I been edified this night!"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Kit hastily. "But come along, mother: everybody's looking at us. Don't make a noise; bring Jacob; that's right!"

"Stay, Satan, stay!" cried the preacher as Kit was moving off.

"The gentleman says you're to stay, Christopher," whispered his mother.

"Stay, Satan, stay!" roared the preacher again. "Tempt not the woman that doth incline her ear to thee, but hearken to the voice of him that calleth. He hath a lamb from the fold!" cried the preacher, raising his voice still higher, and pointing to the baby. "He beareth off a lamb, a precious lamb! He goeth about like a wolf in the night-season, and inveigleth the tender lambs!"

Kit was the best-tempered fellow in the world, but considering this strong language, and being somewhat excited by the circumstances in which he was placed, he faced round on the pulpit with the baby in his arms, and replied aloud:—

"No; I don't. He's my brother!"

"He's *my* brother!" cried the preacher.

"He is n't," said Kit indignantly. "How can you say such a thing? And don't call me names, if you please: what harm have I done? I shouldn't have come to take 'em away unless I was obliged: you may depend upon that. I wanted to do it very quiet; but you would n't let me. Now, you have the goodness to abuse Satan and them as much as you like, sir, and to let me alone, if you please."

So saying, Kit marched out of the chapel, followed by his mother and little Jacob, and found himself in the open air, with an indistinct recollection of having seen the people wake up, and look surprised, and of Quilp having remained throughout the

interruption, in his old attitude, without moving his eyes from the ceiling, or appearing to take the smallest notice of anything that passed.

And Kit had the satisfaction of seeing his mother drive off finally with the strange gentleman in a post-chaise.

XLII But where was Nell all this time? She was still with Mrs. Jarley, but the experience she had had with her grandfather was but the beginning of her trouble and anxiety on his score. One evening she was alone in the fields, coming home from a walk, when she heard voices at what she thought was a gipsy encampment. Suddenly she discovered that her grandfather was in the camp, and drawing near she found the same men who had won her grandfather's money; listening, she heard to her horror how they egged on the poor old man to rob Mrs. Jarley, that he might win back the money he had lost and more too. When all was still and her grandfather had left, she too crept away, but her mind was frenzied at the thought of what was before them. The crime was to be committed the next night, and this night, in the darkness, she went to the old man's room, and with a power of will wrought up to a pitch of agony she compelled the old man to dress, and with her to escape from the terror which lay before them.

XLIII Out into the darkness they went, but at least they had been saved. In the early morning, they found themselves on the bank of a canal, where they rested, but were awaked from sleep by the noise of the men. A colloquy followed, and Nell and her grandfather were invited to board the boat and be carried to the neighboring town. It was a dubious relief, for though they were carried farther and farther from the scene of the possible crime, they were in very rude company; yet, boisterous and maudlin as the men were, Nell's gentleness and purity were her safeguard. Arrived at a town,

XLIV they pushed through it again into the open country, and might have perished of cold and exposure, had not a laboring man come to their rescue and given them shelter in the warmth of a great iron furnace. Their aimless course took them through

XLV scenes of misery, especially in a great manufacturing town; they could get barely enough to eat, and must needs sleep under the stars; poor Nell was on the verge of despair, when she saw before her a figure walking and reading at the same time. She moved toward him; he turned; it was the poor schoolmaster who had been good to them at the beginning of their wanderings. He

XLVI was a friend sent in an hour of need. It seems that he was on his way to a village where he had been appointed schoolmaster and would be passing rich on thirty-five pounds a year. He took the exhausted child to an inn near by. Here, with care, sleep,

and food she was restored, and seeing in the schoolmaster a true friend she told him all her story, and he, moved by her gentle attraction, warmly offered a home and shelter for her and her grandfather in his new place.

XLVII If the strange gentleman could but have known of the refuge! He had set off with Kit's mother at a furious rate, scarce able to restrain his impatience, and after driving all night came to a town where he bade the post-boy seek for the wax-works, for so far he had traced Nell. They drove up to find a small crowd at the door, and to learn that the redoubtable Mrs. Jarley had just been married to George, her man. She was full of interest in the matter, but could give them no real information, and so the strange gentleman and Kit's mother went to the inn. To their amazement, the

XLVIII first person they encountered there was Quilp, and the strange gentleman at once sought an interview with him, to learn if he could, in his impetuous fashion, something about Nell and her grandfather, but he was baffled at every point. It seems that Quilp, coming upon Dick Swiveller, had learned from him that Kit was in communication with the stranger; accordingly he had called on Kit's mother and learning that she was in chapel went thither, after which it was easy to dog her and Kit and to come down on the night coach. But he learned no more from the strange gentleman than he could tell him, and back he went to London atop of the coach with Kit's mother inside. Kit was on hand to receive his mother, and he gave Quilp likewise a somewhat warm reception for a boy of his size.

XLIX Quilp went to his own house, where he heard voices, both men's and women's, and with his keen scent for mischief he did not make entrance till he had collared his prankish boy and learned from him that the family thought him drowned, and were engaged now in getting ready to administer on him. He listened and peeped with ghoulisn glee, while Sampson Brass prepared an advertisement of his personal appearance between copious draughts of rum punch, aided by Mrs. Jiniwin who was unsparing of the best adjectives, while Mrs. Quilp sat by in decorous grief, and two watermen who had been dragging the river completed the group.

"Ah!" said Mr. Brass, breaking the silence, and raising his eyes to the ceiling with a sigh, "who knows but he may be looking down upon us now! Who knows but he may be surveying us from—from somewheres or another, and contemplating us with a watchful eye! O Lor!"

Here Mr. Brass stopped to drink half his punch, and then resumed, looking at the other half, as he spoke, with a dejected smile.

"I can almost fancy," said the lawyer, shaking his head, "that I see his eye glistening down at the very bottom of my liquor. When shall we look upon his like again? Never, never! One minute we are here," — holding his tumbler before his eyes, — "the next we are there" — gulping down its contents, and striking himself emphatically a little below the chest — "in the silent tomb. To think that I should be drinking his very rum! It seems like a dream."

With the view, no doubt, of testing the reality of his position, Mr. Brass pushed his tumbler, as he spoke, towards Mrs. Jiniwin, for the purpose of being replenished, and turned towards the attendant mariners.

"The search has been quite unsuccessful, then?"

"Quite, master. But I should say, that, if he turns up anywhere, he'll come ashore somewhere about Grinidge to-morrow, at ebb tide; eh, mate?"

The other gentleman assented, observing that he was expected at the Hospital, and that several pensioners would be ready to receive him whenever he arrived.

"Then we have nothing for it but resignation," said Mr. Brass, — "nothing but resignation and expectation. It would be a comfort to have his body: it would be a dreary comfort."

"Oh, beyond a doubt!" assented Mrs. Jiniwin hastily. "If we once had that, we should be quite sure."

"With regard to the descriptive advertisement," said Sampson Brass, taking up his pen. "It is a melancholy pleasure to recall his traits. Respecting his legs now?" —

"Crooked, certainly," said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Do you think they *were* crooked?" said Brass in an insinuating tone. "I think I see them now, coming up the street, very wide apart, in nankeen pantaloons, a little shrunk, and without straps. Ah! what a vale of tears we live in! Do we say crooked?"

"I think they were a little so," observed Mrs. Quilp with a sob.

"Legs crooked," said Brass, writing as he spoke. "Large head. short body, legs crooked" —

"Very crooked," suggested Mrs. Jiniwin.

"We'll not say very crooked, ma'am," said Brass piously. "Let us not bear hard upon the weaknesses of the deceased. He is gone, ma'am, to where his legs will never come in question. We will content ourselves with crooked, Mrs. Jiniwin."

"I thought you wanted the truth," said the old lady. "That's all."

"Bless your eyes, how I love you!" muttered Quilp. "There she goes again! Nothing but punch!"

"This is an occupation," said the lawyer, laying down his pen, and emptying his glass, "which seems to bring him before my eyes like the ghost of Hamlet's father, in the very clothes that he wore on work-a-days. His coat, his waistcoat, his shoes and stockings, his trousers, his hat, his wit and humor, his pathos and his umbrella, — all come before me like visions of my youth. His linen!" said Mr. Brass, smiling fondly at the wall, — "his linen, which was always of a particular color, for such was his whim and fancy, — how plain I see his linen now!"

"You had better go on, sir," said Mrs. Jiniwin impatiently.

"True, ma'am, true," cried Mr. Brass. "Our faculties must not freeze with grief. I'll trouble you for a little more of that, ma'am. A question now arises with relation to his nose."

"Flat," said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Aquiline!" cried Quilp, thrusting in his head, and striking the feature with his fist, — "aquiline, you hag! Do you see it? Do you call this flat? Do you? Eh?"

"Oh, capital, capital!" shouted Brass, from the mere force of habit. "Excellent! How very good he is! He's a most remarkable man, — so extremely whimsical! Such an amazing power of taking people by surprise!"

Quilp paid no regard whatever to these compliments, nor to the dubious and frightened look into which the lawyer gradually subsided, nor to the shrieks of his wife and mother-in-law, nor to the latter's running from the room, nor to the former's fainting away. Keeping his eye fixed on Sampson Brass, he walked up to the table, and, beginning with his glass, drank off the contents, and went regularly round until he had emptied the other two; when he seized the case-bottle, and, hugging it under his arm, surveyed him with a most extraordinary leer.

"Not yet, Sampson!" said Quilp, — "not just yet!"

"Oh, very good indeed!" cried Brass, recovering his spirits a little. "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, exceedingly good! There's not another man alive who could carry it off like that. A most difficult position to carry off. But he has such a flow of good humor, such an amazing flow!"

"Good-night!" said the dwarf, nodding expressively.

"Good-night, sir, good-night!" cried the lawyer, retreating backwards towards the door. "This is a joyful occasion, indeed; extremely joyful. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, very rich, very rich indeed, remarkably so!"

Waiting until Mr. Brass's ejaculations died away in the dis

tance (for he continued to pour them out all the way down stairs). Quilp advanced towards the two men, who yet lingered in a kind of stupid amazement.

"Have you been dragging the river all day, gentlemen?" said the dwarf, holding the door open with great politeness.

"And yesterday, too, master."

"Dear me! you've had a deal of trouble. Pray consider everything yours that you find upon the—upon the body. Good-night!"

The men looked at each other, but had evidently no inclination to argue the point just then, and shuffled out of the room. The speedy clearance effected, Quilp locked the doors, and, still embracing the case-bottle with shrugged-up shoulders and folded arms, stood looking at his insensible wife like a dismounted nightmare.

L When she came to, Quilp announced his intention of setting up a bachelor's establishment at Quilp's wharf, and bidding his wife and her mother get his things together, he set off with Tom Scott, his boy, and made himself quite comfortable with a hammock for bed and his own cooking things. Then he looked up Dick Swiveller, to find him in a maudlin condition of emotion over the recent marriage of Sophy Wackles to his rival Cheggs. Quilp, pumping Dick as usual, learned that the mysterious stranger had made the acquaintance of Fred Trent, who at this time was off on a gambling jaunt. He went back to his wharf, where he was waited on by his tearful wife, who vainly sought to coax him to the house again. The next day he went to see Sampson and Sally

LI Brass, but encountered the Marchioness only. However, he left a note with her inviting the worthy pair to take tea with him that afternoon in the summer house of a water-side inn, and there he let them know that he hated Kit and depended on them to get him in some fashion out of his way.

LII While all this plotting was going on, Nell and her grandfather really seemed at last to have found a resting-place; for in the village to which the schoolmaster had brought them was an old church, and in a house next to the schoolmaster's the old man and little girl were given a home, with the light duty on her part of being keeper to the old church. Her special guardian beside the schoolmaster was a kindly old bachelor, who lived in the village and was the good genius of the place. Nell soon made her-

LIII self at home in the house and in the church indeed, which was to her a most peaceful place, next door to heaven. The old bachelor was, as it were, her tutor, telling her the stories
LIV of tombs and inscriptions. She talked with the sexton and

grave-digger, and was filled with a nameless sorrow for the children who had died and lay buried here, so that with her grandfather's help she began to make a garden of the old graveyard, caring, as some frail little Old Mortality, for the neglected graves of forgotten

LV children. Yet it was apparent soon, even to the half awake old grandfather, that little Nell herself was wasting away, and the children who came to love her were filled with a bitter fear that she would not stay long with them.

LVI A day or two after the tea-party Dick Swiveller received a visit from his friend, Mr. Chuckster, and while they were both talking of the mysterious stranger and had got as far even as to note his intimacy with Kit, in walked that young man himself with a letter for the lodger, which he refused to deliver except to the person himself. No sooner had Kit gone up than Sampson and Sally Brass came in. Chuckster went out, and Sampson gave Dick a letter to carry to Peckham Rye. Then leaving the office door ajar, the old spider watched for the coming down of Kit, and calling him in, he made friends with him in a cheerful way, and with much mystery gave him to understand that a couple of half crowns on the desk came from the stranger above, and were to be taken by

LVII Kit, which Kit proceeded to do. This was the beginning of a series of performances, all calculated to inspire Kit with a better feeling toward Sampson Brass, who regularly, when he came alone, saw that Kit took the two half crowns, though Kit often drove the pony chaise, with Mr. Garland in it, to the strange gentleman's door. Whenever Kit was alone, Sampson Brass took occasion to send Dick Swiveller off on some errand. Dick, left much to himself, was fain to entertain his lonely hours with cribbage, setting up a dummy and jeopardizing his fortune at tremendous games of hazard with himself. He thought he heard a sort of snorting sound outside at such times, and suspecting the small servant, he softly opened the door one evening and pounced upon her. The poor little Marchioness confessed to watching at the keyhole out of pure loneliness, and Dick, with instantaneous compassion, made friends

LVIII with her, and for better security visited her in her subterranean abode, where he gave her copious draughts of ale and engaged in a game of cards with her.

Dick was, to be sure, in a melancholy mood after losing Sophy Cheggs, *née* Wackles; he even took to playing the flute. But he seemed now to be getting into other people's troubles, for Sally Brass, coming into the office one morning, complained to Dick that she had missed various articles, including some half crowns. Dick instantly thought of the Marchioness, and mentally fixed the crime on her. As they were talking, Sampson came in, and Sally

suddenly thought of Kit as the possible thief, to the terrible indignation of Sampson, who had, at the moment, a five pound note in his hand which he laid down on the desk. At this moment in came Kit himself with a letter for the lodger. When he came down stairs, the others being away, Sampson again engaged him in

LIX friendly talk, but managed to transfer the five pound note to Kit's hat. Then, apparently vexed at the prolonged absence of Dick, Sampson asked Kit to mind the office for a moment. When he came back he entered at the same moment with Dick and Sally, whereupon Kit left. He had not been gone long when Mr. Brass discovered his loss, and in great agitation ran after Kit. After him also ran Dick. Sampson, almost with tears in his eyes, told Kit of the misadventure, and the boy willingly went back, secure in his innocence, to the office. There he was searched, and of course it was Dick who found the five pound note in the lining of the boy's hat.

LX The constable whom Dick Swiveller was sent for appeared presently, and the whole party set out in a hackney coach to conduct this innocent little criminal to a magistrate. They passed Quilp on the way, and the dwarf was overcome with hilarity at discovering Kit in custody; they drove up to the notary's and exhibited Kit to Mr. Witherden, the Garlands, and Mr. Chuckster, and then went to the justice room, where the strange gentleman did his very best to save poor Kit, but in vain. The boy was com-

LXI mitted for trial, and wept in his cell, but presently was summoned to see visitors. They were his mother, the baby, little Jacob, and Barbara's mother, and it was a comfort at least to be assured by his mother that never for a moment did she suspect him. As he was returning to his cell under conduct of the turnkey, an officer stepped up with a pint pot of porter and a note. A friend had sent it, and the note was signed by the initials of Richard Swiveller.

LXII Mr. Brass, having accomplished the task set him, proceeded to report in person to his employer, and found that gentleman in his office, where he had set up a wooden figure of an admiral, and was engaged in driving sharp things into it and otherwise tormenting it, under the pretence that it was an effigy of Kit. Quilp made Brass drink a lot of infernal liquor, and bade him discharge Dick Swiveller as soon as the trial was over and he was no longer of any use. The lodger, Brass informed Quilp, had already abandoned his room and was at the Garlands'.

LXIII The trial came off with great promptness. Not a shred of evidence appearing to rebut the testimony put in by the counsel for the prosecution, Kit was declared guilty by the jury and

sent back to prison. The chief comforter of his mother and little Jacob was Dick Swiveller, and when he returned to Mr. Brass's late one Saturday night, he was met with the notice that he need no longer waste his time at the office. He went off to his lodging, but

LXIV what with all he had gone through, and all that had gone through him of late, he was taken violently ill with a delirious fever, and woke after three weeks to find himself in bed and the Marchioness playing cards by his bedside.

Yes; playing cribbage with herself at the table. There she sat, intent upon her game, coughing now and then in a subdued manner as if she feared to disturb him, — shuffling the cards, cutting, dealing, playing, counting, pegging, — going through all the mysteries of cribbage as if she had been in full practice from her cradle!

Mr. Swiveller raised the curtain again, determined to take the first favorable opportunity of addressing his companion. An occasion soon presented itself. The Marchioness dealt, turned up a knave, and omitted to take the usual advantage; upon which Mr. Swiveller called out as loud as he could, "Two for his heels!"

The Marchioness jumped up quickly, and clapped her hands . . . for joy, . . . declaring . . . that she was "so glad she did n't know what to do."

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller thoughtfully, "be pleased to draw nearer. First of all, will you have the goodness to inform me where I shall find my voice, and, secondly, what has become of my flesh?"

The Marchioness only shook her head mournfully, and cried again; whereupon Mr. Swiveller (being very weak) felt his own eyes affected likewise.

"I begin to infer from your manner and these appearances, Marchioness," said Richard after a pause, and smiling with a trembling lip, "that I have been ill."

"You just have!" replied the small servant, wiping her eyes. "And haven't you been a talking nonsense!"

"Oh!" said Dick. "Very ill, Marchioness, have I been?"

"Dead, all but," replied the small servant. "I never thought you'd get better. Thank Heaven you have!"

Mr. Swiveller was silent for a long while. By and by he began to talk again, inquiring how long he had been there.

"Three weeks to-morrow," replied the small servant.

"Three what?" said Dick.

"Weeks," returned the Marchioness emphatically, — "three long, slow weeks."

The bare thought of having been in such extremity caused

Richard to fall into another silence, and to lie flat down again at his full length. The Marchioness, having arranged the bed-clothes more comfortably, and felt that his hands and forehead were quite cool, — a discovery that filled her with delight, — cried a little more, and then applied herself to getting tea ready, and making some thin dry toast.

While she was thus engaged, Mr. Swiveller looked on with a grateful heart, very much astonished to see how thoroughly at home she made herself, and attributing this attention, in its origin, to Sally Brass, whom, in his own mind, he could not thank enough. When the Marchioness had finished her toasting, she spread a clean cloth on a tray, and brought him some crisp slices and a great basin of weak tea, with which (she said) the doctor had left word he might refresh himself when he awoke. She propped him up with pillows, if not as skilfully as if she had been a professional nurse all her life, at least as tenderly, and looked on with unutterable satisfaction while the patient — stopping every now and then to shake her by the hand — took his poor meal with an appetite and relish which the greatest dainties of the earth, under any other circumstances, would have failed to provoke. Having cleared away, and disposed everything comfortably about him again, she sat down at the table to take her own tea.

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "how's Sally?"

The small servant screwed her face into an expression of the very uttermost entanglement of slyness, and shook her head.

"What! have n't you seen her lately?" said Dick.

"Seen her!" cried the small servant. "Bless you, I've run away!"

Mr. Swiveller immediately laid himself down again quite flat, and so remained for about five minutes. By slow degrees he resumed his sitting posture after that lapse of time, and inquired: —

"And where do you live, Marchioness?"

"Live!" cried the small servant. "Here!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Swiveller.

And with that he fell down flat again as suddenly as if he had been shot. Thus he remained, motionless, and bereft of speech, until she had finished her meal, put everything in its place, and swept the hearth; when he motioned her to bring a chair to the bedside, and, being propped up again, opened a further conversation.

"And so," said Dick, "you have run away?"

"Yes," said the Marchioness; "and they've been a tising of me."

"Been—I beg your pardon," said Dick,— "what have they been doing?"

"Been a tising of me—tising, you know, in the newspapers," rejoined the Marchioness.

"Ay, ay," said Dick,— "advertising?"

The small servant nodded and winked. Her eyes were so red with waking and crying, that the Tragic Muse might have winked with greater consistency. And so Dick felt.

"Tell me," said he, "how it was that you thought of coming here."

"Why, you see," returned the Marchioness, "when you was gone, I had n't any friend at all, because the lodger he never come back, and I did n't know where either him or you was to be found, you know. But one morning, when I was"—

"Was near a keyhole," suggested Mr. Swiveller, observing that she faltered.

"Well, then," said the small servant, nodding,— "when I was near the office keyhole,—as you see me through, you know,—I heard somebody saying that she lived here, and was the lady whose house you lodged at; and that you was took very bad; and would n't nobody come and take care of you? Mr. Brass he says, 'It's no business of mine,' he says; and Miss Sally she says, 'He's a funny chap; but it's no business of mine.' And the lady went away, and slammed the door to when she went out, I can tell you. So I run away that night, and come here, and told 'em you was my brother; and they believed me; and I've been here ever since."

LXV She went on to tell him how she had overheard Sampson and Sally laying the plot for entrapping Kit, and Dick, now in a state of great excitement, sent her off to the notary's office. Arrived there, she found the pony chaise and Mr. Abel about to drive off. She avoided Mr. Chuckster, and cutting on behind, surprised Mr. Abel, when at a safe distance, by her presence. She panted out her message and urged him to drive fast, which he did, stopping at last at the door of Dick's lodgings. Here the Marchioness by the sick man's bed told her story over again, and at Dick's feverish request Mr. Abel drove off as fast as possible to report affairs at headquarters.

LXVI As a consequence, when Dick woke the next morning it was to find Mr. Garland, Mr. Abel, Mr. Witherden, and the strange gentleman all in his room, talking in whispers. They assured him that it was not too late to arrest the course of injustice, and after the Marchioness had given him his breakfast and washed his face and hands, they proceeded to set forth the plan

upon which they were to work, which was to confront Sally Brass with the knowledge they had and force a confession from her. Dick was somewhat skeptical of the result, but he left them to their devices, and they left him to a large hamper of good things which came as they departed. They took up their post at an inn near the place where the Brasses lived, and by a mysterious note brought Sally Brass before them. After they had propounded the matter to her and had let her know through whose instrumentality the discovery had been made, she deliberated what answer to make, when the door opened and Sampson Brass entered. He had followed his sister, being of a suspicious turn, had overheard the conversation, and now volunteered his services. In a word, he was so afraid of consequences, and so infuriated by the scurvy treatment he had received at the hands of Quilp, that he turned state's evidence for the purpose of bringing the dwarf's head under the law. Upon the demand of the gentlemen he reduced his testimony to writing. Sally meanwhile, pretending to sleep, slipped off.

The company of conspirators against the peace of Daniel Quilp returned to Dick's lodgings to report progress, and when all had gone but the notary, that gentleman gave a piece of news to Dick. Dick's aunt had died, and left him an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Dick's first thought was for the Marchioness. The notary congratulated him on the small property he had come into.

"Sir," said Dick, sobbing and laughing together, "you may.

For, please God, we'll make a scholar of the poor Marchioness yet! And she shall walk in silk attire, and siller have to spare, or may I never rise from this bed again."

LXVII Sally Brass had slipped away from her brother and the company about him with a pretty clear sense of what was to be done. She took measures for her own safety, and then sent a note by Mrs. Quilp to that meek lady's husband apprising him of her brother's infidelity and advising him to clear out. Quilp, mad with rage over Sampson Brass, barred his place stoutly, and was ready to escape under cover of the darkness when his enemy appeared. Night came on; it was pitchy dark, and Quilp, hearing a knock at the outer door, made his way out of the place, but he lost his bearings, and as he climbed about among the slippery wharves he lost his footing and fell into the swift river. He uttered one despairing cry, and then the river bore his corpse along.

It toyed and sported with its ghastly freight, now bruising it against the slimy piles, now hiding it in mud or long, rank grass,

now dragging it heavily over rough stones and gravel, now feigning to yield it to its own element, and in the same action luring it away, until, tired of the ugly plaything, it flung it on a swamp—a dismal place where pirates had swung in chains, through many a wintry night—and left it there to bleach.

LXVIII With the death of Quilp, fire struck his wharf and office also. Kit, meanwhile, had been visited by his friends, released from prison, and brought to the Garlands', where all made merry over the return of the innocent, the pony sharing in the common joy, and Barbara having her special share. Then it was that the best comfort of all came to the boy, when he learned that Miss Nell and her grandfather had been found, and by the most singular coincidence. Mr. Garland had a brother of remarkably quiet and retiring disposition, who rarely wrote about the people in the village where he lived, but of late he had written, because of his great interest, of an old man and child, whom he had befriended. He was, indeed, the "Bachelor" of the village, and thus the hiding-place of the pair had been discovered.

LXIX And now, Mr. Garland, the strange gentleman, and Kit set off on their journey to recover, in very truth, the lost pair, Kit on the rumble behind, the two gentlemen within. It was night, and the strange gentleman took this opportunity to divulge to Mr. Garland the story of Nell's grandfather. He was the elder of two brothers by some twelve years. Both had loved the same woman, and the younger had sacrificed himself and his love. He left the country, and his elder brother married their common love, who died soon, leaving an infant daughter. When the child grew, she married a man unworthy of her, who died at last, after making her wretched and despoiling her father. Then she died also, and her two children, the boy and girl, fell into their grandfather's hands. The boy took after his father, and led a wayward life. The girl, little Nell, was his cherished companion. And so, at last, the younger brother came home to seek his brother, and found him and the child gone. It had been his business since to find them, as he was now doing.

LXX It was night again, of the second day, before they reached the village. It was midnight, but they came upon the old sexton, who directed them. As they drew near the spot where Nell and her grandfather lived, Kit went on ahead. He found the house; he heard strange voices within, and pushed the door open.

LXXI He discovered the old man crouching over the fire and moaning. He did not seem to recognize Kit, but spoke constantly of Nell as cold in the inner room. Then came in the younger brother, Mr. Garland, the schoolmaster, and the bachelor. They tried in

vain to bring the old man to a knowledge of his brother; he had but one thought, and that was for Nell.

"Where is she?" demanded Kit. "Oh, tell me but that, but that, dear master!"

"She is asleep — yonder — in there."

"Thank God!"

"Ay! Thank God!" returned the old man. "I have prayed to him many and many and many a livelong night, when she has been asleep. He knows. Hark! Did she call?"

"I heard no voice."

"You did. You hear her now. Do you tell me that you don't hear *that*?"

He started up, and listened again.

"Nor that?" he cried with a triumphant smile. "Can anybody know that voice so well as I? Hush, hush!"

Motioning to him to be silent, he stole away into another chamber. After a short absence (during which he could be heard to speak in a softened, soothing tone) he returned, bearing in his hand a lamp.

"She is still asleep," he whispered. "You were right. She did not call, unless she did so in her slumber. She has called to me in her sleep before now, sir. As I have sat by, watching, I have seen her lips move, and have known, though no sound came from them, that she spoke of me. I feared the light might dazzle her eyes, and wake her; so I brought it here."

He spoke rather to himself than to the visitor; but, when he had put the lamp upon the table, he took it up, as if impelled by some momentary recollection or curiosity, and held it near his face. Then, as if forgetting his motive in the very action, he turned away, and put it down again.

"She is sleeping soundly," he said; "but no wonder. Angel-hands have strewn the ground deep with snow, that the lightest footstep may be lighter yet; and the very birds are dead, that they may not wake her. She used to feed them, sir. Though never so cold and hungry, the timid things would fly from us; they never flew from her!"

Again he stopped to listen, and, scarcely drawing breath, listened for a long, long time. That fancy past, he opened an old chest, took out some clothes as fondly as if they had been living things, and began to smooth and brush them with his hand.

"Why dost thou lie so idle there, dear Nell," he murmured, 'when there are bright red berries out of doors, waiting for thee to pluck them? Why dost thou lie so idle there, when thy little friends come creeping to the door, crying, 'Where is Nell, sweet

Nell?' and sob and weep because they do not see thee. She was always gentle with children. The wildest would do her bidding: she had a tender way with them; indeed she had."

Kit had no power to speak. His eyes were filled with tears.

"Her little homely dress, her favorite!" cried the old man, pressing it to his breast, and patting it with his shrivelled hand. "She will miss it when she wakes. They have hid it here in sport. But she shall have it; she shall have it! I would not vex my darling for the wide world's riches. See here, these shoes—how worn they are! She kept them to remind her of our last long journey. You see where the little feet went bare upon the ground. They told me afterwards that the stones had cut and bruised them. *She* never told me that. No, no, God bless her! And I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was; but yet she had my hand in hers, and seemed to lead me still."

By little and little the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied with trembling lips:—

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You never will do that! never, while I have life! I have no relative or friend but her; I never had: I never will have! She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now!"

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words, not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered, followed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There upon her little bed she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face: it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile; the hand that led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday, could know her nevermore.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, — "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

LXXII Two days had she been dead, and the next day they buried her in the churchyard, while all the village mourned. The old grandfather continued still to think and speak only of her, and at last his wandering was over and he lay by her side.

LXXIII Little remains to be told save the exit of the several personages. Sampson Brass went to jail for a term of years. Sally Brass disappeared; various rumors were on foot about her, but finally it was said that she rejoined her brother, and they became night prowlers. Mrs. Quilp, made rich unintentionally by her dead husband, married again, and the second husband made it a condition that Mrs. Jiniwin should not live with them. Abel Garland went into partnership with the notary. Dick Swiveller, renaming the Marchioness Sophronia Sphynx, sent her to school, and when she appeared to be about nineteen, married her. He was

much perplexed over her parentage, but though there were dark hints of a most unflattering origin, he accepted her cordially for what she was. Kit married Barbara. The younger brother, or strange gentleman, lived on, a benefactor to all whom he could help.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Bachelor, The. A kind old gentleman at a village where Little Nell and her grandfather stay in the course of their wanderings.

None of the villagers had cared to ask his name, or, when they knew it, to store it in their memories; perhaps because he was unmarried he had been called the Bachelor. The name pleased him, or suited him as well as any other; and so the Bachelor he had ever since remained. lii, liv, lv, lxi, lxviii, lxix, lxxiii.

Barbara. A housemaid at Mrs. Garland's; afterwards the wife of Kit Nubbles. xxii, xxxviii–xl, lxviii, lxix, lxxiii.

Barbara's Mother. xxxix, xl, lxi, lxviii, lxix, lxxiii.

Brass, Sally. Sister and partner of Sampson Brass.

In face she bore a striking resemblance to her brother Sampson. So exact, indeed, was the likeness between them, that had it consoorted with Miss Brass's maiden modesty and gentle womanhood to have assumed her brother's clothes in a frolic, and sat down beside him, it would have been difficult for the oldest friend of the family to determine which was Sampson, and which Sally; especially as the lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability, nothing more than eyelashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were free, quite, from any such natural impertinences. In complexion Miss Brass was sallow (rather a dirty sallow, so to speak); but this hue was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled in the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Her voice was exceedingly impressive, deep and rich in quality, and, once heard, not easily forgotten. . . . In mind she was of a strong and vigorous turn, having from her earliest youth devoted herself with uncommon ardor to the study of the law; not wasting her speculations upon its eagle flights, which are rare, but tracing it attentively through all the slippery and eel-like crawlings in which it commonly pursues its way. . . . Whether she had steeled her heart against mankind, or whether those who might have wooed and won her were deterred by fears that, being learned in the law, she might

have too near her fingers' ends those particular statutes which regulate what are familiarly termed actions for breach, certain it is that she was still in a state of celibacy, and still in daily occupation of her old stool, opposite to that of her brother Sampson. And equally certain it is, by the way, that, between these two stools, a great many people had come to the ground. xxxiii-xxxviii, li, lvi, lviii-lx, lxiii-lxvii, lxxiii.

Brass, Sampson. A villainous attorney of Bevis Marks, with a cringing manner and a very harsh voice; Quilp's legal adviser. He is a tall, meagre man, with a nose like a wen, a protruding forehead, retreating eyes, and hair of a deep red. xi-xiii, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxvii, xxxviii, xlix, li, lvi-lx, lxii-lxiv, lxvi, lxvii, lxxiii.

Cheggs, Mr. A market-gardener; a rival of Mr. Swiveller's for the hand of Sophy Wackles, whom he finally marries. viii.

Cheggs, Miss. His sister. viii.

Chuckster, Mr. Clerk in the office of Witherden the notary; a member of the Lodge of Glorious Apollos, and a mortal enemy of Kit Nubbles. xiv, xx, xxxviii, xl, lvi, lx, lxv, lxix, lxxiii.

Clergyman, The. A very kind pastor at the village where Nell and her grandfather stay for a time. lii, lxxiii.

Codlin, Tom. One of the Punch and Judy showmen with whom Little Nell and her grandfather travel for a few days. xvi-xix, xxvii, lxxiii.

David, Old. Assistant to the old sexton in the village where Little Nell dies. liv.

Edwards, Miss. A pupil at Miss Monflather's educational establishment. xxxi, xxxii.

Evans, Richard. One of Mr. Marton's pupils. lii.

Garland, Mr. A little, fat, placid-faced, and very kind-hearted old gentleman, with whom Kit Nubbles lives after he leaves Little Nell. xiv, xx, xxii, xxxviii-xl, lx, lxvii-lxx, lxxii.

Garland, Mrs. His wife; a little old lady, plump and placid, like himself. xiv, xx, xxii, xxxviii-xl, lxvii-lxix, lxxiii.

Garland, Mr. Abel. Their son, articled to Mr. Witherden the notary, whose partner he afterwards becomes. xiv, xx, xxxviii-xli, lx, lxv, lxvii-lxix, lxxiii.

George. Driver of Mrs. Jarley's caravan; afterwards her husband. xxvi, xxviii, xlvii.

George, Mrs. A neighbor and friend of Mrs Quilp. iv.

Grandfather, Little Nell's. Proprietor of the Old Curiosity Shop.

Possessed by an overmastering desire to provide for his granddaughter, he is drawn to the gaming-table, and tries his luck again and again, until at last he becomes — for her sake — a confirmed gambler. Losing heavily and constantly, but confident that fortune

will finally favor him, he borrows money from Quilp, a rich dwarf, pledging his little stock as security for the debt. His resources, however, are soon all exhausted, his shop and its contents taken on execution, and he himself is thrown upon the world, a beggar, shattered in intellect, and tottering on the verge of the grave. Little Nell leads him away from London; and they wander together through the country. But the passion for play only slumbers in him, and is ready to awake with the first opportunity that offers. But in the seclusion of a quiet village, where they at last find a home, such temptation no longer comes; and his hopes and fears, and all his thoughts, are turned to the gentle object of his love, who soon begins to sink under the effects of her past trials and sufferings. Her death leaves him wholly oblivious to all else, and it is not long before he follows her to her grave. i-iii, ix, xi, xii, xv-xix, xxiv-xxxii, xlii-xlvi, lii, liv, lv, lxxi, lxxii.

Grinder, Mr. A showman. xvii.

Groves, James. Landlord of The Valiant Soldier inn. xxix, lxxiii.

Harris, Mr., *alias* SHORT TROTTERS, *but commonly called either* SHORT *or* TROTTERS. One of the showmen with whom Little Nell and her grandfather travel for a few days. xvi-xix, xxvii, lxxiii.

Harry. A schoolboy; Mr. Marton's favorite pupil. xxiv, xxv.

Jarley, Mrs. Proprietor of "Jarley's Wax-Work." Little Nell is engaged by this lady to point out the figures to visitors. xxvi-xxix, xxxi, xxxii, xlvi, lxxiii.

Jerry. Proprietor of a troop of dancing-dogs. xvii, xix, xxxvii.

Jiniwin, Mrs. The mother of Mrs. Quilp, with whom she lives, and with whose husband she wages perpetual war, though she stands in no slight dread of him. iv-vi, xxiii, xlix, l, lxxiii.

Jowl, Joe. A gambler, who tempts Little Nell's grandfather to rob Mrs. Jarley. xxix, xlii, lxxiii.

List, Isaac. A gambler and knave. xxix, xxx, xlii, lxxiii.

Marchioness, The. A name given to the small servant at Sampson Brass's, by Dick Swiveller, who marries her. xxxiv-xxxvi, li, lvii, lviii, lxiv-lxvi, lxxiii.

Marton, Mr. An old schoolmaster who befriends Little Nell and her grandfather. xxiv-xxvi, xlv, xlvi, lii-liv, lxxi, lxxiii.

Monflathers, Miss. Principal of a select boarding-school for young ladies. xxxi.

Nubbles, Christopher *or* **Kit.** A shock-headed, shambling, awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and a peculiarly comical expression of face. He is very much attached to Little Nell, whose grandfather employs

him as an errand-boy. After a while, however, the old man takes it into his head that Kit has told of his gambling habits, and that this is the reason why he cannot succeed in borrowing any more money. He therefore forbids his ever coming into his presence again. After the disappearance of his old master, Kit gets employment in the family of a kind old gentleman named Garland. At length he falls into trouble, being falsely accused of larceny, and is arrested, and thrown into prison; but his innocence is soon established, and he is set at liberty. He afterwards marries Barbara, Mrs. Garland's servant. i, iii, vi, x, xi, xiii, xiv, xx-xxii, xxxviii-xli, xlviii, lvi-lxi, lxiii, lxiv, lxviii-lxxii.

Nubbles, Jacob. Brother to Kit. x, xiii, xxi, xxii, xxxix, xli, lxi, lxix, lxxii.

Nubbles, Mrs. Mother to Kit Nubbles; a poor but industrious widow, very pious and very constant in her attendance at a dissenting chapel called Little Bethel. x, xiii, xxi, xxii, xxxix, xli, xlvii, xlviii, lxi, lxiii, lxix, lxxii.

Owen, John. A schoolboy; one of Mr. Marton's pupils. lii.

Quilp, Daniel. A hideous creature, full of ferocity and cunning. He is described as, —

An elderly man, of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf; though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin bristly with the stubble of a coarse, hard beard; and his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expression of his face was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit, and to have no connection with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discolored fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief, sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such hair as he had was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowzy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough, coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow.

Mr. Quilp could scarcely be said to be of any particular trade or calling, though his pursuits were diversified, and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the water-side, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant-vessels, had a share in the ven-

tures of divers mates of East-Indiamen, smoked his smuggled cigars under the very nose of the custom-house, and made appointments on 'change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day.

Quilp comes to his end by falling into the Thames, and drowning, on a dark night, in an attempt to escape from some officers who are on the point of arresting him for various crimes. His property falls to his wife, who bears her bereavement with exemplary resignation, and marries again, choosing the exact opposite of the dear departed. iii-vi, ix, xi-xiii, xxiii, xxvii, xxx, xli, xlviii-li, lx, lxii, lxiv, lxvii, lxxiii.

Quilp, Mrs. Betsey. His wife ; "a pretty little, mild-spoken, blue-eyed woman, who, having allied herself in wedlock to the dwarf, in one of those strange infatuations of which examples are by no means scarce, performed a sound practical penance for her folly every day of her life." iv-vi, xiii, xxi, xxiii, xlix, l, lxvii, lxxiii.

Scott, Tom. Quilp's boy. Although he is habitually beaten and abused by Quilp, Tom retains a queer sort of affection and admiration for his master. His favorite amusement is to stand on his head ; and he also adopts this attitude when he wishes to show his defiance of Mr. Quilp's instructions, or to revenge himself upon him. Being cast upon the world by his master's death, he determines to go through it upon his head and hands, and accordingly becomes a professional "tumbler," adopting the name of an Italian image-lad of his acquaintance, and meeting with extraordinary success. iv-vi, xi, xiii, xxvii, xlix-li, lxvii, lxxiii.

Sexton, The Old. An old man at the village where Little Nell and her grandfather find a home. liii-lv, lxx, lxxii.

Short. See HARRIS, MR.

Simmons, Mrs. Henrietta. A neighbor of Mrs. Quilp. ix.

Single Gentleman, The. Brother to Little Nell's grandfather. He proves to be Master Humphrey, the narrator of the story. xxxiv-xxxviii, xl, xli, xlvii, xlviii, lv, lvi, lxvi, lxix-lxxiii.

Slum, Mr. A writer of poetical advertisements. xxviii.

Sphynx, Sophronia. See MARCHIONESS, THE, and page 168.

Sweet William. A silent man, who earns his living by showing tricks upon cards, and who has rather deranged the natural expression of his countenance by putting small leaden lozenges into his eyes, and bringing them out at his mouth. xix.

Swiveller, Dick. Friend to Fred Trent, and clerk to Sampson Brass. He is first introduced on the occasion of a visit which young Trent makes to his grandfather for the purpose of demanding to see his sister.

At length there sauntered up on the opposite side of the way, with a bad pretence of passing by accident, a figure conspicuous for its dirty smartness, which, after a great many frowns and jerks of the head, in resistance of the invitation, ultimately crossed the road, and was brought into the shop.

"There! It's Dick Swiveller," said the young fellow, pushing him in. "Sit down, Swiveller."

"But is the old min agreeable?" said Mr. Swiveller, in an undertone.

"Sit down!" repeated his companion.

Mr. Swiveller complied, and, looking about him with a propitiatory smile, observed that last week was a fine week for the ducks, and this week was a fine week for the dust: he also observed, that, whilst standing by the post at the street-corner, he had observed a pig with a straw in his mouth issuing out of the tobacco-shop, from which appearance he argued that another fine week for the ducks was approaching, and that rain would certainly ensue. He furthermore took occasion to apologize for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress, on the ground that last night he had had "the sun very strong in his eyes," by which expression he was understood to convey to his hearers, in the most delicate manner possible, the information that he had been extremely drunk.

"But what," said Mr. Swiveller, with a sigh,—"what is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather? What is the odds so long as the spirit is expanded by means of rosy wine, and the present moment is the least happiest of our existence?" . . .

It was, perhaps, not very unreasonable to suspect, from what had already passed, that Mr. Swiveller was not quite recovered from the effects of the powerful sunlight to which he had made allusion; but, if no such suspicion had been awakened by his speech, his wiry hair, dull eyes, and sallow face would still have been strong witnesses against him. His attire was not, as he had himself hinted, remarkable for the nicest arrangement, but was in a state of disorder, which strongly induced the idea that he had gone to bed in it. It consisted of a brown body-coat with a great many brass buttons up the front, and only one behind, a bright check neckerchief, a plaid waistcoat, soiled white trousers, and a very limp hat, worn with the wrong side foremost, to hide a hole in the brim. The breast of his coat was ornamented with an outside pocket, from which there peeped forth the cleanest end of a very large and very ill-favored handkerchief; his dirty

wristbands were pulled down as far as possible, and ostentatiously foisted back over his cuffs; he displayed no gloves, and carried a yellow cane having at the top a bone hand with the semblance of a ring on its little finger, and a black ball in its grasp. With all these personal advantages (to which may be added a strong savor of tobacco-smoke and a prevailing greasiness of appearance) Mr Swiveller leaned back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and, occasionally pitching his voice to the needful key, obliged the company with a few bars of an intensely dismal air, and then, in the middle of a note, relapsed into his former silence.

Mr. Swiveller and Fred enter into a sort of conspiracy to marry the former to Little Nell, and thus get possession of the enormous wealth which, it is supposed, the old man is hoarding up for her. After the disappearance of Little Nell and her grandfather, Dick makes a friend of Quilp, who obtains for him a situation as clerk in the law-office of Sampson Brass.

A coach stopped near the door, and presently afterwards there was a loud double-knock. As this was no business of Mr. Swiveller's, the person not ringing the office-bell, he pursued his diversion with perfect composure, notwithstanding that he rather thought there was nobody else in the house.

In this, however, he was mistaken; for, after the knock had been repeated with increased impatience, the door was opened, and somebody with a very heavy tread went up the stairs, and into the room above. Mr. Swiveller was wondering whether this might be another Miss Brass, twin-sister to the Dragon, when there came a rapping of knuckles at the office door.

"Come in!" said Dick. "Don't stand upon ceremony. The business will get rather complicated if I've many more customers. Come in!"

"Oh! please," said a little voice very low down in the doorway, "will you come and show the lodgings?"

Dick leaned over the table, and descried a small, slipshod girl in a dirty coarse apron and bib, which left nothing of her visible but her face and feet. She might as well have been dressed in a violin-case.

"Why, who are you?" said Dick.

To which the only reply was, "Oh! please, will you come and show the lodgings?"

There never was such an old-fashioned child in her looks and manner. She must have been at work from her cradle. She seemed as much afraid of Dick as Dick was amazed at her.

"I haven't got anything to do with the lodgings," said Dick. "Tell 'em to call again."

"Oh! but please, will you come and show the lodgings?" returned the girl. "It's eighteen shillings a week, and us finding plate and linen. Boots and clothes is extra, and fires in winter-time is eightpence a day."

"Why don't you show 'em yourself? You seem to know all about 'em," said Dick.

"Miss Sally said I was n't to, because people would n't believe the attendance was good, if they saw how small I was first."

"Well; but they'll see how small you are afterwards; won't they?" said Dick.

"Ah! But then they'll have taken 'em for a fortnight certain," replied the child with a shrewd look; "and people don't like moving when they're once settled."

"This is a queer sort of thing," muttered Dick, rising. "What do you mean to say you are; the cook?"

"Yes, I do plain cooking," replied the child. "I'm housemaid, too; I do all the work of the house."

"I suppose Brass and the Dragon and I do the dirtiest part of it," thought Dick. And he might have thought much more, being in a doubtful and hesitating mood, but that the girl again urged her request, and certain mysterious bumping sounds on the passage and staircase seemed to give note of the applicant's impatience. Richard Swiveller, therefore, sticking a pen behind each ear, and carrying another in his mouth as a token of his great importance and devotion to business, hurried out to meet and treat with the single gentleman.

After the arrest of Kit Nubbles, in consequence of the false testimony of Sampson Brass, Dick, who has sided with the poor boy, is discharged. He takes his little bundle under his arm, intending to go to Kit's mother, and comfort and assist her.

In the end, Kit is released, and returned to his friends. Dick falls into an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and being very grateful to the Marchioness, his first thought is of her. "Please God," he says, "we'll make a scholar of the poor Marchioness yet! And she shall walk in silk attire, and siller have to spare, or may I never rise from this bed again!"

After casting about for some time for a name which should be worthy of her, he decided in favor of Sophronia Sphynx, as being euphonious and genteel, and, furthermore, indicative of mystery. Under this title, the Marchioness repaired, in tears, to a school of his selection, from which, as she soon distanced all competitors, she was removed before the lapse of many quarters to one of a higher grade. It is but bare justice to Mr. Swiveller to say, that although the expenses of her education kept him in straitened

circumstances for half a dozen years, he never slackened in his zeal, and always held himself sufficiently repaid by the accounts he heard (with great gravity) of her advancement, on his monthly visits to the governess, who looked upon him as a literary gentleman of eccentric habits, and of a most prodigious talent in quotation.

In a word, Mr. Swiveller kept the Marchioness at this establishment until she was, at a moderate guess, full nineteen years of age, good-looking, clever, and good-humored, when he began to consider seriously what was to be done next. On one of his periodical visits, while he was revolving this question in his mind, the Marchioness came down to him alone, looking more smiling and more fresh than ever. Then it occurred to him (but not for the first time) that, if she would marry him, how comfortable they might be! So Richard asked her. Whatever she said, it was n't No; and they were married in good earnest that day week, which gave Mr. Swiveller frequent occasion to remark at divers subsequent periods that there had been a young lady saving up for him after all. ii, iii, vii, viii, xiii, xxi, xxiii, xxxiv-xxxviii, xlvi, l, lvi-lxvi, lxxiii.

Trent, Frederick. Brother to Little Nell. ii, iii, vii, viii, xxiii, l, lxxiii.

Trent, Little Nell. A small and delicate child of angelic purity of character, and sweetness of disposition, who lives alone with her grandfather, an old man possessed by a mania for gambling; his object being to make her rich and happy. The account of their wanderings, after the old man loses the last of his property, and is turned into the streets a beggar and an imbecile, forms the thread of the story.

"Which way?" said the child.

The old man looked irresolutely and helplessly, first at her, then to the right and left, then at her again, and shook his head. It was plain that she was thenceforth his guide and leader. The child felt it, but had no doubts or misgiving, and, putting her hand in his, led him gently away.

It was the beginning of a day in June, the deep blue sky unsullied by a cloud, and teeming with brilliant light. The streets were as yet nearly free from passengers; the houses and shops were closed; and the healthy air of morning fell like breath from angels on the sleeping town.

The old man and the child passed on through the glad silence, elate with hope and pleasure. They were alone together once again. Every object was bright and fresh: nothing reminded them, otherwise than by contrast, of the monotony and constraint

they had left behind. Church towers and steeples, frowning and dark at other times, now shone in the sun; each humble nook and corner rejoiced in light; and the sky, dimmed only by excessive distance, shed its placid smile on everything beneath.

Forth from the city, while it yet slumbered, went the two poor adventurers, wandering they knew not whither.

Nell and her grandfather fall into the company of many strange people during their wanderings, among whom are Messrs. Codlin and Short, a couple of itinerant showmen, who take it into their heads that the old man has stolen the child, and is endeavoring to elude pursuit, and that there will surely be a reward offered for their apprehension; whereupon they resolve to keep them in their company until the right time comes for surrendering them. Little Nell divines the object of these men; and, fearing that her grandfather, in case they should be handed over to the authorities, may be confined in some asylum, she escapes from the showmen, and shortly afterwards falls in with Mrs. Jarley, the proprietress of "Jarley's Wax-Work," who engages her to point out the figures to visitors. While walking, one evening, near the town where Mrs. Jarley is exhibiting her works, Nell and her grandfather are overtaken by a severe storm, and are forced to seek shelter for the night at a roadside inn called the Valiant Soldier. Behind a screen some men are playing at cards, and, with the sight of this, all the slumbering passion of the old man is aroused.

The old man plays until their little purse is exhausted, and nothing is left with which to pay for their entertainment. In this strait, Nell, after much hesitation, and fearful that her grandfather will observe her, takes from her dress a small gold piece which she has kept concealed there, in anticipation of some great emergency, and pays the reckoning, hiding the change which she receives, before rejoining her grandfather. Shortly afterwards she retires for the night, but is awaked by a sound and discovers a figure in the room, which eludes her and moves away. Fearful of some disaster to her grandfather, she steals into his room.

The door was partly open. Not knowing what she meant to do, but meaning to preserve him, or be killed herself, she staggered forward and looked in.

What sight was that which met her view!

The bed had not been lain on, but was smooth and empty; and at a table sat the old man himself, the only living creature there, — his white face pinched and sharpened by the greediness which made his eyes unnaturally bright, — counting the money of which his hands had robbed her.

Shocked beyond measure by the sight, the child returns to her

room; but, during the night, she steals again to her grandfather's side, and finds him asleep.

She had no fear as she looked upon his slumbering features; but she had a deep and weighty sorrow, and it found its relief in tears.

"God bless him!" said the child, stooping softly to kiss his placid cheek. "I see too well now, that they would indeed part us if they found us out, and shut him up from the light of the sun and sky. He has only me to help him. God bless us both!"

Lighting her candle, she retreated as silently as she had come, and, gaining her own room once more, sat up during the remainder of that long, long, miserable night.

At last the day turned her waning candle pale; and she fell asleep. She was quickly roused by the girl who had shown her up to bed, and, as soon as she was dressed, prepared to go down to her grandfather. But first she searched her pocket, and found that her money was all gone: not a sixpence remained.

The old man was ready, and in a few seconds they were on their road. The child thought he rather avoided her eye, and appeared to expect that she would tell him of her loss. She felt she must do that, or he might suspect the truth.

"Grandfather," she said in a tremulous voice, after they had walked about a mile in silence, "do you think they are honest people at the house yonder?"

"Why?" returned the old man trembling. "Do I think them honest?—yes, they played honestly."

"I'll tell you why I ask," rejoined Nell. "I lost some money last night, out of my bedroom, I am sure. Unless it was taken by somebody in jest,—only in jest, dear grandfather, which would make me laugh heartily if I could but know it"—

"Who would take money in jest?" returned the old man in a hurried manner. "Those who take money take it to keep. Don't talk of jest."

"Then it was stolen out of my room, dear," said the child, whose last hope was destroyed by the manner of this reply.

By tears and entreaties, Nell succeeds in leading her grandfather away from the old temptation, which has again beset him, and forms fresh hopes of saving him; but these are soon dissipated. Unseen, herself, she discovers him in company with the same gamblers, and witnesses their cunning endeavors to induce him to rob Mrs. Jarley in order to obtain the means of winning back all he had lost, and perhaps of securing still greater gains.

She went back to her own room, and tried to prepare herself for bed. But who could sleep—sleep! who could lie passively

down — distracted by such terrors? They came upon her more and more strongly yet. Half-undressed, and with her hair in wild disorder, she flew to the old man's bedside, clasped him by the wrist, and roused him from his sleep.

"What's this!" he cried, starting up in bed, and fixing his eyes upon her spectral face.

"I have had a dreadful dream," said the child, with an energy that nothing but such terrors could have inspired, — "a dreadful, horrible dream! I have had it once before. It is a dream of gray-haired men, like you, in darkened rooms, by night, robbing sleepers of their gold. Up, up!" The old man shook in every joint, and folded his hands like one who prays.

"Not to me," said the child, — "not to me; to Heaven, to save us from such deeds! This dream is too real. I cannot sleep; I cannot stay here; I cannot leave you alone under the roof where such dreams come. Up! We must fly."

He looked at her as if she were a spirit, — she might have been for all the look of earth she had, — and trembled more and more.

"There is no time to lose; I will not lose one minute," said the child. "Up! and away with me."

"To-night?" murmured the old man.

"Yes, to-night," replied the child. "To-morrow night will be too late. The dream will have come again. Nothing but flight can save us. Up!"

The old man rose from his bed, his forehead bedewed with the cold sweat of fear, and, bending before the child as if she had been an angel messenger sent to lead him where she would, made ready to follow her. She took him by the hand, and led him on. As they passed the door of the room he had proposed to rob, she shuddered, and looked up into his face. What a white face was that! and with what a look did he meet hers!

She took him to her own chamber, and still holding him by the hand, as if she feared to lose him for an instant, gathered together the little stock she had, and hung her basket on her arm. The old man took his wallet from her hands, and strapped it on his shoulders, — his staff, too, she had brought away, — and then she led him forth.

They suffer much privation after this, and the old man complains piteously of hunger and fatigue; but the child trudges on, with less and less of hope and strength, indeed, but with an undiminished resolution to lead her sacred charge somewhere — anywhere, indeed — away from guilt and shame. At last they encounter Mr. Marton, a poor but kind-hearted schoolmaster, whom they had met once before. He is travelling on foot to a distant village, where he has

been appointed clerk and teacher; and, on learning from Little Nell the full story of her trials and sufferings and wanderings, asks her and her grandfather to accompany him, promising to use his best endeavors to find them some humble occupation by which they can subsist. Little Nell gladly embraces his offer; and they journey on together. Arrived at the village, their kind friend exerts himself successfully in their behalf, procures them a pleasant home and a light employment in connection with the parish church, which brings them money enough to live on. But the quiet and happy life they begin to lead is destined to be of short duration. Long exposure and suffering have been too much for the child's delicate organization, and her health fails. Slowly, but surely, the end draws on, and at last she dies.

They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once; and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face, — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget, — and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together by the river-side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And even then she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained, but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, — save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, — faded like the light upon a summer's evening. i-vi, ix-xii, xv-xix, xxiv-xxxii, xlii-xlvi, lii-lv, lxxi, lxxii.

Trotters. See HARRIS, Mr.

Vuffin. A showman; proprietor of a giant, and of a little lady without legs or arms. xix.

Wackles, Miss Jane. Youngest daughter of Mrs. Wackles, and instructor in the art of needlework, marking, and samplery, in the "Ladies' Seminary" presided over by her mother. viii.

Wackles, Miss Melissa. Teacher of English grammar, composition, geography, and the use of the dumb-bells, in her mother's seminary for young ladies. She is the eldest daughter, and verges on the autumnal, having seen thirty-five summers, or thereabouts. viii.

Wackles, Miss Sophy. A fresh, good-humored, buxom girl of twenty; Mrs. Wackles's second daughter, and teacher of writing, arithmetic, dancing, and general fascination in the "Ladies' Seminary." An unsuccessful attempt is made to inveigle Swiveller into a match with Miss Sophy. viii.

Wackles, Mrs. Proprietor of a very small day-school for young ladies, at Chelsea; an excellent but rather venomous old lady of threescore, who takes special charge of the corporal punishment, fasting, and other tortures and terrors of the establishment. viii.

West, Dame. The grandmother of a favorite pupil of Mr. Marton's, the schoolmaster. xxv.

Whisker. A pony belonging to Mr. Garland, obstinate, independent, and freakish, but "a very good fellow, if you know how to manage him." xiv, xx, xxii, xxxviii, xl, lvii, lxi, lxv, lxviii, lxxiii.

William, Sweet. *See* SWEET WILLIAM.

Witherden, Mr. A notary; short, chubby, fresh-colored, brisk, and pompous. xiv, xx, xxxviii, xl, xli, lxi, lxiii, lxv, lxvi, lxxiii.

BARNABY RUDGE

OUTLINE

Chapter On the 19th of March, 1775, it being a cold and stormy

I night, a little group of people were gathered in the Maypole Inn, on the borders of Epping Forest, about twelve miles from London. There were old John Willet, the innkeeper, Solomon Daisy, the sexton, a few other cronies, Joe Willet, old John's son, and two guests. Of the latter, one was Mr. Edward Chester, a handsome young man, who, having ridden down from London to see Miss Haredale, the niece of a country gentleman in the vicinity, was sadly disappointed to find that the young lady was away, and presently set off for London. The other was a morose, shabby, ill-looking man, who sat apart from the others, with a big slouch hat drawn over his eyes. The fire burned cheerfully; the highly polished boiler reflected the blaze, and every member of the company was accommodated with a pipe and a glass of grog. Under these favoring circumstances Solomon Daisy related how, on that very day of the month, two and twenty years before, a double murder had occurred, at dead of night, in Mr. Haredale's house, called the Warren. His only brother, Reuben Haredale, was found dead in his room. The steward and gardener were both missing; but months afterward a body, supposed to be that of Rudge, the steward, was found at the bottom of a piece of water near by, with a deep gash in the breast where he had been stabbed with a knife. It was concluded, therefore, that the gardener was the guilty person.

II This story being finished, the ill-looking stranger hastily rose, mounted his horse, struck Joe Willet roughly on the head with the butt end of his whip, and galloped away, through the mud and darkness, with such recklessness that he ran into the chaise of stout Gabriel Varden, the locksmith from London. But finding that his horse had not been hurt, he remounted and, with an oath, galloped away as furiously as before.

After this encounter Gabriel Varden thought it necessary to call at the Maypole to replace his lantern, which had become broken: and once there he could not resist the temptation to partake of the

good cheer. When at last the convivial company broke up, Joe

III Willet brought round the locksmith's horse, and confided to him his intention of running away to seek his fortune, rather than to endure any longer the humiliation of being treated like a child, as his father still considered him. "I am a by-word all over Chigwell," cried the unfortunate lad. Giving him some kindly advice, Gabriel, in a rather muzzy condition, set out for London. But hearing loud outcries as he neared the city, he turned aside from the road and found Barnaby Rudge waving a torch over his head, while at his feet lay the figure of a man who proved to be young Mr. Chester, — stabbed and robbed by a highwayman. Barnaby was the son of the widow Rudge, as she was called, her husband having been Rudge, the steward, whose dead body — at least it was believed to be his — was found under the circumstances already related. Barnaby, born after that terrible event, was of a disordered intellect. His hair, of which he had a great profusion, was red, and hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders, gave to his restless looks an expression quite unearthly. With Barnaby's assistance, though he was mortally afraid of blood, Varden carried Mr. Chester, who proved to be not seriously wounded, to the house of Barnaby's mother, congratulating himself upon having had an adventure which would silence Mrs. Varden on the subject of the Maypole for that night, or there was no faith in woman.

IV The locksmith's family consisted of his wife, his beautiful and bewitching daughter, Dolly, Miss Miggs, a cantankerous maid-servant, and Simon Tappertit, his apprentice. Sim was an old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, not much more than five feet high, but fully convinced in his own mind that he was above the common height. He also had a majestic idea of the power of his eye, and he was accustomed to boast that he could subdue the haughtiest beauty by a simple process which he termed "eyeing her over." Such was Simon Tappertit, and it is needless to say that he was in love with his master's daughter.

V The following night Gabriel Varden called at the widow Rudge's house, and found that her patient was in a fair way to recover. While Varden was in the house, a strange thing happened. There came a muffled knock at the door, and a voice close to the window — a voice which the locksmith seemed to recollect, and with which he seemed to have some disagreeable association — whispered, "Make haste." The locksmith rushed to the door, but the widow followed, clung to him, and kept him from pursuit. "What does this mean?" cried the locksmith. "Don't ask," said the woman, in agitation. "He is not to be followed,

checked, or stopped." Perplexed by this action, Varden remained

VI within, and when Barnaby Rudge entered he went with him to the chamber where Edward Chester lay, and heard from the injured man the story of the attack he had suffered. He felt sure that the fellow who had felled Chester and the visitor of the evening were one and the same man, and was startled enough when a hoarse voice right beside him cried, "What's the matter here? Keep up your spirits! Never say die! I'm a devil, I'm a devil!" but this was only Grip, Barnaby's tame raven.

VII There were other men abroad on that night besides the mysterious caller at the house of the widow Rudge. When all was quiet, Simon Tappertit stole downstairs and out of the house, and repaired to a dingy cellar, where a secret club of

VIII 'prentices, headed by Simon himself, held their meetings, and plotted insurrection and rebellion, and death to their masters.

IX But Miggs heard Simon go out. She plugged the keyhole of the front door, and sat up all night till he came back, and was forced to call upon his "Angelic Miggs" (she was then looking out of an upper window) to let him in. This done, "Simmun is safe," she cried, and fainted away.

X Not long after that windy, rainy night on which this story opened, the Maypole Inn had another notable guest. This was Mr. Chester, senior, the father of Edward, who was soon installed in the best room of the inn, with a good dinner ordered, and Barnaby despatched as a messenger to Mr. Haredale at the

XI Warren, requesting an interview. This aroused great excitement among the cronies below, for it was well known that Mr. Chester and Mr. Haredale had been for many years bitter enemies. "Willet," said Solomon Daisy, "when Mr. Chester come, did he order the large room?" "He signified, sir," said John, "that he wanted a large apartment. Yes, certainly." "Why, then, I'll tell you what," said Solomon. "He and Mr.

XII Haredale are going to fight a duel in it." And the little party below, Mr. Haredale having now arrived, and having been ushered upstairs, listened with bated breath for the sound of falling bodies. The gentlemen did not fight, however, though their interview was a stormy one. For the first time in their lives they came to an agreement, Mr. Chester through self-interest, Mr. Haredale from pride and resentment. The agreement was that, by hook or by crook, by fair means or foul, the engagement between Mr. Chester's son and Mr. Haredale's niece, whom he dearly loved, should be broken. It was unfortunate for the lovers that

XIII Joe Willet was away from home, for he might have discovered the intrigue. It happened that he had gone to London on

that very day, as he did twice every year, to pay the vintner's bill Joe had also a little errand of his own, which was to see the charming Dolly. But alas! when he arrived at the locksmith's house, Dolly was just setting out for an evening party. Joe soon mounted,

XIV and rode despondently home, meeting on the way Mr. Edward Chester, who was bound for the Warren. Joe held his horse, while Mr. Chester alighted. A maid-servant admitted him; and after waiting a few minutes in the old and gloomy hall, a lovely girl appeared whose dark hair, next moment, rested on his breast. Almost at the same instant Mr. Haredale stepped between them, thrust Edward away, and forbade him the house. So Edward and Joe, thus hampered in their loves, betook themselves to the Maypole; and the next day Edward, having returned to

XV London, was informed by his selfish father that he was expected to retrieve the family fortunes by marrying an heiress; and when he indignantly declined to make this sacrifice of his honor and his inclinations, Mr. Chester, senior, coolly and politely cast him off and disowned him.

XVI Among the worst and poorest vagrants and criminals who haunted the dark places of London at this time was one whose constant restlessness gave rise to strange stories. He was always in motion, always alone. He had a pale, wild face, and was never seen without a slouch hat pulled over his brows. This man forced his way into the widow Rudge's house early one evening. "The very marrow in my bones," he said, "is cold

XVII with wet and hunger. I must have warmth and food, and I will have them here." The widow gave him food, and after he had eaten like a wild animal he sat crouching before the low-burning fire. A voice and a knock were heard at the door. The man seized a knife from the table, hid it in his coat-sleeve, and slunk into the closet, just as Barnaby opened the window and stepped into the room with Grip on his back. An hour later, when Barnaby had fallen asleep, the fellow crept out of his hiding-place, gazed intently at the face of the sleeper, and said in a hoarse whisper to the widow, "Observe. In him of whose existence I was ignorant until to-night, I have you in my power. Be careful how you use me. I am destitute and starving, and a wanderer upon

XVIII the earth. I may take a sure and slow revenge." Then he went out into the darkness, and after wandering about the streets till it was nearly morning, bargained his last shilling for permission to lie down and sleep in that very cellar where Simon Tappertit and his companions at an earlier hour held their revels.

XIX As soon as Edward Chester was able to go out, he came to the locksmith's with a note for Miss Haredale, thinking

that Dolly, who was a sort of companion for the young lady, might be going to the Warren. And so it proved; and as the day was fine, Mrs. Varden was prevailed upon to join with her husband and her daughter in an excursion to the Maypole Inn. Great was old John Willet's astonishment at seeing her, but the whole party were soon ensconced within the bar, — the snuggest, cosiest bar in Christendom, full of all manner of good things: cheeses, tankards, lemons, Dutch pipes, bottles of old gin, and savory condiments. After dinner Dolly tripped over the fields to deliver her letter to Miss Haredale; and in return she received a reply for Mr. Chester and

XX a bracelet for herself. But on the way back to the inn she had a sad adventure. Maypole Hugh, a tall, rough, handsome fellow in a savage way, the hostler of the inn, met her in the

XXI path, snatched away the letter, the bracelet, and a kiss withal, and left poor Dolly almost fainting just as Joe Willet, in answer to her shriek, came to the rescue. But Hugh had disappeared before Joe arrived; and terrified by the threats he had made, Dolly did not dare to say who had robbed her, but pretended that

XXII it was a stranger. Joe, on horseback, accompanied the Varden family part way home, his hand resting occasionally on the little, white hand of Dolly at such times as Dolly quite unconsciously laid it upon the arm of the chaise.

XXIII Now Hugh's misdeed, so far, at least, as the letter was concerned, was directly incited by Mr. Chester, senior, to whom the letter intended for his son was very soon conveyed by Maypole Hugh. The theft of the bracelet was a little affair of his own; and Mr. Chester, learning of it, held it over Hugh as a whip, for in those days men were hanged for crimes no greater.

XXIV Mr. Chester had another visitor the same day, in the person of Simon Tappertit, who came to suggest that Mr. Chester should call upon Mrs. Varden, "flatter her up a bit," and through her intervention have a stop put to Dolly's acting as a messenger between Edward Chester and Miss Haredale. Mr. Tappertit also had a word to say about Joe Willet. "Sir," he said, "there is a villain at that Maypole, a monster in human shape, a vagabond of the deepest dye, that unless you get rid of will marry your son to that young woman as certainly and surely, as if he was the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. Put Joseph Willet down, sir. Destroy him. Crush him. And be happy."

XXV Meanwhile Mrs. Rudge, without giving any explanation of her conduct, renounced the pension or yearly sum which Mr. Haredale had paid her since the double murder at the Warren,

XXVI and disappeared from the house where she had been living, so that no trace of her could be discovered. Mr. Chester had

a hand in this, for reasons of his own, possibly to remove Barnaby, who had acted as a messenger between the lovers; and when they were gone, he called on Mrs. Varden, represented his son as an insin-

XXVII cere trifier, and plied the locksmith's wife with such seductive flattery that she was quite won over to his side in the affair of Miss Haredale. Hugh, having learned his lesson, not

XXVIII only brought the next letter to Mr. Chester, but gave him information which led him on the following day to make another excursion to the Maypole, whence he sought Miss Haredale, and

XXIX told her a false story of his son's inconstancy to her. As he was about to leave the Maypole the next morning, Mr. Willet not being on hand, Joe came out to hold his stirrup. Seeing this,

XXX old John came diving out of the porch, and collared him. "None of that, sir," said John. "None of that, sir. No breaking of

patroles" (for poor Joe was at that time in durance on account of his mixing with the affair of the lovers). "How dare you come out of the door, sir, without leave! You're trying to get away, sir, are you? What do you mean, sir?" This crowning humiliation was too much for poor Joe. That night he administered a thrashing

XXXI in the bar to Tom Cobb, one of his father's cronies, who was particularly insolent to him, and before morning he stole out of the house, walked up to London, and after a farewell

XXXII visit to Dolly, who pretended not to care, but burst into tears as soon as he was gone, took the king's shilling, and enlisted for foreign parts. Edward Chester, too, had a final parting with his father, and, like Joe, disappeared from England for five long years.

XXXIII The 19th of March came around again, the year being 1780. The usual group was gathered at the Maypole,—all except one, Solomon Daisy, the sexton, who was very late, notwithstanding that it was a night of cold, and bluster, and rain. At last, after midnight, the little man tumbled in at the door, the very image of fright and horror. The fact was that when he left the church (after winding the clock) he had seen in the churchyard a ghost,—or at least the bareheaded figure of a man, which he took to be a ghost,—in the likeness of Rudge, the former steward. This

XXXIV intelligence was so startling that old John carried it that very night to Mr. Haredale at the Warren, taking Hugh as an escort. As they approached the house they saw a light in that upper room where Mr. Haredale's brother had been murdered.

"It's snug enough, ain't it?" said Hugh.

"Snug!" said John indignantly. "You have a comfortable idea of snugness, you have, sir. Do you know what was done in that room, you ruffian?"

"Why, what is it the worse for that!" cried Hugh, looking into

John's fat face. "Does it keep out the rain, and snow, and wind, the less for that? Is it less warm or dry, because a man was killed there? Ha, ha, ha! Never believe it, master. One man's no such matter as that comes to."

Mr. Willet fixed his dull eyes on his follower, and began, by a species of inspiration, to think it just barely possible that he was something of a dangerous character. On their way home, three horsemen very nearly ran over them; but stopping

XXXV to inquire the road, and finding that there was an inn in the neighborhood, the three persons, who were Lord George

XXXVI Gordon, his secretary, and his servant, put up at the Maypole. That night Gashford, the secretary, carefully dropped in the inn yard a printed handbill, addressed on the back, "To every Protestant into whose hands this shall come." On the other side was inscribed, "Whoever shall find this letter, will take it as a warning

XXXVII to join, without delay, the friends of Lord George Gordon." This paper was found by Hugh, who, within a few days, followed the party to London, and joined the mob of "No Popery"

XXXVIII rioters whom Lord George Gordon had stirred up. At London Hugh made two friends, one Dennis, a mysterious person, whose calling was not known to his associates, but who was really the common hangman, and our old friend Simon

XXXIX Tappertit, Captain of the Bull-Dogs, both ardent "No Popery" men. Hugh was greatly tickled with the notion of submitting himself to the little captain. The bare fact of being patronized by a great man whom he could have crushed with one hand appeared in his eyes so eccentric and humorous that a kind of ferocious

XL merriment took possession of him. He roared and roared again. Sir John Chester — for Edward Chester's father had now become Sir John — had a hand in Hugh's conversion to "No

XLI Popery," his motive being one of revenge upon his old enemy, Mr. Haredale, who was a Catholic; and it was due to the knight's fascinations that Mrs. Varden also became an enthusiast for

XLII the faith, keeping a little bank in her parlor, where sundry pence and shillings were accumulated for the cause, greatly to the disgust of Gabriel, who was a militiaman and wore a red coat, and was a staunch upholder of law and order. There

XLIII was another person, also, who hated Mr. Haredale, and had determined to use Hugh and the "No Popery" mob to injure him: that was Gashford, the renegade Catholic, who served Lord

XLIV George Gordon as secretary. It was just as these events were happening that Mrs. Rudge, seeking to escape that terrible visitor who had invaded her house in London, and by whom she

XLV had been tracked to the country, fled back to London, hoping

to hide herself and Barnaby there. On Westminster bridge they met the "No Popery" mob, and Barnaby, recognizing in the

XLVI crowd his old friend Hugh of the Maypole, and pleased with the idea of wearing a cockade in his hat, was drawn along with the rest, leaving his poor mother, almost distracted, behind.

XLVII Hugh gave Barnaby the banner to carry, — an honor which pleased and elated him immensely. His face flushed and his eyes

XLVIII sparkled with delight, — he was in fact the only light-hearted, undesigning creature in the whole assembly.

But it troubled him that his mother was absent. "Would n't it make her glad," he said to Hugh, "to see me at the head of

XLIX this large show! Where *can* she be? She never sees me at my best, and what do I care to be gay and fine if *she's* not by?" Hugh assured him that his mother should be well taken care of, and charged him to preserve the banner at all costs. "I warrant you," said Barnaby. "You have put it in good hands. You know me, Hugh. Nobody shall wrest this flag away."

"Well said!" cried Hugh. "Ha ha! Nobly said. That's the old stout Barnaby that I have climbed and leaped with many a day." And on they went. Before the day was over Barnaby had a chance to show his prowess. When a troop of cavalry charged the mob, Barnaby stood his ground, and unhorsed the soldier who bore down upon him. After that, the mob flying, Hugh and he escaped to the Boot Inn.

L Simon Tappertit, captain of the Bull-Dogs, was engaged in the same affair, and returned late at night to his master's house, very much worse for liquor and fighting. He handed a dirty

LI piece of paper to Mrs. Varden, assuring her that she would need it on the morrow for protection. On this paper, in the handwriting, as the locksmith perceived, of Lord George Gordon himself, was written a protection for the house, on the ground that it belonged to a Protestant and friend of the cause.

Having delivered this, Mr. Tappertit slipped from his master's grasp and escaped. Varden, to his wife's dismay, tore the paper into fragments, and declared: "I would n't beg or buy them off, if instead of every pound of iron in the house there was a hundred weight of gold. Get you to bed, Martha. I shall take down the shutters, and go to work."

LII For the next two days the rioters had their way in the streets of London: the Catholic chapels were pillaged and burned; the houses of Catholics were plundered and pulled down,

LIII and many who were, or were supposed to be, of that faith were cruelly beaten and misused. Hugh had posted Barnaby as a sentry at the Boot Inn, while he and the rest were off

marauding; and when they came back, Hugh shook hands with him with a kind of ferocious friendship, strange enough to see. "How are you, boy?" "Hearty!" cried Barnaby, waving his hat.

On the following night, Barnaby was left alone again, Hugh and his companions having more work on hand. Some hours after they had departed, Gashford came out on the roof of his house, and sat there alone gazing westward till the darkness deepened. "Dog," he muttered, "where is the redness in the sky that you promised me?"

LIV But the mob was on the road. Old John Willet, who happened to be alone in the bar that evening, heard them coming, and went to the door, dazed and stupid. Shouting and whooping like savages, the mob rushed at the Maypole, pell-mell, and in a few seconds he was bandied from hand to hand in the heart of a crowd of men.

"Holloa!" cried a voice that he knew. "Where is he? Don't hurt him. How now, old Jack! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Willet looked at him, and saw that it was Hugh; but he said nothing, and thought nothing.

"These lads are thirsty, and must drink!" cried Hugh, thrusting him back towards the house. "Bustle, Jack, bustle. Show us the best—the very best—the over-proof that you keep for your own drinking, Jack!"

John faintly articulated the words, "Who's to pay?"

"He says, 'who's to pay!'" cried Hugh, with a roar of laughter which was loudly echoed by the crowd. Then turning to John he added, "Pay! Why, nobody."

Then the crowd helped themselves; the neat and cheerful bar was wrecked and gutted in a trice; and everything in the house that was breakable destroyed. After this diversion the mob proposed to knock old John in the head. But Hugh would not consent. Instead, the landlord was bound fast to his chair, and the mob departed for the

LV Warren. They had been gone but a short time when Mr. Willet had a strange caller. A man wearing a slouch hat pulled low on his forehead, and with a pale, worn face and glittering eyes, looked in at the window. Finding that old John was alone, he entered the room, fell voraciously upon such fragments of bread and meat as had been left, drank the dregs from a wine cask, and demanded to know which way the rioters had taken. Old John replied with a nod of his head, and the man was hurrying to the door, when suddenly there came towards them on the wind the loud and rapid tolling of an alarm bell, and then a bright glare of fire streamed up, which illumined not only the whole chamber, but all the country. At the sound of that bell the man stopped in horror; his face was convulsed; his eyes started from his head. Then

with his right hand held aloft, and with a dreadful cry, he rushed away. The glare that shot up into the sky was that of the burning Warren. The rioters, maddened by drink and excitement, after breaking down the gates and beating in the doors, set fire to the whole building; but first they broke open the casks in the wine cellar; and many of them, falling dead drunk, were devoured by the flames. Others ran to and fro, stark mad, setting fire to themselves and to one another. On the skull of one drunken lad — not twenty by his looks — who lay upon the ground with a bottle to his mouth, the lead from the roof came streaming down in a shower of liquid fire, white hot, melting his head like wax. At last the flames died down; the rioters struggled homeward; Miss Haredale and Dolly were carried off as prisoners by Hugh and Simon Tappertit, and the dreadful scene was left to silence and to solitude. But

LVI presently the gallop of a horse approaching at a furious pace might have been heard; and Mr. Haredale, fresh from London and the Maypole, and with little Solomon Daisy clinging behind him, reached the spot. He dismounted, searched the ruins, called loudly, but no one answered. They were about to go away when some of the ashes in the high tower, which was still intact, slipped and rolled down. Mr. Haredale started, in a whisper bade his companion to be silent, and looked and listened; then, with drawn sword, he stole into the turret and disappeared. Solomon Daisy stood rooted to the spot in mortal terror. Again the ashes slipped and rolled, — very softly, — and then again, as though they crumbled under the tread of a stealthy foot. And now a figure was dimly visible, climbing very softly, but it quickly disappeared. Again the figure was coming on, for its shadow was already thrown upon the wall. Now it appeared, — and now looked round at him, — and now the horror-stricken sexton uttered a scream that pierced the air, and cried, “The ghost! The ghost!”

At the same moment, another form rushed out into the light, flung itself upon the foremost one, knelt down upon its breast, and clutched its throat with both hands.

“Villain!” cried Mr. Haredale, in a terrible voice, — for it was he. “You, Rudge, double murderer and monster, I arrest you in the name of God!”

Meanwhile, Barnaby, though he made a stout resistance, LVII was captured at his post by a company of soldiers, and LVIII lodged in Newgate, as Hugh was informed when he returned to the Boot Inn after depositing Miss Haredale and LIX Dolly in an obscure house in London, where they were LX guarded by a party of his followers. Rudge the murderer LXI was also placed in the same prison, Mr. Haredale having

LXII brought him bound to London. And in that place Barnaby and his father met for the first time in their lives.

The mob were now bent upon releasing the prisoners in Newgate,

LXIII Hugh, especially, having sworn a mighty oath that Barnaby should be set free. It was known that Gabriel Varden had made the great lock of the prison, and the first move of the rioters was to his house, Hugh and Simon Tappertit being as usual in the van. Finding all the doors and windows shut and barred, they were about to set fire to the house, when the locksmith appeared at an upper window, gun in hand, determined to resist to the death.

"Burn the door," commanded Hugh. "Stop!" cried the locksmith, in a voice that made them falter, presenting his gun as he spoke. "Let an old man do that, you can spare him better." The young fellow who held the light, and who was stooping before the door, rose hastily and fell back, and the whole mob paused irresolute. But at that moment Miggs appeared at another window. "Don't mind his gun," she screamed. "Simmun and gentlemen, I poured a mug of table beer right down the barrel." The mob roared and laughed, burst in the doors, and captured the locksmith, but not until he had wounded two men. Some were for hanging

LXIV him in short order, but the leaders, taking a basket of his tools also, bore him off to Newgate. Then ensued a terrible scene. The rioters demanded that he should pick the lock, but Gabriel bravely refused. From threats they came to blows. Dennis struck him in the face, and knocked him down, but Varden was up in a moment, and caught the hangman by the throat. They struggled together. Some cried, "Kill him!" Some strove to kick and trample him to death. Suddenly a tall fellow, fresh from a slaughter-house, whose dress and great thigh boots smoked hot with grease and blood, raised a pole-axe, and, swearing a horrible oath, aimed it at the old man's uncovered head. But at that very instant he fell himself, as if struck by lightning, and over his body a one-armed man came darting to the locksmith's side. Another man was with him, and both caught the locksmith in their grasp. "Leave him to us," they cried to Hugh. "Remember the prisoners, remember Barnaby." Then the two men fought their way back, as if they were among enemies, and carried the locksmith with them. And now the mob attacked the prison in good earnest.

LXV Finding that the doors, which were very massive, resisted their efforts, they set fire to the building, and soon the whole mass was in flames. The mob poured in and freed the prisoners, Barnaby and his father among the rest.

LXVI Quite unconscious of the fact that the murderer whom he had sought for so many years was at liberty again, Mr. Hare-

dale found himself houseless and homeless in London, for even the tavern-keepers dared not take in a Catholic. But in this predicament he was rescued by that same vintner, a Catholic himself, who supplied the ample cellars of the Maypole Inn. It was night again, and the streets were now a dreadful spectacle. The soldiers had been called out, chains had been drawn across the main thoroughfares, and there was bloody fighting in a hundred places. One object of attack was the vintner's house. The leader at this point was a man mounted upon a brewer's horse of immense size and strength, about whose neck, like a collar, was a string of manacles and fetters, taken from Newgate prisoners, which clashed and jingled as he went. Hugh, for Hugh it was, mad with liquor and excitement, led the mob upon the vintner's house; and seeing Mr. Haredale by the light of the burning buildings, he called to him by name and swore to have his life. But just as the mob poured in at the front of the vintner's house, the same one-armed man, with his companion, who had rescued the locksmith, entered the house from the rear, and took the vintner and Mr. Haredale to a place of safety. These two men were Joe Willet, returned from the wars with the loss of an arm, and Edward Chester.

LXIX Hugh, wounded at last, fell from his horse; and though already frantic with drinking and with the wound in his head, he crawled to a stream of burning spirit which ran from the vintner's cellar, and began to drink from it as if it were a brook of water. Barnaby, however, was at hand, and carried Hugh off to the Boot Inn, where he had already taken his father, the murderer. Here they lay till the soldiers came (guided by Dennis, who had turned traitor), and carried all three to prison.

LXXI The mob was, by this time, thoroughly put down. Miss Haredale and Dolly were found in the wretched house where they had been kept prisoners, Mr. Haredale, the locksmith, Joe, and Edward bursting in, and knocking down all who stood in their way, so that there was such a meeting of friends, relatives, and lovers as never took place before.

LXXIII Very different was the meeting of poor Mrs. Rudge with her son, for their reunion was in the prison, where Barnaby lay under a sentence of death, as did his father, as did Hugh, as did Dennis the hangman, whose treachery had not availed to save his life. The locksmith made one effort for Hugh.

LXXIV He had been told by Dennis, what was the truth, that Hugh's father was no other than Sir John Chester, his mother having been a gipsy girl who was hanged at Tyburn. This information Varden communicated to Sir John, but he, affecting to disbelieve it, left Hugh to his fate. Great efforts were made to save

poor Barnaby, but they came to nothing ; and the day of the execution arrived. The scaffold was up, the condemned were brought out, there was an immense throng of silent spectators. Dennis, the hangman, howled upon his knees for mercy, a pitiable object. Hugh and Barnaby were brave and calm. Barnaby was to be hanged an hour later in Bloomsbury Square, — the others in the prison yard. They asked Hugh if he had anything to say.

“To say!” he cried. “Not I. I’m ready. — Yes,” he added, as his eye fell upon Barnaby, “I have a word to say, too. Come hither, lad.”

There was, for the moment, something kind, and even tender, struggling in his fierce aspect, as he wrung his poor companion by the hand. “I’ll say this,” he cried, looking firmly round, “that if I had ten lives to lose, and the loss of each would give me ten times the agony of the hardest death, I’d lay them all down — ay, I would, though you gentlemen may not believe it — to save this one. This one,” he added, wringing Barnaby’s hand again, “that will be lost through me.”

“Not through you,” said the idiot mildly. “Don’t say that. You were not to blame. You have been always very good to me. — Hugh, we shall know what makes the stars shine, *now!*”

“I took him from her in a reckless mood, and didn’t think what harm would come of it,” said Hugh, laying his hand upon Barnaby’s head, and speaking in a lower voice; “I ask her pardon, and his.”

Then were hanged Hugh of the Maypole, Dennis the hangman, Rudge the murderer. But Barnaby was reprieved at the last moment ; and for the rest of his life he and his mother lived peacefully and happily at the Maypole, where Joe, having married Dolly, revived the former glories of that fine old inn. Mr.

Haredale killed Sir John Chester in a duel with swords, and flying to the continent, passed the short remainder of his life in a monastery. Edward Chester married Miss Haredale,

and rebuilt the Warren. Old John, whose intellect never quite recovered from the shock of the riot, was installed in a little cottage near the Maypole, where a miniature bar, exactly like that of the inn, the boiler included, was fitted up for

him ; and where he entertained, as before, Solomon Daisy and his other old cronies. The scores which he added up against

them for pipes of tobacco and glasses of grog were of enormous size ; and great was the satisfaction which old John derived from secretly contemplating these fictitious accounts inscribed upon a blackboard behind the bar.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

- Akerman, Mr.** Head jailer at Newgate. lxiv, lxxvi.
- Black Lion, The.** Landlord of a London inn of the same name; so called because he had instructed the artist who painted his sign to convey into the features of the lordly brute whose effigy it bore as near a counterpart of his own face as his skill could compass and devise. He is such a swigger of beer that most of his faculties have been utterly drowned and washed away, except the one great faculty of sleep, which he retains in surprising perfection. xxxi.
- Chester, Mr.,** afterwards **Sir John.** An elegant and punctiliously polite, but thoroughly heartless and unprincipled gentleman; intended as a portrait of Lord Chesterfield (Philip Dormer Stanhope), who was equally celebrated for his polished grace of manner, his loose morality, and his love of intrigue. Mr. Chester attempts, but unsuccessfully, to break off the match between his son Edward and Miss Emma Haredale, both because the girl is poor, and because he is bent on an alliance which will add to his own wealth and importance. x-xii, xiv, xv, xxiii, xxiv, xxvi-xxx, xxxii, xl, xliii, liii, lxxv, lxxx.
- Chester, Edward.** His son; in love with and finally married to Miss Emma Haredale. i, ii, v, vi, xiv, xv, xix, xxix, xxxii, lxvii, lxxi, lxxii, lxxix, lxxxii.
- Cobb, Tom.** General chandler and post-office keeper; a crony of old Willet's, and a frequent visitor at the Maypole Inn. i, xxx, xxxiii, liv.
- Conway, General.** A member of Parliament, and an opponent of Lord George Gordon. xlix.
- Daisy, Solomon.** Parish clerk and bell-ringer of Chigwell; a little man, with little round, black, shining eyes like beads, and studded all down his rusty black coat, and his long flapped waistcoat, with queer little buttons, like nothing except his eyes, but so like them that he seems all eyes from head to foot. i-iii, xi, xxx, xxxiii, liv, lvi.
- Dennis, Ned.** Ringleader of the Gordon rioters. Having formerly been a hangman, and therefore entertaining a profound respect for the law, he desires that everything should be done in a constitutional way. Yet, as an adept in the art of "working people off," he thinks it the better and neater method to hang everybody who stands in the way of the rioters; and he is frequently disgusted by the refusal of his fellow-insurgents to adopt his suggestions. When the riot is at last suppressed, and Dennis is arrested,

and condemned to death, he suddenly discovers that the satisfaction which he has experienced for so many years in executing the capital sentence upon his fellow-mortals was, in all probability, not shared by the subjects of his skill; and he shrinks in the most abject fear from his fate.

"No reprieve, no reprieve! Nobody comes near us. There's only the night left now!" moaned Dennis faintly, as he wrung his hands. "Do you think they'll reprieve me in the night, brother? I've known reprieves come in the night, afore now. I've known 'em come as late as five, six, and seven o'clock in the morning. Don't you think there's a good chance yet; don't you? Say you do. Say *you* do, young man," whined the miserable creature, with an imploring gesture towards Barnaby, "or I shall go mad!"

"Better be mad than sane here," said Hugh. "*Go* mad!"

"But tell me what you think. Somebody tell me what he thinks!" cried the wretched object, — so mean and wretched and despicable, that even Pity's self might have turned away at sight of such a being in the likeness of a man. "Is n't there a chance for me? is n't there a good chance for me? Is n't it likely they may be doing this to frighten me? Don't you think it is? Oh!" he almost shrieked as he wrung his hands, "won't anybody give me comfort?"

"You ought to be the best, instead of the worst," said Hugh, stopping before him. "Ha, ha, ha! See the hangman when it comes home to him!"

"You don't know what it is," cried Dennis, actually writhing as he spoke: "I do. That I should come to be worked off! — I, I, — that *I* should come!"

"And why not?" said Hugh, as he thrust back his matted hair to get a better view of his late associate. "How often, before I knew your trade, did I hear you talking of this as if it was a treat!"

"I ain't inconsistent!" screamed the miserable creature. "I'd talk so again, if I was hangman. Some other man has got my old opinions at this minute. That makes it worse. Somebody's longing to work me off. I know by myself that somebody must be."

"He'll soon have his longing," said Hugh, resuming his walk. "Think of that, and be quiet." xxxvi–xl, xlv, xlix, l, lii–liv, lix, lx, lxiii–lxv, lxix–lxxi, lxxiv–lxxvii.

Gashford, Mr. Lord George Gordon's secretary; a tall, bony, high-shouldered, and angular man.

His dress, in imitation of his superior, was demure and staid

in the extreme; his manner formal and constrained. This gentleman had an overhanging brow, great hands and feet and ears, and a pair of eyes that seemed to have made an unnatural retreat into his head, and to have dug themselves a cave to hide in. His manner was smooth and humble, but very sly and slinking. He wore the aspect of a man that was always lying in wait for something that *would n't* come to pass; but he looked patient (very patient), and fawned like a spaniel dog. xxxv-xxxviii, xliii, xlv, xlviii-l, lii, liii, lxxi, lxxxii.

Gilbert, Mark. One of the "Prentice Knights, or United Bull-Dogs," a secret society formed by the apprentices of London for the purpose of resisting the tyranny of their masters. On the occasion of Mark's admission to this organization, he is thus described:—

"Age nineteen. Bound to Thomas Curzon, hosier, Golden Fleece, Aldgate. Loves Curzon's daughter. Cannot say that Curzon's daughter loves him. Should think it probable. Curzon pulled his ears last Tuesday week." viii, xxxix.

Gordon, Colonel. Member of Parliament, and an opponent of his kinsman Lord George Gordon. xlix.

Gordon, Lord George. Third son of Cosmo George, third duke of Gordon; born Sept. 19, 1750; noted as the chief instigator of the Protestant or "No Popery" riots, which took place in London in 1780, and were a result of the passage of a bill by Parliament relieving Roman Catholics from certain disabilities and penalties. In these riots (which lasted for several days) many Roman Catholic churches were destroyed, as were also Newgate Prison, the residence of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and numerous other private dwellings. Lord George was arrested on a charge of high treason, and was committed to the Tower; but, the offence not having been proved, he was acquitted. He died Nov. 1, 1793. Dickens's descriptions of this misguided man, and of the dreadful scenes in which he was the chief actor, are not only graphic and vigorous, but faithful to the facts of history. xxxv-xxxvii, xliii, xlviii-l, lvii, lxxiii, lxxxii.

Green, Tom. A soldier. lviii.

Grip. A raven; the constant companion of Barnaby Rudge; a very knowing bird, supposed to be a hundred and twenty years old, or thereabouts.

The widow tried to make light of Barnaby's remark, and endeavored to divert his attention to some new subject, — too easy a task at all times, as she knew. His supper done, Barnaby, regardless of her entreaties, stretched himself on the mat before the fire (Grip perched upon his leg), and divided his time between

dozing in the grateful warmth, and endeavoring (as it presently appeared) to recall a new accomplishment he had been studying all day.

A long and profound silence ensued, broken only by some change of position on the part of Barnaby, whose eyes were still wide open, and intently fixed upon the fire, or by an effort of recollection on the part of Grip, who would cry in a low voice from time to time, "Polly, put the ket" — and there stop short, forgetting the remainder, and go off in a doze again.

After a long interval, Barnaby's breathing grew more deep and regular, and his eyes were closed. But even then the unquiet spirit of the raven interposed. "Polly, put the ket," — cried Grip; and his master was broad awake again.

At length he slept soundly; and the bird, with his bill sunk upon his breast, his breast itself puffed out into a comfortable alderman-like form, and his bright eye growing smaller and smaller, really seemed to be subsiding into a state of repose. Now and then he muttered in a sepulchral voice, "Polly, put the ket," — but very drowsily, and more like a drunken man than a reflecting raven.

The widow, scarcely venturing to breathe, rose from her seat. The man glided from the closet, and extinguished the candle.

"— tle on," cried Grip, suddenly struck with an idea, and very much excited. "— tle on. Hurrah! Polly, put the ket-tle on: we'll all have tea. Polly, put the ket-tle on: we'll all have tea. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a ket-tle on. Keep up your spirits. Never say die. Bow wow wow! I'm a devil, I'm a ket-tle, I'm a, — Polly, put the ket-tle on: we'll all have tea."

They stood rooted to the ground, as though it had been a voice from the grave.

But even this failed to awaken the sleeper. He turned over towards the fire; his arm fell to the ground; and his head drooped heavily upon it. v, vi, x, xvii, xxv, xlv–xlvi, lvii, lviii, lxxiii, lxxv–lxxvii, lxxix, lxxxii.

Grueby, John. Servant to Lord George Gordon; a square-built, strong-made, bull-necked fellow, of the true English breed, self-possessed, hard-headed, and imperturbable. xxxv, xxxvii, xxxviii, lvii, lxvi, lxxxii.

Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey. A country gentleman, burly in person, stern in disposition, rough and abrupt in manner, but thoroughly honest and unselfish. He resides at a mansion called "The Warren," on the borders of Epping Forest, and not far from the Maypole Inn. Being a rigid Roman Catholic, he is made a special

object of vengeance by the Lord Gordon mob. He kills Sir John Chester in a duel, and thereupon quits England forever, ending his days in the seclusion of an Italian convent. i, x-xii, xiv, xx, xxv-xxvii, xxix, xxxiv, xlii, xliii, lvi, lxi, lxvi, lxvii, lxxi, lxxvi, lxxix, lxxxi, lxxxii.

Haredale, Miss Emma. His niece; daughter of Mr. Reuben Haredale, who is mysteriously murdered. She is finally married to Edward Chester. i, iv, xii-xv, xx, xxv, xxvii-xxix, xxxii, lix, lxx, lxxi, lxxix, lxxx.

Hugh. A wild, athletic, gipsy-like young fellow, with something fierce and sullen in his features. He is at first a hostler at the Maypole Inn, and afterwards a leader in the Gordon riots. He turns out to be a natural son of Sir John Chester, who, when urged to save him from the gallows, treats the appeal with the utmost *sang froid*, and permits him to be executed without making the least effort in his behalf. x-xii, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxviii, xxix, xxxiv, xxxv, xxxvii-xl, xlv, xlviii-l, lii-liv, lix, lx, lxiii-lxv, lxvii-lxix, lxxiv, lxxvi-lxxviii.

Langdale, Mr. A vintner and distiller; a portly, purple-faced, and choleric old gentleman. xiii, lxi, lxvi, lxvii, lxxx.

Miggs, Miss. The single domestic servant of Mrs. Varden.

This Miggs was a tall young lady, very much addicted to patens in private life; slender and shrewish, of a rather uncomfortable figure, and, though not absolutely ill-looking, of a sharp and acid visage. As a general principle and abstract proposition, Miggs held the male sex to be utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice; to be fickle, false, base, sottish, inclined to perjury, and wholly undeserving. When particularly exasperated against them (which, scandal said, was when Sim Tappertit slighted her most), she was accustomed to wish, with great emphasis, that the whole race of women could but die off in order that the men might be brought to know the real value of the blessings by which they set so little store: nay, her feeling for her order ran so high, that she sometimes declared, if she could only have good security for a fair round number — say ten thousand — of young virgins following her example, she would, to spite mankind, hang, drown, stab, or poison herself with a joy past all expression.

When the Gordon riot breaks out, she forsakes her old master and mistress to follow and watch over Mr. Sim Tappertit. After the dispersion of the rioters, Miss Miggs returns to Mr. Varden's house, quite as a matter of course, expecting to be reinstated in her old situation. But Mrs. Varden, who is at first amazed at her audacity, orders her to leave the house instant; whereupon the young lady relieves her mind after this wise: —

"I'm quite delighted, I'm sure, to find sich independency; feeling sorry, though, at the same time, mim, that you should have been forced into submissions when you could n't help yourself. He, he, he! It must be great vexations, 'specially considering how ill you always spoke of Mr. Joe, to have him for a son-in-law at last; and I wonder Miss Dolly can put up with him, either, after being off and on so many years with a coachmaker. But I *have* heard say that the coachmaker thought twice about it, — he, he, he! — and that he told a young man as was a friend of his, that he hoped he knowed better than to be drawn into that, though she and all the family *did* pull uncommon strong."

Here she paused for a reply, and, receiving none, went on as before: —

"I *have* heard say, mim, that the illnesses of some ladies was all pretensions, and that they could faint away stone-dead whenever they had the inclinations so to do. Of course, I never see sich cases with my own eyes: ho, no! — he, he, he! — nor master, neither: ho, no! He, he, he! I *have* heard the neighbors make remark as some one as they was acquainted with was a poor good-natur'd, mean-spirited creetur as went out fishing for a wife one day, and caught a Tartar. Of course, I never, to my knowledge, see the poor person himself; nor did you, neither, mim: ho, no! I wonder who it can be; don't you, mim? No doubt you do, mim. Ho, yes! He, he, he!"

Cast upon a thankless, undeserving world, and baffled in all her schemes, matrimonial and otherwise, Miss Miggs turns sharper and sourer than ever. It happens, however, that, just at this time, a female turnkey is wanted for the county Bridewell, and a day and hour is appointed for the inspection of candidates. Miss Miggs attends, and is instantly chosen from a hundred and twenty-four competitors, and installed in office, which she holds till her decease, more than thirty years afterwards. vii, ix, xili, xviii, xix, xxii, xxvii, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxix, xli, li, lxiii, lxx, lxxi, lxxx, lxxxii.

Parkes, Phil. A ranger who frequents the Maypole Inn; a tall man, very taciturn, and a profound smoker. i, xi, xxx, xxxiii, liv.

Peak. Sir John Chester's valet. xxiii, xxiv, xxxii, lxxv, lxxxii.

Recruiting Sergeant, The. A military officer in whose regiment Joe Willet enlists. xxxi.

Rudge, Barnaby. A fantastic youth, half-crazed, half-idiotic. Wandering listlessly about at the time of the Gordon riot, he is overtaken by the mob, and eagerly joins them in their work of destruction. His strength and agility make him a valuable auxiliary; and he continues fighting, until he is at last overpowered,

arrested, and condemned to death. "Aha, Hugh!" says he to his companion on the eve of their execution, "we shall know what makes the stars shine *now*." A pardon is finally procured for him by Mr. Varden. iii-vi, x-xii, xvii, xxv, xxvi, xlv-l, lii, liii, lvii, lviii, lx, lxii, lxv, lxviii, lxix, lxxiii, lxxv-lxxvii, lxxix, lxxxii.

Rudge, Mrs. Mother of Barnaby. iv-vi, xvi, xvii, xxv, xxvi, xlii, xlv-l, lvii, lxii, lxix, lxxiii, lxxvi, lxxix, lxxxii.

Rudge, Mr. Father of Barnaby, and a former steward of Reuben Haredale's. One morning in the year 1733, Mr. Haredale is found murdered, and the steward is missing. Afterwards a body is discovered, which is supposed to be that of Rudge; but it is so disfigured as not to be recognizable. After the lapse of many years, it is proved that Rudge was the real murderer, and that the body which was taken to be his was really that of another of his victims. He is finally captured and executed. i-iii, v, vi, xvi-xviii, xxxiii, xlv, xlvi, lv, lvi, lxi, lxii, lxv, lxviii, lxix, lxxiii, lxxvi.

Stagg. A blind man; proprietor of a drinking-cellar and skittle-ground. viii, xviii, xlv, xlvi, lxii, lxix.

Tappertit, Simon. Apprentice to Mr. Gabriel Varden, and a sworn enemy to Joe Willet, who has rivalled him in the affections of his master's daughter Dolly.

Sim . . . was an old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, very little more than five feet high, and thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was above the middle size, — rather tall, in fact, than otherwise. Of his figure, which was well enough formed, though somewhat of the leanest, he entertained the highest admiration; and with his legs, which, in knee-breeches, were perfect curiosities of littleness, he was enraptured to a degree amounting to enthusiasm. . . . Add to this that he was in years just twenty, in his looks much older, and in conceit at least two hundred; that he had no objection to be jested with touching his admiration of his master's daughter; and had even, when called upon at a certain obscure tavern to pledge the lady whom he had honored with his love, toasted with many winks and leers a fair creature, whose Christian name, he said, began with a D [Dolly Varden].

Mr. Tappertit is captain of the "'Prentice Knights" (afterwards called the "United Bull-Dogs"), whose objects were vengeance on their tyrant masters (of whose grievous and insupportable oppression no 'prentice could entertain a moment's doubt), and the restoration of their ancient rights and holidays. He takes a leading part in the Lord George Gordon riots, but finally receives a gunshot wound in his body, and has his precious legs crushed into shapeless ugliness. After being removed from a hospital to prison,

and thence to his place of trial, he is discharged, by proclamation, on two wooden legs. By the advice and aid of his old master, to whom he applies for assistance, he is established in business as a shoe-black, and quickly secures a great run of custom: so that he thinks himself justified in taking to wife the widow of an eminent bone and rag collector. iv, vii-ix, xviii, xix, xxii, xxiv, xxvii, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxix, xlviii-lit, lix, lx, lxii, lxx, lxxi, lxxxii.

Varden, Dolly. A bright, fresh, coquettish girl, the very impersonation of good-humor and blooming beauty. She is finally married to Joe Willet. iv, xiii, xix-xxii, xxvii, xxxi, lix, lxx, lxxi.

Varden, Gabriel. A frank, hearty, honest old locksmith, at charity with all mankind; father to Dolly Varden. ii-vii, xiii, xiv, xix, xxi, xxii, xxvi, xxvii, xli, xlii, li, lxiii, lxiv, lxxi, lxxii, lxxiv-lxxvi, lxxix, lxxx, lxxxii.

Varden, Mrs. Martha. His wife.

Mrs. Varden was a lady of what is commonly called an uncertain temper,—a phrase, which, being interpreted, signifies a temper tolerably certain to make everybody more or less uncomfortable. Thus it generally happened, that, when other people were merry, Mrs. Varden was dull; and that, when other people were dull, Mrs. Varden was disposed to be amazingly cheerful. Indeed, the worthy housewife was of such a capricious nature, that she not only attained a higher pitch of genius than Macbeth, in respect of her ability to be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral, in an instant, but would sometimes ring the changes backwards and forwards on all possible moods and flights in one short quarter of an hour; performing, as it were, a kind of triple bob major on the peal of instruments in the female belfry, with a skilfulness and rapidity of execution that astonished all who heard her.

It had been observed in this good lady (who did not want for personal attractions, being plump and buxom to look at, though, like her fair daughter, somewhat short in stature), that this uncertainty of disposition strengthened and increased with her temporal prosperity; and divers wise men and matrons on friendly terms with the locksmith and his family even went so far as to assert, that a tumble down some half-dozen rounds in the world's ladder—such as the breaking of the bank in which her husband kept his money, or some little fall of that kind—would be the making of her, and could hardly fail to render her one of the most agreeable companions in existence. iv, vii, xiii, xix, xxi, xxii, xxvii, xxxvi, xli, xlii, li, lxxi, lxxii, lxxx, lxxxii.

Willet, John. Landlord of the Maypole Inn at Chigwell; a burly, large-headed man, with a fat face, which betokened profound

obstinacy and slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance upon his own merits.

The Maypole was an old building with more gable-ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day ; huge zigzag chimneys, out of which it seemed as if smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes imparted to it in its tortuous progress ; and vast stables, gloomy, ruinous, and empty. The place was said to have been built in the days of King Henry the Eighth. . . . Its windows were old diamond-pane lattices ; its floors were sunken and uneven ; its ceiling blackened by the hand of time, and heavy with massive beams. Over the doorway was an ancient porch quaintly and grotesquely carved ; and here, on summer evenings, the more favored customers smoked and drank, — ay, and sung many a good song too, sometimes, — reposing on two grim-looking, high-backed settles, which, like the twin dragons of some fairy-tale, guarded the entrance to the mansion. . . . All bars are snug places ; but the Maypole's was the very snuggest, cosiest, and completest bar that ever the wit of man devised. Such amazing bottles in old oaken pigeon-holes ! such sturdy little Dutch kegs, ranged in rows on shelves ! so many lemons, hanging in separate nets, and forming the fragrant grove already mentioned in this chronicle, suggestive, with goodly cans and snowy sugar stowed away hard by, of punch idealized beyond all mortal knowledge ! such closets ! such presses ! such places for putting things away in hollow window-seats ! — all crammed to the throat with eatables, drinkables, or savory condiments ; lastly, and to crown all, as typical of the immense resources of the establishment, and its defiance to all visitors to cut and come again, such a stupendous cheese ! i-iii, x-xiv, xix, xx, xxiv, xxix, xxx, xxxiii-xxxv, liv-lvi, lxxii, lxxviii, lxxxii.

Willet, Joe. Son of John Willet ; a broad-shouldered, strapping young fellow, whom it pleases his father still to consider a little boy, and to treat accordingly. After being bullied, badgered, worried, fretted, and brow-beaten, until he can endure it no longer, Joe runs away and joins the army. At the time of the London riots, however, he turns up, and renders good service to his friends, notwithstanding the loss of an arm at the siege of Savannah. The father is only too glad to welcome him back ; never speaks of him to a stranger afterwards, without saying proudly, " My son's arm was took off at the defence of the — Salwanners — in America, where the war is." Joe finally marries Dolly Varden, whom he has long loved. i-iii, xiii, xiv, xix, xxi, xxii, xxx, xxxi, xli, lviii, lxxii, lxxi, lxxii, lxxviii, lxxx, lxxxii.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Alice, Mistress. Heroine of the tale told by Magog, the Guildhall giant, to his companion, Gog; the beautiful and only daughter of a wealthy London bowyer of the sixteenth century. She elopes with a gay young cavalier, by whom she is conveyed abroad, where shame and remorse overtake her, and wring her heart. Her father, dying, leaves all his property and trade to a trusted 'prentice, named Hugh Graham, charging him with his latest breath to revenge his child upon the author of her misery, if ever he has the opportunity. Twenty years afterwards, Alice suddenly returns; and Master Graham (who was formerly an aspirant for her hand, and who still loves her) gives her lodging in his house, — once hers, — taking up his own abode in a dwelling near by. Soon after, he encounters the man who wrought her ruin. The two exchange a few high, hot words, and then close in deadly contest. After a brief struggle, the noble falls, pierced through the heart with his own sword by the citizen. A riot ensues; and at last Graham is shot dead on his own doorstep. On carrying him up stairs, an unknown woman is discovered lying lifeless beneath the window.

Belinda. A distracted damsel, who writes a letter to Master Humphrey about her faithless lover.

Benton, Miss. Master Humphrey's housekeeper. Mr. Weller, senior, in a moment of weakness, falls in love with her: but she prefers Mr. Slithers the barber; and the old gentleman, recovering his "native hue of resolution," conjures his son Samivel to put him in a strait waistcoat until the fit is passed, in the event of his ever becoming amorous again.

Deaf Gentleman, The. An intimate friend of Master Humphrey's, and a cheerful, placid, happy old man. It is his humor to conceal his name, or he has a reason and purpose for doing so. Master Humphrey and the other members of the club respect his secret, therefore; and he is known among them only as the Deaf Gentleman.

Gog. One of the Guildhall giants.

Graham, Hugh. A bowyer's 'prentice, in love with his master's daughter.

Jinkinson. The subject of an anecdote related by Sam Weller.

Magog. One of the Guildhall giants. See **TODDYHIGH, JOE.**

Marks, Will. The hero of a tale which Mr. Pickwick submits to Master Humphrey and his friends as a "qualification" for admission to their club. Will is a wild, roving young fellow, living at Windsor in the time of James I. He volunteers to keep watch by night at a gibbet near Kingston, for the purpose of identifying some witches who have been holding hideous nocturnal revels there; but he finds, instead of witches, two gentlewomen, weeping and wailing for an executed husband and brother. He suffers himself to be conducted to Putney, where he is introduced to a masked cavalier, who induces him to take the body of the dead man by night for burial to St. Dunstan's Church in London. This task, though a difficult and dangerous one, he performs; and on his return home, finding the whole neighborhood worked up to a high pitch of mystery and horror over his disappearance, he adds to the excitement by telling them a most extraordinary story of his adventures, describing the witches' dance to the minutest motion of their legs, and performing it in character on the table with the assistance of a broomstick.

Master Humphrey. A kind-hearted, deformed old gentleman, living in an ancient house in a venerable suburb of London. He is the founder of a sort of club, which meets in his room one night in every week, at the hour of ten. In this room are six chairs, four of which are filled by Master Humphrey and his friends, — Jack Redburn, Mr. Owen Miles, and the "Deaf Gentleman." The two empty seats are reserved until they can fill them with two men to their mind; and Mr. Pickwick eventually becomes the occupant of one of them, while Mr. Jack Bamber is proposed as a candidate for the other. In a snug corner stands a quaint old clock in a huge oaken case curiously and richly carved; and in the bottom of this case the members of the club, from time to time, deposit manuscript tales of their own composition, which are taken out and read at their weekly meetings. Among these are the two well-known stories called "The Old Curiosity Shop" (the secondary title of which, as at first published, was "Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey") and "Barnaby Rudge." Master Humphrey thus describes himself and his friends:—

"We are men of secluded habits, with something of a cloud upon our early fortunes, whose enthusiasm, nevertheless, has not cooled with age; whose spirit of romance is not yet quenched;

who are content to ramble through the world in a pleasant dream, rather than waken again to its harsh realities. We are alchemists, who would extract the essence of perpetual youth from dust and ashes, tempt coy Truth in many light and airy forms from the bottom of her well, and discover one crumb of comfort or one grain of good in the commonest and least-regarded matter that passes through our crucible."

Miles, Mr. Owen. A wealthy retired merchant of sterling character; a great friend and admirer of Jack Redburn.

Pickwick, Mr. Samuel. The hero of "The Pickwick Papers." Reading Master Humphrey's account of himself, his clock, and his club, he is seized with a strong desire to become a candidate for one of the two vacant chairs in the club, and accordingly furnishes a witch-story of the time of James I as his qualification, which procures him the honor.

Mr. Pickwick's face, while his tale was being read, would have attracted the attention of the dullest man alive. The complacent motion of his head and forefinger as he gently beat time, and corrected the air with imaginary punctuation; the smile that mantled on his features at every jocose passage, and the sly look he stole around to observe its effect; the calm manner in which he shut his eyes and listened when there was some little piece of description; the changing expression with which he acted the dialogue to himself; his agony that the Deaf Gentleman should know what it was all about; and his extraordinary anxiety to correct the reader when he hesitated at a word in the manuscript, or substituted a wrong one, — were alike worthy of remark. And when at last, endeavoring to communicate with the Deaf Gentleman by means of the finger-alphabet, with which he constructed such words as are unknown in any civilized or savage language, he took up a slate, and wrote in large text, one word in a line, the question, *How-do-you-like-it?* — when he did this, and, handing it over the table, awaited the reply, with a countenance only brightened and improved by his great excitement, even Mr. Miles relaxed, and could not forbear looking at him for the moment with interest and favor.

Podgers, John. A character in Mr. Pickwick's tale; a stout, drowsy, fat-witted old fellow, held by his neighbors to be a man of strong sound sense; uncle to Will Marks.

Redburn, Jack. One of Master Humphrey's friends, and his factotum. Mr. Miles is his inseparable companion, and regards him with great admiration, believing not only that "no man ever lived who could do so many things as Jack, but that no man ever lived who could do anything so well."

Slithers, Mr. Mr. Pickwick's barber; a very bustling, active little man, with a red nose and a round bright face. He falls in love with Miss Benton, Master Humphrey's housekeeper, and finally marries her.

Toddyhigh, Joe. An old playmate of the lord-mayor elect of London. The two had been poor boys together at Hull; and when they separated, and went out into the world in different directions to seek their fortunes, they agreed always to remain fast friends. But time works many changes; and so it happens that the lord-mayor elect receives his old companion very coldly when he suddenly appears in his counting-room, and claims acquaintance, at a late hour on the very night before the grand inauguration. Ashamed and distrustful of his old friend, he gets rid of him as quickly as possible, giving him, however, a ticket to the grand dinner on the morrow. Joe takes it without a word, and instantly departs. The next day he goes to Guildhall, but, knowing nobody there, lounges about, and at last comes into an empty little music-gallery, which commands the whole hall. Sitting down, he soon falls asleep; and when he wakes, as the clock strikes three, he is astonished to find the guests departed, and to see the statues of the great giants Gog and Magog (the guardian genii of the city) endowed with life and motion, and to hear them speak in grave and solemn voices, agreeing to while away the dreary nights with legends of old London and with other tales; Magog making a beginning by relating the first of the "Giant Chronicles."

Weller, Samuel. Mr. Pickwick's body-servant; "the same true, faithful fellow" that he used to be in the days of the Pickwick Club, retaining all his native humor too, and all his old easy confidence, address, and knowledge of the world. *See* WELLER, TONY, *the elder*.

Weller, Tony, the elder. The old plethoric coachman of "The Pickwick Papers;" father to Sam Weller. When Mr. Pickwick, attended by Sam, visits Master Humphrey on club-nights, old Mr. Weller accompanies them as part of Mr. Pickwick's body-guard. While the members of Master Humphrey's Clock are holding their meeting in the study up stairs, Miss Benton the housekeeper, and her friend, Mr. Slithers the barber, entertain the two Wellers in the kitchen.

"I don't think," said Sam, who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, "that, if the lady was agreeable, it 'ud be wery far out o' the vay for us four to make up a club of our own. like the governors does up stairs, and let him" — Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe towards his parent — "be the president."

The housekeeper affably declared that it was the very thing she had been thinking of. The barber said the same. Mr. Weller said nothing; but he laid down his pipe as if in a fit of inspiration, and performed the following manoeuvres:—

Unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and pausing, for a moment, to enjoy the easy flow of breath consequent upon this process, he laid violent hands upon his watch-chain, and slowly, and with extreme difficulty, drew from his fob an immense double-cased silver watch, which brought the lining of the pocket with it, and was not to be disentangled but by great exertions and an amazing redness of face. Having fairly got it out at last, he detached the outer case, and wound it up with a key of corresponding magnitude; then put the case on again, and, having applied the watch to his ear to ascertain that it was still going, gave it some half-dozen hard knocks on the table to improve its performance.

"That," said Mr. Weller, laying it on the table, with its face upwards, "is the title and emblem o' this here society. Sammy, reach them two stools this way for the vacant cheers. Ladies and gen'lmen, Mr. Weller's Watch is vound up, and now a goin'. Order!"

By way of enforcing this proclamation, Mr. Weller, using the watch after the manner of a president's hammer, and remarking with great pride that nothing hurt it, and that falls and concussions of all kinds materially enhanced the excellence of the works, and assisted the regulator, knocked the table a great many times, and declared the association formally constituted.

The old "whip" presides with great dignity, and observes the strictest rules of parliamentary law; thus, when Sam, in the course of some remarks, refers to a class of gentlemen as "barbers," and Mr. Slithers rises, and suggests that "hair-dressers" would be more "soothing" to his feelings, Mr. Weller rules that "hair-dressers" is the only designation proper to be used in the debate, and that all others are out of order.

"Well, but suppose he was n't a hair-dresser," suggested Sam.

"Wy then, sir, be parliamentary, and call him vun all the more," returned his father. "In the same way as ev'ry gen'lman in another place is a honorable, ev'ry barber in this place is a hair-dresser. Ven you read the speeches in the papers, and see as vun gen'lman says of another, 'the honorable member, if he vill allow me to call him so,' you vill understand, sir, that that means, 'if he vill allow me to keep up that 'ere pleasant and universal fiction.'"

Having taken a decided fancy to Miss Benton, but being afraid

that she is a "widder," Mr. Weller gets Sam to inquire as to the fact. He is told that she is a spinster.

"A wot?" said his father with deep scorn.

"A spinster," replied Sam.

Mr. Weller looked very hard at his son for a minute or two, and then said :—

"Never mind vether she makes jokes, or not : that's no matter. Wot I say is, Is that ere female a widder, or is she not?"

"Wot do you mean by her making jokes?" demanded Sam, quite aghast at the obscurity of his parent's speech.

"Never you mind, Samivel," returned Mr. Weller gravely. "Puns may be very good things, or they may be very bad 'uns, and a female may be none the better, or she may be none the vurse, for making of 'em : that's got nothing to do vith widders."

"Wy, now!" said Sam, looking round, "would anybody believe as a man at his time o' life could be running his head agin spinsters and punsters being the same thing?"

"There ain't a straw's difference between 'em," said Mr. Weller. "Your father did n't drive a coach for so many years, not to be ekal to his own langvidge, as far as *that* goes, Sammy."

Mr. Weller insists upon the two words being synonymous, but is finally assured that Miss Benton is not a widow, which gives him great satisfaction.

Weller, Tony, the younger. A son of Sam Weller; named for his grandfather. He is a very small boy, about two feet six from the ground, having a very round face strongly resembling Mr. Weller's, and a stout little body of exactly his build, firmly set upon a couple of very sturdy legs. When Mr. Weller is first introduced to Master Humphrey, he immediately goes off, as he always does, into praises of his namesake.

"Samivel Weller, sir," said the old gentleman, "has conferred upon me the ancient title o' grandfather, vich had long laid dormant, and wos s'posed to be nearly hex-tinct in our family. Sammy, relate a anecdote o' vun o' them boys, — that 'ere little anecdote about young Tony sayin' as he *would* smoke a pipe unbeknown to his mother."

"Be quiet! can't you?" said Sam. "I never see such a old magpie, — never!"

"That 'ere Tony is the blessedest boy," said Mr. Weller, heedless of this rebuff, — "the blessedest boy as ever *I* see in *my* days! Of all the charmin'est as ever I heerd tell on, includin' them as wos kivered over by the robin redbreasts, arter they'd committed soocide, with blackberries, there never wos any like that 'ere little Tony. He's always a playin' with a quart pot —

that boy is. 'To see him a settin' down on the doorstep, pretendin' to drink out of it, and fetchin' a long breath arterwards, and smoking a bit of fire-wood, and sayin', 'Now I'm grandfather,' — to see him a doin' that at two year old is better than any play as wos ever wrote. 'Now I'm grandfather!' He would n't take a pint pot if you was to make him a present on it; but he gets his quart; and then he says, 'Now I'm grandfather!'"

Mr. Weller was so overpowered by this picture, that he straightway fell into a most alarming fit of coughing, which must certainly have been attended with some fatal result but for the dexterity and promptitude of Sam, who, taking a firm grasp of the shawl, just under his father's chin, shook him to and fro with great violence, at the same time administering some smart blows between his shoulders. By this curious mode of treatment, Mr. Weller was finally recovered, but with a very crimson face, and in a state of great exhaustion.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

OUTLINE

Chapter In a wretched opium den, early one morning, John Jasper

I slowly shook off his stupor and lay listening to the mutterings of his companions. He wanted to know how much of what they said in their sleep could be understood, and it was with evident satisfaction that he found their words unintelligible.

II John Jasper, music master, was Lay Precentor at the Cathedral of Cloisterham, and to all the Cloisterham world a thoroughly respectable man much wrapped up in the welfare of his nephew, Edwin Drood. Edwin, an orphan and his uncle's ward, was engaged to be married to Rosa Bud, who was also an orphan.

III The fathers of the young people had arranged the affair, which Rosa and Edwin, with youthful dislike for constraint, found rather irksome to live up to.

IV The Cloisterham world, for Mr. Jasper's purposes (which now began to develop), included even so humble a citizen as Durdles, stone-mason, habitual drunkard, and keeper of the key to the cathedral crypt. Jasper began making his way with

V Durdles by showing a friendly interest in the latter's hobby, — the finding of forgotten tombs.

VI On the evening of the arrival in Cloisterham of Helena Landless and her brother Neville, Mr. Crisparkle, with whom Neville was to read, gave a small dinner in their honor, at which they met Jasper, Edwin, and Rosa Bud. By the end of the evening

VII the two young ladies had become good friends, and Rosa had confided to Helena the fear she had of Jasper because of his love for her.

VIII Edwin and Neville, on their part, failed to hit it off so well together; for Neville's attempt to congratulate Edwin upon his engagement was met with a rebuff, and a quarrel ensued. Jasper appeared on the scene in time to act, to all appearances, as

IX peacemaker, but in reality to foment the trouble; rumor of which was abroad by the next morning in Cloisterham.

Now Rosa thought a great deal about this quarrel, with the feeling that she was involved in it, in some way, through being in a

false position as to her marriage engagement. It was with great relief, therefore, that she learned from her guardian, Mr. Grewgious, that her betrothal was not binding unless she and Edwin voluntarily made it so. Unfortunately she told no one of her state of mind, as she wished Edwin to know it first.

X Mr. Crisparkle, too, thought a great deal about the quarrel, and set his mind upon bringing a complete reconciliation between the persons concerned in it. This determination was strengthened by the discovery, from Neville himself, that the latter was in love with Rosa, and that part of his anger against Edwin was due to that fact. Having obtained Neville's promise to forgive and forget, Mr. Crisparkle won Jasper to try to effect the same end with Edwin, and the meeting between the young men was arranged for Christmas Eve, at Jasper's lodgings.

XI Christmas was drawing nigh, and Edwin, on his way to Cloisterham, called on Mr. Grewgious in London by way of courteous attention to the guardian of his *fiancée*. Mr. Grewgious, though an angular man and unimaginative, had his ward's happiness very much at heart, and took this opportunity to talk with Edwin against the wicked folly of entering lightly into an engagement of marriage. In conclusion, he gave into Edwin's keeping a jewelled ring that had been the engagement ring of Rosa's mother, and that was now destined for Rosa herself. And he so impressed upon Edwin that the ring was rightly to be a symbol of love, that Edwin began at last to question seriously his motives for binding himself to Rosa.

XII In the mean while Jasper was quietly pursuing his ends, and making use of Durdles as guide for a moonlight ramble through the crypt of the cathedral,—an innocent journey enough had not Durdles fallen into a drunken sleep in the crypt, thus allowing Jasper to make what use of the keys he wished.

XIII Mr. Grewgious's words about their engagement to Edwin and Rosa, at different times, had so wrought upon the young people that they readily agreed to remain mere friends and to break any closer tie. On the plea that the news would pain Jasper, they decided to ask Mr. Grewgious to tell him,—an unwise course as events proved. Edwin, of course, retained the jewelled ring, in order to deliver it over again into Mr. Grewgious's safe-keeping.

XIV Christmas Eve came. Neville spent the day in setting his room in order and preparing for a journey afoot to be begun the next day; Edwin spent it in taking sauntering leave of ancient Cloisterham, in which he ran across a haggard old woman who, in return for money to buy opium, warned him that some one named Ned was in great danger of his life; Jasper spent it in preparing

for his two guests. In the evening the three came together. The next morning Edwin was missing, and Neville had started on his journey.

XV Jasper raised so hideous a cry of foul play over the disappearance of his nephew, that the first thing done was to arrest and detain Neville on suspicion of murder. While search for Edwin was going on, Jasper learned from Mr. Grewgious of the arrangement arrived at between Rosa and Edwin, a bit of news which affected him so strangely that he swooned away when he heard it.

XVI The search for Edwin was well-nigh fruitless, revealing nothing but a watch and shirt-pin which were identified as his; but nothing was proven against Neville, who was, nevertheless, obliged to leave Cloisterham. He took lodgings in London

XVII very near Mr. Grewgious, who also discovered that Jasper sometimes occupied rooms in his neighborhood.

XVIII At about this time a Mr. Datchery—a single briefer, living on his means—appeared in Cloisterham, secured lodgings of Jasper's landlady, and rapidly enlarged his acquaintance with the townspeople. He seemed to have some curious interest in the mystery of Edwin Drood's disappearance.

XIX It was in consequence of a proposal of marriage from Jasper that Rosa fled to her guardian in London, in whose mind various circumstances were serving to rouse suspicion of Jasper. For the latter, in his declaration to Rosa, had used threats scarcely consonant with purity of motives and uprightness of conduct. Accordingly Mr. Grewgious set about circumventing Jasper, settling Rosa in London.

XX Having concluded the bargain for rooms, he wrote and signed a few lines of agreement, and requested Mrs. Billickin to put her signature to the document also, "Christian and surname" in full.

"Mr. Grewgious," said Mrs. Billickin in a new burst of candor, "no, sir. You must excuse the Christian name."

Mr. Grewgious stared at her.

"The door-plate is used as a protection," said Mrs. Billickin, "and acts as such; and go from it I will not."

Mr. Grewgious stared at Rosa.

"No, Mr. Grewgious, you must excuse me. So long as this 'ouse is known indefinite as Billickin's, and so long as it is a doubt with the riff-raff where Billickin may be hidin' near the street-door or down the airy, and what his weight and size, so long I feel safe. But commit myself to a solitary female statement—no, miss! Nor would you for a moment wish," said Mrs. Billickin, with a strong sense of injury, "to take that advantage

of your sex, if you was not brought to it by inconsiderate example."

Rosa, reddening as if she had made some disgraceful attempt to overreach the good lady, besought Mr. Grewgious to rest content with any signature; and accordingly, in a baronial way, the sign-manual **BILLICKIN** got appended to the document.

XXIII Once more the scene opens in the opium den. This time, however, the haggard keeper of the place watched and listened; nor did she find Jasper's mutterings unintelligible. This time, moreover, she traced him, when he left her den, to Cloisterham, where she fell in with Mr. Datchery, who discovered her hatred for the Lay Precentor, and laid up the discovery as important among some others he had made.

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INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Bazzard, Mr. Clerk to Mr. Grewgious, over whom he possesses a strange power. He is a pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired person of thirty, with big, dark eyes wholly wanting in lustre, and with a dissatisfied, doughy complexion, that seems to ask to be sent to the baker's. The secret of his influence over Mr. Grewgious is thus explained by that gentleman in a conversation he has with Miss Rosa Bud:—

"We were speaking of Mr. Bazzard. . . . What do you think Mr. Bazzard has done?"

"Oh, dear!" cried Rosa, drawing her chair a little nearer, and her mind reverting to Jasper,—"nothing dreadful, I hope?"

"He has written a play," said Mr. Grewgious in a solemn whisper,—"a tragedy."

Rosa seemed much relieved.

"And nobody," pursued Mr. Grewgious in the same tone, "will hear, on any account whatever, of bringing it out."

Rosa looked reflective, and nodded her head slowly, as who should say, "Such things are, and why are they!"

"Now, you know," said Mr. Grewgious, "*I* couldn't write a play."

"Not a bad one, sir?" asked Rosa innocently, with her eyebrows again in action.

"No. If I was under sentence of decapitation, and was about to be instantly decapitated, and an express arrived with a pardon for the condemned convict Grewgious, if he wrote a play, I should

be under the necessity of resuming the block, and begging the executioner to proceed to extremities, meaning," said Mr. Grewgious, passing his hand under his chin, "the singular number, and this extremity."

Rosa appeared to consider what she would do if the awkward supposititious case were hers.

"Consequently," said Mr. Grewgious, "Mr. Bazzard would have a sense of my inferiority to himself under any circumstances; but when I am his master, you know, the case is greatly aggravated."

Mr. Grewgious shook his head seriously, as if he felt the offence to be a little too much, though of his own committing.

"How came you to be his master, sir?" asked Rosa.

"A question that naturally follows," said Mr. Grewgious. "Let's talk. Mr. Bazzard's father, being a Norfolk farmer, would have furiously laid about him with a flail, a pitchfork, and every agricultural implement available for assaulting purposes, on the slightest hint of his son's having written a play. So the son, bringing to me the father's rent (which I receive), imparted his secret, and pointed out that he was determined to pursue his genius, and that it would put him in peril of starvation, and that he was not formed for it."

"For pursuing his genius, sir?"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Grewgious, — "for starvation. It was impossible to deny the position that Mr. Bazzard was not formed to be starved; and Mr. Bazzard then pointed out that it was desirable that I should stand between him and a fate so perfectly unsuited to his formation. In that way, Mr. Bazzard became my clerk, and he feels it very much."

"I am glad he is grateful," said Rosa.

"I did n't quite mean that, my dear. I mean that he feels the degradation. There are some other geniuses that Mr. Bazzard has become acquainted with, who have also written tragedies, which, likewise, nobody will, on any account whatever, hear of bringing out; and these choice spirits dedicate their plays to one another in a highly panegyrical manner. Mr. Bazzard has been the subject of one of these dedications. Now, you know, *I* never had a play dedicated to *me*!"

Rosa looked at him as if she would have liked him to be the recipient of a thousand dedications.

"Which again, naturally, rubs against the grain of Mr. Bazzard," said Mr. Grewgious. "He is very short with me sometimes, and then I feel that he is meditating, 'This blockhead is my master! — a fellow who could n't write a tragedy on pain of death, and who will never have one dedicated to him with the

most complimentary congratulations on the high position he has taken in the eyes of posterity.' Very trying, very trying. However, in giving him directions, I reflect beforehand, 'Perhaps he may not like this,' or, 'He might take it ill if I asked that;' and so we get on very well,—indeed, better than I could have expected."

"Is the tragedy named, sir?" asked Rosa.

"Strictly between ourselves," answered Mr. Grewgious, "it has a dreadfully appropriate name. It is called 'The Thorn of Anxiety.' But Mr. Bazzard hopes, and I hope, that it will come out at last." xi, xx.

Billickin, Mrs. A widowed cousin of Mr. Bazzard's, who lets furnished lodgings in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square. Personal faintness and an overpowering personal candor are the distinguishing features of her organization. xxii.

Bud, Miss Rosa, called ROSEBUD. A wonderfully pretty, childish, and whimsical young lady, who is an orphan, and the ward of Mr. Grewgious. While yet a mere child, she is betrothed to Edwin Drood; her father and his having been very dear and firm and fast friends, and desiring that their only children should be to one another even more than they themselves had been to one another. But, as Rosa and Edwin grow up, they find that they are not truly happy in their engagement, and that each resents being thus married by anticipation. They accordingly agree to break off the engagement, and to "change to brother and sister" thenceforth. Shortly after this event Edwin Drood disappears, and is supposed to have been murdered. iii, vii, ix, xiii, xix-xxii.

China Shepherdess, The. See CRISPARKLE, MRS.

Crisparkle, The Reverend Septimus. One of the minor canons of Cloisterham Cathedral; a model clergyman, and a true Christian gentleman.

Mr. Crisparkle, minor canon, fair and rosy, and perpetually pitching himself head foremost into all the deep running water in the surrounding country; Mr. Crisparkle, minor canon, early riser, musical, classical, cheerful, kind, good-natured, social, contented, and boy-like; Mr. Crisparkle, minor canon and good man, lately "Coach" upon the chief Pagan high-roads, but since promoted by a patron (grateful for a well-taught son) to his present Christian beat. ii, vi-viii, x, xii, xiv-xvii, xxi-xxiii.

Crisparkle, Mrs., called THE CHINA SHEPHERDESS. His mother; a pretty old lady, with bright eyes, a calm and cheerful face, and a trim and compact figure. vi, vii, x.

Datchery, Dick. A mysterious white-haired man, with black eyebrows, who presents himself in Cloisterham shortly after the

death of Edwin Drood, and who takes lodging overlooking the rooms of Mr. Jasper.

Being buttoned up in a tightish blue surtout, with a buff waistcoat and gray trousers, he had something of a military air; but he announced himself at the Crozier (the orthodox hotel, where he put up with a portmanteau) as an idle dog who lived upon his means; and he further announced that he had a mind to take a lodging in the picturesque old city for a month or two, with a view of settling down there altogether.

Who or what he is does not appear; but it is plain that he takes up his abode in Cloisterham for the sole purpose of watching Jasper. xviii, xxiii.

Deputy. A hideous small boy, hired by Durdles to pelt him home, if he catches him out too late. He explains to Jasper that he is a "man-servant up at the Travellers Twopenny," a crazy wooden inn near the cathedral. As a caution to Durdles to stand clear if he can, or to betake himself home, the young imp always chants the following note of preparation before beginning to fling stones:—

" Widdy widdy wen !
I — ket — ches — Im — out — ar — ter — ten,
Widdy widdy wy!
Then — E — don't — go — then — I — shy —
Widdy widdy Wake-cock warning! "

—with a comprehensive sweep on the last word. v, xii, xviii, xxiii.

Drood, Edwin. The character from whom the story takes its name; a young man left an orphan at an early age, and betrothed, in accordance with his father's dying wish, to Miss Rosa Bud, the daughter of an old and very dear friend. ii, vii, viii, xi, xiii, xiv.

Durdles. A stone-mason; chiefly in the grave-stone, tomb, and monument way, and wholly of their color from head to foot.

No man is better known in Cloisterham. He is the chartered libertine of the place. Fame trumpets him a wonderful workman — which, for aught that anybody knows, he may be (as he never works) — and a wonderful sot, which everybody knows he is. With the cathedral crypt he is better acquainted than any living authority: it may even be than any dead one. It is said that the intimacy of this acquaintance began in his habitually resorting to that secret place to lock out the Cloisterham boy-populace, and sleep off the fumes of liquor; he having ready access to the cathedral as contractor for rough repairs. Be this as it may, he does know much about it, and in the demolition of impedimental fragments of wall, buttress, and pavement, has seen strange sights.

He often speaks of himself in the third person ; perhaps being a little misty as to his own identity when he narrates, perhaps impartially adopting the Cloisterham nomenclature in reference to a character of acknowledged distinction. Thus he will say, touching his strange sights, "Durdles come upon the old chap," in reference to a buried magnate of ancient time and high degree, "by striking right into the coffin with his pick. The old chap gave Durdles a look with his open eyes, as much as to say, 'Is your name Durdles? Why, my man, I've been waiting for you a devil of a time!' and then he turned to powder." With a two-foot rule always in his pocket, and a mason's hammer all but always in his hand, Durdles goes continually sounding and tapping all about and about the cathedral ; and whenever he says to Tope, "Tope, here 's another old 'un in here," Tope announces it to the dean as an established discovery. iv, xii, xiv.

Ferdinand, Miss. A pupil at Miss Twinkleton's school. ix, xiii.

Giggles, Miss. Another pupil at the same school. ix, xiii.

Grewgious, Hiram, Esquire. Miss Rosa Bud's guardian, and "a particularly angular man." ix, xi, xv-xvii, xx-xxii.

Honeythunder, Mr. Luke. Chairman of the Convened Chief Composite Committee of Central and District Philanthropists, and guardian of Neville and Helena Landless. He is a large man, with a tremendous voice, and an appearance of being constantly engaged in crowding everybody to the wall.

Though it was not literally true, as was facetiously charged against him by public unbelievers, that he called aloud to his fellow-creatures, "Curse your souls and bodies ! come here and be blessed !" still his philanthropy was of that gunpowderous sort. that the difference between it and animosity was hard to determine. You were to abolish military force ; but you were first to bring all commanding officers who had done their duty to trial by court-martial for that offence, and shoot them. You were to abolish war, but were to make converts by making war upon them, and charging them with loving war as the apple of their eye. You were to have no capital punishment, but were first to sweep off the face of the earth all legislators, jurists, and judges who were of the contrary opinion. You were to have universal concord, and were to get it by eliminating all the people who would n't, or conscientiously could n't, be concordant. You were to love your brother as yourself, but after an indefinite interval of maligning him (very much as if you hated him), and calling him all manner of names. Above all things, you were to do nothing in private or on your own account. You were to go to the offices of the Haven of Philanthropy, and put your name down as a mem-

ber and a professing philanthropist; then you were to pay up your subscription, get your card of membership, and your ribbon and medal, and were evermore to live upon a platform, and evermore to say what Mr. Honeythunder said, and what the treasurer said, and what the sub-treasurer said, and what the committee said, and what the sub-committee said, and what the secretary said, and what the vice-secretary said. And this was usually said in the unanimously-carried resolution under hand and seal, to the effect, "That this assembled body of professing philanthropists views with indignant scorn and contempt, not unmixed with utter detestation and loathing abhorrence,"—in short, the baseness of all those who do not belong to it, and pledges itself to make as many obnoxious statements as possible about them, without being at all particular as to facts. vi, xvii.

Jasper, John. A music-master who is employed as choir-master in Cloisterham Cathedral; uncle to Edwin Drood, for whom he professes the strongest affection.

Mr. Jasper is a dark man of some six and twenty, with thick, lustrous, well-arranged black hair and whisker. He looks older than he is, as dark men often do. His voice is deep and good, his face and figure are good, his manner is a little sombre.

Jasper is addicted to the use of opium, and resorts every now and then to a miserable hole in London, where the drug is prepared in a peculiar form by an old hag, and where he smokes himself into the wildest dreams. He goes to this place after the disappearance of Edwin Drood, and is followed, when he leaves, by the old woman, who thus ascertains who and what he is. The two are, in turn, watched by Mr. Datchery, who appears well satisfied on discovering the connection between them. i, ii, iv, v, vii-x, xii, xiv-xvi, xviii, xix, xxii, xxiii.

Jennings, Miss. A pupil at Miss Twinkleton's Seminary for Young Ladies. ix.

Joe. Driver of an omnibus, which is the daily service between Cloisterham and external mankind. vi, xv, xx.

Landless, Helena. A native of Ceylon, but the child of English parents; a ward of Mr. Honeythunder's, who sends her to Miss Twinkleton's School for Young Ladies in Cloisterham, where she becomes the friend and *confidante* of Rosa Bud. She is an unusually handsome, lithe girl, very dark and rich in color,—almost of the gipsy type,—with something untamed about her, as there is, also, about her twin-brother Neville.

A certain air upon them of hunter and huntress; yet, withal, a certain air of being the objects of the chase, rather than the followers. Slender, supple, quick of eye and limb, half-shy, half-

defiant, fierce of look ; an indefinable kind of pause coming and going on their whole expression both of face and form, which might be equally likened to the pause before a crouch or a bound. vi, vii, x, xiii, xiv, xxii.

Landless, Neville. Her brother, studying with the Reverend Mr. Crisparkle, and suspected of the murder of Edwin Drood. vi-viii, x, xii, xiv-xvii.

Lobley, Mr. A boatman in the service of Mr. Tartar, — “the dead image of the sun in old woodcuts,” his hair and whisker answering for rays all around him. xxii.

Reynolds, Miss. A pupil at the Nuns’ House, Miss Twinkleton’s Seminary for Young Ladies. ix.

Rickitts, Miss. Another pupil at the same establishment.

Sapsea, Mr. Thomas. An auctioneer, afterwards mayor of Cloisterham.

Accepting the jackass as the type of self-sufficient stupidity and conceit, — a custom, perhaps, like some few other customs, more conventional than fair, — then the purest jackass in Cloisterham is Mr. Thomas Sapsea, auctioneer.

Mr. Sapsea “dresses at” the dean ; has been bowed to for the dean, in mistake ; has even been spoken to in the street as My Lord, under the impression that he was the bishop come down unexpectedly, without his chaplain. Mr. Sapsea is very proud of this, and of his voice and of his style. He has even (in selling landed property) tried the experiment of slightly intoning in his pulpit, to make himself more like what he takes to be the genuine ecclesiastical article : so, in ending a sale by public auction, Mr. Sapsea finishes off with an air of bestowing a benediction on the assembled brokers, which leaves the real dean — a modest and worthy gentleman — far behind.

Mr. Sapsea has many admirers : indeed, the proposition is carried by a large local majority, even including non-believers in his wisdom, that he is a credit to Cloisterham. He possesses the great qualities of being portentous and dull, and of having a roll in his speech and another roll in his gait ; not to mention a certain gravely-flowing action with his hands, as if he were presently going to confirm the individual with whom he holds discourse. Much nearer sixty years of age than fifty ; with a flowing outline of stomach, and horizontal creases in his waistcoat ; reputed to be rich ; voting at elections in the strictly respectable interest ; morally satisfied that nothing but he himself has grown since he was a baby, — how can dunder-headed Mr. Sapsea be otherwise than a credit to Cloisterham and society ? iv, xii, xiv-xvi, xviii.

Tartar, Lieutenant. An ex-officer of the Royal Navy. who has

come into possession of a fortune, and has retired from the service.

A handsome gentleman, with a young face, but an older figure in its robustness and its breadth of shoulder, — say a man of eight and twenty, or, at the utmost, thirty, — so extremely sunburnt, that the contrast between his brown visage and the white forehead, shaded out of doors by his hat, and the glimpses of white throat below the neckerchief, would have been almost ludicrous, but for his broad temples, bright blue eyes, clustering brown hair, and laughing teeth. xvii, xxi, xxii.

Tisher, Mrs. A deferential widow, with a weak back, a chronic sigh, and a suppressed voice, who looks after the young ladies' wardrobes at the Nuns' House, Miss Twinkleton's seminary at Cloisterham. ii, vii, ix, xiii.

Tope, Mr. Chief verger of Cloisterham Cathedral. ii, vi, xii, xiv, xvi, xviii, xxiii.

Tope, Mrs. His wife. ii, xii, xiv, xvi, xviii, xxiii.

Twinkleton, Miss. Mistress of a boarding-school for young ladies in Cloisterham, attended by Rosa Bud and Helena Landless.

In the midst of Cloisterham stands the Nuns' House, a venerable brick edifice, whose present appellation is doubtless derived from the legend of its conventual uses. On the trim gate inclosing its old courtyard is a resplendent brass plate, flashing forth the legend, "Seminary for Young Ladies. Miss Twinkleton." The house-front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye.

Miss Twinkleton has two distinct and separate phases of being. Every night, the moment the young ladies have retired to rest, does Miss Twinkleton smarten up her curls a little, brighten up her eyes a little, and become a sprightlier Miss Twinkleton than the young ladies have ever seen. Every night, at the same hour, does Miss Twinkleton resume the topics of the previous night, comprehending the tenderer scandal of Cloisterham, of which she has no knowledge whatever by day, and references to a certain season at Tunbridge Wells (airily called by Miss Twinkleton, in this state of her existence, "The Wells"), notably the season wherein a certain finished gentleman (compassionately called by Miss Twinkleton, in this state of her existence, "Foolish Mr. Porters") revealed a homage of the heart, whereof Miss Twinkleton, in her scholastic state of existence, is as ignorant as a granite pillar. iii, vi, vii, ix, xiii, xxii.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

OUTLINE

Chapter To record the life and adventures of one Chuzzlewit, it is

I expedient first to trace the Chuzzlewit race itself from Adam downward, and then, having got them upon their feet, to bring to notice one or two persons who lived in the same world with

II Martin; as, for example, Mr. Pecksniff, architect and land surveyor, coming home on a gusty night and knocked off his own doorstep by the slamming of his own door in his face. Mr. Pecksniff was rescued from his sudden plight by his two daughters, Charity and Mercy, named, apparently, on the general principle which dubbed Ptolemy Philadelphus, and as the three sat before the fire, and Mr. Pecksniff notified his daughters that a young gentleman was coming as a student in the place of John Westlock, who was going, Westlock himself appeared, preceded by the faithful Tom Pinch, Pecksniff's one constant student and drudge, who tried in vain to make his master recognize with friendliness his dear friend, and his friend to confess the virtues of his master, — virtues which Mr. Pecksniff wore conspicuously, nay, even flaunted.

III Now, at the very time when this was going on, there lay at the Blue Dragon in the village an old man, apparently very low. His attendant was a young girl not more than seventeen, and his landlady, Mrs. Lupin, being at her wits' end, and having tried in vain to get the village apothecary, sent a messenger to summon Mr. Pecksniff, as being a man of learning and of vast morality. Mr. Pecksniff came, and recognized shortly the countenance of a cousin of his, Martin Chuzzlewit, the elder, who proceeded, in the bitterness of his soul, to pour out a general execration on the world, having already, before the entrance of Pecksniff, destroyed what appeared to be his last will and testament. The discovery of the presence of

IV the old gentleman in the village was, however, sufficient to put Mr. Pecksniff very much on the alert. Thenceforth he haunted the Blue Dragon, and in his anxiety not to fail his ancient relative at any moment, he went as far as the keyhole to the door repeatedly. On one of these excursions in the dark he came unex-

pectedly in contact with another head, and, on both owners of these heads coming to the light, the one which belonged to the intruder proved to be that of one Montague Tigg, a hanger-on and confidential friend of Chevy Slyme, an impecunious kinsman of Martin Chuzzlewit. Then it transpired that the village was, so to speak, full of the kinsfolk of the dying man. They laid siege to the Blue Dragon, and failing to capture the citadel, they all met at Mr. Pecksniff's house with a view to conferring upon the measures to pursue, especially with reference to the designing young creature who appeared to be the only one in the confidence of old Martin Chuzzlewit. As they sat in conference, held back from tearing each other's hair only by their common greed, a messenger burst in with the news that the old man and the girl had escaped them altogether by actually leaving the Blue Dragon and the village itself for parts unknown.

V If one Martin Chuzzlewit disappeared, another took his place, for Tom Pinch was sent in a chaise to Salisbury to bring back the new pupil, for whom he was to ask at the inn by the name of Mr. Martin. Tom drove cheerily along, picking up by the way his acquaintance, Mark Tapley, quondam man-of-all-work at the Blue Dragon,—a man of great contrariety, inasmuch as, being a man of great good humor, he was depressed by the consciousness of the want of merit in being good humored when everything favored the virtue, and so studied the art of being jolly under adverse circumstances. At the inn Tom encountered Mr. Martin, who proved to be grandson to the old Martin Chuzzlewit, and bearing the same name. He was a comfortably selfish fellow, and Tom Pinch, in the innocence of his heart, beguiled the journey home by an account of his own adventures as volunteer organist in a little church, where he had had a vision of loveliness in a listener whose name and home he had, in his delicacy, never sought to learn. Arrived at the Pecksniffs', they found that worthy family engaged artlessly in occupations which betrayed their wise and beautiful natures. Mr. Pecksniff initiated Martin into the sanctities of his new home, and Tom Pinch was graciously permitted to share in the frugal festivities.

VI The next day Mr. Pecksniff took his two daughters with him to London for a week, leaving Tom Pinch and Martin Chuzzlewit by themselves. Tom made himself extremely useful in getting the party ready to go, and Martin had a private conference with Mr. Pecksniff on personal business, but when the two young men were left to themselves in the evening, Martin, who was in low spirits, was driven to making a confidant of Tom, and disclosed to him the fact that he had been brought up by his grandfather, that

he had reasonable expectations of inheriting his grandfather's property, and was in love with the young girl who was his grandfather's constant companion, but that the obstinate old gentleman was so selfish, and the young woman so unreasonably governed by a mistaken sense of duty, that he was practically left out in the cold. The young woman, it appears, he had identified as the object of Tom Pinch's silent admiration.

VII As the two were at work the next morning, for Mr. Pecksniff had set Martin to work designing a grammar school, they were interrupted by the apparition of a most out-at-the-elbows man, who was none other than Montague Tigg, on an errand to see if he could insinuate out of Tom Pinch's pocket enough to pay the score which he and Chevy Slyme had run up at the Blue Dragon, on account of which they were miserably detained by the landlady. At the mention of Chevy Slyme's name Martin was uncomfortably stirred, for he recognized that disreputable man of unacknowledged genius as a kinsman; so he persuaded Tom to stand as a sort of surety for the two men, and the three set off for the Blue Dragon, accompanied by Mark Tapley, who had indeed escorted Mr. Tigg to Mr. Pecksniff's, being unwilling to lose sight of so valuable a piece of portable property as a walking debt. At the Blue Dragon, the landlady, Mrs. Lupin, cheerfully accepted Tom Pinch as security, and Mr. Tigg bound Tom still faster to him by borrowing a sovereign of him in the most elaborate and punctilious fashion. It was after they had all left that Mark Tapley announced his resolution to leave the Blue Dragon in search of his fortunes, after making the parting as difficult as possible by avowing his love for Mrs. Lupin.

VIII Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters had, as we have seen, got the start of him, and they found when fairly off in the coach for London that they had companions on the journey, old Anthony Chuzzlewit, one of the disappointed kinsfolk, and his sharp-set son Jonas, who had been lingering in the neighborhood looking out for business chances. Jonas devoted himself to the girls, with a keen eye for Mercy, the younger, who had giggled herself into his good graces at an early hour. The two parties separated when they reached London, and Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters made their way in the foggy morning of their arrival to the boarding-house of M. Todgers. M. Todgers, who was a woman, kept a house for men only, but Mr. Pecksniff, who had formerly resorted to the place, decided on prudential grounds that Todgers would take them all in, and so Todgers did. The conveniences were not great, but it

IX was much to be at Todgers's, which was inscrutably hidden in a very perplexed neighborhood. Here, under the eye of Mrs. Todgers, the young ladies could be secure, and that excellent

landlady treated them with all the indulgence of a prospective step-mother. One day the whole party sallied forth to look up Ruth Pinch, Tom's sister, to whom Mr. Pecksniff bore a letter from Tom. Ruth was governess in the family of a wealthy and haughty brass and copper founder at Camberwell, and there they found her instructing the very knowing young daughter of the establishment. With unspeakable condescension Mr. Pecksniff greeted the grateful sister of his grateful pupil, and kept his eye, as did his daughters and Mrs. Todgers, on the daughter of the house. As they retired at a very decided hint conveyed by the footman, Mr. Pecksniff, in the character of architect, uttered large and discriminating flattery on the mansion; he continued his observations in an audible tone when they were outside, and though he was ordered off the premises by the owner, he managed to retreat in dignified style, reserving his wrath for use a little farther away. The disagreeable incident was wiped out of memory, however, by an affair the next day, Sunday, when at the united request of the boarders at Todgers's, headed by Jinkins the Father of Todgers, the young ladies received the hospitality of the house and were guests at the dinner table. The evening closed with such draughts of gayety that Mr. Pecksniff finally had to be borne off to his chamber, whence he issued time and again with scraps of morality saved from his long-hoarded store, and he was finally reduced to peace only by having his door locked and young Bailey, the vivacious servant boy of the establishment, stationed as sentinel outside.

X The business which had brought Mr. Pecksniff to town appeared when, after a prolonged stay at Todgers's, old Martin Chuzzlewit one day paid a visit. For some reason known to himself he made friends with his kinsfolk and apparently took them into favor, mysteriously hinting that they should be the gainers by doing his bidding, and then insisted upon the dismissal of his grandson from their house.

Scarcely had he left them before sounds in the next room caught their notice. It was the voice of the youngest gentleman of the house, who was bitterly jealous of Mr. Jinkins, and was now engaged in a stormy interview with Mrs. Todgers, who succeeded at last in pacifying him and retaining his allegiance as a boarder. She could scarcely afford to affront eighteen shillings a week, or even to be very particular about the truthfulness of her discourse to him. But the Pecksniff sisters had indeed introduced a new atmosphere at Todgers's. It was shortly before they were to leave that young

XI Bailey one day at noon announced a visitor for Miss Pecksniff. On going to the parlor she found Jonas Chuzzlewit, who reproached her for giving him so much trouble in finding his

cousins, and now proposed to show her and her sister the town, after which they were to dine with him and his father, all of which was in agreement with an understanding with their father, whom he had just met, fortunately, in the neighborhood. The invitation was accepted, and Jonas accompanied the sisters, always devoting himself to Charity, and always talking across her at Mercy. At supper in the bachelor establishment of Anthony Chuzzlewit and his son appeared the only other member of their household, an old clerk, Chuffey by name, who seemed to live and have his being only at the word of Anthony Chuzzlewit.

When the Pecksniff family made ready to leave London, Jinkins and other of the boarders gave a doleful serenade to the young ladies, and on the morning of their departure Jonas was also on hand to say good-by. Anthony, in a private interview with Mr. Pecksniff, had intimated that it might be as well for them to take no notice of the young people. Thus they set out on their return,

XII having sent word to Tom Pinch to meet the stage in the early morning of their arrival with a gig and cart. Tom meanwhile had been in luck, for not only had Martin, lazily building castles in Spain, told him that he would look after him when he was married and had his fortune, but he had received a letter from John Westlock, who had come into property, inviting him and the new pupil to dine with him at Salisbury; a right good dinner they had, and much conversation ensued, which showed the innocent character of Tom, the oblivious selfishness of Martin, and the penetrating sense and generosity of John, who, by the way, managed to pay Tigg's debt without awakening any suspicion in Tom's breast.

When the two young men went to meet the Pecksniff family in the early morning, to the amazement of both Mr. Pecksniff appeared not to see Martin and to see Tom with magnifying glasses. The attitude which he took toward the two continued, and at last Martin brought him to book, whereupon Mr. Pecksniff, with bold front but trembling rear, professed to have discovered Martin's perfidy, and Martin, with rage and scorn, flung himself out of the house and announced his purpose to go to America, there to seek his fortune.

XIII He had small capital on which to start his enterprise, — a good suit of clothes, a gold watch, and a half sovereign which Tom Pinch had secretly conveyed to him as he set out. With a silk handkerchief he paid for a lift part way to London; he walked the rest of the way, and pawned his gold watch in the city at David Crimp, the pawnbroker's, where he encountered Montague Tigg, and then he sought in vain for some way of working his passage like a gentleman to the United States. Suddenly, when he

was in the lowest straits, a letter was brought him. It had his address on the envelope; there was no writing within, but there was something quite as serviceable, a Bank of England note for twenty pounds. As he was pondering this over a good meal, who should appear but Mark Tapley. It was not long before Martin had made so much of his story known as he cared to tell, and no longer before Mark had offered his services as a sort of companion valet. He began his duties by carrying a letter from Martin to the young

XIV lady with old Martin, for Mark had come upon the pair and knew whereabouts in London they were. Through this means, an appointment was made in the park, and with Mark for guard, Martin and Mary had a farewell meeting, in which Martin confided to her that Tom Pinch, the organist whom she had heard, would act as go-between in conveying his letters to her. When they parted Mark escorted her home, and returning brought a diamond ring to her lover. Martin murmured that she was worthy of all the sacrifices he was making for her, and Mark, with his eyes open to the situation, hugged himself with the consciousness that now he could be jolly under most adverse circumstances.

XV Martin and Mark set out on the voyage to the United States, and a most miserable passage they had, rendered more miserable by the discomforts of their fellow passengers, among whom was a woman with three children going out to meet a husband from whom she had been separated for two years, and whom in her faith she hoped to find on the wharf upon their arrival. Before they

XVI could land, the steamer was boarded by a horde of youngsters crying the papers, the New York Sewer, Family Spy, Stabber, Peeper, Rowdy Journal, and the like, and a representative citizen of the new country, Colonel Diver, editor of the last named sheet, accosted Martin and did the honors of a free and enlightened country, inviting him finally to the office of his journal to partake of champagne, which he had just levied on the captain of the steamer by virtue of his important journalistic friendship. There Martin met the war correspondent of the Rowdy Journal, Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the two conducted him to their boarding-house, kept by Major Pawkins, where Martin had an opportunity to learn something of American manners.

XVII But where was Mark Tapley all this time? Sitting calmly on the landing at the Rowdy Journal office, where Martin, who had forgotten him, found him on his return, conversing with a black man who had been a slave and was therefore an exclamation point after the word Liberty! The black took their luggage to Major Pawkins's, and in the evening Martin's new friend, Mr. Bevan, took him to call on the Norris family, where Martin met a new vari

ety of Americans, and was confronted also by one of his fellow passengers, General Fladdock, who to be sure came over in the cabin and Martin in the steerage. Martin went to bed somewhat disheartened at the prospect before him, and Mark had, by the same token, still greater cause for jollity.

XVIII Martin was but one of the Chuzzlewits, the only one who had undertaken to make his abode on the other side of the Atlantic. In London still dwelt Anthony Chuzzlewit and his son Jonas, with the clerk, old Chuffey. The money-loving son looked askance at this useless father clinging to the world he had done with. Already Jonas was enjoying his wealth in anticipation, and one evening stealthily drew out Anthony's will which he was guarding, that he might have a foretaste of pleasure. Suddenly he was aware of some one looking at him as he read. It was Pecksniff, who had unexpectedly come to town, and Jonas had a momentary panic as if he had been caught executing the man who made the will. He went out presently on a matter of business, leaving Pecksniff with his father. Then it transpired that Anthony had sent for Pecksniff, though it was hard to tell just what he wanted of him, now he had come, except to talk over Jonas's probable intention of marrying Pecksniff's daughter. After Jonas returned, Anthony, as they were talking, fell in a fit, and the next morning was dead, but not before he had, as it were, appeared as a ghost in the flesh shaking his head at Jonas. That young man and heir seemed struck with an awful fear, and as if to appease the ghost gave himself up to the luxury of a most expensive funeral. Mr. Pecksniff set

XIX off in a coach to get a professional nurse, Mrs. Sairey Gamp, a baggy woman of great experience, who came to help Mr. Mould the undertaker, and Mr. Mould, with a retinue of professional mourners, escorted the late Anthony to the grave, his only real mourner apparently being the sorrowful Chuffey, who seemed in some way to connect the dead Anthony with the living Jonas as effect and cause. But the funeral over, Jonas went down into

XX the country with Mr. Pecksniff, for change of air, and with purpose, apparently, of offering himself to Mr. Pecksniff's elder daughter, for in his conversation he as good as asked Mr. Pecksniff at what rate he would buy him for a son-in-law. What he really did was to ask Mercy to marry him, thereby greatly angering Charity. But the confusion of the scene was rendered worse confounded by the unexpected appearance of old Martin Chuzzlewit and Mary, announced by Tom Pinch.

XXI Yet the affairs of old Martin must needs be suspended till the fortunes of young Martin have been made clear. He left New York with Mark on his way to Eden, to which place he had

been recommended as one of the most promising spots in America in which to make an investment. On their way thither by rail they fell in with Mr. Lafayette Kettle, General Choke, and other very free and enlightened Americans of the period, and finally at the railway terminus were introduced to the agent of Eden, Mr. Zephaniah Scadder. As the result of Mr. Scadder's representations, they sank pretty much all their savings in a choice lot in Eden. But

XXII before they went Martin gave a reception on compulsion, to the townspeople, and lest he should lack for company, Major Hominy confided to him Mrs. Hominy, a large, loquacious woman, whom he was to escort to New Thermopylae, three days this side of

XXIII Eden. And now, having made necessary purchases, they set out for Eden itself, which they reached at last, to find it a swamp, breeding malaria and miasma, with the one solitary inhabitant more dead than alive. It was a bitter end to Martin's hopes, and offered Mark the most substantial foundation he had yet seen for the building up of a jolly temperament.

XXIV It was, indeed, old Martin and Mary Graham who presented themselves to Pecksniff, and that gentleman was for a time in great confusion of mind over the difficulties involved in bringing together the two branches of the family under his roof. Yet to his surprise, old Martin proved not irreconcilable, and Jonas presently was brought face to face with him. When Martin Chuzzlewit went back to the Blue Dragon with Mary Graham, Tom Pinch accompanied them, and when Tom Pinch came back by himself, he discovered that he had been followed by Jonas. Tom showed spirit on the way back and even damaged Jonas's head, thereby gaining the rather undesirable affection of Charity Pecksniff. Mercy, meanwhile, announced her intention of marrying Jonas chiefly for the sake of teasing him, and though old Martin tried to induce her to look seriously upon the approaching marriage, she did not heed him any more than she did the signs of malignity which showed themselves in Jonas himself. The name of that man was most

XXV mysteriously on the lips of a delirious stranger whom Mrs. Gamp was attending at night, upon the charge of John Westlock, her days being spent in the care of Chuffey.

XXVI But Mrs. Gamp's days' business was to close, for Poll Sweedlepipe, her landlord, came to fetch her home, young Bailey accompanying, — young Bailey, who was a smart young Buttons now in another place. Jonas Chuzzlewit had come home, bringing his bride with him, and Mrs. Gamp would not be needed

XXVII longer. The new place which young Bailey had was that of boy to Mr. Tigg Montague, that name representing the whirligig of fortune for Montague Tigg, who was chairman of the Anglo-Ben-

galee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, with David Crimple, once Crimp the pawnbroker, as secretary of the same, Jobling, the doctor who attended old Anthony Chuzzlewit, the medical officer, and Nadgett, the close-mouthed, open-eyed man, who at a pound a week made inquiries for the office. Into this select company Jonas Chuzzlewit was introduced as a possible policy buyer, but, being left alone with Tigg Montague, that gentleman conceived the notion of making Jonas a director, instead, and for that purpose

XXVIII proceeded to disclose the methods of the company. He did more. He had him at his rooms for dinner, and there introduced him to a choice company, and fuddled him with wine so that young Bailey had to see him home at three o'clock in the morning, and there caught sight of his old friend, now alas! less merry in nature than in name; he stayed long enough to guess at the brutal

XXIX way in which Jonas met his patient wife. He was cautious, however, in his conversation with Poll Sweedlepipe, when he put his innocent smooth face into that barber's hands the next day, and with Mrs. Gamp who came in to tell her landlord that she was going down into the country to attend her patient, who had so far recovered that he could be moved from the hospital. Mr. Lewsome, for that was his name, was in a very feeble way. He tried hard to communicate something to John Westlock, but only confirmed his friend's apprehension that he was still delirious. It may be added that Mr. Lewsome was an object of some curiosity to Mr. Mould, who came along just then, for Mrs. Gamp had been quite confident that she should turn her patient over to him shortly.

XXX The removal of Mercy from her father's house had not left that home any more united, for Charity, still sore over the deceit which had led her on and then turned its back on her, vented her anger on her father, and finally proposed that she should leave him, for a time at any rate, and take up her abode with M. Todgers. Mr. Pecksniff was not at all reluctant, since he had already begun to harbor certain deep designs. He had secured apparently an influence over old Martin Chuzzlewit, who showed increasing signs of physical decay, and he thought to clinch his success by marrying Mary Graham. He approached her therefore with a greasy offer of marriage, which she repelled indeed with loathing, and yet was forced to endure from her anxiety not to estrange old

XXXI Martin and his grandson. In the midst of her perplexities, she turned to the one person whom she could trust, Tom Pinch, and in church where she had been listening to him at the organ, she told him all, thereby causing the fictitious Pecksniff of Tom's careful construction to crumble suddenly, and a hideous image of the real Pecksniff to take its place. Now it chanced that

Pecksniff himself was present at this transformation scene, for he had stolen into the church and heard the whole conversation. He waited till Tom had left, then he let himself out of the window and went back to his house. Mr. Chuzzlewit was reading, for he and Mary Graham had taken up their abode with him. With an air of grief, Pecksniff told the old man that he had been cruelly deceived by one who should have been grateful to him, and calling Tom Pinch he declared that, waking from a doze in the church, he had overheard Tom making love to Mary. Tom did not deny it, seeing that, if he told the truth, he was in danger of incensing old Martin against young Martin as well as Mary. So he submitted. Mr. Pecksniff thereupon discharged him from his service, and Tom Pinch went off, sent on his way with the blessings of all in the neighborhood. Cherry meanwhile had made herself at home at M.

XXXII Todgers's, where she soon succeeded in capturing the Forlorn Hope of Mr. Augustus Moddle's affections, Mr. Moddle being the young gentleman who had been made so unhappy by his blighted affection for Mercy.

XXXIII The dismal swamp of an Eden was all this time telling on young Martin Chuzzlewit, and he became distressingly ill of chills and fever. Mark tended him, and when looking for help came upon the family whom he had befriended on shipboard. Another old acquaintance also turned up, Mr. Hannibal Chollop, who had the indomitable confidence in the glory of the United States which even Eden could not dim, and delivered it as his opinion that the people of the United States reasonably required to be "cracked up." Then Mark fell victim to the fever, and Martin in nursing him slowly acquired some due conception not only of Mark's fidelity, but of his own selfishness and of Mary's sacrifices. On Mark's recovery it was determined that they should make a retreat from the place, and Martin threw himself upon the generosity of his friend Mr.

XXXIV Bevan, who promptly responded. Thereupon they made their way back to New York, encountering by the way Major Pogrom and his satellites, and seeing Mrs. Hominy once more. Mr. Bevan would have sent them home in the cabin, but Mark ingeniously thwarted his generous intentions by succeeding promptly to the position of a retiring cook, and thereby paying the passage money

XXXV of both of them. Arrived in England, and pondering in the tavern what next to do, they were amazed at discovering Mr. Pecksniff in a dignified man who passed by. It turned out that the corner-stone of a new school was to be laid, and Mr. Pecksniff had come to attend the ceremony. Martin and Mark also went, and Martin had an opportunity of being indignant at the discovery that the school was actually to be built from his plans, with the addition of four windows put in by Mr. Pecksniff.

Tom Pinch, after parting with both the mock and the real Pecksniff, bade good-by to Mrs. Lupin and went up to London. Arriving early in the day, he made his way to John Westlock's lodgings, and was most enthusiastically received by that gentleman, who at once insisted on his making his home there. But Tom would first see Ruth, and he set out for the house where she was governess. There he found such vulgar treatment both of Ruth and of himself that, after giving the family a piece of his mind, he withdrew Ruth. After a weary search the brother and sister found lodgings in Islington, though very doubtful Tom was

how he was to maintain himself. On his way back to John Westlock's lodgings at Furnival's Inn, he stumbled on Charity Pecksniff, who, after some conversation with him, invited him to M. Todgers's, where he found Mercy also and learned from her something of her forlorn state. Augustus Moddle, who never seemed to have recovered from his blight, saw him on his way to Furnival's, and John Westlock went with him to Islington again, catching a glimpse there of the pretty Ruth Pinch.

It chanced that Tom, without knowing it, had that day passed in the street a man who had a good deal to do secretly with the fortunes of one and another of the persons who made up Tom Pinch's world. This was Mr. Nadgett, a man so in love with a mystery that his only regret was when he had to share it with some one else. He had been set to work by Tigg Montague to shadow Jonas Chuzzlewit, and by dint of persistent watching and note-taking, he had accumulated a fund of information which he proceeded to lay before Tigg Montague just before Jonas himself made a call. Just what the information was might be judged from its effect on Jonas, whom it turned from a swaggerer, ready to push Tigg hard, to a subservient tool, ready to do his part in bringing geese to the company to be plucked.

To get back to pleasanter people. In the little establishment at Islington Ruth Pinch began her experiments in housekeeping with a beefsteak pudding, and Tom on the other side of the table fell to preparing a careful inventory of his qualifications, getting as far as the fact that he was a respectable man of thirty-five, when John Westlock walked in with the announcement that a certain Mr. Fips had called upon him to offer in the name of some unknown person the post of secretary and librarian to Tom Pinch, with the salary of a hundred pounds a year. The two men at once went to the city and saw Mr. Fips; they went also to the Temple and saw the library, now in great confusion, but they learned nothing whatever of the mysterious but very timely benefactor. Then back they went to dinner with Ruth. Tom went

to work, but still without knowing who was employing him. He

XL and Ruth were wont to take morning strolls before he went to his work, and one day they were down among the steam-boats, when they encountered Mrs. Gamp, who was looking for the "Ankwerks package;" she was much concerned over a couple of people apparently about to start for Antwerp. As they were all looking, suddenly Tom's landlord appeared at his side with a packet which he begged him to deliver at once to the retreating couple. When Tom obligingly did so, what was his amazement to discover that the two were Jonas and Mercy. More than that, the missive had extraordinary power over Jonas. It brought him back,

XLI sent Mercy home in charge of Mrs. Gamp, and showed him driving off with Tigg Montague, who seemed not quite ready to part with his brother director.

Mr. Montague, when he had driven Jonas to his rooms, had it out with him. Jonas had tried to run away, — that was plain; but the chairman of the Anglo-Bengalee had further use for him, and he held the secret he possessed as a threat over his head. Jonas apparently yielded, and agreed at once to go into the country to hook Pecksniff, and insisted on Montague's going with him. Montague,

XLII rather ill at ease, added young Bailey to the party, and off they set. It was a wild night; more than once Montague was sure that Jonas was on the point of murdering him, and in an overturn of the coach young Bailey was left for dead.

XLIII Meanwhile a more harmonious party had gone to the same neighborhood, for Mrs. Lupin was surprised by the reappearance of Mark Tapley, and with him came young Martin Chuzzlewit. It was a rather disquieting picture which she drew of the situation at Mr. Pecksniff's, and Martin made one or two ineffectual attempts at seeing his grandfather apart from the baleful Pecksniffian influence; failing that, he took a bolder course and presented himself to old Martin in the very presence of Pecksniff. Yet he seemed to make no impression on the old man, who appeared to receive everything through the medium of Pecksniff. Only, after old Martin had left the room with Pecksniff, young Martin had a few cheering words with Mary, when he went back to the Blue Dragon, apparently baffled, to find that Jonas and Montague were there.

XLIV Their errand was accomplished with little difficulty, for Pecksniff was no match for the two, and succeeded in placing pretty much all his property in their hands before parting with them.

XLV One of the mysteries attached to the return of Jonas and Mercy from their attempted journey was in the fact that it was Tom Pinch's landlord who gave the packet to Tom to deliver,

and the mystery was not made much clearer when Tom, who with his sister had puzzled over the affair, told the story to John Westlock one night when the three were dining together in John's chambers.

Still, in hopes of being of some service to poor Mercy, XLVI Tom, taking Ruth with him, went to visit that hapless wife. On the way thither, the pair fell in with Miss Charity Pecksniff and the melancholy Moddle, so all four went to the house, where they found Mercy, Mrs. Todgers, Mrs. Gamp, and old Chuffey. It was rather a dismal assemblage with old Chuffey continually talking about the dead and Moddle apparently wishing himself dead, and it was not rendered more cheerful by the unexpected advent of Jonas. As they were leaving Tom in vain attempted to tell Jonas who it was who had entrusted the letter to him, a fact which might have let in some light, for Tom's landlord was no other than Nadgett. After they all had left, Jonas announced to his wife and Mrs. Gamp that he wanted to sleep, it may be for thirty-six

hours, and he was not to be disturbed in his room. Once left XLVII to himself, he changed his clothing, stole out of the house, and, a different looking man, travelled secretly into the country, first by coach, then by foot. Concealing himself in a wood, he waited. Into the wood came Mr. Pecksniff and Tigg Montague. They parted from each other, and Mr. Pecksniff returned to his home. Later Jonas also returned to his home. No, he had not been disturbed, Mercy told him; only one man had come to see him, that early morning, — only one man, Nadgett.

Nadgett's lodgers could not fathom the mystery of their XLVIII landlord at once, and as they were at breakfast one morning they were surprised by a call, which brought a new wonder, for Martin and Mark were the visitors. Tom went with them to the city to see John Westlock and found him closeted with a stranger, who was Lewsome just recovering from his nearly fatal illness. Then it transpired that Lewsome, being a companion of Jonas Chuzzlewit, had supplied him with a drug which had doubtless been the means of old Anthony Chuzzlewit's death. It was a terrible revelation. Yet the secret must be made known in some way. Great was the perplexity of all, when Tom remembered hearing such words from old Chuffey's lips as confirmed the suspicion that Lewsome's tale was genuine. Accordingly it was determined to get at Chuffey through Mrs. Gamp, and as a minor settlement of accounts Martin also, at John's instigation, wrote to the trustees of the Grammar school boldly claiming the plans which Mr. Pecksniff had put forward as his own.

Mrs. Gamp was to be found at her own rooms, and thither XLIX Martin and John went, but not before Poll Sweedlepipe had

burst in on her and Betsey Prig with the news that young Bailey had been killed, Crimble had made off with the funds of the Anglo-Bengalee, Montague was nowhere to be found and had probably gone off to join the other precious scoundrel, and that Jonas Chuzzlewit had appeared to charge the Anglo-Bengalee with having swindled him; all which narrative so far postponed the tea that Betsey Prig was in a very irritable state of mind, and indeed ready to quarrel; and though the quarrel was averted for the moment, it was renewed over the delicate contention of the existence of Mrs. Harris.

"Now, Sairah," said Mrs. Prig, "joining business with pleasure, wot is this case in which you wants me?"

Mrs. Gamp betraying in her face some intention of returning an evasive answer, Betsey added: —

"Is it Mrs. Harris?"

"No, Betsey Prig: it ain't," was Mrs. Gamp's reply.

"Well," said Mrs. Prig with a short laugh, "I'm glad of that, at any rate!"

"Why should you be glad of that, Betsey?" Mrs. Gamp retorted warmly. "She is unbeknown to you, except by hearsay: why should you be glad? If you have anythink to say contrary to the character of Mrs. Harris, which well I knows behind her back, afore her face, or anywheres, is not to be impeaged, out with it, Betsey. I have know'd that sweetest and best of women," said Mrs. Gamp, shaking her head, and shedding tears, "ever since afore her first, which Mr. Harris, who was dreadful timid, went and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, wen, bein' took with fits, the doctor collared him, and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told to ease her mind, his 'owls was organs. And I have know'd her, Betsey Prig, wen he has hurt her feelin' 'art by sayin' of his ninth, that it was one too many, if not two; while that dear innocent was cooin' in his face, which thrive it did, though bandy: but I have never know'd as you had occagion to be glad, Betsey, on account of Mrs. Harris not requiring you. Require she never will, depend upon it; for her constant word in sickness is, and will be, 'Send for Sairey!'"

During this touching address, Mrs. Prig, adroitly feigning to be the victim of that absence of mind which has its origin in excessive attention to one topic, helped herself from the teapot without appearing to observe it. Mrs. Gamp observed it, however, and came to a premature close in consequence.

"Well, it ain't her, it seems," said Mrs. Prig coldly. "Who is it, then?"

"You have heerd me mention, Betsey," Mrs. Gamp replied, after glancing in an expressive and marked manner at the teapot, "a person as I took care on at the time as you and I was pardners, off and on, in that there fever at the Bull?"

"Old Snuffey," Mrs. Prig observed.

Sarah Gamp looked at her with an eye of fire; for she saw in this mistake of Mrs. Prig another wilful and malignant stab at that same weakness or custom of hers, an ungenerous allusion to which, on the part of Betsey, had first disturbed their harmony that evening. And she saw it still more clearly, when, politely but firmly correcting that lady by the distinct enunciation of the word "Chuffey," Mrs. Prig received the correction with a diabolical laugh. . . . Her countenance became about this time derisive and defiant; and she sat with her arms folded, and one eye shut up, in a somewhat offensive, because obtrusively intelligent manner.

Mrs. Gamp, observing this, felt it the more necessary that Mrs. Prig should know her place, and be made sensible of her exact station in society, as well as of her obligations to herself. She therefore assumed an air of greater patronage and importance as she went on to answer Mrs. Prig a little more in detail.

"Mr. Chuffey, Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp, "is weak in his mind. Excuse me if I makes remark, that he may neither be so weak as people thinks, nor people may not think he is so weak as they pretends; and what I knows I knows, and what you don't you don't: so do not ask me, Betsey. But Mr. Chuffey's friends has made propojals for his bein' took care on, and has said to me, 'Mrs. Gamp, *will* you undertake it? We could n't think,' they says, 'of trusting him to nobody but you; for, Sairey, you are gold as has passed the furnace. Will you undertake it at your own price, day and night, and by your own self?' — 'No,' I says, 'I will not. Do not reckon on it. There is,' I says, 'but one creetur in the world as I would undertake on sech terms; and her name is Harris. But,' I says, 'I am acquainted with a friend, whose name is Betsey Prig, that I can recommend, and will assist me. Betsey,' I says, 'is always to be trusted, under me, and will be guided as I could desire.'"

Here Mrs. Prig, without any abatement of her offensive manner, again counterfeited abstraction of mind, and stretched out her hand to the teapot. It was more than Mrs. Gamp could bear. She stopped the hand of Mrs. Prig with her own, and said with great feeling, —

"No, Betsey! Drink fair, wotever you do!"

Mrs. Prig, thus baffled, threw herself back in her chair, and

closing the same eye more emphatically, and folding her arms tighter, suffered her head to roll slowly from side to side, while she surveyed her friend with a contemptuous smile.

Mrs Gamp resumed, —

“Mrs. Harris, Betsey” —

“Bother Mrs. Harris!” said Betsey Prig.

Mrs. Gamp looked at her with amazement, incredulity, and indignation; when Mrs. Prig, shutting her eye still closer, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words: —

“I don’t believe there’s no sich a person!”

After the utterance of which expressions, she leaned forward, and snapped her fingers once, twice, thrice, each time nearer to the face of Mrs. Gamp; and then rose to put on her bonnet, as one who felt that there was now a gulf between them which nothing could ever bridge across.

The shock of this blow was so violent and sudden, that Mrs. Gamp sat staring at nothing with uplifted eyes, and her mouth open as if she were gasping for breath, until Betsey Prig had put on her bonnet and her shawl, and was gathering the latter about her throat. Then Mrs. Gamp rose, — morally and physically rose, — and denounced her.

“What!” said Mrs. Gamp, “you bage creetur! Have I know’d Mrs. Harris five and thirty year, to be told at last that there ain’t no sech a person livin’? Have I stood her friend in all her troubles, great and small, for it to come at last to sech a end as this, which her own sweet picter hanging up afore you all the time to shame your bragian words? But well you may n’t believe there’s no sech a creetur; for she would n’t demean herself to look at you. And often has she said, when I have made mention of your name, which to my sinful sorrow I have done, — ‘What, Sairey Gamp! debage yourself to *her*!’ Go along with you!”

“I’m a goin’, ma’am; ain’t I?” said Mrs. Prig, stopping as she said it.

“You had better, ma’am,” said Mrs. Gamp.

“Do you know who you’re talking to, ma’am?” inquired her visitor.

“Aperiently,” said Mrs. Gamp, surveying her with scorn from head to foot, “to Betsey Prig, — aperiently so. I know her. No one better. Go along with you!”

“And *you* was a going to take me under you!” cried Mrs. Prig, surveying Mrs. Gamp from head to foot, in her turn, — “*you* was; was you! Oh, how kind! Why, deuse take your

imperence!" said Mrs. Prig, with a rapid change from banter to ferocity, "what do you mean?"

"Go along with you!" said Mrs. Gamp. "I blush for you."

"You had better blush a little for yourself while you *are* about it!" said Mrs. Prig. "You and your Chuffeys! What, the poor old creetur is n't mad enough; is n't he? Aha!"

"He'd very soon be mad enough if you had anything to do with him," said Mrs. Gamp.

"And that's what I was wanted for; is it?" cried Mrs. Prig triumphantly. "Yes. But you'll find yourself deceived. I won't go near him. We shall see how you get on without me. I won't have nothink to do with him."

"You never spoke a truer word than that!" said Mrs. Gamp. "Go along with you!"

L One mystery seemed to give way before another. Martin came to see Tom and his sister with bitter reproaches for the deceit he had practised on him. He left without disclosing what this was, but Ruth, with her womanly instinct, made it clear to him, as to herself, that Martin suspected him of winning Mary's love. Tom himself was easier in his mind now that Ruth had made him confess his great secret; and the brother and sister were happier for sharing this confidence. Ruth walked with him to the city the next day, and Tom took up his work with a momentary thought as to who his mysterious employer could be, when in walked Martin Chuzzlewit the elder, who, in a few words, made it clear to him that he had been playing a part, and that now the time was come when he could throw off his disguise and reveal the depravity of Pecksniff.

LI Jonas Chuzzlewit had made his plans to put old Chuffey under close guard of the nurse, lest he should betray the secret which he knew him to possess; and he meant himself, as soon as all was effected, to slip off out of the country. He had one more interview with Chuffey, and in his rage was about to put him out of life when Mrs. Gamp appeared. He gave Chuffey into her hands, and she undertook to quiet the old man in his chamber. Jonas was eager to see his other attendant, and Mrs. Gamp was at her wits' end to produce Mrs. Harris, who was the other, when the door opened and in came a number of persons, all engaged in closing about Jonas, — old Martin, young Martin, Lewsome, Mark Tapley, Chevy Slyme, Nadgett. Chuffey reappeared, and a hope sprang up in Jonas's mind, as the old man made it clear that he and Anthony knew of Jonas's design, but that Anthony's death was not by Jonas's poison. But the reprieve was a short one, for Nadgett told how, step by step, he had traced the murder of Montague. The end had

come ; but Jonas, handcuffed and waiting only for the coach to take him to prison, bribed Chevy Slyme to let him go into another room for five minutes. There he killed himself with poison.

LII It was now time for a general settlement, and by the instrumentality of Mark Tapley, the several persons who had been dealing with each other came together in Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit's apartment. Last of all came Mr. Pecksniff ; and now old Martin, with his kinsfolk about him, let out all his dammed-up wrath in a blow with his walking-stick upon the hypocrite Pecksniff, and then told the tale of his own dissembling, and of how he had secretly

LIII helped young Martin. He so disposed of all the entanglements of fortune that Martin and Mary, Mark and Mrs. Lupin, paired off, and it was not long before John Westlock and Ruth made another couple. Last of all was to come the dragging to the

LIV altar of the sacrificial Moddle by Charity Pecksniff, who held the cords, but oh, marvel to relate ! at the last moment, Moddle, taking his courage in both hands, fled precipitately, and Charity was left with a wrecked Hope.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Bailey, junior. The "boots" at Mrs. Todgers's "Commercial Boarding-house ;" a small boy with a large red head, and no nose to speak of. He afterwards becomes "Tiger" to Tigg Montague, and finally engages with Mr. Sweedlepipe in the barber business. viii, x, xi, xxvi-xxix, xxxviii, xli, xlii, xlix, lii.

Bevan, Mr. A sensible, warm-hearted Massachusetts man, whom Martin Chuzzlewit meets at his boarding-house in New York, and who afterwards advances him money to enable him to return to England. xvi, xvii, xxi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xliii.

Bib, Julius Washington Merryweather. An American gentleman in the lumber line ; one of a committee that waits upon the Honorable Elijah Pogram. xxxiv.

Brick, Jefferson. The war correspondent of the New York Rowdy Journal. He is introduced by Colonel Diver, the editor of the newspaper, to Martin Chuzzlewit, who had at first supposed him to be the colonel's son.

"My war correspondent, sir, Mr. Jefferson Brick !"

Martin could not help starting at this unexpected announcement and the consciousness of the irretrievable mistake he had nearly made.

Mr. Brick seemed pleased with the sensation he produced upon

the stranger, and shook hands with him with an air of patronage designed to reassure him, and to let him know that there was no occasion to be frightened; for he (Brick) would n't hurt him.

"You have heard of Jefferson Brick, I see, sir," quoth the colonel with a smile. "England has heard of Jefferson Brick. Europe has heard of Jefferson Brick. Let me see. When did you leave England, sir?"

"Five weeks ago," said Martin.

"Five weeks ago," repeated the colonel thoughtfully, as he took his seat upon the table, and swung his legs. "Now, let me ask you, sir, which of Mr. Brick's articles had become at that time the most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the court of St. James."

"Upon my word," said Martin, "I" —

"I have reason to know, sir," interrupted the colonel, "that the aristocratic circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson Brick. I should like to be informed, sir, from your lips, which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow" —

"At the hundred heads of the Hydra of Corruption now grovelling in the dust beneath the lance of Reason, and spouting up to the universal arch above us its sanguinary gore," said Mr. Brick, putting on a little blue cloth cap with a glazed front, and quoting his last article.

"The libation of freedom, Brick," hinted the colonel.

"Must sometimes be quaffed in blood, colonel," cried Brick. And when he said "blood," he gave the great pair of scissors a sharp snap, as if *they* said blood too, and were quite of his opinion.

This done, they both looked at Martin, pausing for a reply.

"Upon my life," said Martin, who had by this time quite recovered his usual coolness, "I can't give you any satisfactory information about it; for the truth is, that I" —

"Stop!" cried the colonel, glancing sternly at his war correspondent, and giving his head one shake after every sentence. "That you never heard of Jefferson Brick, sir; that you never read Jefferson Brick, sir; that you never saw the Rowdy Journal, sir; that you never knew, sir, of its mighty influence upon the cabinets of Eu-rope. Yes!"

"That's what I was about to observe, certainly," said Martin.

"Keep cool, Jefferson," said the colonel gravely. "Don't bust! O you Europeans! Arter that let's have a glass of wine!"

xvi.

Brick, Mrs. Jefferson. His wife, and the mother of "two young

Bricks." She is taken by Martin Chuzzlewit for a "little girl;" but he is put right by Colonel Diver, who informs him that she is a "matron." xvi, xvii.

Buffum, Mr. Oscar. A member of a committee that waits upon the Honorable Elijah Pogram for the purpose of requesting the honor of his company "at a little le-Vee" in the ladies' ordinary at the National Hotel. xxxiv.

Bullamy. A porter in the service of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company.

When he sat upon a seat erected for him in a corner of the office, with his glazed hat hanging on a peg over his head, it was impossible to doubt the respectability of the concern. It went on doubling itself with every square inch of his red waistcoat, until, like the problem of the nails in the horse's shoes, the total became enormous. People had been known to apply to effect an insurance on their lives for a thousand pounds, and, looking at him, to beg, before the form of proposal was filled up, that it might be made two. And yet he was not a giant. His coat was rather small than otherwise. The whole charm was in his waistcoat. Respectability, competence, property in Bengal, or anywhere else; responsibility to any amount on the part of the company that employed him,—were all expressed in that one garment. xxvii, li.

Choke, General Cyrus. An American militia general, whose acquaintance Martin Chuzzlewit makes in a railway car. He is a member of the Eden Land Corporation, belongs to the Watertoast Association of United Sympathizers, and, taken all in all, is "one of the most remarkable men in the country." xxi.

Chollop, Major Hannibal. A man who calls upon Martin Chuzzlewit at Eden.

He was usually described by his friends in the South and West as "a splendid sample of our na-tive raw material, sir," and was much esteemed for his devotion to rational liberty, for the better propagation whereof he usually carried a brace of revolving pistols in his coat-pocket, with seven barrels apiece. He also carried amongst other trinkets a sword-stick, which he called his "Tickler," and a great knife, which (for he was a man of a pleasant turn of humor) he called "Ripper," in allusion to its usefulness as a means of ventilating the stomach of any adversary in a close contest. He had used these weapons with distinguished effect in several instances (all duly chronicled in the newspapers), and was greatly beloved for the gallant manner in which he had "jobbed out" the eye of one gentleman as he was in the act of knocking at his own street-door.

. . . Preferring, with a view to the gratification of his tickling and ripping fancies, to dwell upon the outskirts of society, and in the more remote towns and cities, he was in the habit of emigrating from place to place, and establishing in each some business, — usually a newspaper, — which he presently sold ; for the most part closing the bargain by challenging, stabbing, pistolling, or gouging the new editor, before he had quite taken possession of the property.

He had come to Eden on a speculation of this kind, but had abandoned it, and was about to leave. He always introduced himself to strangers as a worshipper of freedom ; was the consistent advocate of Lynch law and slavery ; and invariably recommended, both in print and speech, the “tarring and feathering” of any unpopular person who differed from himself. He called this “planting the standard of civilization in the wilder gardens of My country.”

The Honorable Elijah Pogram thus eulogizes him to Martin : —

Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man, quite fresh from Natur's mould! . . . He is a true-born child of this free hemisphere! Verdant as the mountains of our country, bright and flowing as our mineral licks, unspiled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless perearers! Rough he may be : so air our barrs. Wild he may be : so air our buffalers. But he is a child of Natur' and a child of Freedom ; and his boastful answer to the despot and the tyrant is, that his bright home is in the settin' sun. xxiii, xxiv.

Chuffey, Mr. Clerk to Anthony Chuzzlewit ; a little, blear-eyed, weazen-faced old man, looking as if he had been put away and forgotten half a century before, and had just been found in a lumber closet. He hardly understands any one except his master, but always understands him, and wakes up quite wonderfully when Mr. Chuzzlewit speaks to him. xi, xviii, xix, xxv, xxvi, xlvi, xlviii, xlix, li, liv.

Chuzzlewit, Anthony. Father of Jonas, and brother of Martin Chuzzlewit the elder ; an old man with a face wonderfully sharpened by the wariness and cunning of his life. iv, viii, xii, xviii, xix.

Chuzzlewit, George. A gay bachelor, who claims to be young, but has been younger. He is inclined to corpulency, over-feeds himself, and has such an obvious disposition to pimples, that the bright spots on his cravat, and the rich pattern on his waistcoat, and even his glittering trinkets, seem to have broken out upon him, and not to have come into existence comfortably. iv, liv.

Chuzzlewit, Jonas. Son of Anthony, and nephew of old Martin

Chuzzlewit; a sly, cunning, ignorant young man, who is in pecuniary matters a miser, and in instinct and disposition a brute. His rule for bargains is, "Do other men; for they would do you." "That's the true business-precept," he says. "All others are counterfeit." Tired of the prolonged life of his father, and eager to come into possession of his property, he attempts to poison him, and believes that he has succeeded, as the old man dies shortly afterwards. The truth is, however, that his attempt has been discovered by his intended victim and an old clerk named Chuffey, who privately remove the poison. But the thought of his son's ingratitude and unnatural wickedness breaks old Anthony's heart; and in a few days he dies, having first made Chuffey promise not to reveal the dreadful secret. Jonas now marries Mercy, the youngest daughter of Mr. Pecksniff, and treats her very cruelly. Believing that he has murdered his father, and that the secret has in some way become known to Montague Tigg, a swindling director of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, Jonas is forced, as a condition of his secrecy, not only to come into the company himself, but to pay large sums to Tigg as hush-money. At last, goaded to desperation, he follows Tigg into the country, where he waylays and murders him. The deed, though very cunningly devised and executed, is soon traced to him, and he is arrested, but poisons himself on his way to prison. iv, viii, xi, xviii-xx, xxiv, xxvi-xxviii, xxxviii, xl-xlii, xlv, xlvii-xlviii, li.

Chuzzlewit, Martin, senior. A very rich and eccentric old gentleman; brother of Anthony, and grandfather of young Martin. He is nearly driven mad by the fawning servility and hollow professions of his covetous relatives, and even quarrels with and disinherits his grandson, the only one among them all for whom he has ever cared. Receiving a visit from his cousin, Mr. Pecksniff, under whose assumption of honest independence he instantly detects the selfishness, deceit, and low design of his true character, he takes occasion to say:—

"Judge what profit you are like to gain from any repetition of this visit, and leave me. I have so corrupted and changed the nature of all those who have ever attended on me, by breeding avaricious plots and hopes within them; I have engendered such domestic strife and discord by tarrying even with members of my own family; I have been such a lighted torch in peaceable homes, kindling up all the inflammable gases and vapors in their moral atmosphere, which, but for me, might have proved harmless to the end,—that I have, I may say, fled from all who knew me, and, taking refuge in secret places, have lived, of late, the life of

one who is hunted. The young girl whom you just now saw . . . is an orphan-child, whom, with one steady purpose, I have bred and educated, or, if you prefer the word, adopted. For a year or more she has been my constant companion, and she is my only one. I have taken, as she knows, a solemn oath never to leave her sixpence when I die; but, while I live, I make her an annual allowance, not extravagant in its amount, and yet not stinted. There is a compact between us that no term of affectionate cajolery shall ever be addressed by either to the other, but that she shall call me always by my Christian name, I her by hers. She is bound to me in life by ties of interest, and losing by my death, and having no expectation disappointed, will mourn it, perhaps; though for that I care little. This is the only kind of friend I have or will have. Judge from such premises what a profitable hour you have spent in coming here, and leave me, to return no more."

Notwithstanding this plain speaking, the old man, for purposes of his own, goes to reside with Mr. Pecksniff, and pretends to be entirely governed by his wishes. When young Martin returns from America, rendered humble and penitent by his hard experience, he sees Pecksniff drive him from the door, and yet does not interpose a word. But the time soon comes when, having thoroughly tested both, and proved his grandson true, and Pecksniff false, he makes ample amends to the former, and awards the latter his just deserts. iii, iv, x, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xliii, l-liv.

Chuzzlewit, Martin, the younger. The hero of the story; a rather wild and selfish young man. He has been brought up by a rich grandfather, who has intended making him his heir. But the young man presumes to fall in love with a young lady (Mary Graham) of whom the old man does not approve, and he is therefore disinherited, and thrown upon his own resources. He goes to study with Mr. Pecksniff, with a vague intention of becoming an architect. His grandfather, upon ascertaining this fact, intimates to Mr. Pecksniff (who is his cousin), that he would find it to be for his own advantage, if he should turn young Martin out of the house. This Mr. Pecksniff immediately proceeds to do; and Martin again finds himself without money, or the means of obtaining it. He determines to go to America, and accordingly makes his way to London, where he meets Mark Tapley, who has saved a little from his wages at the Blue Dragon, and who wishes to accompany him. They take passage on the packet-ship *Screw*, going over as steerage passengers, but with sanguine expectations of amassing sudden wealth in the New World. Soon after their arrival at New York, Martin is led into

investing the little money remaining to himself and Mark in a lot of fifty acres in the thriving city of Eden, in a distant part of the country; and they set out for it immediately. They find the city — which on paper had looked so fair, with its parks and fountains, its banks, factories, churches, and public buildings of all kinds — a dreary and malarious marsh, with a dozen log cabins comprising the whole settlement. Worse than all, Martin is seized with fever and ague, and barely escapes with his life; and, before he is fairly convalescent, Mark is also stricken down. When they are at last able to move about a little, they turn their faces toward England, and after some time arrive at home. Martin seeks an interview with his grandfather, but finds that Mr. Pecksniff's influence over him is paramount, and that not even a frank and manly avowal of error, coupled with a request for forgiveness, avails to revive the old love, or to save him from the indignity of being ordered out of the house. Miss Graham, however, has remained faithful to him; and with this one comfort he again turns his face towards London, to make his way in the great world as best he can. In the sequel he finds, much to his surprise, that his grandfather, distracted by suspicions, doubts, and fears, has only been probing Pecksniff, and accumulating proofs of his duplicity, and that, all through their separation, he himself has remained the old man's favorite. v-vii, xii-xvii, xxi, xxii, xxxiii-xxxv, xliii, xlvi-l, lii-liv.

Cicero. A negro truckman in New York, formerly a slave. xvii.

Codger, Miss. A Western literary celebrity. xxxiv.

Crimple, David. A pawnbroker, afterwards tapster at the Lombards' Arms, and then secretary of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. His name was originally Crimp; but as this was susceptible of an awkward construction, and might be misrepresented, he altered it to Crimple. xiii, xxvii, xxviii, xlix, li.

Diver, Colonel. Editor of the New York Rowdy Journal; a sal-low man, with sunken cheeks, black hair, small twinkling eyes, and an expression compounded of vulgar cunning and conceit. xv.

Dunkle, Doctor Ginery. One of a committee of citizens that waits upon the Honorable Elijah Pogram to request the honor of his company at a little le-Vee at the National Hotel. Although he has the appearance of a mere boy with a very shrill voice, he passes for "a gentleman of great poetical elements." xxxiv.

Fips, Mr. A lawyer, who, as the agent of an unknown person (old Martin Chuzzlewit), employs Tom Pinch as a kind of librarian and secretary. xxxix, xl, liii.

Fladdock, General. A corpulent American militia officer, starched and punctilious, to whom Martin Chuzzlewit is introduced at the Norrises in New York, as having come over from England in the same vessel with himself. The general does not recognize him ; and Martin is obliged to explain, that, for the sake of economy, he had been obliged to take passage in the steerage, — a confession which at once stamps him as a fellow of no respectability, who has gained an entrance into good society under false pretences, and whose acquaintance must forthwith be disavowed. xv, xvii.

Gamp, Sairey. A professional nurse.

She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of it. Having very little neck, it cost her some trouble to look over herself, if one may say so, at those to whom she talked. She wore a very rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond. In these dilapidated articles of dress she had, on principle, arrayed herself, time out of mind, on such occasions as the present ; for this at once expressed a decent amount of veneration for the deceased, and invited the next of kin to present her with a fresher suit of weeds, — an appeal so frequently successful, that the very fetch and ghost of Mrs. Gamp, bonnet and all, might be seen hanging up, any hour in the day, in at least a dozen of the second-hand-clothes shops about Holborn. The face of Mrs. Gamp — the nose in particular — was somewhat red and swollen ; and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits. Like most persons who have attained to great eminence in their profession, she took to hers very kindly ; insomuch, that, setting aside her natural predilections as a woman, she went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.

Mrs. Gamp is represented as constantly quoting or referring to a certain Mrs. Harris — a purely imaginary person — as an authority for her own fancies and fabrications. Thus, when Mr. Pecksniff says to her, that he supposes she has become indifferent to the distress of surviving friends around the bed of the dying and of the dead, and that “use is second nature,” —

“You may well say second nater, sir,” returned that lady. “One’s first ways is to find sich things a trial to the feelings, and so is one’s lasting custom. If it was n’t for the nerve a little sip of liquor gives me (I never was able to do more than taste it), I never could go through with what I sometimes has to do. ‘Mrs. Harris,’ I says at the very last case as ever I acted in, which it was but a young person, — ‘Mrs. Harris,’ I says, ‘leave the bottle

on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed, and then I will do what I'm engaged to do, according to the best of my ability.' — 'Mrs. Gamp,' she says in answer, 'if ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteen-pence a day for working-people, and three and six for gentlefolks' ('night-watching,' said Mrs. Gamp, with emphasis, " 'being a extra charge'), 'you are that inwallable person.' — 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'don't name the charge; for, if I could afford to lay all my feller-creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it; sich is the love I bears 'em. But what I always says to them as has the management of matters, Mrs. Harris.'" (here she kept her eye on Mr. Pecksniff), "'be they gents or be they ladies, is, don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.'" xix, xxv, xxvi, xxix, xl, xlv, xlix, li, lii.

Gander, Mr. A boarder at Mrs. Todgers's. ix.

Graham, Mary. Companion of old Martin Chuzzlewit, and betrothed to young Martin, whom she finally marries.

She was very young (apparently not more than seventeen), timid and shrinking in her manner, and yet with a greater share of self-possession and control over her emotions than usually belongs to a far more advanced period of female life. . . . She was short in stature, and her figure was slight, as became her years; but all the charms of youth and maidenhood set it off, and clustered on her gentle brow. iii, v, vi, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxiii, xliii, lii, liii.

Gröper, Colonel. One of a committee who wait upon the Honorable Elijah Pogram to request his attendance at a le-Vee at the National Hotel, given to him by the citizens. xxxiv.

Hominy, Mrs. A literary celebrity introduced to Martin Chuzzlewit. She is "one of our chicest spirits, and belongs toe one of our most aristocratic families." xxii, xxiii, xxxiv.

Izzard, Mr. One of the deputation of citizens who beg the attendance of the Honorable Elijah Pogram at a little le-Vee at eight o'clock in the evening at the National Hotel. xxxiv.

Jack. Driver of a stage-coach plying between London and Salisbury. xxxvi.

Jane. Mr. Pecksniff's female servant. xxxi.

Jenkins, Mr. The oldest boarder at Mrs. Todgers's; a gentleman of a fashionable turn, who frequents the parks on Sundays, and knows a great many carriages by sight. ix-xi, liv.

Jobling, Doctor John. Medical officer of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. xxvii, xxviii, xxxviii, xli.

Jodd, Mr. A member of the committee of citizens that waits upon the Honorable Elijah Pogram to solicit the favor of his company at a le-Vee at the National Hotel. xxxiv.

Kedgick, Captain. Landlord of the National Hotel, at which Martin Chuzzlewit stays on his way to Eden, and also on his return to New York. xxii, xxxiv.

Kettle, Lafayette. An inquisitive, bombastic American, whom Martin Chuzzlewit meets while travelling; secretary of the W-tertoast Association of United Sympathizers. xxi, xxii.

Lewsome, Mr. A young man bred a surgeon, and employed by a general practitioner in London as an assistant. Being indebted to Jonas Chuzzlewit, he sells him the drugs with which old Anthony Chuzzlewit is poisoned, though he has reason to suspect the use which will be made of them. After the death of the old man, he makes a voluntary confession of his agency in the matter; being impelled to do so by the torture of his mind and the dread of death caused by a severe sickness. xxv, xxix, xlviii, li.

Lupin, Mrs. Landlady of the Blue Dragon Inn at Salisbury; afterwards the wife of Mark Tapley.

The mistress of the Blue Dragon was in outward appearance just what a landlady should be,—broad, buxom, comfortable, and good-looking, with a face of clear red and white, which by its jovial aspect at once bore testimony to her hearty participation in the good things of the larder and cellar, and to their thriving and healthful influences. She was a widow, but years ago had passed through her state of weeds, and burst into flower again; and in full bloom she was now, with roses on her ample skirts, and roses on her bodice, roses in her cap, roses in her cheeks,—ay, and roses, worth the gathering too, on her lips, for that matter. She had still a bright black eye and jet black hair; was comely, dimpled, plump, and tight as a gooseberry; and, though she was not exactly what the world calls young, you may make an affidavit, on trust, before any mayor or magistrate in Christendom, that there are a great many young ladies in the world (blessings on them, one and all!) whom you would n't like half as well, or admire half as much, as the beaming hostess of the Blue Dragon. iii, iv, vii, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxvii, xliii, xlv, lii.

Moddle, Mr. Augustus. The “youngest gentleman” at Mrs. Todgers’s Commercial Boarding-house. He falls desperately in love with Miss Mercy Pecksniff, and, becoming very low-spirited after her marriage to Jonas Chuzzlewit, is entrapped into an engagement with her sister Charity; but loses his courage, and breaks his word at the last moment, sending the injured fair one a letter to inform her that he is on his way to Van Diemen’s

Land, and that it will be useless for her to send in pursuit, as he is determined never to be taken alive. ix-xi, xxxii, xxxvii, xlv, liv.

Montague, Tigg. See TIGG, MONTAGUE.

Mould, Mr. An undertaker; a little bald elderly man, with a face in which a queer attempt at melancholy was at odds with a smirk of satisfaction. xix, xxv, xxix, xxxviii.

Mould, Mrs. His wife. xxv, xxix.

Mould, The two Misses. Their daughters; fair, round, and chubby damsels, with their peachy cheeks distended as though they ought of right to be performing on celestial trumpets. xxv.

Mullit, Professor. A very short gentleman, with a red nose, whom Martin Chuzzlewit meets at Mrs. Pawkins's boarding-house in New York. He is a professor "of education," a man of "fine moral elements," and author of some powerful pamphlets, written under the signature of Suturb, or Brutus reversed. xvi.

Nadgett, Mr. Tom Pinch's landlord, employed by Montague Tigg as a detective.

He was a short, dried-up, withered old man, who seemed to have secreted his very blood; for nobody would have given him credit for the possession of six ounces of it in his whole body. How he lived was a secret; where he lived was a secret; and even what he was was a secret. In his musty old pocket-book he carried contradictory cards, in some of which he called himself a coal-merchant, in others a wine-merchant, in others a commission-agent, in others a collector, in others an accountant; as if he really did n't know the secret himself. He was always keeping appointments in the city, and the other man never seemed to come. xxvii, xxviii, xxxviii, xl, xli, xlvii, li.

Norris, Mr. A New York gentleman, wealthy, aristocratic, and fashionable; a sentimental abolitionist, and "a very good fellow in his way," but inclined "to set up on false pretences," and ridiculously afraid of being disgraced by moneyless acquaintances. xvii.

Norris, Mrs. His wife; much older and more faded than she ought to have looked. xvii.

Norris, The two Misses. Their daughters; one eighteen, the other twenty, both very slender, but very pretty. xvii.

Pawkins, Major. A New York politician; a bold speculator (or swindler), an orator and a man of the people, and a general loafer. xvi.

Pawkins, Mrs. His wife; keeper of a boarding-house. xvi.

Pecksniff, Seth. A resident of Salisbury; ostensibly an architect and land-surveyor, though he had never designed or built any-

thing, and his surveying was limited to the extensive prospect from the windows of his house.

Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. . . . Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff, especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy-tale, except that, if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man, — fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there; but these were his enemies, the shadows cast by his brightness: that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen; all is peace; a holy calm pervades me." So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-gray, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek, though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eye-glass, — all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold the moral Pecksniff!"

Mr. Pecksniff's professional engagements were almost, if not entirely, confined to the reception of pupils; for the collection of rents, with which pursuit he occasionally varied and relieved his graver toils, can hardly be said to be a strictly architectural employment. His genius lay in insnaring parents and guardians, and pocketing premiums. A young gentleman's premium being paid, and the young gentleman come to Mr. Pecksniff's house, Mr. Pecksniff borrowed his case of mathematical instruments (if silver mounted, or otherwise valuable); entreated him from that moment to consider himself one of the family; complimented him highly on his parents or guardians, as the case might be; and turned him loose in a spacious room on the two-pair front; where, in the company of certain drawing-boards, parallel rulers, very stiff-legged compasses, and two, or, perhaps, three, other young gentlemen, he improved himself for three or five years, according to his articles, in making elevations of Salisbury Cathedral from

every possible point of sight, and in constructing in the air a vast quantity of castles, houses of parliament, and other public buildings.

Mr. Pecksniff is a cousin of old Martin Chuzzlewit's, who being very ill, a general council and conference of his relatives is held at Mr. Pecksniff's house in order to devise means of inducing him to listen to the promptings of nature in the disposal of his large property. The meeting is far from being harmonious; and Mr. Pecksniff is compelled to listen to some very plain truths, Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit telling him bluntly not to be a hypocrite.

"A what, my good sir?" demanded Mr. Pecksniff.

"A hypocrite."

"Charity, my dear," said Mr. Pecksniff, "when I take my chamber candle-stick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injustice."

Meeting Mr. Chuzzlewit in a stage-coach, some time afterwards, Mr. Pecksniff takes occasion to remark, incidentally, but cuttingly, "I may be a hypocrite; but I am not a brute."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old man. "What signifies that word, Pecksniff? Hypocrite! Why, we are all hypocrites. We were all hypocrites t'other day. I am sure I felt that to be agreed upon among us, or I should n't have called you one. We should not have been there at all if we had not been hypocrites. The only difference between you and the rest was — Shall I tell you the difference between you and the rest now, Pecksniff?"

"If you please, my good sir; if you please."

"Why, the annoying quality in *you* is," said the old man, "that you never have a confederate or partner in *your* juggling. You would deceive everybody, even those who practise the same art; and have a way with you, as if you — he, he, he! — as if you really believed yourself. I'd lay a handsome wager now," said the old man, "if I laid wagers (which I don't, and never did), that you keep up appearances by a tacit understanding, even before your own daughters here."

During the journey, Pecksniff imbibes copious refreshment from a brandy-bottle, and is thereafter moved to give utterance to various moral precepts and weighty sentiments.

"What are we," said Mr. Pecksniff, "but coaches? Some of us are slow coaches" —

"Goodness, pa!" cried Charity.

"Some of us, I say," resumed her parent, with increased emphasis, "are slow coaches; some of us are fast coaches. Our *Pas-*sions are the horses, and rampant animals too!" —

"Really, pa!" cried both the daughters at once. "How very unpleasant!"

"And rampant animals, too!" repeated Mr. Pecksniff, with so much determination, that he may be said to have exhibited, at the moment, a sort of moral rampancy himself; "and Virtue is the drag. We start from The Mother's Arms, and we run to The Dust Shovel."

When he had said this, Mr. Pecksniff, being exhausted, took some further refreshment. When he had done that, he corked the bottle tight, with the air of a man who had effectually corked the subject also, and went to sleep for three stages.

Mr. Pecksniff receives young Martin Chuzzlewit into his family as a student, and manifests a very strong interest in him; but, on a hint from the elder Mr. Chuzzlewit, he contumeliously turns him out of his house, and renounces him forever. This he does because Martin's grandfather has expressed his desire for a better understanding between himself and Mr. Pecksniff than has hitherto existed, and has declared his intention to attach him to himself by ties of interest and expectation. Systematic self-server that he is, in order to secure the old man's great wealth, Mr. Pecksniff sedulously studies his likings and dislikings, falls in with all his prejudices, lies, fawns, and worms himself (as he thinks) into his favor, through concessions and crooked deeds innumerable, through meanesses and vile endurance, and through all manner of dirty ways; but in the end he finds that, after all, his labor has been for naught, that his duplicity has been fathomed to the bottom, and his servile character thoroughly unmasked. Yet he remains the same canting hypocrite even in shame and discovery, and in the drunkenness and beggary in which he ends his days. ii-vi, viii-xii, xviii-xx, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxv, xliii, xlv, xlvii, lii, liv.

Pecksniff, Charity, called CHERRY. Mr. Pecksniff's elder daughter, betrothed to Mr. Augustus Moddle, but deserted by him on the very day appointed for the wedding. ii, iv-vi, viii-xi, xviii, xx, xxiv, xxx, xxxii, xxxvii, xlv, xlv, liv.

Pecksniff, Mercy, called MERRY. His younger daughter; a giddy, vain, and heartless girl, and a hypocrite like her father.

Her simplicity and innocence . . . were great, — very great. . . . She was all girlishness and playfulness and wildness and kittenish buoyancy. She was the most arch, and at the same time the most artless creature, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff, that you can possibly imagine. It was her great charm. She was too fresh and guileless to wear combs in her hair, or to turr it up, or to frizzle it, or to braid it. She wore it in a crop, — a loosely flowing crop, which had so many rows of curls in it, that the top row was only one curl.

Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, a thoroughly sordid and despicable villain, after making love to her sister, abruptly proposes to herself. She accepts and marries him, — partly to spite her sister, and partly because he has money. She soon finds out that he is a brute as well as a rascal, and she suffers much from his cruelty ; yet — wonderful to relate ! — “ throwing aside at once the ingrained selfishness and meanness of nearly thirty years,” she “ becomes in less than two months a model of uncomplaining endurance and self-denying affection.” ii, iv-vi, viii, x, xi, xx, xxii, xxiv, xxvi, xxviii, xxxvi, xl, xlv, xlvii, li, liv.

Pinch, Ruth. Governess in a wealthy brass and copper founder's family at Camberwell ; sister to Tom Pinch ; afterwards the wife of John Westlock. ix, xxxvi, xxxvii, xxxix, xl, xlv, xlviii, l, lii-liv.

Pinch, Tom. An ungainly, awkward-looking man, extremely short-sighted, and prematurely bald. He is an assistant to Mr. Pecksniff, for whom he has an unbounded respect, and in whose pretensions he has a wonderful faith ; his nature being such, that he is timid and distrustful of himself, and trustful of all other men, — even the least deserving.

He was far from handsome, certainly ; and was dressed in a snuff-colored suit, of an uncouth make at the best, which, being shrunken with long wear, was twisted and tortured into all kinds of odd shapes. But notwithstanding his attire and his clumsy figure, which a great stoop in his shoulders, and a ludicrous habit he had of thrusting his head forward, by no means redeemed, one would not have been disposed (unless Mr. Pecksniff said so) to consider him a bad fellow by any means. He was, perhaps, about thirty ; but he might have been almost any age between sixteen and sixty, being one of those strange creatures who never decline into an ancient appearance, but look their oldest when they are very young, and get over it at once.

Tom's faith in his master remains unshaken for a long time ; but his eyes are opened at last, and he sees him to be a consummate hypocrite and villain. Pecksniff, knowing himself to have been found out, discharges Tom, who goes to London to try his fortune, and is befriended by old Martin Chuzzlewit secretly, at first, but afterwards openly. ii, v-vii, ix, xii, xiv, xx, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxvi-xl, xlv, xlv, xlviii, l, lii-liv.

Pip, Mr. A theatrical character, and a “ capital man to know ; ” a friend of Montague Tigg's. xxxviii.

Piper, Professor. One of a deputation chosen to wait upon the Honorable Elijah Pogram, to request the honor of his company at a little le-Vee, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the ladies' ordinary of the National Hotel. xxxiv.

Pogram, The Honorable Elijah. A member of Congress, and "one of the master minds of our country," whose acquaintance Martin Chuzzlewit makes on his return from Eden to New York. He is especially noted as the author of the "Pogram Defiance," "which rose so much con-test and preju-dice in Europe." Mr. Pogram is waited on at the National Hotel by a committee of the citizens, and tendered a public reception, or "levee," the same evening.

Each man took one slide forward as he was named, butted at the Honorable Elijah Pogram with his head, shook hands, and slid back again. The introductions being completed, the spokesman resumed.

"Sir!"

"Mr. Pogram!" cried the shrill boy.

"Perhaps," said the spokesman with a hopeless look, "you will be so good, Doctor Ginery Dunkle, as to charge yourself with the execution of our little office, sir?"

As there was nothing the shrill boy desired more, he immediately stepped forward.

"Mr. Pogram! Sir! A handful Of your fellow-citizens, sir, hearing Of your arrival at the National Hotel, and feeling the patriotic character Of your public services, wish, sir, to have the gratification Of beholding you, and mixing with you, sir, and unbending with you, sir, in those moments which"—

"Air," suggested Buffum.

"Which air so peculiarly the lot, sir, Of our great and happy country."

"Hear!" cried Colonel Groper in a loud voice. "Good! Hear him! Good!"

"And therefore, sir," pursued the doctor, "they request, as A mark Of their respect, the honor of your company at a little le-Vee, sir, in the ladies' ordinary, at eight o'clock."

Mr. Pogram bowed, and said:—

"Fellow countrymen!"

"Good!" cried the colonel. "Hear him! Good!"

Mr. Pogram bowed to the colonel individually, and then resumed:—

"Your approbation of My labors in the common cause goes to My heart. At all times and in all places, in the ladies' ordinary, My friends, and in the Battle Field"—

"Good, very good! Hear him! Hear him!" said the colonel

"The name of Pogram will be proud to jine you. And may it, My friends, be written on My tomb, 'He was a member of the Congress of our common country, and was ac-Tive in his trust.'"

"The Com-mittee, sir," said the shrill boy, "will wait upon you at five minutes afore eight. I take My leave, sir."

Mr. Pogram shook hands with him, and everybody else, once more; and, when they came back again at five minutes before eight, they said, one by one, in a melancholy voice, "How do you do, sir?" and shook hands with Mr. Pogram all over again, as if he had been abroad for a twelvemonth in the mean time, and they met now at a funeral.

But by this time Mr. Pogram had freshened himself up, and had composed his hair and features after the Pogram statue: so that any one with half an eye might cry out, "There he is! as he delivered the Defiance!" The committee were embellished also; and, when they entered the ladies' ordinary in a body, there was much clapping of hands from ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by cries of "Pogram! Pogram!" and some standing up on chairs to see him.

The object of the popular caress looked round the room as he walked up it, and smiled, at the same time observing to the shrill boy, that he knew something of the beauty of the daughters of their common country, but had never seen it in such lustre and perfection as at that moment. Which the shrill boy put in the paper next day, to Elijah Pogram's great surprise.

"We will re-request you, sir, if you please," said Buffum, laying hands on Mr. Pogram as if he were taking a measure for his coat, "to stand up with your back agin the wall right in the furthest corner, that there may be more room for our fellow cit-izens. If you could set your back right slap agin that curtain-peg, sir, keeping your leg everlastingly behind the stove, we should be fixed quite slick."

Mr. Pogram did as he was told, and wedged himself into such a little corner, that the Pogram statue would n't have known him.

The entertainments of the evening then began. Gentlemen brought ladies up, and brought themselves up, and brought each other up, and asked Elijah Pogram what he thought of this political question, and what he thought of that, and looked at him, and looked at one another, and seemed very unhappy indeed. The ladies on the chairs looked at Elijah Pogram through their glasses, and said audibly, "I wish he'd speak! Why don't he speak? Oh, do ask him to speak!" And Elijah Pogram looked sometimes at the ladies, and sometimes elsewhere, delivering senatorial opinions as he was asked for them. But the great end and object of the meeting seemed to be not to let Elijah Pogram out of the corner on any account: so there they kept him hard and fast. xxxiv.

Prig, Betsey. A day-nurse; a bosom-friend of Mrs. Gamp's.

Mrs. Prig was of the Gamp build, but not so fat; and her voice was deeper and more like a man's. She had also a beard.

These two ladies often "nuss together, turn and turn about, one off, one on." They are both engaged by John Westlock to take care of an acquaintance of his who lies dangerously ill at a public house in London; and, when Mrs. Gamp relieves Mrs. Prig, the following conversation occurs:—

"Anythin' to tell afore you goes, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gamp, setting her bundle down inside the door, and looking affectionately at her partner.

"The pickled salmon," Mrs. Prig replied, "is quite delicious. I can partick'ler recommend it. Don't have nothink to say to the cold meat; for it tastes of the stable. The drinks is all good."

Mrs. Gamp expressed herself much gratified.

"The physic and them things is on the drawers and mankle-shelf," said Mrs. Prig cursorily. "He took his last slime draught at seven. The easy-chair ain't soft enough. You'll want his piller."

Mrs. Gamp thanked her for these hints, and, giving her a friendly good-night, held the door open until she had disappeared at the other end of the gallery.

The patient at last recovers sufficiently to admit of his being removed to the country; and Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig superintend the arrangements for the journey.

He was so wasted that it seemed as if his bones would rattle when they moved him. His cheeks were sunken, and his eyes unnaturally large. He lay back in the easy-chair like one more dead than living, and rolled his languid eyes towards the door when Mrs. Gamp appeared, as painfully as if their weight alone were burdensome to move.

"And how are we by this time?" Mrs. Gamp observed. "We looks charming."

"We looks a deal charminger than we are, then," returned Mrs. Prig, a little chafed in her temper. "We got out of bed back'ards, I think; for we're as cross as two sticks. I never see sich a man! He would n't have been washed if he'd had his own way."

"She put the soap in my mouth," said the unfortunate patient feebly.

"Could n't you keep it shut, then?" retorted Mrs. Prig. "Who do you think's to wash one feater, and miss another, and wear one's eyes out with all manner of fine work of that description, for half a crown a day? If you wants to be tittivated, you must pay accordin'."

"Oh, dear me!" cried the patient. "Oh, dear, dear!"

"There!" said Mrs. Prig, "that's the way he's been a-conducting of himself, Sairah, ever since I got him out of bed, if you'll believe it."

"Instead of being grateful," Mrs. Gamp observed, "for all our little ways. Oh, fie for shame, sir! fie for shame!"

Here Mrs. Prig seized the patient by the chin, and began to rasp his unhappy head with a hair-brush.

"I suppose you don't like that, neither," she observed, stopping to look at him.

It was just possible that he did n't; for the brush was a specimen of the hardest kind of instrument producible by modern art, and his very eyelids were red with the friction. Mrs. Prig was gratified to observe the correctness of her supposition, and said triumphantly, she "know'd as much."

When his hair was smoothed down comfortably into his eyes, Mrs. Prig and Mrs. Gamp put on his neckerchief, adjusting his shirt-collar with great nicety, so that the starched points should also invade those organs, and afflict them with an artificial ophthalmia. His waistcoat and coat were next arranged; and as every button was wrenched into a wrong button-hole, and the order of his boots was reversed, he presented, on the whole, rather a melancholy appearance.

"I don't think it's right," said the poor weak invalid. "I feel as if I was in somebody else's clothes. I'm all on one side; and you've made one of my legs shorter than the other. There's a bottle in my pocket, too. What do you make me sit upon a bottle for?"

"Deuse take the man!" cried Mrs. Gamp, drawing it forth. "If he ain't been and got my night-bottle here! I made a little cupboard of his coat when it hung behind the door, and quite forgot it, Betsey. You'll find an ingun or two, and a little tea and sugar, in his t'other pocket, my dear, if you'll just be good enough to take 'em out."

Betsey produced the property in question, together with some other articles of general chandlery; and Mrs. Gamp transferred them to her own pocket, which was a species of nankeen pannier. Refreshment then arrived in the form of chops and strong ale for the ladies, and a basin of beef-tea for the patient; which refec-tion was barely at an end when John Westlock appeared.

The arrangements are finally completed; and, as Mrs. Gamp is to accompany the invalid, she bids farewell to Mrs. Prig.

"Wishin' you lots of sickness, my darling creetur," Mrs. Gamp observed, "and good places. It won't be long, I hope, afore we

works together, off and on, again, Betsey; and may our next meetin' be at a large family's, where they all takes it reg'lar, one from another, turn and turn about, and has it business-like!"

"I don't care how soon it is," said Mrs. Prig; "nor how many weeks it lasts."

The two friends have a falling out at last, however. Mrs. Prig has been invited to take tea with Mrs. Gamp, on which occasion the latter informs her of another prospective job of nursing in partnership, and Betsey has the temerity to doubt the existence of Mrs. Harris. xxv, xxix, xlix.

Scadder, Zephaniah. Agent of the Eden Land Corporation. He dupes Martin Chuzzlewit into buying, for the ridiculously small sum of a hundred and fifty dollars, a little lot of fifty acres in the city from which the company takes its name, and which looks wonderfully thriving on paper, but proves to consist of a few log-houses in the midst of a hideous and pestilential morass.

He was a gaunt man in a huge straw hat and a coat of green stuff. The weather being hot, he had no cravat, and wore his shirt-collar wide open, so that every time he spoke something was seen to twitch and jerk up in his throat, like the little hammers in a harpsichord when the notes are struck. Perhaps it was the truth feebly endeavoring to leap to his lips. If so, it never reached them.

Two gray eyes lurked deep within this agent's head; but one of them had no sight in it, and stood stock still. With that side of his face he seemed to listen to what the other side was doing. Thus each profile had a distinct expression; and, when the movable side was most in action, the rigid one was in its coldest state of watchfulness. It was like turning the man inside out, to pass to that view of his features in his liveliest mood, and see how calculating and intent they were.

Each long black hair upon his head hung down as straight as any plummet-line; but rumpled tufts were on the arches of his eyes, as if the crow whose foot was deeply printed in the corners had pecked and torn them in a savage recognition of his kindred nature as a bird of prey. xxi.

Simmons, William. Driver of a van, who carries Martin Chuzzlewit from near Salisbury to Hounslow, after his dismissal by Mr. Pecksniff. xiii.

Slyme, Chevy. A very poor and shiftless relative of old Martin Chuzzlewit, and anxious to come into a share of his property. He is a friend of Montague Tigg's, who thus describes his character to Mr. Pecksniff:—

"Every man of true genius has his peculiarity. Sir, the peculiarity of my friend Slyme is, that he is always waiting round the corner. He is perpetually round the corner, sir. He is round the corner at this instant. Now," said the gentleman, shaking his forefinger before his nose, and planting his legs wider apart as he looked attentively in Mr. Pecksniff's face, "that is a remarkably curious and interesting trait in Mr. Slyme's character; and, whenever Slyme's life comes to be written, that trait must be thoroughly worked out by his biographer, or society will not be satisfied. Observe me, society will not be satisfied."

With this announcement he hurried away to the outer door of the Blue Dragon, and almost immediately returned with a companion shorter than himself, who was wrapped in an old blue camlet cloak with a lining of faded scarlet. His sharp features being much pinched and nipped by long waiting in the cold, and his straggling red whiskers and frowzy hair being more than usually dishevelled from the same cause, he certainly looked rather unwholesome and uncomfortable than Shakspearian or Miltonic.

"Now," said Mr. Tigg, clapping one hand on the shoulder of his prepossessing friend, and calling Mr. Pecksniff's attention to him with the other, "you two are related; and relations never did agree, and never will, which is a wise dispensation and an inevitable thing, or there would be none but family parties, and everybody in the world would bore everybody else to death. If you were on good terms, I should consider you a most confoundedly unnatural pair; but, standing towards each other as you do, I look upon you as a couple of devilish deep-thoughted fellows, who may be reasoned with to any extent." iv, vii, li.

Smif, Putnam. A young and ardent clerk in a dry-goods store, who "aspirates" for fame, and applies to Martin Chuzzlewit for assistance. xxii.

Sophia. A pupil of Ruth Pinch's, called by Mrs. Todgers "a syrup" (meaning a seraph or a sylph); a premature little woman of thirteen years old, who had already arrived at such a pitch of whalebone and education, that she had nothing girlish about her. ix, xxxvi.

Spottletoe, Mr. A relative of old Martin Chuzzlewit, with testamentary designs upon his property. He is so bald, and has such big whiskers, that he seems "to have stopped his hair, by the sudden application of some powerful remedy, in the very act of falling off his head, and to have fastened it irrevocably on his face." iv, liv.

Spottletoe, Mrs. His wife; a woman "much too slim for her years, and of a poetical constitution." iv, liv.

Sweedlepipe, Paul, called POLL. A bird-fancier, who is an easy shaver and a fashionable hair-dresser also; Mrs. Gamp's landlord.

He was a little elderly man, with a clammy cold right hand, from which even rabbits and birds could not remove the smell of shaving-soap. Poll had something of the bird in his nature; not of the hawk or eagle, but of the sparrow, that builds in chimney-stacks, and inclines to human company. He was not quarrelsome, though, like the sparrow; but peaceful, like the dove. In his walk he strutted; and in this respect he bore a faint resemblance to the pigeon, as well as in a certain prosiness of speech, which might, in its monotony, be likened to the cooing of that bird. He was very inquisitive; and when he stood at his shop-door in the evening-tide, watching the neighbors, with his head on one side, and his eye cocked knowingly, there was a dash of the raven in him. Yet there was no more wickedness in Poll than in a robin. Happily, too, when any of his ornithological properties were on the verge of going too far, they were quenched, dissolved, melted down, and neutralized in the barber; just as his bald head — otherwise as the head of a shaved magpie — lost itself in a wig of curly black ringlets, parted on one side, and cut away almost to the crown, to indicate immense capacity of intellect. xix, xxvi, xxix, xlix, lii.

Tacker. Foreman, and chief mourner of Mr. Mould the undertaker.

An obese person, with his waistcoat in closer connection with his legs than is quite reconcilable with the established ideas of grace, with that cast of feature which is figuratively called a bottle-nose, and with a face covered all over with pimples. He had been a tender plant once upon a time, but, from constant blowing in the fat air of funerals, had run to seed. xix, xxv.

Tamaroo. An old woman in the service of Mrs. Todgers; successor to Bailey.

It appeared, in the fulness of time, that the jocular boarders had appropriated the word [Tamaroo] from an English ballad, in which it is supposed to express the bold and fiery nature of a certain hackney-coachman; and that it was bestowed upon Mr. Bailey's successor by reason of her having nothing fiery about her, except an occasional attack of that fire which is called St. Anthony's. This ancient female . . . was chiefly remarkable for a total absence of all comprehension upon any subject whatever. She was a perfect tomb for messages and small parcels; and,

when despatched to the post-office with letters, had been frequently seen endeavoring to insinuate them into casual chinks in private doors, under the delusion that any door with a hole in it would answer the purpose. She was a very little old woman, and always wore a very coarse apron with a bib before, and a loop behind, together with bandages on her wrist, which appeared to be afflicted with an everlasting sprain. She was on all occasions chary of opening the street-door, and ardent to shut it again; and she waited at table in a bonnet. xxxii, liv.

Tapley, Mark. Hostler at the Blue Dragon Inn, kept by Mrs. Lupin; a young fellow of some five or six and twenty, with a whimsical face and a very merry pair of blue eyes, and usually dressed in a remarkably free and fly-away fashion. He believes that there never "was a man as could come out so strong under circumstances that would make other men miserable" as himself, if he could "only get a chance." But that he finds it difficult to do. He takes the situation at the Dragon in consequence of having made up his mind that it is the dullest little out-of-the-way corner in England, and that there would be some credit in being jolly in such a place. But he leaves it because there is no dulness there whatever; skittles, cricket, quoits, ninepins, comic songs, choruses, company round the chimney-corner every winter evening, making the little inn as merry as merry can be. Going to London, he meets Martin Chuzzlewit, and finding him moneyless, and resolved to go to America, he begs permission to accompany him as his man-servant. After some opposition, Martin consents; and they take passage in the steerage of the packet-ship *Screw*.

It is due to Mark Tapley to state, that he suffered at least as much from sea-sickness as any man, woman, or child on board; and that he had a peculiar faculty of knocking himself about on the smallest provocation, and losing his legs at every lurch of the ship. But resolved, in his usual phrase, to "come out strong" under disadvantageous circumstances, he was the life and soul of the steerage, and made no more of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterwards come back in the very best and gayest of temper to resume it, than if such a course of proceeding had been the commonest in the world.

It cannot be said that, as his illness wore off, his cheerfulness and good nature increased, because they would hardly admit of augmentation; but his usefulness among the weaker members of the party was much enlarged; and at all times and seasons there he was, exerting it. If a gleam of sunshine shone out of the dark sky, down Mark tumbled into the cabin; and presently

up he came again with a woman in his arms, or half a dozen children, or a man, or a bed, or a saucepan, or a basket, or something, animate or inanimate, that he thought would be the better for the air. If an hour or two of fine weather in the middle of the day tempted those who seldom or never came on deck at other times to crawl into the long-boat, or lie down upon the spare spars, and try to eat, there, in the centre of the group, was Mr. Tapley, handing about salt beef and biscuit, or dispensing tastes of grog, or cutting up the children's provisions with his pocket-knife, for their greater ease and comfort, or reading aloud from a venerable newspaper, or singing some roaring old song to a select party, or writing the beginnings of letters to their friends at home for people who could n't write, or cracking jokes with the crew, or nearly getting blown over the side, or emerging half-drowned from a shower of spray, or lending a hand somewhere or other; but always doing something for the general entertainment. At night, when the cooking-fire was lighted on the deck, and the driving sparks that flew among the rigging and the cloud of sails seemed to menace the ship with certain annihilation by fire, in case the elements of air and water failed to compass her destruction, there again was Mr. Tapley, with his coat off, and his shirt-sleeves turned up to his elbows, doing all kinds of culinary offices; compounding the strangest dishes; recognized by every one as an established authority; and helping all parties to achieve something, which, left to themselves, they never could have done, and never would have dreamed of. In short, there never was a more popular character than Mark Tapley became on board that noble and fast-sailing line-of-packet ship the *Screw*; and he attained at last to such a pitch of universal admiration, that he began to have grave doubts within himself, whether a man might reasonably claim any credit for being jolly under such exciting circumstances.

Arrived at New York, Martin invests all his own means and Mark's, in the purchase of a fifty-acre lot in the distant "city" of Eden, which is represented to them as a flourishing town with banks, churches, markets, wharves, and the like. It is Martin's intention to establish himself here as an architect; and he takes Mark into partnership, in consideration of his having furnished much the larger share of their joint stock. On reaching the place, however, after a long and fatiguing journey of many days, they find it to be a hideous swamp, exhaling deadly miasms, and containing only a few scattered log-cabins. Martin is terribly disheartened on discovering the outrageous swindle that has been practised upon him, and soon sinks under an attack of the fever that prevails throughout the settlement.

"Now, Mr. Tapley," said Mark, giving himself a tremendous blow in the chest by way of reviver, "just you attend to what I've got to say. Things is looking about as bad as they *can* look, young man. You'll not have such another opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live. And therefore, Tapley, now's your time to come out strong, or never!"

Martin no sooner recovers than Mark is prostrated. For many weary days and nights he lies burning up with fever; but as long as he can speak, he assures Martin that he is still "jolly," and when, at last, he is too far gone to speak, he feebly writes "jolly" on a slate. After a long and lingering illness, he slowly recovers; and when able to get about once more, they both set their faces towards Old England, where they arrive in due time. Mark turns his steps towards the Blue Dragon, and he finds his old friend Mrs. Lupin alone in the bar. Wrapped up as he is in a great-coat, she does not know him at first, but soon utters a glad cry of recognition, and he catches her in his arms.

"Yes, I will!" cried Mark, "another — one more — twenty more! You did n't know me in that hat and coat? I thought you would have known me anywheres. Ten more!"

"So I should have known you if I could have seen you; but I could n't, and you spoke so gruff! I did n't think you could speak gruff to me, Mark, at first coming back."

"Fifteen more!" said Mr. Tapley. "How handsome and how young you look! Six more! The last half-dozen war n't a fair one, and must be done over again. Lord bless you, what a treat it is to see you! One more! Well, I never was so jolly! Just a few more on account of there not being any credit in it."

When Mr. Tapley stopped in these calculations in simple addition, he did it, not because he was at all tired of the exercise, but because he was out of breath. The pause reminded him of other duties.

"Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit's outside," he said. "I left him under the cart-shed while I came on to see if there was anybody here. We want to keep quiet to-night, till we know the news from you, and what it's best for us to do."

"There's not a soul in the house, except the kitchen company," returned the hostess. "If they were to know you had come back, Mark, they'd have a bonfire in the street, late as it is."

"But they must n't know it to-night, my precious soul," said Mark: "so have the house shut, and the kitchen-fire made up; and, when it's all ready, put a light in the winder, and we'll come in. One more! I long to hear about old friends. You'll tell

me all about 'em; won't you, — Mr. Pinch, and the butcher's dog down the street, and the terrier over the way, and the wheelwright's, and every one of 'em. When I first caught sight of the church to-night, I thought the steeple would have choked me, I did. One more! Won't you? Not a very little one to finish off with?"

"You have had plenty, I am sure," said the hostess. "Go along with your foreign manners!"

"That ain't foreign, bless you!" cried Mark. "Native as oysters, that is! One more, because it's native; as a mark of respect for the land we live in! This don't count as between you and me, you understand," said Mr. Tapley. "I ain't a kissing you now, you'll observe. I have been among the patriots! I'm a kissin' my country!"

This love-passage ends in the marriage of Mark to the fair widow, and the conversion of the Blue Dragon into Jolly Tapley. "A sign of my own invention," said Mark; "very new, convivial, and expressive." v, vii, xiii-xv, xvii, xxi-xxiii, xxxiii-xxxv, xliii, xlviii, li-liii.

Tigg, Montague, alias TIGG MONTAGUE. A needy sharper, and a friend of Chevy Slyme's.

The gentleman was of that order of appearance which is currently termed shabby-genteel, though, in respect of his dress, he can hardly be said to have been in any extremities, as his fingers were a long way out of his gloves, and the soles of his feet were at an inconvenient distance from the upper-leather of his boots. His nether garments were of a bluish-gray, — violent in its colors once, but sobered now by age and dinginess, — and were so stretched and strained in a tough conflict between his braces and his straps, that they appeared every moment in danger of flying asunder at the knees. His coat, in color blue, and of a military cut, was buttoned and frogged up to his chin. His cravat was, in hue and pattern, like one of those mantles which hair-dressers are accustomed to wrap about their clients during the progress of the professional mysteries. His hat had arrived at such a pass, that it would have been hard to determine whether it was originally white or black. But he wore a mustache, — a shaggy mustache, too; nothing in the meek and merciful way, but quite in the fierce and scornful style, — the regular satanic sort of thing; and he wore, besides, a vast quantity of unbrushed hair. He was very dirty and very jaunty, very bold and very mean, very swaggering and very slinking, very much like a man who might have been something better, and unspeakably like a man who deserved to be something worse.

At a later period, having come into the possession of a few pounds, he unites with David Crimble, a tapster who has saved a few pounds (*see* CRIMBLE, DAVID), and, reversing his name and making it Tigg Montague, Esquire, organizes a swindling concern called the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, and, peculating on a grander scale than formerly, becomes a grander man altogether.

He had a world of jet black shining hair upon his head, upon his cheeks, upon his chin, upon his upper lip. His clothes, symmetrically made, were of the newest fashion and the costliest kind. Flowers of gold and blue, and green, and blushing red, were on his waistcoat; precious chains and jewels sparkled on his breast; his fingers, clogged with brilliant rings, were as unwieldy as summer flies but newly rescued from a honey-pot; the daylight mantled in his gleaming hat and boots as in a polished glass: and yet, though changed his name, and changed his outward surface, it was Tigg. Though turned and twisted upside down and inside out, as great men have been sometimes known to be; though no longer Montague Tigg, but Tigg Montague: still it was Tigg,—the same satanic, gallant, military Tigg. The brass was burnished, lacquered, newly stamped, yet it was the true Tigg metal notwithstanding.

Obtaining private information of Jonas Chuzzlewit's attempt to poison his father, Tigg makes use of his knowledge of the fact to compel him not only to invest largely in the stock of the Anglo-Bengalee out of his own wealth, but to persuade his father-in-law, Mr. Pecksniff, to do so likewise. Jonas, finding his secret known and himself baffled, hunted, and beset, watches his opportunity, and murders Tigg; but his crime is discovered, and he is arrested, and put into a coach to be carried to prison, but poisons himself on the way. iv, vii, xii, xiii, xxii, xxviii, xxxviii, xl-xlii, xlv, xlvii.

Todgers, Mrs. M. Keeper of a Commercial Boarding-house in London; a bony and hard-featured lady, with a row of curls in front of her head, shaped like little barrels of beer.

"Presiding over an establishment like this makes sad havoc with the features, my dear Miss Pecksniffs," said Mrs. Todgers. "The gravy alone is enough to add twenty years to one's age, I do assure you."

"Lor!" cried the two Miss Pecksniffs.

"The anxiety of that one item, my dears," said Mrs. Todgers, "keeps the mind continually upon the stretch. There is no such passion in human nature as the passion for gravy among commercial gentlemen. It's nothing to say a joint won't yield—a whole animal would n't yield—the amount of gravy they expect each

day at dinner ; and what I have undergone, in consequence," cried Mrs. Todgers, raising her eyes, and shaking her head, " no one would believe."

Though not a handsome woman, Mrs. Todgers is a very kind-hearted one ; and when Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit (Mercy Pecksniff), heart-broken and destitute, applies to her for sympathy and assistance, she extends both ready hand and heart.

Commercial gentlemen and gravy had tried Mrs. Todgers's temper : the main chance — it was such a very small one, in her case, that she might have been excused for looking sharp after it, lest it should entirely vanish from her sight — had taken a firm hold on Mrs. Todgers's attention. But in some odd nook in Mrs. Todgers's breast, up a great many steps, and in a corner easy to be overlooked, there was a secret door, with "Woman" written on the spring, which, at a touch from Mercy's hand, had flown wide open, and admitted her for shelter.

When boarding-house accounts are balanced with all other ledgers, and the books of the Recording Angel are made up forever, perhaps there may be seen an entry to thy credit, lean Mrs. Todgers, which shall make thee beautiful. viii-xi, xxxii, xxxvii, xlv, liv.

Toppit, Miss. A literary lady whom Mrs. Hominy introduces to the Honorable Elijah Pogram. xxxiv.

Westlock, John. A young man who has been a pupil of Pecksniff's, but has a difference with him, and leaves him. He is a warm friend of Tom Pinch's, whose sister Ruth he finally marries. ii, xii, xxv, xxix, xxxvi, xxxvii, xxxix, xl, xlv, xlviii, xlix, li-liii.

Wolf, Mr. A friend and confederate of Montague Tigg's ; introduced to Jonas Chuzzlewit as a literary character connected with a remarkably clever weekly paper. xxviii.

DOMBEY AND SON

OUTLINE

Chapter Paul Dombey was eight and forty years old when the hope

I of his ten years of married life was realized in the birth of a son. A daughter, Florence, had been born six years before, but what was a daughter to the head of the firm of Dombey and Son? Even the death of his wife — for Mrs. Dombey died in giving birth to little Paul — was chiefly important to him as it deprived his

II son of the natural source of nourishment. In consequence of the deprivation, Mrs. Toodle, under the name of Richards, became little Paul's nurse. She was selected, with much care, from among a great many applicants, by Mr. Dombey's sister, Mrs.

III Chick, aided by her friend, Lucretia Tox. It was not long before Richards found out the neglect that Florence was suffering from her father. In every way she could Richards tried to remedy the fault, but to no avail. Little Florence had no attraction for her father's eyes, so full were they of the future of the Son of the House.

IV Soon after little Paul's birth, young Walter Gay became a clerk in the house of Dombey and Son. His employment by that noted city firm was a great event to him and to his uncle, old Solomon Gills, maker of nautical instruments. They celebrated it duly with the aid of Captain Cuttle.

His face, remarkable for a brown solidity, brightened as he shook hands with uncle and nephew; but he seemed to be of a laconic disposition, and merely said, —

“How goes it?”

“All well,” said Mr. Gills, pushing the bottle towards him.

He took it up, and, having surveyed and smelt it, said with extraordinary expression: —

“*The?*”

“*The,*” returned the instrument-maker.

Upon that he whistled as he filled his glass, and seemed to think they were making holiday indeed.

“Wal'r!” he said, arranging his hair (which was thin) with his hook, and then pointing it at the instrument-maker, “look at

him! Love! Honor! And Obey! Overhaul your catechism till you find that passage, and when found turn the leaf down. Success, my boy!"

He was so perfectly satisfied both with his quotation and his reference to it, that he could not help repeating the words again in a low voice, and saying he had forgotten 'em these forty year.

"But I never wanted two or three words in my life that I did n't know where to lay my hand upon 'em, Gills," he observed. "It comes of not wasting language as some do."

The reflection, perhaps, reminded him that he had better, like young Norval's father, "increase his store." At any rate, he became silent.

There could be no doubt, however, that the two old men, at least, entertained the most Whittingtonian hopes as to the outcome of Walter's employment.

V When little Paul was christened, Mr. Dombey, in his self-centred way, made some acknowledgment of the kindnesses that had been done for little Paul. He gave Miss Tox a bracelet, — she had been assiduous in helping Mrs. Chick look after the motherless boy, — thereby setting her susceptible heart in a flutter. To Mrs. Richards he announced that he had procured a place for her oldest boy, Rob, in a charity school. The thought of Rob in

VI the uniform of a charity grinder so wrought upon Mrs. Richards's motherly feelings that she determined to see him the next day. As it was against Mr. Dombey's rules for her to see any of her family while she was nursing Paul, she had to make her visit home as secret as possible. All would have gone well had not Florence, who, with her nurse, accompanied Mrs. Richards, been lost on the way back. Very luckily she was found and taken home by Walter Gay, — a circumstance which enhanced the Whittingtonian hopes of his uncle and Captain Cuttle. But the accident resulted in the discharge of Mrs. Richards.

VII Upon the departure of the warm-hearted Richards, Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox increased their watchfulness over the care of little Paul. Apparently Miss Tox had an end in view, for about this time Major Bagstock, — "Joey B., sir!" — who had lodgings in Princess's Place, where the susceptible Lucretia dwelt, began to find her growing neglectful of his neighborliness, and to suspect in consequence that her thoughts were centring elsewhere.

"Joey B., sir," the major would say, with a flourish of his walking-stick, "is worth a dozen of you! If you had a few more of the Bagstock breed among you, sir, you'd be none the worse for it. Old Joe, sir, need n't look far for a wife, even now, if he was on the lookout: but he's hard-hearted, sir, is Joe; he's tough,

sir, — tough, and de-vilish sly!” After such a declaration, wheezing sounds would be heard; and the major’s blue would deepen into purple, while his eyes strained and started convulsively. . . .

And yet Miss Tox, as it appeared, forgot him, — gradually forgot him. She began to forget him soon after her discovery of the Toodle family; she continued to forget him up to the time of the christening; she went on forgetting him with compound interest after that. Something or somebody had superseded him as a source of interest.

“Good-morning, ma’am!” said the major, meeting Miss Tox in Princess’s Place, some weeks after the changes chronicled in the last chapter.

“Good-morning, sir,” said Miss Tox very coldly.

“Joe Bagstock, ma’am,” observed the major with his usual gallantry, “has not had the happiness of bowing to you at your window for a considerable period. Joe has been hardly used, ma’am. His sun has been behind a cloud.”

Miss Tox inclined her head, but very coldly indeed.

“Joe’s luminary has been out of town, ma’am, perhaps,” inquired the major.

“I out of town? Oh, no! I have not been out of town,” said Miss Tox. “I have been much engaged lately. My time is nearly all devoted to some very intimate friends. I am afraid I have none to spare even now. Good-morning, sir!”

As Miss Tox, with her most fascinating step and carriage, disappeared from Princess’s Place, the major stood looking after her with a bluer face than ever, muttering and growling some not at all complimentary remarks.

“Why, damme, sir!” said the major, rolling his lobster-eyes round and round Princess’s Place, and apostrophizing its fragrant air, “six months ago, the woman loved the ground Josh Bagstock walked on. What’s the meaning of it?”

The major decided, after some consideration, that it meant man-traps; that it meant plotting and snaring; that Miss Tox was digging pitfalls. “But you won’t catch Joe, ma’am,” said the major. “He’s tough, ma’am; tough is J. B., — tough and de-vilish sly!” Over which reflection he chuckled for the rest of the day.

VIII
With all the care of his aunt and his aunt’s friends, however, little Paul failed to grow strong or like other boys; so, when he was nearly five years old, he was ordered to the seashore for a change of air. He and Florence were placed, therefore, under the charge of Mrs. Pipchin, a notable trainer of children, who lived at Brighton.

IX Walter's uncle Sol falling into financial difficulties, Walter, by the advice of Captain Cuttle, sought aid of Mr. Dombey, who granted it in the name of little Paul. The generosity of Mr. Dombey confirmed in the minds of the captain and the instrument-maker the idea that Walter was another Whittington.

XI Under Mrs. Pipchin's restraining influence Paul grew more and more "old-fashioned," more and more apart from normal boyhood. His great pleasure was in Florence, and the two children clung to each other with rare affection. They had been with Mrs. Pipchin a year when Mr. Dombey decided to place Paul under Dr. Blimber, who kept a sort of intellectual forcing-house at Brighton. To Dr. Blimber's, accordingly, Paul was escorted by his father and sister (to whom he clung). And there they left him to

XII endure the forcing process that had produced the brainless (but amiable) Toots, Dr. Blimber's head boy. His only comfort was the nearness of Florence, to whom he went every Saturday at Mrs. Pipchin's, and from whom he got the help and loving kindness and sympathy that sustained him through his unnatural, loveless life at Dr. Blimber's.

XIII Now Walter Gay had inadvertently incurred the displeasure of Mr. Dombey, so that, opportunity affording, the latter determined to send him to a distant office of the firm, and gave his manager instructions accordingly. There were two brothers in the office of Dombey and Son, of whom one was the manager and the other a mere clerk. The latter, John Carker, because of a theft committed, and forgiven him, in the early years of his employment with the firm, had remained a mere clerk and an object of hatred to his brother. By showing kindness to John Carker, Walter had incurred the dislike of James Carker, the manager, so that he, too, had an object in getting rid of the boy.

XIV It was just before the end of his first half-year at Dr. Blimber's school that little Paul, never strong, began to fail seriously in health. He stayed on, nevertheless, until the end of the term in order to give Florence the pleasure of the Blimbers' closing party.

XV In the mean while Walter, who fully realized that his appointment to the Barbadoes was not an advancement, was greatly puzzled to know how to break the news of it to his uncle Sol without dashing the latter's hopes of him to the ground. He decided finally to consult Captain Cuttle, and to leave the matter with him. He had done so when he was summoned to the bedside of little Paul, who was very ill. And little Paul died leaving

XVI kind words for all those who had been kind to him. But at

the end his love and his thought were all for Florence; and death came while his arms were about her neck.

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite happy!"

His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!" This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, every day; but whether there were many days or few appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no; the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling: why?"

"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

"Oh, yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please."

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Little Dombey closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. Then he awoke,—woke mind and body,—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" asked the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped

down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy, this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good-by!"

"Good-by, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipechin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by?"

"Ah, yes! Good-by!—Where is papa?"

His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried, "Good-by!" again.

"Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy. But it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea; and now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

He put his hands together as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so behind his sister's neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the picture on the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go."

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion!—the fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll; the old, old fashion,—Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

XVII It was part of Captain Cuttle's idea concerning Walter's future that he was to marry Florence. To further this consummation, he called upon Mr. Carker, the manager, who, for some purpose of his own, allowed the captain to infer that the sending of Walter away was the first step toward raising him to fortune and ultimately to the hand of Florence.

Throughout her brother's short life, Florence had been sadly un-
 XVIII noticed by any of her relatives excepting him, and now that Paul was dead she longed more than ever to comfort, and to be comforted by, her father. But the loss of his hopes in Paul had so embittered Mr. Dombey against "the rival of his son in health and life" — for thus he thought of Florence — that he kept her at a distance. In spite of this, however, Florence resolved to try the harder to win her place in her father's heart.

XIX When the time came for Walter to set sail for the Barbadoes, it was very sad for him and for his uncle. It was sad for Florence, too, although she helped to ease his going away, for now she added to her own liking for him her remembrance of Paul's fondness. Walter had a send-off by Cap'n Cuttle and Sol Gills.

"Wal'r," said the captain, when they took their seats at table, "if your uncle's the man I think him, he'll bring out the last bottle of *the* Madeira on the present occasion."

"No, no, Ned!" returned the old man. "No! That shall be opened when Walter comes home again."

"Well said!" cried the captain. "Hear him!"

"There it lies," said Sol Gills, "down in the little cellar, covered with dirt and cobwebs. There may be dirt and cobwebs over you and me, perhaps, Ned, before it sees the light."

"Hear him!" cried the captain. "Good morality! Wal'r, my lad. Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old sit under the shade on it. Overhaul the — Well," said the captain, on second thoughts, "I ain't quite certain where that's to be found; but, when found, make a note of. Sol Gills, heave ahead again!"

Old Sol and the captain accompanied the lad on board the ship to see him off, the former with moist eyes, the latter with a very grave face.

The captain. . . drew Walter into a corner, and, with a great effort that made his face very red, pulled up the silver watch, which was so big, and so tight in his pocket, that it came out like a bung.

"Wal'r," said the captain, handing it over, and shaking him heartily by the hand, "a parting gift, my lad. Put it back a half an hour every morning, and about a quarter towards the afternoon, and it's a watch that'll do you credit."

XX To get rest and to recuperate after little Paul's death, Mr. Dombey with Major Bagstock went to Leamington, where they met Mrs. Skewton — a woman of Heart — and
 XXI her daughter, the beautiful and disdainful Edith.

XXII Mr. Carker, the manager, in the mean while, was in the city pursuing his own plans, of which a part was to discover

what friendly relation existed between Florence and old Solomon Gills. For that purpose he obtained for Rob Toodle—formerly a charity grinder and now an idle vagabond entirely subject to Mr. Carker—nominal work in Mr. Gills's shop.

XXIII While her father was away Florence lived alone with her maid, schooling herself to patience. Besides her father's neglect there was new cause for grief in the absence of news from Walter, and in the anxiety the lack of news caused his uncle Sol. What relief she and Sol could get was in calling on Cap'n Cuttle and allowing him to conduct them to the oracle Bunsby.

"With regard to old Sol Gills," here the captain became solemn, "who I'll stand by, and not desert until death doe us part, and when the stormy winds do blow, do blow, do blow,—overhaul the catechism," said the captain, parenthetically, "and there you'll find them expressions,—if it would console Sol Gills to have the opinion of a seafaring man as has got a mind equal to any undertaking that he puts it alongside of, and as was all but smashed in his 'prentice ship, and of which the name is Bunsby, that 'ere man shall give him such an opinion in his own parlor as 'll stun him. Ah!" said Captain Cuttle vauntingly, "as much as if he'd gone and knocked his head again a door!"

They accordingly go to see Captain Bunsby, and, under the pilotage of Captain Cuttle, board *The Cautious Clara*.

Immediately there appeared, coming slowly up above the bulkhead of the cabin, another bulkhead,—human and very large,—with one stationary eye in the mahogany face, and one revolving one, on the principle of some lighthouses. This head was decorated with shaggy hair, like oakum, which had no governing inclination towards the north, east, west, or south, but inclined to all four quarters of the compass, and to every point upon it. The head was followed by a perfect desert of chin, and by a shirt-collar and neckerchief, and by a dread-nought pilot-coat, and by a pair of dread-nought pilot-trousers, whereof the waistband was so very broad and high, that it became a succedaneum for a waistcoat, being ornamented near the wearer's breastbone with some massive wooden buttons like backgammon-men. As the lower portions of these pantaloons became revealed, Bunsby stood confessed; his hands in their pockets (which were of vast size), and his gaze directed not to Captain Cuttle or the ladies, but the mast-head.

. . . Whispering to Florence that Bunsby had never in his life expressed surprise, and was considered not to know what it meant, the captain watched him as he eyed his mast-head, and afterwards swept the horizon; and, when the revolving eye seemed to be coming round in his direction, said:—

"Bunsby, my lad, how fares it?"

A deep, gruff, husky utterance, which seemed to have no connection with Bunsby, and certainly had not the least effect upon his face, replied, "Ay, ay, shipmet, how goes it?" At the same time, Bunsby's right hand and arm, emerging from a pocket, shook the captain's, and went back again.

"Bunsby," said the captain, striking home at once, "here you are, — a man of mind, and a man as can give an opinion. Here's a young lady as wants to take that opinion in regard of my friend Wal'r; likewise my t'other friend, Sol Gills, which is a character for you to come within hail of, being a man of science, which is the mother of invention, and knows no law. Bunsby, will you ware, to oblige me, and come along with us?"

The great commander, who seemed by the expression of his visage to be always on the lookout for something in the extremest distance, and to have no ocular knowledge of anything within ten miles, made no reply whatever.

He finally consents to go with them, however, and at last delivers the following "opinion:" —

"My name 's Jack Bunsby!"

"He was christened John," cried the delighted Captain Cuttle. "Hear him!"

"And what I says," pursued the voice, after some deliberation, "I stands to."

The captain, with Florence on his arm, nodded at the auditory, and seemed to say, "Now he's coming out! This is what I meant when I brought him."

"Whereby," proceeded the voice, "why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then!"

When it had pursued its train of argument to this point, the voice stopped and rested. It then proceeded very slowly, thus:—

"Do I believe this here Son and Heir's gone down, my lads? Mayhap. Do I say so? Which? If a skipper stands out by Sen' George's Channel, making for the Downs, what's right ahead of him? The Goodwins. He isn't forced to run upon the Goodwins; but he may. The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. That ain't no part of my duty. Awast then, keep a bright lookout for'ard, and good luck to you!"

The voice here went out of the back-parlor and into the street, taking the commander of The Cautious Clara with it, and accompanying him on board again with all convenient expedition, where he immediately turned in, and refreshed his mind with a nap.

XXIV But distraction came to her in the form of a visit to Lady Skettles, with whom she met Mr. Carker, the manager, and felt something of his cat-like nature.

XXV It was while she was away that Mr. Gills suddenly disappeared, and that Captain Cuttle assumed the direction of his shop, though this involved a secret flight from the MacStinger tyranny.

In the silence of night, the captain packed up his heavier property in a chest, which he locked, intending to leave it there, in all probability forever, but on the forlorn chance of one day finding a man sufficiently bold and desperate to come and ask for it. Of his lighter necessities the captain made a bundle, and disposed his plate about his person, ready for flight. At the hour of midnight, when Brig Place was buried in slumber, and Mrs. MacStinger was lulled in sweet oblivion, with her infants around her, the guilty captain, stealing down on tiptoe, in the dark, opened the door, closed it slowly after him, and took to his heels.

Pursued by the image of Mrs. MacStinger springing out of bed, and, regardless of costume, following and bringing him back, pursued also by a consciousness of his enormous crime, Captain Cuttle held on at a great pace, and allowed no grass to grow under his feet between Brig Place and the instrument-maker's door. It opened when he knocked (for Rob was on the watch); and when it was bolted and locked behind him, Captain Cuttle felt comparatively safe.

"Whew!" cried the captain, looking round him, "it's a breather!"

"Nothing the matter; is there, captain?" cried the gaping Rob.

"No, no," said Captain Cuttle, after changing color, and listening to a passing footstep in the street. "But mind ye, my lad, if any lady, except either of them two as you see t'other day, ever comes and asks for Cap'en Cuttle, be sure to report no person of that name known, nor never heard of here. Observe them orders; will you?"

"I'll take care, captain," returned Rob.

"You might say, if you liked," hesitated the captain, "that you'd read in the paper, that a cap'en of that name was gone to Australia, emigrating along with a whole ship's complement of people as had all sworn never to come back no more."

XXVI When Mr. Carker, the manager, visited his chief at Leamington — he had been called there on business of the firm — he began to carry out the plan he had of widening the estrangement of Mr. Dombey from Florence. To help him, though unwittingly,

XXVII in his plans he found there another figure coming into Mr. Dombey's life; for Edith — the disdainful beauty — by a process of sale, as she felt it to be, was to become the second Mrs. Dombey.

XXVIII While Florence was visiting Lady Skettles, Toots — formerly Dr. Blimber's head boy — called regularly upon her and her hostess, in his queer embarrassed way, to the great amusement of Florence's maid, Susan Nipper. When Florence returned home, she was greatly surprised to learn of her father's intended marriage. Between Edith and Florence, however, a bond of sympathy was formed at their first meeting, — a bond of which Mr. Carker was later to make fatal use.

XXIX Mr. Dombey's engagement to Edith had the effect of blighting Miss Tox's hopes, and of revealing to Mrs. Chick the undesirability of having friends of the sincerely susceptible Lucretia's station in life.

XXX Edith and Florence, in the interval between their first meeting and the approaching marriage, drew closer and closer together, although the degradation she was undergoing oppressed Edith's proud soul. Moreover, the sense of degradation was increased by the fact, made clear to her on her wedding day, that Mr. Carker read her thoroughly — that he knew that she realized that she was selling herself.

XXXII At this time, those who took an interest in Walter Gay gave him up for lost; for the report was published that the Son and Heir, in which he had sailed, had been found totally wrecked. Mr. Toots carried the news to Captain Cuttle.

XXXIII In the house of Mr. Carker, the manager, — it was richly furnished and comfortable, — hung a portrait that bore a strange resemblance to Edith. To the house of Mr. Carker, the junior clerk, came a poor travel-stained woman who also bore some strange resemblance to Edith, and received alms from the hands of the junior clerk's sister. From the junior clerk's house the poor

XXXIV woman went to seek out a wretched dwelling in the heart of London where her mother was. For she had just returned from a period of penal servitude, having been betrayed into crime years before by Mr. Carker, the manager.

XXXV With the return of Mr. and Mrs. Dombey from their wedding journey, the real separation between them became more and more manifest. Nor did the sympathy between Edith and Florence tend to mend matters any. So the breach

XXXVI grew, until Mr. Dombey resolved to assert himself in subduing his wife's proud, disdainful spirit. The occasion came after a house-warming at which Mrs. Dombey had failed in

her duty as hostess to her husband's guests, and Mr. Dombey took her to task for it in the presence of his manager. The latter cir-

XXXVII cumstance gave Mr. Carker an opportunity to begin his machinations upon Edith and against Florence, whom he used as a goad upon Edith's proud opposition to Mr. Dombey.

XXXVIII Miss Tox, forlorn, and abandoned by Mrs. Chick, cultivated the Toodles in the hope of hearing through them of the Dombey's.

XXXIX A year had passed, and there was still no news of the old instrument-maker, Solomon Gills. Captain Cuttle, who had kept the shop (having deserted his lodgings) ever since Mr. Gills's disappearance, now undertook, with the advice of his friend, Captain Bunsby, to open the letter and packet that Mr. Gills had left behind him. No sooner had they done so than they were descended upon by Captain Cuttle's former landlady, Mrs. MacStinger, and her family.

"O Cap'en Cuttle, Cap'en Cuttle!" said Mrs. MacStinger, making her chin rigid, and shaking it in unison with what, but for the weakness of her sex, might be described as her fist, — "O Cap'en Cuttle, Cap'en Cuttle! do you dare to look me in the face, and not be struck down in the herth?"

The captain, who looked anything but daring, feebly muttered, "Stand by!"

"Oh! I was a weak and trusting fool when I took you under my roof, Cap'en Cuttle, — I was!" cried Mrs. MacStinger. "To think of the benefits I've showered on that man, and the way in which I brought my children up to love and honor him as if he was a father to 'em; when there ain't a 'ousekeeper, no nor a lodger, in our street, don't know that I lost money by that man, and by his guzzlings and his muzzlings" (Mrs. MacStinger used the last word for the joint sake of alliteration and aggravation, rather than for the expression of any idea); "and when they cried out one and all, shame upon him for putting upon an industrious woman, up early and late for the good of her young family, and keeping her poor place so clean, that a individual might have ate his dinner, yes, and his tea, too, if he was so disposed, off any one of the floors or stairs, in spite of all his guzzlings and his muzzlings, such was the care and pains bestowed upon him!"

Mrs. MacStinger stopped to fetch her breath; and her face flushed with triumph in this second happy introduction of Captain Cuttle's muzzlings.

"And he runs awa-a-ay!" cried Mrs. MacStinger, with a lengthening-out of the last syllable that made the unfortunate

captain regard himself as the meanest of men, "and keeps away a twelvemonth! From a woman! Sitch is his conscience! He has n't the courage to meet her hi-i-i-igh" (long syllable again), "but steals away like a felon. . . . A pretty sort of a man is Cap'en Cuttle," said Mrs. MacStinger, with a sharp stress on the first syllable of the captain's name, "to take on for, and to lose sleep for, and to faint along of, and to think dead, forsooth, and to go up and down the blessed town like a mad woman, asking questions after! Oh, a pretty sort of a man! Ha, ha, ha, ha! He's worth all that trouble and distress of mind, and much more. *That's* nothing, bless you! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Cap'en Cuttle," said Mrs. MacStinger, with severe reaction in her voice and manner, "I wish to know if you're a coming home."

The frightened captain looked into his hat, as if he saw nothing for it but to put it on, and give himself up.

"Cap'en Cuttle," repeated Mrs. MacStinger in the same determined manner, "I wish to know if you're a coming home, sir."

The captain seemed quite ready to go, but faintly suggested something to the effect of "not making so much noise about it."

And home he would have gone but for the saving action of Jack Bunsby, who with his arm about her waist "convoyed" Mrs. MacStinger away.

XL As time went on, the relations between Mr. Dombey and his wife grew more and more strained, and more and more suited to the purposes of Mr. Carker, the manager. Edith's opposition only served to strengthen Mr. Dombey in his self-centred determination to assert his supremacy.

XLI At Brighton, where Florence had gone with Edith and Mrs. Skewton for the latter's health, Mr. Toots plucked up heart to propose to Florence, who, however, put him off with gentleness.

XLII Mr. Dombey, in his folly, determined to assert his supremacy over his wife by commissioning his manager to bear to her his commands. It was an idea that played directly into Mr. Carker's hands, as it gave him the means not only of approaching her, but of widening the breach between her husband and herself.

XLIII Florence, in the mean while, was growing to feel further than ever removed from her father by the realization that in some way she was an innocent cause in the difference between her father and his wife.

XLIV The growing unhappiness of her young mistress finally urged Susan Nipper to tell Mr. Dombey what his duty

toward Florence was. The result, of course, was to infuriate Mr. Dombey, and to lead him to discharge Susan from his service.

XLV Immediately upon Susan's outburst came Mr. Carker to Edith with the command from Mr. Dombey that she show less affection for Florence. Mr. Carker so contrived the delivery of this message that Edith was compelled to acknowledge his personal service to her, and to yield to his claim upon her attention.

XLVI Some time before this, Rob Toodle had taken service under Mr. Carker, the manager. It was an unlucky thing for the manager's plans; for Rob, in the days of his vagabondage, had given a certain Mrs. Brown a hold upon him which he could not shake off, and Mrs. Brown and her daughter (who strangely resembled Edith) hated Mr. Carker beyond all men.

XLVII Still the breach between Mr. Dombey and his wife grew, made worse by the separation from Florence that Edith forced herself to make in obedience to Mr. Dombey's threat and Mr. Carker's warning. Matters culminated on the second anniversary of her marriage, when Edith fled from her husband with his manager, and Florence was driven from home by her father.

XLVIII Florence took refuge in the instrument-maker's shop, where she was given kindly welcome by cheery old Captain Cuttle, and where a day or two later Walter returned, safe and sound.

L To Captain Cuttle's great delight, it was not long before Florence and Walter discovered that they loved each other.

LI Mr. Dombey and the world agreed as to the pursuit of his runaway wife and treacherous manager, and as soon as he learned where they were he set off in a frenzy after them. He obtained the information from Rob, the grinder, through Mrs. Brown, who hated Carker. But Mrs. Brown's daughter, who resembled Edith and who had been so cruelly wronged by Mr. Carker, the manager, tried to save him by sending him warning through his sister.

LIII In good time the fugitives, by different ways, arrived at Dijon and met there, and there Edith unmasked Carker, — showed him for the vile thing he was and for the dupe she had made of him. For she had run away with him to satisfy her hatred of her husband; that accomplished, she left him to Mr. Dombey's rage. No sooner had she gone than her husband appeared, and there was

LIV nothing but flight left for the treacherous Carker. And so he fled ignominiously, and died by accident just as his pursuer caught up with him.

LV In the mean while Florence was joined in her refuge at Captain Cuttle's by her former maid, Susan, and all were made

happy by the return of Walter's uncle. And then Walter and

LVII Florence were married amid the rejoicings of their friends. A year passed, and the great house of Dombey and Son failed.

LVIII Its crafty manager had enriched himself in the pursuance of his plan, and had impoverished the house. Mr. Dombey, a man with high sense of honor, made himself penniless to pay his creditors, and things must have been hard for him but for the aid of John Carker and his sister. From the abundance which came to them at the death of their brother, they settled an annuity upon Mr. Dombey, the source of which was kept secret from him. Mr.

LIX Dombey, terribly reduced in every way, felt himself humbled in the dust, when Florence returned to him to forgive and be forgiven.

LX Toots, apparently inconsolable when Florence was married, had found solace in the mean while in Susan, who was now Mrs. Toots. And Captain Cuttle was forever relieved of his fear of Mrs. MacStinger by his being witness of her marriage to his imperturbable friend Bunsby.

LXI One day, during her father's convalescence, — he had fallen very ill in consequence of his misfortunes — Florence was called upon by a cousin of Edith's, who had faithfully befriended her since she left her husband. His object was to get Florence to see Edith and to receive from her the explanation of her flight. And Florence did so, and thus learned that there was peace in the separation of her father and his wife.

LXII And so the story ends in love and forgiveness and joy. Mr. Dombey himself helped to drink the last bottle of Solomon Gills's Madeira, and so did Mr. Toots, who rejoiced exceedingly in "that extraordinary woman," his wife. But Mr. Dombey, having learned to love Florence, found his deepest joy in her and her children.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Anne. A housemaid at Mr. Dombey's, beloved by Towlinson, the footman. xviii, xxxi, xxxv, lix.

Bagstock, Major Joseph. A retired army officer, wooden-featured and blue-faced, with his eyes starting out of his head. He is a near neighbor of Miss Tox, between whom and himself an occasional interchange of newspapers and pamphlets, and the like Platonic dalliance, is effected through the medium of a dark servant of the major's, whom Miss Tox is content to designate as a "native," without connecting him with any geographical idea whatever.

Although Major Bagstock had arrived at what is called in polite literature the grand meridian of life, and was proceeding on his journey down hill with hardly any throat, and a very rigid pair of jaw-bones, and long-flapped elephantine ears, and his eyes and complexion in the state of artificial excitement already mentioned, he was mightily proud of awakening an interest in Miss Tox, and tickled his vanity with the fiction that she was a splendid woman, who had her eye on him. This he had several times hinted at the club, in connection with little jocularities of which old Joe Bagstock, old Joey Bagstock, old J. Bagstock, old Josh. Bagstock, or so forth, was the perpetual theme; it being, as it were, the major's stronghold and donjon-keep of light humor to be on the most familiar terms with his own name.

The major becomes a friend and companion of Mr. Dombey, introduces him to Edith Granger and Mrs. Skewton, and plays the agreeable to the mother, while Mr. Dombey makes love to the daughter. vii, x, xx, xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxxi, xxxvi, xl, li, lix, lx.

Baps, Mr. Dancing-master at Doctor Blimber's; a very grave gentleman with a slow and measured manner of speaking. xiv.

Baps, Mrs. His wife. xiv.

Berinthia, called BERRY. Niece and drudge to Mrs. Pipchin, whom she regards as one of the most meritorious persons in the world. She is a good-natured spinster of middle age, but possessing a gaunt and iron-bound aspect, and much afflicted with boils on her nose. viii, xi.

Biler. See TOODLE, ROBIN.

Bitherston, Master. A child boarding at Mrs. Pipchin's; a boy of mysterious and terrible experiences. viii, x, xli, lx.

Blimber, Doctor. Proprietor of an expensive private boarding-school for boys, at Brighton, to which Paul Dombey is sent to be educated.

The doctor was a portly gentleman, in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head highly polished, a deep voice, and a chin so very double that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had that moment posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. . . . The doctor's walk was stately, and calculated to impress the juvenile mind with solemn feelings. It was a sort of march; but, when the doctor put out his right foot, he gravely turned upon his axis, with a semicircular sweep towards the left; and, when he put out his left foot, he turned in the same manner towards the right: so that he seemed, at every

stride he took, to look about him, as though he were saying, "Can anybody have the goodness to indicate any subject, in any direction, on which I am uninformed? I rather think not."

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen; but he had always ready a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green-peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere sprouts of bushes, under Doctor Blimber's cultivation. Every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature was of no consequence at all. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other. xi, xii, xix, xxiv, xli, lx.

Blimber, Mrs. His wife.

Mrs. Blimber . . . was not learned herself; but she pretended to be: and that did quite as well. She said at evening parties, that, if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented. It was the steady joy of her life to see the doctor's young gentlemen go out walking, unlike all other young gentlemen, in the largest possible shirt-collars and the stiffest possible cravats. It was so classical, she said. xi, xii, xix, xxiv, xli, lx.

Blimber, Miss Cornelia. The daughter; a slim and graceful maid.

There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead,—stone dead; and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a ghoul. xi, xii, xiv, xli, lx.

Blockitt, Mrs. Mrs. Dombey's nurse; a simpering piece of faded gentility. i.

Bokum, Mrs. A friend of Mrs. MacStinger's, and her bridesmaid on the occasion of her marriage to Jack Bunsby. lx.

Briggs. A pupil of Dr. Blimber's, and the room-mate of Paul Dombey. xii, xiv, xli, lx.

Brogley, Mr. A sworn broker and appraiser, and second-hand furniture-dealer ; a friend of Sol. Gills. ix.

Brown, Alice, *alias* ALICE MARWOOD. A handsome woman of about thirty years of age ; a former mistress of James Carker. After suffering transportation for crime, she comes back to England filled with scorn, hate, defiance, and recklessness. xxxiii, xxxiv, xl, xlv, lii, liii, lviii.

Brown, Mrs., *called (by herself)* GOOD MRS. BROWN. Her mother ; a very ugly old woman, with red rims round her eyes, and a mouth that mumbled and chattered of itself when she was not speaking. vi, xxvii, xxxiv, xl, xlv, lii, lviii.

Bunsby, Captain Jack. Master of a vessel called The Cautious Clara, and a warm friend of Captain Cuttle, who looks up to him as an oracle. Notwithstanding his sagacity and independence, Captain Bunsby is finally captured and married, perforce, by his landlady, Mrs. MacStinger. xxiii, xxxix, lx.

Carker, Harriet. Sister of John and James Carker ; afterwards the wife of Mr. Morfin. xxii, xxxiii, xxxiv, liii, lxii.

Carker, James. Mr. Dombey's head clerk or manager.

Mr. Carker was a gentleman thirty-eight or forty years old, of a florid complexion, and with two unbroken rows of glistening teeth, whose regularity and whiteness were quite distressing. It was impossible to escape the observation of them ; for he showed them whenever he spoke, and bore so wide a smile upon his countenance (a smile, however, very rarely indeed, extending beyond his mouth), that there was something in it like the snarl of a cat. He affected a stiff white cravat, after the example of his principal, and was always closely buttoned up and tightly dressed. His manner towards Mr. Dombey was deeply conceived, and perfectly expressed. He was familiar with him in the very extremity of his sense of the distance between them. "Mr. Dombey, to a man in your position, from a man in mine, there is no show of subservience compatible with the transaction of business between us that I should think sufficient. I frankly tell you, sir, I give it up altogether. I feel that I could not satisfy my own mind ; and Heaven knows, Mr. Dombey, you can afford to dispense with the endeavor." If he had carried these words about with him printed on a placard, and had constantly offered it to Mr. Dombey's perusal on the breast of his coat, he could not have been more explicit than he was.

Enjoying the confidence of his employer, Mr. Carker speculates on his own account, and amasses a fortune. When Mr. Dombey marries a second time, Carker observes that there is no love or sympathy in the case, and that both parties are of a proud and unyield-

ing disposition; and he secretly takes advantage of the confidence reposed in him by Mr. Dombey to increase the constantly widening breach between husband and wife. Goaded to desperation by the conduct of Mr. Dombey in making his clerk the medium of communicating his directions to her, but equally despising both man and master, Mrs. Dombey revenges herself on her husband by eloping with his clerk, and on the clerk by taunting him with his supposed victory, and leaving him, in the very hour of his anticipated triumph, to the vengeance of her husband, who has pursued them. In trying to avoid Mr. Dombey, whom he accidentally encounters at a railway-station, he staggers, slips on to the track, and is killed by a passing train. xiii, xvii, xxii, xxiv, xxvi, xxvii, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxvi, xxxvii, xl, xlii, xlv, xlvi, xlvii, lii-lv.

Carker, Mr. John. Brother of James and Harriet Carker, and under-clerk at Dombey and Son's. When a young man, he had been led astray by evil companions, and had robbed his employers, who had reposed great confidence in him. His guilt was soon discovered; but the house was merciful, and, instead of dismissing him, retained him in a subordinate capacity, in which he made expiation for his crime by long years of patient, faithful service. After the elopement of his brother James with Edith Dombey, he is discharged; but, by the sudden death of his brother, he comes into possession of a fortune, the interest of which, when Mr. Dombey becomes a bankrupt, he secretly makes over to him year by year as if it were the repayment of an old lost debt. vi, xix, xxii, xxxiii, xxxiv, liii, lviii, lxii.

Chick, Mr. John. Brother-in-law to Mr. Dombey; a stout, bald gentleman with a very large face, and his hands continually in his pockets, and with a tendency to whistle and hum tunes on every sort of occasion. ii, v, xxix, xxxvi.

Chick, Mrs. Louisa. His wife; sister to Mr. Dombey; a weak, good-natured, self-satisfied woman, very proud of her family and of having always tried, as she puts it, to "make an effort." i, ii, v-viii, x, xviii, xxix, xxxvi, li, lix.

Chicken, The Game. See GAME CHICKEN, THE.

Chowley. See MACSTINGER, CHARLES.

Clark, Mr. A clerk of Mr. Dombey's. vi.

Cleopatra. See SKEWTON, MRS.

Cuttle, Captain Edward. Protector of Florence Dombey, friend of Walter Gay, and friend and afterwards partner of Walter's uncle, Sol Gills. His first advent in the story is at the house of the latter at dinner-time.

An addition to the little party now made its appearance in the shape of a gentleman in a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead

of a hand attached to his right wrist, very bushy black eyebrows, and a thick stick in his left hand, covered all over (like his nose) with knobs. He wore a loose black silk handkerchief round his neck, and such a very large coarse shirt-collar, that it looked like a small sail. He was evidently the person for whom the spare wineglass was intended, and evidently knew it; for having taken off his rough outer coat, and hung up on a particular peg behind the door such a hard glazed hat as a sympathetic person's head might ache at the sight of, and which left a red rim round his own forehead, as if he had been wearing a tight basin, he brought a chair to where the clean glass was, and sat himself down behind it. He was usually addressed as captain, this visitor; and had been a pilot, or a skipper, or a privateersman, or all three, perhaps; and was a very salt-looking man indeed. iv, ix, x, xv, xvii, xix, xxiii, xxv, xxxii, xxxix, xlvi—l, lvi, lvii, lx, lxii. See **MACSTINGER, MRS.**

Daws, Mary. A young kitchen-maid in Mr. Dombey's service. lix.

Diogenes. A dog given by Mr. Toots to Florence Dombey, "as a sort of keepsake," he having been a favorite with her brother, little Paul.

Though Diogenes was as ridiculous a dog as one would meet with on a summer's day, — a blundering, ill-favored, clumsy, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighborhood whom it was meritorious to bark at, — and though he was far from good-tempered, and certainly was not clever, and had hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, and an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice, he was dearer to Florence . . . than the most beautiful of his kind. xiv, xviii, xxii, xxiii, xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxv, xli, xlv, xlvi, xlix, l, lvi, lxii.

Dombey, Mrs. Edith. Mr. Dombey's second wife; daughter of Mrs. Skewton, and widow of Colonel Granger. She is a woman under thirty, very handsome, very haughty, and very wilful; pure at heart, but defiant of criticism. Though she feels neither love nor esteem for Mr. Dombey, and does not tempt him to seek her hand, yet she suffers him to marry her, content to be made rich so long as the transaction is understood to be a mere matter of traffic, in which beauty, grace, and varied accomplishments are exchanged for wealth and social position. As might be expected, the alliance proves to be a very unfortunate one. No friendship, no fitness for each other, no mutual forbearance, springs up between the unhappy pair: but indifference gives place to aversion and contempt; arrogance is repaid in kind; opposition arouses opposition. At last, Edith elopes with Mr. Carker, a confidential clerk

of Mr. Dombey's; and this she does with the double motive of revenging herself on her husband, and of befooling and punishing the clerk, who has pursued her from her wedding day with humiliating solicitations and the meanest stratagems. But she leaves him in the very hour of their meeting, and he is killed by a passing train in trying to escape pursuit. xxi, xxvi-xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxv-xxxvii, xl-xliii, xlv, xlvii, liv, lxi. See SKEWTON, Mrs.

Dombey, Mrs. Fanny. Mr. Dombey's first wife; mother of Florence and of little Paul. i.

Dombey, Florence. Daughter of Mr. Dombey, and sister of little Paul. She is a loving and lovable child, but, not having had the good fortune to be born a boy, is of no account in her father's eyes. At first she is merely an object of indifference to him, but by degrees he comes to conceive a positive dislike for her, and at last drives her from his house. She finally marries Walter Gay, a junior clerk in Mr. Dombey's bank. i, iii, v, vi, viii-xii, xiv, xvi, xviii, xix, xxii-xxiv, xxviii, xxx, xxxv-xxxvii, xl, xli, xliii-xlv, xlvii-l, lvi, lvii, lix, lxi, lxii.

Dombey, Little Paul. Mr. Dombey's son and heir. His advent into the world is thus described:—

Rich Mr. Dombey sat in the corner of his wife's darkened bed-chamber, in the great arm-chair by the bedside; and rich Mr. Dombey's son lay tucked up warm in a little basket carefully placed on a low settle in front of the fire, and close to it, as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new.

Rich Mr. Dombey was about eight and forty years of age; rich Mr. Dombey's son, about eight and forty minutes. Mr. Dombey was rather bald, rather red, and rather stern and pompous; Mr. Dombey's son was very bald, and very red, and rather crushed and spotty in his general effect, as yet.

Mr. Dombey, exulting in the long-looked-for event,—the birth of a son,—jingled his heavy gold watch-chain as he sat in his blue coat and bright buttons by the side of the bed, and said:—

“Our house of business will once again be not only in name, but in fact, Dombey and Son; Dombey and Son! He will be christened Paul, of course,—his father's name, Mrs. Dombey, and his grandfather's. I wish his grandfather were alive this day!” And again he said, “Dom-bey and Son!”

Those three words conveyed the one idea of Mr. Dombey's life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. Common abbreviations took new meanings in his eyes, and had sole reference to them.

A. D. had no concern with Anno Domini, but stood for Anno Dombei — and Son.

He had been married ten years, and, until this present day on which he sat jingling his gold watch-chain in the great arm-chair by the side of the bed, had had no issue.

— To speak of. There had been a girl some six years before; and she, who had stolen into the chamber unobserved, was now crouching in a corner whence she could see her mother's face. But what was a girl to Dombey and Son!

Mr. Dombey's cup of satisfaction was so full, however, that he said, "Florence, you may go and look at your pretty brother, if you like. Don't touch him!" i-iii, v-viii, x-xii, xiv, xvi.

Dombey, Mr. Paul. A London merchant, very wealthy, very starched and pompous, intensely obstinate, and possessed by a conviction that the old banking-house of Dombey and Son is the central fact of the universe. He has a daughter Florence, who is of no consequence in his eyes; and a son Paul, on whom all his hopes and affections centre, but who dies in childhood. He marries for his second wife a woman whose pride is equal to his own, and who not only has no love to give him, but refuses to render him the deference and submission which he exacts as his due. Goaded to desperation, at last, by his arrogance, and by the slights and affronts he puts upon her, she elopes, upon the anniversary of her marriage, with a confidential clerk whom he had chosen as an instrument of her humiliation, content to wear the appearance of an adulteress (though not such in reality), if she can only avenge herself upon her husband. But Mr. Dombey, though keenly sensitive to the disgrace she has inflicted upon him, and haunted by the dread of public ridicule, abates no jot of his pride or obstinacy. He drives his daughter from his house, believing her to be an accomplice of his wife, forbids the name of either to be mentioned in his presence, and preserves the same calm, cold, impenetrable exterior as ever. His trouble preys upon his mind, however; his prudence in matters of business deserts him; and the great house of which he is the head soon goes down in utter bankruptcy. But this crowning retribution proves a blessing after all; for it undermines his pride, melts his obstinacy, and sets his injustice plainly before him. His daughter seeks him out, and in her home he passes the evening of his days, a wiser and a better man. i-iii, v, vi, viii, x, xi, xiii, xvi, xviii, xx, xxi, xxvi-xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi, xl-xliv, xlvii, li, lii, lv, lviii, lix, lxi, lxii.

Feeder, Reverend Alfred, M. A. A brother of Mr. Feeder, B. A. lx.

Feeder, Mr., B. A. An assistant in the establishment of Blimber; afterwards his son-in-law and successor. xi, xii, xiv, xli, lx.

Feenix, Cousin. A superannuated nobleman, nephew to the Honorable Mrs. Skewton, and cousin to Edith Dombey.

Cousin Feenix was a man about town forty years ago; but he is still so juvenile in figure and manner, and so well got up, that strangers are amazed when they discover latent wrinkles in his lordship's face, and crow's-feet in his eyes, and first observe him not exactly certain, when he walks across a room, of going quite straight to where he wants to go. But Cousin Feenix getting up at half-past seven o'clock, or so, is quite another thing from Cousin Feenix got up; and very dim indeed he looks while being shaved at Long's Hotel, in Bond Street. xxxi, xxxvi, xli, li, lxi.

Flowers. Mrs. Skewton's maid. xxvii, xxx, xxxv-xxxvii, xl.

Game Chicken, The. A professional boxer and prize-fighter, with very short hair, a broken nose, and a considerable tract of bare and sterile country behind each ear. He is a friend of Mr. Toots, whom he knocks about the head three times a week for the small consideration of ten and six per visit. xxii, xxviii, xxxii, xli, liv, lvi.

Gay, Walter. A young man in the employ of Mr. Dombey; nephew to Sol Gills. He makes the acquaintance of Florence Dombey, and falls in love with her, but is soon afterward sent to Barbadoes to fill a junior situation in the counting-house there. The ship in which he sails is lost at sea, and it is long thought that he went down with her; but he finally returns, and marries Florence. iv, vi, ix, x, xiii, xv-xvii, xix, xlix, l, lvi, lvii, lxi, lxii.

Gills, Solomon. A nautical instrument-maker; uncle to Walter Gay. When he hears of the loss of the ship in which his nephew has sailed, he goes abroad in quest of him, leaving his shop in the hands of Captain Cuttle.

To say nothing of his Welsh wig, which was as plain and stubborn a Welsh wig as ever was worn, and in which he looked like anything but a rover, he was a slow, quiet-spoken, thoughtful old fellow, with eyes as red as if they had been small suns looking at you through a fog; and a newly-awakened manner, such as he might have acquired by having stared for three or four days successively through every optical instrument in his shop, and suddenly come back to the world again to find it green. iv, vi, ix, x, xv, xvii, xix, xxii, xxiii, xxv, lvi, lvii, lxii.

Glubb, Old. An old man employed to draw little Paul Dombey's couch. xii.

Granger, Mrs. Edith. See DOMBEY, MRS. EDITH.

Howler, The Reverend Melchisedech. A minister "of the rant-

ing persuasion," who predicts the speedy destruction of the world. He was formerly employed in the West India Docks, but was "discharged on suspicion of screwing gimlets into puncheons, and applying his lips to the orifice." xv, lx.

Jemima. Mrs. Toodle's unmarried sister, who lives with her, and helps her take care of the children. ii, vi.

Joe. A laborer. vi.

John. A poor man with no regular employment; father of Martha, a deformed and sickly girl. xxiv.

Johnson. A pupil of Doctor Blimber's. xii, xiv.

Kate. An orphan child, visiting Sir Barnet and Lady Skettles, at Fulham, with her aunt, during Florence Dombey's stay there. xxv.

MacStinger, Alexander. Son of Mrs. MacStinger, aged two years and three months. His mother never enters upon any action of importance, without previously inverting him to bring him within range of a brisk battery of slaps, and then setting him down on the street pavement; a cool paving-stone being usually found to act as a powerful restorative. xxiii, xxv, xxix, lx.

MacStinger, Charles, *called* CHOWLEY by his playmates. Another son of Mrs. MacStinger. xxxix, lx.

MacStinger, Juliana. Mrs. MacStinger's daughter; the very picture of her mother. "Another year or two, the captain [Captain Cuttle] thought, and to lodge where that child was would be destruction." xxv, xxix, lx.

MacStinger, Mrs. Captain Cuttle's landlady; a vixenish widow-woman, living at No. 9 Brig Place, near the India Docks. She exhibits a disposition to retain her lodgers by physical force, if necessary. The captain stands in mortal fear of her; though, as he says, he "never owed her a penny," and has "done her a world of good turns too." Mrs. MacStinger subsequently marries Captain Bunsby. ix, xvii, xxiii, xxv, xxxix, lvi, lx.

Martha. The daughter of a poor laboring-man, who finds it very difficult to get work to do. She is ugly, misshapen, peevish, ill-conditioned, ragged, and dirty, but dearly loved by her father, who robs himself, and makes his own life miserable, to add to her comfort. xxiv.

Marwood, Alice. *See* BROWN, ALICE.

Melia. A servant-girl at Doctor Blimber's. xii, xiv, xli.

Miff, Mrs. A wheezy little pew-opener; a mighty dry old lady, with a vinegary face, an air of mystery, and a thirsty soul for sixpences and shillings. xxxi, lvii.

Morfin, Mr. Head clerk at Dombey and Son's; a cheerful-looking, hazel-eyed, elderly bachelor, who befriends John Carker, and marries his sister Harriet. xiii, xxxiii, liii, lviii, lxii.

Native, The. A dark servant of Major Bagstock's, so called by Miss Tox, though without connecting him with any geographical idea whatever. He has no particular name, but answers to any vituperative epithet. vii, x, xx, xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxix, lviii, lix.

Nipper, Susan. Florence Dombey's maid; a short, brown, womanly girl, with a little snub nose, and black eyes like jet beads. Notwithstanding a peculiarly sharp and biting manner that she has, she is, in the main, a good-natured little body, and is wholly devoted to her mistress. She has the audacity to tell Mr. Dombey what she thinks of his treatment of his daughter, and is immediately discharged from that gentleman's service. She afterwards marries Mr. Toots, who considers her "a most extraordinary woman." iii, v, vi, xiii, xv, xvi, xviii, xix, xxii, xxiii, xxviii, xxxii, xliii, xliv, lvi, lvii, lx-lxii.

Pankey, Miss. A boarder at Mrs. Pipchin's "select infantine boarding-house," worth "a good eighty pounds a year" to her. viii, xi.

Peps, Doctor Parker. One of the court physicians, and a man of immense reputation for assisting at the increase of great families, on which account his services are secured by Mr. Dombey when little Paul is born. i, xvi.

Perch, Mr. Messenger in Mr. Dombey's office, living (when at home) at Balls Pond. xiii, xvii, xxii, xxiv, xxxi, xlvi, li, liii, lviii, lix.

Perch, Mrs. His wife, always in an interesting condition. xiii, xxii, xxxi, xxxv, li, liii, lviii, lix.

Pilkins, Mr. Mr. Dombey's family physician. i, viii.

Pipchin, Mrs. An old lady living at Brighton, with whom little Paul Dombey, accompanied by his sister Florence and a nurse, is sent to board. She afterwards becomes Mr. Dombey's house-keeper.

Mrs. Pipchin . . . had acquired an immense reputation as "a great manager" of children; and the secret of [her] management was to give them everything that they didn't like, and nothing that they did. Mrs. Pipchin had also founded great fame on being a widow-lady whose husband had broken his heart in pumping water out of some Peruvian mines. This was a great recommendation to Mr. Dombey; for it had a rich sound. "Broke his heart of the Peruvian mines," mused Mr. Dombey. "Well! — a very respectable way of doing it."

This celebrated Mrs. Pipchin was a marvellous ill-favored, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face like bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard gray eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered at on an anvil. Forty years, at least,

had elapsed since the Peruvian mines had been the death of Mr. Pipchin ; but his relict still wore black bombazine. And she was such a bitter old lady, that one was tempted to believe there had been some mistake in the application of the Peruvian machinery, and that all her waters of gladness, and milk of human kindness, had been pumped out dry, instead of the mines. viii, xi, xii, xiv, xvi, xlii-xliv, xlvii, li, lix.

Richards. *See* TOODLE, POLLY.

Rob the Grinder. *See* TOODLE, ROBIN.

Skettles, Lady. The wife of Sir Barnet Skettles. xiv, xxiii, xxiv, xxviii, lx.

Skettles, Sir Barnet. A member of the House of Commons living in a pretty villa at Fulham, on the banks of the Thames. It was anticipated, that, when he did catch the speaker's eyes (which he had been expected to do for three or four years), he would rather touch up the radicals. His object in life is constantly to extend the range of his acquaintance. xiv, xxiii, xxiv, xxviii, lx.

Skettles, Barnet, junior. His son ; a pupil of Doctor Blimber's. xiv, xxiv, xxviii.

Skewton, The Hon. Mrs., called CLEOPATRA, from the name appended to a sketch of her published in her youth. Aunt to Lord Feenix, and mother to Edith Dombey. An old lady, who was once a belle, and who still retains, at the age of seventy, the juvenility of dress, the coquettishness of manner, and the affectation of speech, which distinguished her fifty years before. She parades her fair daughter through all the fashionable resorts in England in order to sell her to the highest bidder. She succeeds in making a very "advantageous match" for her, but dies soon after, a hideous paralytic, demanding rose-colored curtains for her bed, to improve her complexion. xxi, xxvi-xxviii, xxx, xxxv-xxxvii, xl, xli.

Sownds. A portentous beadle, orthodox and corpulent, who spends the greater part of his time sitting in the sun, on the church-steps, or, in cold weather, sitting by the fire. v, xxxi, lvii.

Toodle, Mr. Husband to Polly Toodle, and father to "Rob the Grinder." He is at first a stoker, but afterwards becomes an engine-driver. ii, xv, xx, lix.

Toodle, Mrs. Polly, called RICHARDS by Mr. Dombey and his family. His wife ; foster-mother of little Paul Dombey ; a plump, rosy-cheeked, wholesome, apple-faced young woman with five children of her own, one of them being a nursing infant. ii, iii, v-vii, xv, xvi, xxii, xxxviii, lvi, lix.

Toodle, Robin, called by the family BILER (in remembrance of the steam-engine), *otherwise styled* ROB THE GRINDER. Their

son, nominated by Mr. Dombey to a vacancy in the ancient establishment of "The Charitable Grinders;" but the child meets with so much badgering from the boys in the street, and so much abuse from the master of the school, that he runs away. He afterwards becomes the spy and instrument of Mr. Carker, and finally enters the service of Miss Tox with a view to his "restoration to respectability." ii, v, vi, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxv, xxxi, xxxii, xxxviii, xxxix, xlii, xlv, lii, lix.

Toots, Mr. P. The eldest of Doctor Blimber's pupils; a wealthy young gentleman, with swollen nose and excessively large head, of whom people did say that the doctor had rather overdone it with young Toots, and that, when he began to have whiskers, he left off having brains. Having license to pursue his own course of study, he occupies his time chiefly in writing long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex," which he preserves in his desk with great care. His personal appearance takes a great deal of his attention, and he prides himself especially upon his tailors, Burgess and Co., as being "fash'nable, but very dear." His conversational ability is not remarkable; but his deep voice, his sheepish manner, and his stock phrases,—of which "It's of no consequence" is the most usual—are particularly noteworthy. Of his intellectual and social deficiencies he is by no means ignorant, however. "I am not what is considered a quick sort of a person," he says: "I am perfectly aware of that. I don't think anybody could be better acquainted with his own,—if it was not too strong an expression, I should say with the thickness of his own head than myself." Mr. Toots conceives so strong a passion for Miss Florence Dombey, that he is—to use his own words—"perfectly sore with loving her." His attentions, however, are not encouraged, and he becomes very down-hearted. "I know I'm wasting away," he says to Captain Cuttle. "Burgess and Co. have altered my measure, I'm in that state of thinness. If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea what unrequited affection is." He recovers his health and spirits, however, after no long time, and consoles himself for the loss of Miss Dombey by marrying her maid, Miss Susan Nipper. The result of this union is a large family of children. After the birth of the third, Mr. Toots betakes himself to the "Wooden Midshipman" to give information of the happy event to his friend Captain Cuttle, whom he always misnames Captain Gills.

"I knew that you'd be glad to hear, and so I came down myself. We're positively getting on, you know. There's Florence and Susan, and now here's another little stranger."

"A female stranger?" inquires the captain.

"Yes, Captain Gills," says Mr. Toots; "and I'm glad of it: the oftener we can repeat that most extraordinary woman, my opinion is, the better."

"Stand by!" says the captain, turning to the old case-bottle with no throat; for it is evening, and the Midshipman's usual moderate provision of pipes and glasses is on the board. "Here's to her; and may she have ever so many more!"

"Thank 'ee, Captain Gills!" says the delighted Mr. Toots. "I echo the sentiment." xi, xii, xiv, xviii, xxii, xxviii, xxxi, xxxii, xxxix, xli, xlv, xlviii, l, lvi, lvii, lx, lxii.

Toots, Mrs. See NIPPER, SUSAN.

Towlinson, Thomas. Mr. Dombey's footman. v, xviii, xx, xxviii, xxxi, xxxv, xlv, li, lix.

Tox, Miss Lucretia. A friend of Mrs. Chick's, greatly admired by Major Bagstock.

The lady . . . was a long, lean figure, wearing such a faded air, that she seemed not to have been made in what linen-draperies call "fast colors" originally, and to have, by little and little, washed out. But for this, she might have been described as the very pink of general propitiation and politeness. From a long habit of listening admiringly to everything that was said in her presence, and looking at the speakers as if she were mentally engaged in taking off impressions of their images upon her soul, never to part with the same but with life, her head had quite settled on one side. Her hands had contracted a spasmodic habit of raising themselves of their own accord as in involuntary admiration. Her eyes were liable to a similar affection. She had the softest voice that ever was heard; and her nose, stupendously aquiline, had a little knob in the very centre or keystone of the bridge, whence it tended downwards towards her face, as in an invincible determination never to turn up at anything.

After the death of the first Mrs. Dombey, Miss Tox has a modest ambition to succeed her, but, failing of doing so, her regard for Mr. Dombey becomes severely platonic. i, ii, v-viii, x, xviii, xx, xxix, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxviii, li, lix, lxii.

Tozer. A room-mate of Paul Dombey's at Dr. Blimber's; a solemn young gentleman whose shirt-collar curls up the lobes of his ears. xii, xiv, xli, lx.

Wickam, Mrs. A waiter's wife (which would seem equivalent to being any other man's widow), and little Paul Dombey's nurse. viii, xi, xii, xviii, lviii.

Mrs. Wickam was a meek woman, of a fair complexion, with her eyebrows always elevated, and her head always drooping:

who was always ready to pity herself, or to be pitied, or to pity anybody else ; and who had a surprising natural gift of viewing all subjects in an utterly forlorn and pitiable light, and bringing dreadful precedents to bear upon them, and deriving the greatest consolation from the exercise of that talent.

Withers. Page to Mrs. Skewton, tall, wan, and thin. **xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxx, xxxvii, xl.**

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD

OUTLINE

Chapter I I was born on a Friday night, six months after the death

I of my father; and, though it was no fault of mine, the fact that I proved to be a boy was so exasperating to my father's aunt, Betsey Trotwood (who had gone so far as to adopt, and even to name me, upon the assumption of my being a girl), that, when the news was announced to her, she left the house in a fury, and never entered it more. My earliest recollections are of my poor

II widowed mother, with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty (her first name was Clara, which was also my mother's), our maid-servant, with jet black eyes and red cheeks. Both my mother and I were a little afraid of Peggotty, but she was very good to us, being, in fact, the most affectionate, devoted, and single-hearted woman that ever lived.

We were very happy until a shadow fell across us, — the shadow of Mr. Murdstone, with his black whiskers, black eyebrows, and black hair. I hated him instinctively from the first, and so did Peggotty; but my mother used to blush and smile when he complimented her, and he began to be often at our house. It was at this time that Peggotty and I went to Yarmouth, to spend a fortnight

III with her brother, by whom we were warmly greeted. Mr. Peggotty's house — it was really not a house, but a superannuated schooner which formerly had sailed the seas, but now was snugly anchored in the sand, high and dry — formed the most cosy and fascinating abode imaginable. Mr. Peggotty's family consisted of himself, — he being a "bachelore," to use his own expression, — Mrs. Gummidge, the widow of his former partner (since drowned), his nephew, Ham Peggotty, and his niece, "Little Em'ly," a beautiful child, with whom I used to wander on the shore, and with whom I fell in love. The two weeks sped quickly by, and then we were at home again, but alas! it was the old home no longer. Mr. Murdstone was installed there, for he and my mother had been married

IV in the interval. I went up to my room — not the one I used to have — and threw myself upon the bed weeping and sobbing. My mother followed to comfort me, but very soon

Mr. Murdstone came in and sent her away. Then, having given me to understand that if I proved obstinate he would beat me as if I were a dog, he took me by the arm and led me down stairs. That was the beginning. Mr. Murdstone's sister, who also was to live with us, arrived the next morning. She greatly resembled her brother, being tall, dark, gloomy, with very heavy eyebrows nearly meeting over her big nose. Miss Murdstone disliked me from the start, and was at no pains to conceal the fact. The Murdstones set about to form my mother's character, and to correct my faults. I had lessons with my mother, but the Murdstones were always in the room, ready to pounce upon me when I made a mistake, or upon my mother when she secretly attempted to give me a hint of the answer; and one day, when I had been unusually stupid (Mr. Murdstone having ostentatiously exhibited a cane during the lessons), he took me up stairs, and, despite my mother's cries and tears, beat me. Half mad with terror and pain, I bit him through the
v hand. This was the climax, and I was forthwith sent, as being incorrigibly bad, to a boarding-school near London, but the journey was not so bad. On the way to Yarmouth I had a conversation with the carrier, Mr. Barkis. I asked him if we were going no farther together than Yarmouth.

"That's about it," said the carrier. "And there I shall take you to the stage-cutch; and the stage-cutch, that'll take you to — wherever it is."

As this was a great deal for the carrier to say, — he being of a phlegmatic temperament, and not at all conversational, — I offered him a cake as a mark of attention, which he ate at one gulp, exactly like an elephant; and which made no more impression on his big face than it would have done on an elephant's.

"Did *she* make 'em, now?" said Mr. Barkis, always leaning forward in his slouching way, on the footboard of the cart, with an arm on each knee.

"Peggotty, do you mean, sir?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Barkis, — "her."

"Yes. She makes all our pastry, and does all our cooking."

"Do she, though?" said Mr. Barkis.

He made up his mouth as if to whistle; but he did n't whistle. He sat looking at the horse's ears as if he saw something new there, and sat so for a considerable time. By and by, he said: —

"No sweethearts, I b'lieve?"

"Sweetmeats, did you say, Mr. Barkis?" For I thought he wanted something else to eat, and had pointedly alluded to that description of refreshment.

"Hearts," said Mr. Barkis, — "sweethearts: no person walks with her?"

"With Peggotty?"

"Ah!" he said, — "her."

"Oh, no! She never had a sweetheart."

"Did n't she, though?" said Mr. Barkis.

Again he made up his mouth to whistle, and again he did n't whistle, but sat looking at the horse's ears.

"So she makes," said Mr. Barkis, after a long interval of reflection, "all the apple-parsties, and does all the cooking; do she?"

I replied that such was the fact.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Mr. Barkis. "P'raps you might be writin' to her?"

"I shall certainly write to her," I rejoined.

"Ah!" he said, slowly turning his eyes towards me. "Well! If you was writin' to her, p'raps you'd recollect to say that Barkis was willin'; would you?"

"That Barkis was willing," I repeated innocently. "Is that all the message?"

"Ye-es," he said, considering. "Ye-es: Barkis is willin'."

"But you will be at Blunderstone again to-morrow, Mr. Barkis," I said, faltering a little at the idea of my being far away from it then, "and could give your own message so much better."

As he repudiated this suggestion, however, with a jerk of his head, and once more confirmed his previous request by saying with profound gravity, "Barkis is willin'; that's the message," I readily undertook its transmission. While I was waiting for the coach in the hotel at Yarmouth, that very afternoon, I procured a sheet of paper and an inkstand, and wrote a note to Peggotty, which ran thus: "My dear Peggotty, I have come here safe. Barkis is willing. My love to mamma. Yours affectionately. P. S. — He says he particularly wants you to know — *Barkis is willing.*"

VI When I first entered the school to which I had been sent, I was compelled to carry on my back a placard, inscribed "Take care! he bites!" Seeing this the boys could not help pretending that I was a dog, patting and smoothing me lest I should bite, and saying, "Lie down, sir!" and calling me "Towzer." The master, Mr. Creakle, was so cruel, and flogged us so ferociously, that often half the school would be writhing and crying in their seats. The only boy whom he did not beat was Steerforth, the head of the school, a handsome, extremely clever, curly-headed, dashing lad, who took me under his especial wing, though, by the way, he never interceded with Creakle for me or anybody else; and I could not understand the arrogant way in which he treated poor shabby Mr. Mell, the usher.

Another boy that I particularly liked, without venerating him,
VII as I did Steerforth, was Traddles, a chubby, jolly, but very
unlucky fellow — perpetually being caned for other fel-
lows' faults.

VIII At last the term was over, and Barkis, the carrier, brought
me home for the holidays. After asking many questions
about Peggotty, who seemed to have struck his fancy, he gave me
the same enigmatic message to her as before, strongly urging me
not to forget or miscarry it, — "Barkis is willin'." By great good
fortune the Murdstones were out when I arrived, and I found my
dear mother alone, — very pale and anxious-looking, with a new
baby at her breast. She was overjoyed to see me, and so, I need not
say, was Peggotty. When I gave the carrier's message to Peggotty,
she threw her apron over her head, and laughed till the tears rolled
down her face. My mother, who seemed to fear that she was going
to be married, took her hand and said tenderly, "Don't leave me,
Peggotty, stay with me. It will not be for long, perhaps. What
should I ever do without you?" "Me leave you, my precious!"
cried Peggotty. "Not for all the world." That was the last time
that I saw my mother, except in the presence of the Murdstones,
who made life so miserable for me and for her (she was always in
fear of my incurring Mr. Murdstone's anger), that it was a great
relief to us both when, the month being over, I went back to school.

IX Three weeks later she died, and the baby dying the next
day, was buried, as she had requested, in her arms.

X After her death I went with Peggotty (whom the Murd-
stones had dismissed the day after the funeral) to Yarmouth,
and fell more in love than ever with Little Em'ly, who was getting
to be a beautiful young girl. Peggotty married Barkis, the carrier,
and I was sent by Mr. Murdstone to London, to earn my living by
washing bottles in a wine store which he partly owned. Thus, at

XI the age of ten, I was launched upon the world, and a very
hard world I found it. A lodging was provided for me in
the house of a bankrupt gentleman, one Wilkins Micawber, whose
family consisted of himself, his wife (she came of a very good fam-
ily, as she informed me the first day that I saw her, and on numer-
ous days thereafter), and their young children. The Micawbers were
very kind to me, and I became much attached to them. They had
no visitors except creditors, but these came at all hours of the
day and night. At such times Mr. Micawber would be transported
with grief and mortification, even to the length (as I was once made
aware by a scream from his wife) of making motions at himself
with a razor; but within half an hour afterward he would polish
his shoes with extraordinary pains, and go out humming a tune

with a greater air of gentility than ever. Mrs. Micawber was equally elastic. I have known her to be thrown into fainting fits by the king's taxes at three o'clock, and to eat lamb chops breaded and drink warm ale (paid for with two teaspoons that had gone to the pawnbroker's) at four. The Micawbers were my only

XII friends, and they left London for Plymouth. Before leaving Mr. Micawber gave me some parting counsel.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Micawber, "I am older than you; a man of some experience in life, and — and — of some experience, in short, in difficulties, generally speaking. At present, and until something turns up (which I am, I may say, hourly expecting), I have nothing to bestow but advice. Still my advice is so far worth taking, that — in short, that I have never taken it myself, and am the" — here Mr. Micawber, who had been beaming and smiling all over his head and face, up to the present moment, checked himself, and frowned, — "the miserable wretch you behold."

"My dear Micawber!" urged his wife.

"I say," returned Mr. Micawber, quite forgetting himself, and smiling again, — "the miserable wretch you behold. My advice is, never do to-morrow what you can do to-day. Procrastination is the thief of time. Collar him!"

"My poor papa's maxim," Mrs. Micawber observed.

"My dear," said Mr. Micawber, "your papa was very well in his way, and Heaven forbid that I should disparage him! Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall — in short, make the acquaintance, probably, of anybody else possessing, at his time of life, the same legs for gaiters, and able to read the same description of print without spectacles. But he applied that maxim to our marriage, my dear, and that was so far prematurely entered into, in consequence, that I never recovered the expense."

Mr. Micawber looked aside at Mrs. Micawber, and added, "Not that I am sorry for it: quite the contrary, my love." After which he was grave for a minute or so.

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen, six — result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure twenty pounds nought and six, — result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and — and, in short, you are forever flooded. As I am!"

To make his example the more impressive, Mr. Micawber drank a glass of punch with an air of great enjoyment and satisfaction, and whistled the College Hornpipe.

I was so disheartened at parting with the Micawbers that I made
XIII a desperate resolve, travelled down to Dover on foot, and presented myself, ragged, dirty, and tired, to my aunt, already mentioned, Miss Betsey Trotwood. Miss Trotwood was a tall, rather hard-featured, but handsome woman. She was of a stern, resolute character, very high-handed and hot-tempered, but kind and generous. There were two other occupants of her house, — Janet, a pretty, neat maid-servant, and Mr. Dick, a gray-headed, half-mad gentleman, good-natured and smiling, and perpetually rattling the loose change in the pockets of his trousers. He had been engaged for ten years or more in drawing up a memorial to the Lord Chancellor, relating to Mr. Dick's affairs; but his inability to keep out of it the name of Charles I. had, as yet, prevented its completion. My aunt received me kindly, washed and fed and clothed me; and when, at her request, Mr. Murdstone and
XIV his sister called upon her, she routed them most gallantly and effectually, making even Mr. Murdstone wince; and constituted
XV herself and Mr. Dick my guardians. In a short time my aunt sent me to Canterbury, where I went to school, but I lived with Mr. Wickfield, a lawyer, and a friend of my aunt's, who had a beautiful daughter, Agnes, of about my own age. Mr. Wickfield's clerk was one Uriah Heep, a pale, bloodless fellow, with no eyebrows or eyelashes to speak of, and cold, clammy hands, which it was very unpleasant to shake. Uriah Heep was, so at least he frequently said, a very "umble" person; but he had a sly way of peering about, and of turning up in unexpected places at unexpected times, which was not quite pleasant.

XVI The master of the school was Dr. Strong, an absent-minded, learned, and very kindly man, of nearly sixty years of age, with a young and lovely wife. (People wondered, by the way, why the doctor was not jealous of Mr. Jack Maldon, his wife's handsome young cousin, for whom the doctor generously found a remunerative employment.)

XVII Once I condescended, as Uriah Heep expressed it, to take tea with his mother and himself in their "umble" abode; and I must confess that they wormed out of me much information about myself, and more especially about Mr. Wickfield, which I never intended to reveal. While I was with Uriah on this occasion, who should meet us but Mr. Micawber, then on a flying visit to Canterbury in an (unsuccessful) search for employment. I was obliged to introduce them to each other.

XVIII At Canterbury I spent five peaceful, happy years; I rose to the head of the school, thrashed the strongest butcher-boy in town, and then, at my dear aunt's suggestion, I started off

first for London, and then to visit Peggotty at Yarmouth. In

XIX London I met my old friend and schoolmate, Steerforth, who proposed to accompany me to Yarmouth, but first I stayed with him for a few days at his mother's house in

XX Highgate. There were two persons there besides Steerforth himself, of whom I shall have something to say later. These were Rosa Dartle, a dark woman of thirty years or thereabout, with great restless black eyes, and a clever way of insinuating things which she wished not to say outright. She was disfigured somewhat by a red scar on her upper lip, the effect, as Steerforth told me, of a wound from a hammer which he had thrown at her in a fit of anger, when he was a boy. The other person was Littimer, Steerforth's valet, an intensely respectable, cat-like sort of man, who always gave me an uncomfortable impression that he considered me extremely young and unsophisticated, — as indeed I was.

XXI We reached Mr. Peggotty's cottage at an interesting time, — just after Little Em'ly had given her word to marry Ham, who had been her faithful suitor for many years. The whole family were in an excited frame of mind, and even Mrs. Gummidge was cheerful for once. Steerforth took his place in the family circle so easily and naturally, and with so much tact, that he charmed them all. As we were going home, I said to him, "I never saw people so happy. How delightful to have shared in their honest joy, as we have done!" "That's rather a chuckle-headed fellow for the girl, is n't he?" said Steerforth.

XXII We stayed, there for two weeks, Steerforth mingling with the sailors and going off on fishing trips with them, and becoming intimate with the Peggottys, while I visited my old home near by, and spent many hours with Mrs. Barkis and her husband, the latter being now incapacitated by rheumatism, and keeping his

XXIII money in a chest under his bed, which he pretended, even to his wife, contained nothing but old clothes. Just as we were going away, Steerforth informed me that he had bought a lugger, had christened it the "Little Em'ly," placed it under the command of Mr. Peggotty, and that Littimer was to oversee the repairing and outfitting of it. And Mr. Littimer, as respectable and self-contained as ever, arrived just before our departure.

XXIV Going up to London, I met my aunt there, and became an articulated clerk to Messrs. Spenlow and Jorkins, Proctors, my aunt generously agreeing to pay the one thousand pounds premium which was required, in order that I might eventually become a proctor myself. I was installed in very comfortable little chambers in the Adelphi, and there, soon afterward, I entertained Steerforth and two of

his friends at dinner, and — I blush to write it even now — for the first and last time in my life I got drunk. After dinner it was proposed that we should go to the theatre; and there, as fate would have

it, I met the woman whom of all women, I liked and respected most, — Agnes Wickfield. The next day, having had a note from her telling me where she was, I called upon her, and explained, and was forgiven for, my beastly conduct of the previous day. She warned me, very unjustly as I thought, against Steerforth and his influence over me; and she told me certain bad news, namely, that Uriah Heep had wormed himself into her father's confidence, was about to become his partner, and had established

some mysterious power over him. Soon afterward both Agnes and Uriah returned to Canterbury, and I was invited by Mr. Spenlow to spend a Sunday at his country-place, his only daughter, Dora, having lately returned from Paris, where she had been at school. Dora Spenlow was a slight, blonde girl, with the most delightful little voice, the gayest little laugh, the pleasantest and most fascinating little ways, that ever led a lost youth into hopeless slavery. I fell madly in love with her at first sight.

Having at this time a vague craving for sympathy, I sought out my school friend, Traddles, who lived at Camden town in the upper story of a house which wore an aspect of faded gentility. The house reminded me of my old friends, the Micawbers, and I can hardly say that I was surprised to find that they were actually living there, Traddles being a sub-tenant of Mr. Micawber's. My old school friend gave me an account of his prospects.

"I had never been brought up to any profession, and at first I was at a loss what to do for myself. However, I began, with the assistance of the son of a professional man, who had been to Salem House, — Yawler, with his nose on one side. Do you recollect him?"

No. He had not been there with me. All the noses were straight, in my day.

"It don't matter," said Traddles. "I began, by means of his assistance, to copy law-writings. That did n't answer very well; and then I began to state cases for them, and make abstracts, and do that sort of work; for I am a plodding kind of fellow, Copperfield, and had learned the way of doing such things pithily. Well. That put it into my head to enter myself as a law-student; and that ran away with all that was left of the fifty pounds. Yawler recommended me to one or two other offices, however, — Mr. Waterbrook's for one, — and I got a good many jobs. I was fortunate enough, too, to become acquainted with a person in the publishing way, who was getting up an encyclopædia, and he set

me to work ; and, indeed " (glancing at his table), " I am at work for him at this minute. I am not a bad compiler, Copperfield," said Traddles, preserving the same air of cheerful confidence in all he said ; " but I have no invention at all ; not a particle. I suppose there never was a young man with less originality than I have."

As Traddles seemed to expect that I should assent to this as a matter of course, I nodded ; and he went on with the same sprightly patience — I can find no better expression — as before.

" So, by little and little, and not living high, I managed to scrape up the hundred pounds at last," said Traddles : " and, thank Heaven ! that's paid ; though it was — though it certainly was " — said Traddles, wincing again as if he had had another tooth out, " a pull. I am living by the sort of work I have mentioned, still, and I hope, one of these days, to get connected with some newspaper ; which would almost be the making of my fortune. Now, Copperfield, you are so exactly what you used to be, with that agreeable face, and it's so pleasant to see you, that I sha'n't conceal anything. Therefore you must know that I am engaged."

Engaged ! O Dora !

" She is a curate's daughter," said Traddles, " one of ten down in Devonshire. Yes." For he saw me glance, involuntarily, at the prospect on the inkstand. " That's the church ! You come round here, to the left, out of this gate," tracing his finger along the inkstand ; " and exactly where I hold this pen there stands the house, facing, you understand, towards the church. . . . She is such a dear girl ! . . . a little older than me, but the dearest girl ! I told you I was going out of town ? I have been down there. I walked there, and I walked back, and I had the most delightful time ! I dare say ours is likely to be a rather long engagement ; but our motto is, ' Wait and hope.' We always say that. ' Wait and hope,' we always say. And she would wait, Copperfield, till she was sixty — any age you can mention — for me."

Traddles rose from his chair, and, with a triumphant smile, put his hand upon the white cloth I had observed.

" However," he said, " it's not that we have n't made a beginning towards housekeeping. No, no : we have begun. We must get on by degrees ; but we have begun. Here," drawing the cloth off with great pride and care, " are two pieces of furniture to commence with. This flower-pot and stand she bought herself. You put that in a parlor window," said Traddles, falling a little back from it to survey it with the greater admiration, " with a plant in it, and — and there you are ! This little round table

with the marble top (it's two feet ten in circumference) *I* bought. You want to lay a book down, you know, or somebody comes to see you or your wife, and wants a place to stand a cup of tea upon, and — and there you are again!" said Traddles. "It's an admirable piece of workmanship, firm as a rock!"

I praised them both highly, and Traddles replaced the covering as carefully as he had removed it.

"It's not a great deal towards the furnishing," said Traddles; "but it's something. The table-cloths and pillow-cases, and articles of that kind, are what discourage me most, Copperfield. So does the ironmongery, candle-boxes, and gridirons, and that sort of necessaries; because those things tell, and mount up. However, 'wait and hope!' And I assure you she's the dearest girl!"

"I am quite certain of it," said I.

"In the mean time," said Traddles, coming back to his chair, "and this is the end of my prosing about myself, I get on as well as I can. I don't make much; but I don't spend much."

XXVIII I invited Traddles and the Micawbers to a little dinner at my rooms, and a very jolly time we had of it, although Mr. Micawber was much depressed at first, and referred to his "wounded spirit, made sensitive by a recent collision with the Minion of Power, — in other words, with a ribald Turncock attached to the water-works." He meant that his domestic supply of water had been cut off for non-payment of rates.

XXIX The next day, in response to an invitation from Steerforth, I paid another visit at his home in Highgate. Rosa Dartle asked me privately, and in her own peculiar, indirect way, what it was that engrossed Steerforth so completely of late. I replied, as was the truth, that I did not know. That night there was a strange scene in the drawing-room. Steerforth, with much difficulty, induced Rosa Dartle to sing to the music of her harp. The song was most unearthly, most thrilling; it seemed to spring from the very depths of her passionate nature. When she stopped Steerforth left his seat, put his arm laughingly around her, and said, "Come, Rosa, for the future we will love each other very much." She struck him, threw him off with the fury of a wild cat, and burst out of the room.

XXX Steerforth, who, it seemed, had been making a visit to Yarmouth on his own account, brought me a message from Peggotty to the effect that her husband was ill and not expected to recover; and so I went down to Yarmouth to be of what use I could. I found poor Barkis very ill indeed.

"Barkis, my dear," said Peggotty, . . . bending over him, . . .

"here's my dear boy, — my dear boy, Master Davy, who brought us together, Barkis; that you sent messages by, you know! Won't you speak to Master Davy?"

He was as mute and senseless as the box, from which his form derived the only expression it had.

"He's a going out with the tide," said Mr. Peggotty to me, behind his hand.

My eyes were dim, and so were Mr. Peggotty's; but I repeated in a whisper, "With the tide?"

"People can't die along the coast," said Mr. Peggotty, "except when the tide's pretty nigh out. They can't be born unless it's pretty nigh in, — not properly born, till flood. He's a going out with the tide. It's ebb at half-arter three, slack water half an hour. If he lives till it turns, he'll hold his own till past the flood, and go out with the next tide."

We remained there, watching him, a long time, — hours. What mysterious influence my presence had upon him in that state of his senses, I shall not pretend to say; but when he at last began to wander feebly, it is certain he was muttering about driving me to school.

"He's coming to himself," said Peggotty.

Mr. Peggotty touched me, and whispered with much awe and reverence, "They are both a going out fast."

"Barkis, my dear!" said Peggotty.

"C. P. Barkis," he cried faintly. "No better woman anywhere!"

"Look! Here's Master Davy!" said Peggotty. For he now opened his eyes.

I was on the point of asking him if he knew me, when he tried to stretch out his arm, and said to me distinctly, with a pleasant smile, —

"Barkis is willin'!"

And, it being low water, he went out with the tide.

XXXI Mr. Barkis left a little fortune of several thousand pounds, which he gave by will to Peggotty his wife, excepting a legacy to Mr. Peggotty, and another to Little Em'ly. I stayed at Yarmouth for the funeral, on the evening after which we were all to meet at Mr. Peggotty's house. When I got there I found Peggotty in her old place, looking as if she had never left it, and Mr. Peggotty standing before the fire, rubbing his hands, in a state of great hilarity. Ham and Little Em'ly were to be married the next day, and we were expecting them to come in every moment. Presently there was a knock at the door, I opened it, and there stood Ham, alone, pale as a sheet, with wild eyes. "She's gone," he groaned, "she's gone." He gave me a letter.

I remember a great wail and cry, and the women hanging about him, and we all standing in the room, — I with an open letter in my hand, which Ham had given me; Mr. Peggotty with his vest torn open, his hair wild, his face and lips white, and blood trickling down his bosom (it had sprung from his mouth, I think).

“Read it, sir; slow, please. I don’t know as I can understand.”

In the midst of the silence of death I read thus from the blotted letter Ham had given me, in Em’ly’s hand, addressed to himself:

“‘When you, who love me so much better than I ever have deserved, even when my mind was innocent, see this, I shall be far away. When I leave my dear home — my dear home — oh, my dear home! — in the morning’” (the letter bore date on the previous night), “‘it will be never to come back, unless he brings me back a lady. This will be found at night, many hours after, instead of me. For mercy’s sake tell uncle that I never loved him half so dear as now. Oh! don’t remember you and I were ever to be married, but try to think as if I died when I was very little, and was buried somewhere. Pray Heaven that I am going away from, have compassion on my uncle! Be his comfort. Love some good girl, that will be what I was once to uncle, and that will be true to you, and worthy of you, and know no shame but me. God bless all! If he don’t bring me back a lady and I don’t pray for my own self, I’ll pray for all. My parting love to uncle! My last tears, and my last thanks, for uncle!’” That was all.

He stood, long after I had ceased to read, still looking at me. Slowly, at last, he moved his eyes from my face, and cast them round the room.

“Who’s the man? I want to know his name.” Ham glanced at me, and suddenly I felt a shock. “Mas’r Davy, go out a bit, and let me tell him what I must. You doesn’t ought to hear it, sir.”

I sank down in a chair, and tried to utter some reply: but my tongue was fettered, and my sight was weak; for I felt that the man was my friend, the friend I had unhappily introduced there, — Steerforth, my old schoolfellow and my friend.

“I want to know his name!”

“Mas’r Davy,” exclaimed Ham in a broken voice, “it ain’t no fault of yourn; and I am far from laying of it to you: but it is your friend Steerforth, and he’s a damned villain!”

Mr. Peggotty moved no more, until he seemed to wake all at once, and pulled down his rough coat from its peg in a corner.

“Bear a hand with this! I’m struck of a heap, and can’t do

it. Bear a hand and help me. Well! Now give me that theer hat!"

Ham asked him whither he was going.

"I'm a going to seek my niece. I'm a going to seek my Em'ly. I'm a going, first, to stave in that theer boat as he gave me, and sink it where I would have drowned *him*, as I'm a livin' soul, if I had had one thought of what was in him! As he sat afore me in that boat, face to face, strike me down dead, but I'd have drowned him, and thought it right! I'm a going fur to seek my niece."

"Where?"

"Anywhere! I'm a going to seek my niece through the wureld. I'm a going to find my poor niece in her shame, and bring her back wi' my comfort and forgiveness. No one stop me! I tell you I'm a going to seek my niece! I'm a going to seek her fur and wide!"

XXXII I cannot describe how desolate the household was by this dreadful news. Mr. Peggotty, taking his stick, a small bag of clothes, and what little money he had, set out in search of his niece, — though he knew not where she was gone, — determined never to come back till he had found her. Ham stayed at home, heartbroken but manful, while Mrs. Gummidge, who rose to the occasion in a wonderful manner, kept house for him. Peggotty and I went up to London to settle her affairs. During all these trials

XXXIII I had gone on loving Dora Spenlow harder than ever, and altogether I was becoming quite mad and feverish. At last Mr. Spenlow invited me to a little picnic in honor of his daughter's birthday. I rode down on a gallant gray horse, and carried an enormous bouquet. To see Dora lay the flowers against her little dimpled chin was to lose all presence of mind. Then Dora held my flowers for Jip, her diminutive dog, to smell. Then Jip growled and would n't smell them. Then Dora laughed, and held them a little closer to Jip to wake him. Then Jip laid hold of a bit of geranium with his teeth, and worried imaginary cats in it. Then Dora beat him, and pouted, and said, "My poor beautiful flowers!" as compassionately, I thought, as if Jip had laid hold of me. I wished he had! Well, well, it was not long, that is, it was not many days, before I declared my passion, on my knees — while Jip barked. The more I raved, the more Jip barked. Each of us, in his own way, got more mad every moment. But by and by Dora and I were sitting on the sofa quietly enough, and Jip was lying in her lap, peacefully winking at me. We were engaged.

XXXIV One night, shortly after this momentous occurrence, and while Peggotty was still in London, I went home to my

chambers, and found my aunt and Mr. Dick encamped there. The fact was, as my aunt told me calmly and courageously, after supper, she had lost all her property, and was a ruined woman.

XXXV Agnes Wickfield with her father and Uriah Heep were in London at this time, and Agnes came to see my aunt. When she laid her bonnet on the table, and sat down, I could not but think, looking in her mild eyes and her radiant forehead, how natural it seemed to have her there; how trustfully, although she was so young and inexperienced, my aunt confided in her; how strong she was in simple love and truth. Agnes evidently had some fears that my aunt's property had been lost while in her father's hands for investment, — though she did not say so. But my aunt declared — and who should know better than she? — that she had taken charge of it herself, and had made disastrous investments. The firm was now Wickfield and Heep, and

XXXVI a new clerk had been engaged, — no other than my old friend Micawber. With Traddles I passed an evening with the family before they left for Canterbury, and Mr. Micawber made a farewell speech, ending: —

“Under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities, contracted with a view to their immediate liquidation, but remaining unliquidated through a combination of circumstances, I have been under the necessity of assuming a garb from which my natural instincts recoil, — I allude to spectacles, — and possessing myself of a cognomen to which I can establish no legitimate pretensions. All I have to say on that score is, that the cloud has passed from the dreary scene, and the god of day is once more high upon the mountain-tops. On Monday next, on the arrival of the four o'clock afternoon coach at Canterbury, my foot will be on my native heath — my name, Micawber!”

Mr. Micawber resumed his seat on the close of these remarks, and drank two glasses of punch in grave succession. He then said with much solemnity: —

“One thing more I have to do before this separation is complete; and that is to perform an act of justice. My friend Mr. Thomas Traddles has, on two several occasions, ‘put his name,’ if I may use a common expression, to bills of exchange for my accommodation. On the first occasion Mr. Thomas Traddles was left — let me say, in short, in the lurch. The fulfilment of the second has not yet arrived. The amount of the first obligation,” here Mr. Micawber carefully referred to papers, “was, I believe, twenty-three, four, nine and a half; of the second, according to my entry of that transaction, eighteen, six, two. These sums, united, make a total, if my calculation is correct,

amounting to forty-one, ten, eleven and a half. My friend Mr. Copperfield will perhaps do me the favor to check that total?"

I did so and found it correct.

"To leave this metropolis," said Mr. Micawber, "and my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, without acquitting myself of the pecuniary part of this obligation, would weigh upon my mind to an insupportable extent. I have therefore prepared for my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, and I now hold in my hand, a document which accomplishes the desired object. I beg to hand to my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles my I. O. U. forty-one, ten, eleven and a half; and I am happy to recover my moral dignity, and to know that I can once more walk erect before my fellow-man."

With this introduction (which greatly affected him), Mr. Micawber placed his I. O. U. in the hands of Traddles, and said he wished him well in every relation of life. I am persuaded, not only that this was quite the same to Mr. Micawber as paying the money, but that Traddles himself hardly knew the difference until he had had time to think about it.

My aunt having lost her fortune, I bestirred myself to
XXXVII earn what money I could, and was engaged by my old Canterbury school-teacher, Dr. Strong, to assist in the production of his long-deferred dictionary. Of course I told Dora of my altered prospects, and quite alarmed her by calling myself a beggar. "Don't talk about being poor," said Dora, nestling close to me, "oh, don't." "My dearest love," said I, "the crust well earned" — "Oh, yes, but I don't want to hear any more about crusts!" said Dora. "And Jip must have a mutton chop every day at twelve, or

he'll die!" As for Spenlow, whether or not my loss of fortune
XXXVIII had anything to do with it, he sternly forbade me the house when he learned of the love affair in progress; but a few days after our interview, Mr. Spenlow fell from his carriage and died in a fit, and Dora was taken in charge by her two maiden aunts at Putney. Mr. Spenlow left his affairs in great confusion, and it was found that his debts very nearly equalled his assets.

Going down to Canterbury at this time, on some business
XXXIX for my aunt, I found Mr. Micawber very dark and mysterious in regard to the affairs of the firm; Agnes very unhappy about her father, who seemed to be getting more and more under Uriah Heep's thumb; and Uriah himself beginning to display in the midst of his "umbleness" a sort of triumphant insolence.

All these things troubled my aunt very much when I
XL related them to her on my return to London; and, to add to the general gloom of my life at this time, poor Mr. Peggotty met me in London, still on his fruitless search for Little Em'ly. He

had sought her in France and Italy, had missed her by a few days in Switzerland; and was now, after a visit to his home at Yarmouth, just setting out for a town on the upper Rhine, where he had

learned that she was. But brighter days were in store for me. Dora's maiden aunts consented to receive me as an acknowledged suitor. Besides attending to my duties at the office, I was practising shorthand, with the hope of fitting myself to be

a parliamentary reporter. I continued also to assist Dr. Strong with his dictionary; and Mr. Dick, who had a subtle sympathy with the old gentleman which sprang from the heart, and was really better than any intellectual fellowship, used almost always to accompany me to the doctor's house. I even added a third industry,—that of writing short stories, and be-

tween them all I acquired an income sufficient to be married upon; and, though I could hardly believe it, Dora and I were really installed as husband and wife in a miniature house,

where Jip had a pagoda to sleep in, almost as big as the house itself. We had our little troubles, with the cook and otherwise; and possibly it would have been better if Jip had never been encouraged to walk about the table-cloth during dinner. I began to think (when we had company) that there was something disorderly in his being there at all, even if he had not been in the habit of putting his foot in the salt or in the melted butter. But Dora was the prettiest, most affectionate, most lovable child in the world.

I have mentioned, I think, that Mr. Dick had, through me, become intimate with Dr. Strong and his young and lovely wife; and I ought to add that he did them a signal service. The doctor loved his wife, but feared that she found him dull and unattractive. She loved him, but feared that he considered her mercenary,—as indeed, her mother was. Mr. Dick divined the trouble by sheer force of sympathy, and brought husband and wife most happily together.

I had been married about a year, when one day I was summoned to Mrs. Steerforth's house. There I saw Littimer, and heard from him that Steerforth had left Little Em'ly, meaning to have her marry Littimer himself; that Little Em'ly, learning this, had fled from the house, and had not been heard of

since. I communicated this intelligence to Mr. Peggotty, and we arranged with an unfortunate woman, whom Little Em'ly had once befriended, to be on the lookout for her in London.

Dora and I encountered, as I have hinted, a good many difficulties in housekeeping, so many in fact that we finally gave up the task, and let the house keep itself, with the assistance

of a page, who finally stole Dora's watch, for which he was tried, and transported. The truth was, that tradespeople and servants had all been battenning upon us; and I thought it my duty to have a serious talk with Dora about it. "My dear," I began, "we should be more careful: I fear that these people turn out ill because we do not turn out very well ourselves." "Oh, what an accusation," exclaimed Dora, opening her eyes wide, "to say that you ever saw me take gold watches! Oh!"

"My dearest," I remonstrated, "who has made the least allusion to gold watches?" "You did," returned Dora. "You know you did. You said I had n't turned out well, and compared me to him."

"To whom?" I asked. "To the page," sobbed Dora. "Oh, you cruel fellow, to compare your affectionate wife to a transported page!" In short, Dora was so afflicted that I gave up this effort at reform, — and we were happy.

But as the year wore on, the second year of our marriage, Dora seemed to lose her strength, and finally she became ill. One Sunday she was well enough to come down to dinner, and we thought that in a few days she would be running about again. But they said, wait a few days more; and then, wait a few days more; and still she neither ran nor walked. She looked very pretty, and was very merry; but she and Jip danced together no longer.

XLIX It was on account of Dora's illness that I took Mr. Micawber to my aunt's house, instead of to my own, when that gentleman came up to London — in a state of mysterious agitation. His mind was so preoccupied that even when materials for a punch were set before him, he could not attend to them; and finally, after making an appointment to meet my aunt, Traddles, and me at Canterbury a week afterward, he hurried from the house; and half an hour later I received a letter from him which concluded with the statement that in a short time he should certainly be reposing in a grave upon which rested a plain stone bearing (as he trusted) no words except those of "Wilkins Micawber."

L At last Mr. Peggotty's long search was rewarded. He found Little Em'ly in London. She had come back to England, but was afraid to go home. Mr. Peggotty now proposed that he and she should emigrate to Australia. But first he

LI went down to Yarmouth, and I accompanied him. I saw Ham, and walked with him on the beach. I asked him if there was any message that I could deliver for him. "Yes," he said. "'Tain't that I forgive her. 'Tis more as I beg of her to forgive me, for having pressed my affections upon her." "Is that all?" "Theer's yet a something else," he replied, "if I can say it, Mas'r Davy. I loved her — and I love the mem'ry of her — too deep — to

be able to lead her to believe of my own self, as I'm a happy man. But if you could say anything as would ease her sorrowful mind, and yet not make her think as I could ever marry, — I should ask you to say that."

LII The week came round, and we met Mr. Micawber at Canterbury. He led us all solemnly into Uriah Heep's office, and then came an explosion. Mr. Micawber drew from his breast pocket a bundle of MS., and read a long indictment against his employer, showing how Mr. Wickfield had been deluded and cheated; how, by taking advantage of Mr. Micawber's pecuniary difficulties, Heep had endeavored to make a tool of him in that nefarious business; and finally Mr. Micawber charged and proved that Uriah had actually forged Mr. Wickfield's name. Seeing this, Uriah Heep surrendered to Traddles (who produced a power of attorney from Mr. Wickfield), and disgorged money (including my aunt's fortune), books, and papers. My aunt proposed to Mr. Micawber that he should emigrate to Australia, and offered to advance to him the necessary capital; and Mr. Micawber declared that to emigrate had been the dream of his youth and the fallacious aspiration of his riper years, — though I am sure that he had never thought of it in his life.

LIII When I got back to London I found that my poor little wife was worse. Day by day she became weaker. One night, when she seemed very ill, she told me, with her arms about my neck, speaking of herself as past, that perhaps it was better that she should die; that she was too young and inexperienced to have been my wife; that, as time went on, I might have found her wanting, and have ceased to love her. "It is much better as it is!" Then she asked me to send Agnes to her; and I sat down stairs alone with Jip. Jip crawled out of his house, wandered to the door, and whined to go up stairs. "Not to-night, Jip!" I said. "Not to-night." He licked my hand, and lifted his dim eyes to my face. "O Jip! It may be, never again!" He lay down at my feet, stretched himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry, was dead. Almost at the same moment his little mistress, his old companion, passed away in sleep, with her head resting upon the bosom of Agnes.

LIV It was not at first that I felt the despair which overwhelmed me later. There was so much to be done that my mind was confused and overwrought. My aunt and I went down to Canterbury again, where Traddles had remained, and the affairs of Mr. Wickfield and the Micawbers were settled. My aunt and I had just returned to London, when she received a letter from Mr. Micawber, stating that he had been arrested in another cause of

Heep *v.* Micawber, and was then languishing in the debtors' prison, where some future traveller might trace with sympathy, on the wall, inscribed with a rusty nail, the obscure initials "W. M." But there was a postscript stating that the bill had been paid by Mr. Traddles, "in the noble name of Miss Trotwood."

LV The Micawbers and Mr. Peggotty, with Little Em'ly, were to sail on the same ship; and I had a note of farewell from little Em'ly to Ham to deliver, in answer to his message to her. I concluded to deliver this in person, and went down to Yarmouth. The night before I arrived there had been a terrible gale, and before I was up in the morning I heard that a ship had come ashore, and was fast breaking up, almost within a stone's throw of dry land. I hurried to the beach. One mast was standing, and to that there clung four men. Even as I watched them, three — one after another — were swept away, and there remained only one. He wore a singular red cap, not like a sailor's cap, which he waved to the people on the beach. Suddenly Ham appeared upon the scene. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me with both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tain't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you. Mates, make me ready! I'm a going off." With a rope around his waist he plunged into the sea. Then, failing to reach the ship, he was drawn back. Again he plunged in, and buffeted the waves. But there came a great, green hillside of water, which swept away the wreck, and cast ashore the dead body of Ham, and the dead body of the man in the red cap, — who was Steerforth.

LVI I had the dreadful task of telling Mrs. Steerforth of her son's death. The intelligence made Rosa Dartle frantic with grief and passion. "I loved him," she cried to his mother, "better than you ever did." Mrs. Steerforth moaned and stared, and lay back in her chair like a statue, bereft of reason. And so, calling in the servants and bidding them send for a doctor, I left them.

LVII One thing more I had to do, which was to conceal what had happened from Mr. Peggotty and Little Em'ly, so that they might hear of it first in far-off Australia; and in this Mr. Micawber promised me his willing assistance. I saw them off. On deck I took leave of poor Mrs. Micawber. She was looking distractedly about for her family even then; and her last words to me were that she never would desert Mr. Micawber.

LVIII I went abroad, and roamed about for a year, distracted, restless, and desolate. Then, stirred to action by a letter from Agnes, I resolved to resume my work. I worked early and late, patiently and hard. I wrote a story which Traddles disposed of for me, and which brought me some fame. After an absence of

three years I came back to England. The first person that I saw was Traddles. I found him established with his wife —

LIX for the “dearest girl” had become his at last — in his chambers at Gray’s Inn, where they lived most happily and cosily and even found room for three or four sisters, who happened to be on a visit there when I arrived in London, and who made the place

LX a perfect nest of roses. From London I hastened to Dover, where I found my dear aunt and Mr. Dick well and happy. The next day I saw Agnes and her father at Canterbury. She was the same sweet, noble, sympathetic girl as ever, but it seemed to me that her smile was more sad than it used to be.

LXI Until my book should be finished, I lived with my aunt at Dover; and one day Traddles and I, at the invitation of our old schoolmaster and tyrant, Creakle, paid a visit to a model prison in which Creakle was much interested. Creakle had developed a great tenderness for criminals, and it appeared that in this prison all the inmates were good and religious men. The very best and most religious were, it was said, No. 27 and No. 28. At last we came to their cells, and who should step out but Uriah Heep and Littimer, — Uriah with a hymn book in his hand, and Littimer with an air of pious resignation.

LXII Christmas Day I spent with Agnes; and now at last we came to understand each other. We walked that winter evening in the fields together, and the blessed calm within us seemed to be partaken by the frosty air. When, on the next day, I told my aunt that Agnes and I were to be married, she went into hysterics for the first and only time in her life, and when she recovered she embraced Mr. Dick, and Peggotty, and me.

LXIII Ten years after we were married, there came one night to our house Mr. Peggotty, — an old man now, but ruddy and vigorous. He had come back to England for a short visit only. He reported that all our friends in Australia were doing well; that Mr. Micawber was a magistrate and a prominent, flourishing man, — and I may add that he had long since paid his debts in England. As to his niece, he said, looking at the fire, “A slight figure, kiender worn, a quiet voice and way — timid a’most. That’s Em’ly.”

LXIV It remains only to take a last retrospect. I see my aunt and Peggotty, both in spectacles, but still upright and sturdy; and between them a Betsey Trotwood Copperfield, whose tottering steps they guide, as Peggotty guided mine when I was a child. I see Mrs. Steerforth, a querulous, imbecile woman, with fitful gleams of former pride and beauty, and Rosa Dartle, a worn and withered figure with a white scar upon her lip. I see Traddles,

busy with a large and growing practice; the same simple, unaffected fellow; and Sophy, still the "dearest of girls," presiding over the ample table where her sisters and her sisters' husbands are gathered on numerous occasions. Above all, I see one beautiful face, shining on me like a heavenly light. I turn my head, and see it in its noble serenity. O Agnes, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, may I still see thee beside me!

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Adams. Head boy at Doctor Strong's; affable and good-humored, and with a turn for mathematics. xvi, xviii.

Babley, Richard, called **MR. DICK.** A mild lunatic, and a *protégé* of Miss Betsey Trotwood's, who insists that he is not mad.

"He had a favorite sister," said my aunt, — "a good creature, and very kind to him: but she did what they all do, — took a husband; and *he* did what they all do, — made her wretched. It had such an effect upon the mind of Mr. Dick (*that's* not madness, I hope!) that, combined with his fear of his brother and his sense of his unkindness, it threw him into a fever. That was before he came to me; but the recollection of it is oppressive to him even now. Did he say anything to you about King Charles the First, child?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Ah!" said my aunt, rubbing her nose as if she were a little vexed. "That's his allegorical way of expressing it. He connects his illness with great disturbance and agitation, naturally; and that's the figure, or the simile, or whatever it's called, which he chooses to use. And why should n't he, if he thinks proper?"

I said, "Certainly, aunt."

"It's not a business-like way of speaking," said my aunt, "nor a worldly way. I am aware of that; and that's the reason why I insist upon it that there sha'n't be a word about it in his memorial."

"Is it a memorial about his own history that he is writing, aunt?"

"Yes, child," said my aunt, rubbing her nose again. "He is memorializing the Lord Chancellor, or the Lord Somebody or other, — one of those people, at all events, who are paid to *be* memorialized, — about his affairs. I suppose it will go in one of these days. He has n't been able to draw it up yet, without

introducing that mode of expressing himself ; but it don't signify ; it keeps him employed."

In fact, I found out afterwards that Mr. Dick had been for upwards of ten years endeavoring to keep King Charles the First out of the memorial ; but he had been constantly getting into it, and was there now. xiii-xv, xvii, xix, xxxiv, xxxvi, xxxviii, xlii, xliii, xlv, xlix, lii, liv, lx, lxii, lxiv.

Bailey, Captain. An admirer of the eldest Miss Larkins. xviii.

Barkis, Mr. A carrier, who takes David Copperfield from Blunderstone to Yarmouth, on his first being sent away to school, and afterwards marries Peggotty. ii-v, vii, viii, x, xxix, xxxi.

Barkis, Mrs. See PEGGOTTY, CLARA.

Charley. A drunken, ugly old dealer in second-hand sailor's clothes and marine stores, to whom David Copperfield sells his jacket for fourpence when travelling on foot to his aunt's. xiii.

Chestle, Mr. A hop-grower ; a plain, elderly gentleman who marries the eldest Miss Larkins. xviii.

Chillip, Mr. The doctor who officiates at the birth of David Copperfield.

He was the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room to take up the less space. He walked as softly as the Ghost in "Hamlet," and more slowly. He carried his head on one side, — partly in modest depreciation of himself, partly in modest propitiation of everybody else. It is nothing to say that he had n't a word to throw at a dog. He could n't have *thrown* a word at a mad dog. i, ii, ix, x, xxii, xxx, lix.

Clickett. An "orfling" girl from St. Luke's Workhouse ; servant to the Micawbers. She is a dark complexioned young woman with a habit of snorting. xi, xii.

Copperfield, Mrs. Clara. The mother of David ; an artless, affectionate little woman, whom Miss Betsey Trotwood insists upon calling a mere baby. She marries Mr. Murdstone, a stern man, who, in conjunction with his sister, attempts to teach her "firmness," but breaks her heart in the experiment. i-iv, viii, ix.

Copperfield, David. The character from whom the story takes its name, and by whom it is supposed to be told. He is a posthumous child, having been born six months after his father's death. His mother, young, beautiful, inexperienced, loving, and lovable, not long afterwards marries a handsome and plausible, but hard and stern man, — Mr. Murdstone by name, — who soon crushes her gentle spirit by his exacting tyranny and by his cruel treatment of her boy. After being for some time instructed at home by his mother, and reduced to a state of dulness and sullen desperation by his stepfather, David is sent from home. He is sent to a vil-

lamous school, near London, kept by one Creakle, where he receives more stripes than lessons. Here he is kept until the death of his mother, when his stepfather sends him (he being now ten years old) to London, to be employed in Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse in washing out empty wine-bottles, pasting labels on them when filled, and the like, at a salary of six shillings a week. But such is the secret agony of his soul at sinking into companionship with Mick Walker, "Mealy Potatoes," and other boys with whom he is forced to associate, that he at length resolves to run away, and throw himself upon the kindness of a great-aunt (Miss Betsey Trotwood), whom he has never seen, but of whose eccentric habits and singular manner he has often heard. She receives him much better than he has expected, and soon adopts him, and sends him to school in the neighboring town of Canterbury. He does well here, and finally graduates with high honors. Having made up his mind to become a proctor, he enters the office of Mr. Spenlow, in London. Soon after this, his aunt loses the greater part of her property; and David, being compelled to look about him for the means of subsistence, learns the art of stenography, and supports himself comfortably by reporting the debates in Parliament. In the mean time he has fallen desperately in love with Dora, the daughter of Mr. Spenlow, but has been discouraged in his suit by the young lady's father. Mr. Spenlow dying, however, he becomes her accepted suitor. Turning his attention soon after to authorship, he acquires a reputation, and obtains constant employment on magazines and periodicals. He now marries Dora, a pretty, captivating, affectionate girl, but utterly ignorant of everything practical. It is not long before David discovers that it will be altogether useless to expect that his wife will develop any stability of character, and he resolves to estimate her by the good qualities she has, and not by those which she has not. One night she says to him in a very thoughtful manner that she wishes him to call her his "child-wife."

"It's a stupid name," she said, shaking her curls for a moment, — "child-wife."

I laughingly asked my child-wife what her fancy was in desiring to be so called. She answered without moving, otherwise than as the arm I twined about her may have brought her blue eyes nearer to me, —

"I don't mean, you silly fellow, that you should use the name instead of Dora: I only mean that you should think of me that way. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself

'It's only my child-wife.' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew, a long time ago, that she would make but a child-wife.'

When you miss what I should like to be, and I think can never be, say, 'Still my foolish child-wife loves me.' For indeed I do."

I had not been serious with her, having no idea, until now, that she was serious herself. But her affectionate nature was so happy in what I now said to her with my whole heart, that her face became a laughing one before her glittering eyes were dry. She was soon my child-wife indeed, sitting down on the floor outside the Chinese House, ringing all the little bells one after another, to punish Jip for his recent bad behavior; while Jip lay blinking in the doorway with his head out, even too lazy to be teased.

This appeal of Dora's made a strong impression on me. I look back on the time I write of; I invoke the innocent figure that I dearly loved, to come out from the mists and shadows of the past, and turn its gentle head towards me once again; and I can still declare that this one little speech was constantly in my memory.

At length Dora falls into a decline, and grows weaker and weaker, day by day.

It is night, and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I have sat with Dora since the morning, all together. We have not talked much; but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know now that my child-wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. . . . I cannot shut out a pale lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes, and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel with a stricken heart that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young: I don't mean in years only, but in experience and thoughts and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, "O Dora, love! — as fit as I to be a husband."

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps. But, if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But as years went on my dear boy would have wearied of his child-wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She would n't have improved. It is better as it is."

"O Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so! Every word seems a reproach."

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. . . . "O Doady! after more years, you never could have loved your child-wife better than you do; and after more years she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well. I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is."

After the death of his wife, David goes abroad, passing through many weary phases of mental distress. During his absence, Agnes Wickfield, a dear friend of Dora's and of himself, writes to him.

She gave me no advice; she urged no duty on me; she only told me in her own fervent manner what her trust in me was. She knew (she said) how such a nature as mine would turn affliction to good. She knew how trial and emotion would exalt and strengthen it. She was sure that, in my every purpose, I should gain a firmer and a higher tendency through the grief I had undergone. She who so gloried in my fame, and so looked forward to its augmentation, well knew that I would labor on. She knew that in me sorrow could not be weakness, but must be strength. As the endurance of my childish days had done its part to make me what I was, so greater calamities would nerve me on to be yet better than I was; and so, as they had taught me, would I teach others. She commended me to God, who had taken my innocent darling to his rest; and in her sisterly affection cherished me always, and was always at my side, go where I would, proud of what I had done, but infinitely prouder yet of what I was reserved to do.

When three years have passed, David returns to England, where his few works have already made him famous. But more than all else he values the praise and encouragement he receives from Agnes, whom he has come to think the better angel of his life, and whom he would gladly make his wife, did he not believe that her feeling towards him was merely one of sisterly affection, and that she has formed a deeper attachment for another. He discovers at last,

however, that she loves him only, and that she has loved him all her life; though she unselfishly subdued the feelings of her heart so far as to rejoice sincerely in his marriage to Dora. They are soon united, and she then tells him that Dora, on the last night of her life, expressed the earnest wish that she, and she alone, should succeed to her place.

And now, as I close my task, subduing my desire to linger yet, these faces fade away. But one face, shining on me like a heavenly light, by which I see all other objects, is above them and beyond them all. And that remains.

I turn my head, and see it in its beautiful serenity beside me. My lamp burns low, and I have written far into the night; but the dear presence, without which I were nothing, bears me company.

O Agnes, oh, my soul, so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed! so may I, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upward!

Copperfield, Mrs. Dora. See SPENLOW, DORA.

Creakle, Mr. Master of Salem House, the school to which David Copperfield is sent by Mr. Murdstone; an ignorant and ferocious brute, who prides himself on being a "Tartar." v, -vii, ix, lxi.

Creakle, Mrs. His wife; a thin and quiet woman, ill-treated by her husband. vi, ix.

Creakle, Miss. Their daughter; supposed to be in love with Steerforth. vi, vii, ix.

Crewler, Mrs. Wife of the Reverend Horace Crewler; a very superior woman, who has lost the use of her limbs. She becomes the mother-in-law of Traddles. Whatever occurs to harass her (as the engagement and prospective loss of her daughters) usually settles in her legs, but sometimes mounts to her chest and head, and pervades her whole system in a most alarming manner. xxxiv, xli, lx.

Crewler, Miss Caroline. Eldest daughter of Mrs. Crewler; a very handsome girl, who marries a dashing vagabond, but soon separates from him. xli, lx, lxiv.

Crewler, Miss Lousia. Mrs. Crewler's third daughter. xli, lx, lxiv.

Crewler, Miss Lucy. One of Mrs. Crewler's two youngest daughters, educated by her sister Sophy. xli, lx, lxvi.

Crewler, Miss Margaret. One of Mrs. Crewler's two youngest daughters, educated by her sister Sophy. xli, lx, lxvi.

Crewler, Miss Sarah. Mrs. Crewler's second daughter. xxxiv, xli, lx, lxiv.

- Crewler, Miss Sophy.** Fourth daughter of Mrs. Crewler; always forgetful of herself, always cheerful and amiable, and as much a mother to her mother (who is a confirmed invalid) as she is to her sisters. She becomes the wife of Tommy Traddles, who regards her both before and after marriage as "the dearest girl in the world." xxvii, xxviii, xxxiv, xli, xliii, lix, lxi, lxii, lxiv.
- Crewler, The Reverend Horace.** A poor Devonshire clergyman, with a large family and a sick wife. xxxiv, xli, lx, lxiv.
- Crupp, Mrs.** A stout woman living in Buckingham Street, in the Adelphi, who lets a set of furnished chambers to David Copperfield when he becomes an articled clerk in the office of Spenslow and Jorkins. She is a martyr to a curious disorder called "the spazzums," which is generally accompanied with inflammation of the nose, and requires to be constantly treated with peppermint. xxiii-xxvi, xxviii, xxxiv, xxxv, xxxvii.
- Dartle, Rosa.** A lady some thirty years old, living with Mrs. Steerforth as a companion, and passionately in love with her son, who does not return her affection. She is of a slight, short figure, and a dark complexion; has black hair, and large black eyes, and a remarkable scar on her lip, caused by a wound from a hammer thrown at her by Steerforth, when a boy, in a moment of exasperation. She is very clever, bringing everything to a grindstone, and even wearing herself away by constant sharpening, till she is all edge. xx, xxi, xxiv, xxix, xxxii, xxxvi, xlv, l, lvi, lxiv.
- Demple, George.** A schoolmate of David Copperfield's at Salem House. v, vii.
- Dolloby, Mr.** A dealer in second-hand clothes, rags, bones, and kitchen-stuff, to whom David Copperfield sells his waistcoat for ninepence when he runs away from "Murdstone and Grinby's" to seek his aunt. xiii.
- Dora.** See SPENLOW, DORA.
- Em'ly, Little.** Niece and adopted daughter of Mr. Peggotty, and the object of David Copperfield's first love. She is afterwards betrothed to her cousin Ham, but is seduced by Steerforth. iii, vii, x, xvii, xxi-xxiii, xxx.
- Endell, Martha.** An unfortunate young woman, without money or reputation, who finally discovers "Little Em'ly," and restores her to her uncle. She is reclaimed, and emigrates to Australia, where she marries happily. xxii, xl, xlv, xlvii, l, li, lvii, lxiii.
- Fibbetson, Mrs.** An old woman, inmate of an almshouse. v.
- George.** Guard of the Yarmouth mail. v.
- Grainger.** A friend of Steerforth's, and a very gay and lively fellow. xxiv.

Grayper, Mr. A neighbor of Mrs. Copperfield. ix, xxii.

Grayper, Mrs. His wife. ii, xxii.

Gulpidge, Mr. A guest of the Waterbrooks, who has something to do at second-hand with the law business of the Bank. xxv.

Gulpidge, Mrs. His wife. xxv.

Gummidge, Mrs. The widow of Mr. Peggotty's partner. Her husband dying poor, Mr. Peggotty offers her a home, and supports her for years; and this kindness she acknowledges by sitting in the most comfortable corner, by the fireside, and complaining that she is "a lone, lorn creetur, and everythink goes contrairy with her." iii, vii, x, xxi, xxii, xxxi, xxxii, xl, li, lvii, lxiii.

Hamlet's Aunt. See SPIKER, MRS. HENRY.

Heep, Mrs. A very 'umble widow woman, mother of Uriah Heep, and his "dead image, only short." xvii, xxix, xlii, lii, lxi.

Heep, Uriah. A clerk in the law-office of Mr. Wickfield, whose partner he afterwards becomes. David Copperfield's first meeting with him is thus described:—

When the pony-chaise stopped at the door, and my eyes were intent upon the house, I saw a cadaverous face appear at a small window on the ground-floor (in a little round tower that formed one side of the house), and quickly disappear. The low-arched door then opened, and the face came out. It was quite as cadaverous as it had looked in the window; though, in the grain of it, there was that tinge of red which is sometimes to be observed in the skins of red-haired people. It belonged to a red-haired person, — a youth of fifteen, as I take it now, but looking much older, — whose hair was cropped as close as the closest stubble; who had hardly any eyebrows, and no eyelashes, and eyes of a red-brown, so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remember wondering how he went to sleep. He was high-shouldered and bony; dressed in decent black with a white wisp of a neck-cloth; buttoned up to the throat; and had a long, lank, skeleton hand, which particularly attracted my attention as he stood at the pony's head, rubbing his chin with it, and looking up at us in the chaise.

As time runs on, David finds that Uriah is obtaining an unbounded influence over Mr. Wickfield, whom he deludes in every possible way, and whose business he designedly perplexes and complicates in order to get it wholly into his own hands; and, furthermore, that he looks with greedy eyes upon Mr. Wickfield's daughter Agnes, to whom David himself is warmly attached. He even goes so far as to boast of this, and to declare his intention of making her his wife.

Uriah goes on weaving his meshes around Agnes and her father



until he has them completely in his power. But his rascality is at last unravelled and exposed by Mr. Micawber ; and Mr. Wickfield not only recovers all the property of which he has been defrauded, but is absolved from all suspicion of any criminal act or intent. Uriah pursues his calling in another part of the country, but is finally arrested for fraud, forgery, and conspiracy, and is sentenced to solitary imprisonment. xv-xvii, xix, xxv, xxxv, xxxvi, xxxix, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lxi.

Hopkins, Captain. A prisoner for debt, in the King's Bench Prison, at the time that Mr. Micawber is also confined there. xi.

Janet. Miss Betsey Trotwood's handmaid. xiii-xv, xxiii, xxxix, xliii, lx.

Jip (*a contraction of GIPSY*). Dora's pet dog. xxvi, xxxiii, xxxvi-xxxviii, xli-xliv, xlviii, lii, liii.

Joram, Mr. The partner and son-in-law of Mr. Omer the undertaker. ix, xxi, xxiii, xxx, li, lvi.

Joram, Mrs. See OMER, MISS MINNIE.

Jorkins, Mr. A proctor, partner of Mr. Spenlow.

He was a mild man of a heavy temperament, whose place in the business was to keep himself in the background, and be constantly exhibited, by name, as the most obdurate and ruthless of men. If a clerk wanted his salary raised, Mr. Jorkins would n't listen to such a proposition ; if a client were slow to settle his bill of costs, Mr. Jorkins was resolved to have it paid ; and, however painful these things might be (and always were) to the feelings of Mr. Spenlow, Mr. Jorkins would have his bond. The heart and hand of the good angel Spenlow would have been always open, but for the restraining demon Jorkins. As I have grown older, I think I have had experience of some other houses doing business on the principle of Spenlow and Jorkins. xxiii, xxix, xxxv, xxxviii, xxxix.

Larkins, Miss. A tall, dark, black-eyed, fine figure of a woman, of about thirty, with whom David Copperfield falls desperately in love when about seventeen. His passion for her is beyond all bounds ; but she crushes his hopes by marrying a hop-grower. xviii.

Larkins, Mr. Her father ; a gruff old gentleman with a double chin, and one of his eyes immovable in his head. xviii.

Littimer. Confidential servant of Steerforth.

I believe there never existed in his station a more respectable-looking man. He was taciturn, soft-footed, very quiet in his manner, deferential, observant, always at hand when wanted, and never near when not wanted ; but his great claim to consideration was his respectability. He had not a pliant face ; he had

rather a stiff neck, rather a tight smooth head with short hair clinging to it at the sides, a soft way of speaking, with a peculiar habit of whispering the letter S so distinctly, that he seemed to use it oftener than any other man : but every peculiarity that he had he made respectable. . . . He surrounded himself with an atmosphere of respectability, and walked secure in it. It would have been next to impossible to suspect him of anything wrong, he was so thoroughly respectable. Nobody could have thought of putting him in a livery, he was so highly respectable. To have imposed any derogatory work upon him would have been to inflict a wanton insult on the feelings of a most respectable man. **xxi-xxiii, xxviii, xxix, xxxi, xxxii, xlv, lxi.**

Maldon, Jack. Cousin to Mrs. Dr. Strong ; an idle, needy libertine with a handsome face, a rapid utterance, and a confident, bold air. **xvi, xix, xxxvi, xli, xlv, lxiv.**

Markham. A gay and lively fellow of not more than twenty ; a friend of Steerforth's. **xxiv, xxv.**

Markleham, Mrs. Mother of Mrs. Dr. Strong.

Our boys used to call her the Old Soldier, on account of her generalship and the skill with which she marshalled great forces of relations against the doctor. She was a little, sharp-eyed woman, who used to wear, when she was dressed, one unchangeable cap, ornamented with some artificial flowers, and two artificial butterflies supposed to be hovering about the flowers. **xvi, xix, xxxvi, xlii, xlv, lxiv.**

Mealy Potatoes. (So called on account of his pale complexion.) A boy employed at Murdstone and Grinby's wine-store, with David Copperfield and others, to examine bottles, wash them out, label and cork them, and the like. **xi.**

Mell, Mr. Charles. An under master at Salem House, Mr. Creakle's school. He is a gaunt, sallow young man, with hollow cheeks, and dry and rusty hair. Mr. Creakle discharges him because it is ascertained that his mother lives on charity in an almshouse. He emigrates to Australia, and finally becomes Doctor Mell of Colonial Salem-House Grammar-School. **v-vii, lxiii.**

Mell, Mrs. His mother. **v, vii.**

Micawber, Master Wilkins. Son of Mr. Wilkins Micawber. He has a remarkable head voice, and becomes a chorister-boy in the cathedral at Canterbury. At a later date he acquires a high reputation as an amateur singer. **xi, xii, xvii, xxvii, xxxvi, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lvii, lxiv.**

Micawber, Miss Emma. Daughter of Mr. Wilkins Micawber ; afterwards Mrs. Ridger Begs of Port Middlebay, Australia. **xi, xii, xvii, xxvii, xxxvi, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lvii, lxiv.**

Micawber, Mr. Wilkins. A gentleman — remarkable for his reckless improvidence, his pecuniary involvements, his alternate elevation and depression of spirits, his love of letter-writing and speech-making, his grandiloquent rhetoric, his shabby devices for eking out a genteel living, and his constantly “waiting for something to turn up” — with whom David Copperfield lodges while drudging in the warehouse of Murdstone and Grinby. Mr. Micawber is thus introduced upon the scene : —

The counting-house clock was at half-past twelve, and there was general preparation for going to dinner, when Mr. Quinion tapped at the counting-house window, and beckoned me to go in. I went in, and found there a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one, and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby; but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of a stick with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat, — for ornament, I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and could n’t see anything when he did.

“This,” said Mr. Quinion, in allusion to myself, “is he.”

“This,” said the stranger, with a certain condescending roll in his voice, and a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel, which impressed me very much, “is Master Copperfield. I hope I see you well, sir?”

I said I was very well, and hoped he was. I was sufficiently ill at ease, Heaven knows; but it was not in my nature to complain much at that time of my life: so I said I was very well, and hoped he was.

“I am,” said the stranger, “thank Heaven! quite well. I have received a letter from Mr. Murdstone, in which he mentions that he would desire me to receive into an apartment in the rear of my house, which is at present unoccupied, and is, in short, to be let as a — in short,” said the stranger, with a smile, and in a burst of confidence, — “as a bedroom, the young beginner whom I have now the pleasure to” — and the stranger waved his hand, and settled his chin in his shirt-collar.

“This is Mr. Micawber,” said Mr. Quinion to me.

“Ahem!” said the stranger: “that is my name.”

“Mr. Micawber,” said Mr. Quinion, “is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger.” xi, xii, xvii, xxvii, xxviii, xxxvi, xxxix, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lvii, lxiii.

Micawber, Mrs. Emma. Wife of Wilkins Micawber.

Arrived at his [Mr. Micawber's] house in Windsor Terrace (which I noticed was shabby, like himself, but also, like himself, made all the show it could), he presented me to Mrs. Micawber, a thin and faded lady, not at all young, who was sitting in the parlor (the first floor was altogether unfurnished, and the blinds were kept down to delude the neighbors) with a baby at her breast. This baby was one of twins; and I may remark here, that I hardly ever, in all my experience of the family, saw both the twins detached from Mrs. Micawber at the same time. One of them was always taking refreshment.

When her husband's resources are at the lowest ebb, she determines to come to his rescue if she can.

Poor Mrs. Micawber! She said she had tried to exert herself; and so I have no doubt she had. The centre of the street-door was perfectly covered with a great brass plate, on which was engraved, "Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies:" but I never found that any young lady had ever been to school there; or that any young lady ever came, or proposed to come; or that the least preparation was ever made to receive any young lady.

In the ease of her temper and the elasticity of her spirits, Mrs. Micawber is scarcely surpassed by her husband.

I have known her to be thrown into fainting-fits by the king's taxes at three o'clock, and to eat lamb chops breaded, and to drink warm ale (paid for with two teaspoons that had gone to the pawnbroker's), at four. On one occasion, when an execution had just been put in, coming home, through some chance, as early as six o'clock, I saw her lying (of course with a twin) under the grate in a swoon, with her hair all torn about her face; but I never knew her more cheerful than she was that very same night, over a veal cutlet before the kitchen fire, telling me stories about her papa and mamma, and the company they used to keep.

Among the striking and praiseworthy characteristics of this remarkable lady, her devoted attachment to her husband is deserving of special mention. On one occasion, she tells David Copperfield:—

"I never will desert Mr. Micawber! Mr. Micawber may have concealed his difficulties from me in the first instance; but his sanguine temper may have led him to expect that he would overcome them. The pearl necklace and bracelets which I inherited from mamma have been disposed of for less than half their value; and the set of coral which was the wedding-gift of my papa has been actually thrown away for nothing. But I never

will desert Mr. Micawber. No!" cried Mrs. Micawber, more affected than before, "I never will do it! It's of no use asking me."

I felt quite uncomfortable, — as if Mrs. Micawber supposed I had asked her to do anything of the sort, — and sat looking at her in alarm.

"Mr. Micawber has his faults. I do not deny that he is improvident. I do not deny that he has kept me in the dark as to his resources and his liabilities both," she went on, looking at the wall; "but I never will desert Mr. Micawber!"

Mrs. Micawber having now raised her voice into a perfect scream, I was so frightened that I ran off to the club-room, and disturbed Mr. Micawber, in the act of presiding at a long table, and leading the chorus of

Gee up, Dobbin,
Gee ho, Dobbin,
Gee up, Dobbin,
Gee up, and Gee ho — o — o!

with the tidings that Mrs. Micawber was in an alarming state; upon which he immediately burst into tears, and came away with me with his waistcoat full of the heads and tails of shrimps of which he had been partaking.

"Emma, my angel!" cried Mr. Micawber, running into the room, "what is the matter?"

"I never will desert you, Micawber!" she exclaimed.

"My life!" said Mr. Micawber, taking her in his arms. "I am perfectly aware of it!"

"He is the parent of my children! He is the father of my twins! He is the husband of my affections!" cried Mrs. Micawber, struggling; "and I ne—ver—will—desert Mr. Micawber!"

Mr. Micawber was so deeply affected by this proof of her devotion (as to me, I was dissolved in tears), that he hung over her in a passionate manner, imploring her to look up and to be calm. But the more he asked Mrs. Micawber to look up, the more she fixed her eyes on nothing; and the more he asked her to compose herself, the more she would n't. Consequently Mr. Micawber was soon so overcome, that he mingled his tears with hers and mine, until he begged me to do him the favor of taking a chair on the staircase while he got her into bed. xi, xii, xvii, xxvii, xxviii, xxxvi, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lvii, lxiii.

Mills, Miss Julia. The bosom friend of Dora Spenlow.

I learned . . . that Miss Mills had had her trials in the course of a checkered existence, and that to these, perhaps, I might

refer that wise benignity of manner which I had already noticed. I found, in the course of the day, that this was the case ; Miss Mills having been unhappy in a misplaced affection, and being understood to have retired from the world on her awful stock of experience, but still to take a calm interest in the unblighted hopes and loves of youth.

For the more exact discharge of the duties of friendship, Miss Mills keeps a journal, of which the following is a sample : —

“MONDAY. — My sweet D. still much depressed. Headache. Called attention to J. as being beautifully sleek. D. fondled J. Associations thus awakened opened flood-gates of sorrow. Rush of grief admitted. (Are tears the dew-drops of the heart? — J. M.)” xxxiii, xxxvii, xxxviii, xli, lxiv.

Mills, Mr. Her father ; a terrible fellow to fall asleep after dinner. xxxiii, xxxvii, xxxviii, xli.

Mowcher, Miss. A dealer in cosmetics, a fashionable hair-dresser, etc., who makes herself useful to a variety of people in a variety of ways. She is very talkative, and plumes herself on being “volatile,” but is thoroughly kind-hearted and honest.

I was still looking at the doorway, thinking that Miss Mowcher was a long while making her appearance, when, to my infinite astonishment, there came waddling round a sofa which stood between me and it, a pursy dwarf of about forty or forty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish gray eyes, and such extremely little arms, that, to enable herself to lay a finger archly against her snub nose as she ogled Steerforth, she was obliged to meet the finger half-way, and lay her nose against it. Her chin, which was what is called a double chin, was so fat, that it entirely swallowed up the strings of her bonnet, — bow and all. Throat she had none ; waist she had none ; legs she had none, worth mentioning ; for though she was more than full sized down to where her waist would have been (if she had had any), and though she terminated, as human beings generally do, in a pair of feet, she was so short, that she stood at a common sized chair as at a table, resting a bag she carried on the seat. This lady, — dressed in an off-hand, easy style ; bringing her nose and her fore-finger together with the difficulty I have described ; standing with her head necessarily on one side, and, with one of her sharp eyes shut up, making an uncommonly knowing face, — after ogling Steerforth for a few moments, broke into a torrent of words. xxii, xxxii, lxi.

Murdstone, Mr. Edward. Stepfather of David Copperfield. ii-iv, viii-x, xiv, xxxiii, lix.

Murdstone, Miss Jane. Sister to Edward Murdstone ; a gloomy-looking, severe, metallic lady, dark, like her brother, whom she

greatly resembles in face and voice; and with very heavy eyebrows, nearly meeting over her large nose, as if, being disabled by the wrongs of her sex from wearing whiskers, she had carried them to that account. She is constantly haunted by a suspicion that the servants have a man secreted somewhere on the premises; and, under the influence of this delusion, she dives into the coal-cellar at the most untimely hours, and scarcely ever opens the door of a dark cupboard without clapping it to again, in the belief that she has got him. iv, viii-x, xii, xiv, xxvi, xxxiii, xxxviii, lix.

Nettingall, The Misses. Principals of a boarding-school for young ladies. xviii.

Old Soldier, The. See MARKLEHAM, MRS.

Omer, Minnie. Daughter of Mr. Omer; a pretty, good-natured girl, engaged to Mr. Joram. ix, xxi, xxx, xxxii, li.

Omer, Mr. A draper, tailor, haberdasher, undertaker, etc., at Yarmouth; a fat, short-winded, merry-looking little old man in black, with rusty little bunches of ribbons at the knees of his breeches, black stockings, and a broad-brimmed hat. ix, xxi, xxx, xxxii, li.

Paragon, Mary Anne. A servant who keeps house for David Copperfield and Dora. xlv.

Passnidge, Mr. A friend of Mr. Murdstone's. ii.

Peggotty, Clara. Servant to Mrs. Copperfield, and nurse and friend to her son David; a girl with no shape at all, and eyes so dark, that they seem to darken their whole neighborhood in her face, and with cheeks and arms so hard and red that the birds might peck them in preference to apples. Being very plump, whenever she makes any little exertion after she is dressed, some of the buttons on the back of her gown fly off. After the death of her mistress, Peggotty marries Mr. Barkis, a carrier, who has long admired her; but she never forgets her old love for David, whose housekeeper she finally becomes. i-v, viii-x, xii, xiii, xvii, xix-xxiii, xxvii, xxx-xxxv, xxxvii, xliii, li, lv, lvii, lix, lxii, lxiv.

Peggotty, Mr. Daniel. A rough but kind-hearted and noble-souled fisherman; brother to Clara Peggotty.

I had known Mr. Peggotty's house very well in my childhood; and I am sure I could not have been more charmed with it if it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg, and all. It was an old black barge, or boat, high and dry on Yarmouth sands, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it. It was beautifully clean, and as tidy as possible. There were some lockers and boxes, and there was a table, and there was a Dutch clock, and there was a chest of drawers, and

there was a tea-tray with a painting on it; and the tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible; and the tray, if it *had* tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls were colored pictures of Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and of Daniel in yellow being cast into a den of green lions. Over the little mantel-shelf was a picture of the Sarah Jane, lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on it,—a work of art combining composition with carpentry, which I had regarded in my childhood as one of the most enviable possessions the world could afford. Mr. Peggotty, as honest a seafaring man as ever breathed, dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and a heap of those creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse, where the pots and kettles were kept. ii, iii, vii, x, xxi, xxii, xxx-xxxii, xl, xliii, xlvi, xlvii, l, li, lvii, lxiii.

Peggotty, Ham. Nephew of Daniel Peggotty. He is engaged to Little Em'ly; but on the eve of their marriage she elopes with Steerforth. Years afterwards he attempts, one night, to rescue some unfortunate passengers from a vessel wrecked in a great storm on Yarmouth beach. One of these passengers proves to be Steerforth, who is returning home from abroad. A mighty wave ingulfs them all; and the wronged and wrong-doer perish together on the very scene which had witnessed the triumph of the one and the blighted hopes of the other. ii, iii, vii, x, xxi, xxii, xxx-xxxii, xl, xlvi, li, lv. *See* PEGGOTTY (DANIEL), STEERFORTH (JAMES).

Quinion, Mr. A friend of Mr. Murdstone's, and chief manager at Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse in London. ii, x-xii.

Sharp, Mr. First master at Salem House, Mr. Creakle's school, near London; a limp, delicate-looking gentleman, with a good deal of nose, and a way of carrying his head on one side, as if it were a little too heavy for him. vi, vii, ix.

Shepherd, Miss. A boarder at the Misses Nettingall's Establishment for Young Ladies, with whom David Copperfield is for a time deeply in love. She is a little girl in a spencer, with a round face, and curly flaxen hair. xviii.

Spenlow, Miss Clarissa. The elder of two maiden sisters of Mr. Spenlow, with whom his daughter Dora resides after his death. They are both dry little ladies, upright in their carriage, formal, precise, composed, and quiet. xxxviii, xxxix, xli-xliii, liii.

Spenlow, Miss Lavinia. Aunt to Dora, and sister to Miss Clarissa and Mr. Francis Spenlow.

Miss Lavinia was an authority in affairs of the heart, by reason of there having anciently existed a certain Mr. Pidger, who played short whist, and was supposed to have been enamored of her. My private opinion is, that this was entirely a gratuitous assumption, and that Pidger was altogether innocent of any such sentiments, to which he had never given any sort of expression, that I could ever hear of. Both Miss Lavinia and Miss Clarissa had a superstition, however, that he would have declared his passion, if he had not been cut short in his youth (at about sixty) by over-drinking his constitution, and overdoing an attempt to set it right again by swilling Bath water. They had a lurking suspicion even, that he died of secret love; though I must say there was a picture of him in the house, with a damask nose which concealment did not appear to have ever preyed upon. xxxviii, xxxix, xli-xliii, liii.

Spenlow, Miss Dora. Only daughter of Mr. Spenlow; afterwards the "child-wife" of David Copperfield; a timid, trustful, sensitive, artless little beauty, who is not much more than a plaything, and who dies young. xxvi, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxvii, xxxviii, xli-xliv, xlviii, l-liii.

Spenlow, Mr. Francis. One of the firm of Spenlow and Jorkins (proctors in Doctor's Commons), and the father of Dora, who is afterwards David Copperfield's wife.

He was a little light-haired gentleman, with undeniable boots, and the stiffest of white cravats and shirt-collars. He was buttoned up mighty trim and tight, and must have taken a great deal of pains with his whiskers, which were accurately curled. . . . He was got up with such care, and was so stiff, that he could hardly bend himself; being obliged, when he glanced at some papers on his desk, after sitting down in his chair, to move his whole body from the bottom of his spine, like Punch. xxiii, xxvi, xxix, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii.

Spiker, Mr. Henry. A guest at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Waterbrook. He is solicitor to somebody or something remotely connected with the treasury, and is so cold a man, that his head, instead of being gray, seems to be sprinkled with hoar-frost. xxv.

Spiker, Mrs. Henry. His wife; a very awful lady, looking like a near relation of Hamlet's, — say his aunt. xxv.

Steerforth, James. A schoolfellow and friend of David Copperfield's; a young man of great personal attractions and the most easy and engaging manners. Always adapting himself readily to the society he happens to be in, he has no trouble in securing the regard and confidence of simple-hearted Mr. Peggotty, whose humble house he visits with David. Here he meets Mr. Peg-

gotty's niece and adopted daughter, Emily, — a beautiful young woman, betrothed to her cousin Ham, — and deliberately sets to work to effect her ruin. In this he is successful ; and, on the eve of her intended marriage, she consents to elope with him. They live abroad for some time ; but he finally tires of her, and, after insultingly proposing that she should marry his valet, a detestable scoundrel, cruelly deserts her. vi, vii, ix, xix-xxv, xxviii, xxix, xxxi, lv.

Steerforth, Mrs. Mother of James Steerforth ; an elderly lady, with a proud carriage and a handsome face, entirely devoted to her son, but estranged from him at last ; both of them being imperious and obstinate. xx, xxi, xxiv, xxix, xxxii, xxxvi, xlv, lvi, lxiv.

Strong, Doctor. Master of a school at Canterbury attended by David Copperfield ; a quiet, amiable old gentleman, who has married a young lady many years his junior.

Some of the higher scholars boarded in the doctor's house, and, through them, I learned at second-hand some particulars of the doctor's history, — as how he had not been married twelve months to the beautiful young lady I had seen in the study, whom he had married for love, as she had not a sixpence, and had a world of poor relations (so our fellows said) ready to swarm the doctor out of house and home ; also how the doctor's cogitating manner was attributable to his being always engaged in looking out for Greek roots . . . with a view to a new dictionary which he had in contemplation. Adams, our head boy, who had a turn for mathematics, had made a calculation, I was informed, of the time this dictionary would take in completing, on the doctor's plan and at the doctor's rate of going. He considered that it might be done in one thousand six hundred and forty-nine years, counting from the doctor's last or sixty-second birthday. xvi, xvii, xix, xxxvi, xxxix, xlii, xlv, lxii, lxiv.

Strong, Mrs. Annie. The wife of Doctor Strong, and daughter of Mrs. Markleham (the Old Soldier). She is a beautiful woman, much her husband's junior. xvi, xix, xxxvi, xlii, xlv, lxii, lxiv.

Tiffey, Mr. An old clerk in the office of Spenlow and Jorkins ; a little dry man, wearing a stiff brown wig that looks as if it were made of gingerbread. xxiii, xxvi, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii.

Tipp. A carman employed in Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse. xi, xii.

Traddles, Thomas. A schoolmate of David Copperfield's at Salem House (Mr. Creakle's school).

Poor Traddles ! In a tight sky-blue suit, that made his arms and legs like German sausages or roly-poly puddings, he was the

merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned,—I think he was caned every day that half-year, except one holiday Monday, when he was only rulered on both hands,—and was always going to write to his uncle about it, and never did. After laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up, somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate before his eyes were dry. I used, at first, to wonder what comfort Traddles found in drawing skeletons, and for some time looked upon him as a sort of hermit, who reminded himself, by those symbols of mortality, that caning could n't last forever. But I believe he only did it because they were easy, and did n't want any features.

He was very honorable, Traddles was, and held it as a solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another. He suffered for this on several occasions, and particularly once, when Steerforth laughed in church, and the beadle thought it was Traddles, and took him out. I see him now, going away in custody, despised by the congregation. He never said who was the real offender, though he smarted for it next day, and was imprisoned so many hours that he came forth with a whole churchyardful of skeletons swarming all over his Latin dictionary. But he had his reward. Steerforth said there was nothing of the sneak in Traddles; and we all felt that to be the highest praise.

In due time Traddles is married, and, getting on by degrees in his profession, at last accumulates a competence, becomes a judge, and is honored and esteemed by all who know him. vi, vii, ix, xxv, xxvii, xxviii, xxxiv, xxxvi, xxxviii, xli, xliii, xlv, xlviii, xlix, li, liv, lvii–lix, lxi, lxii, lxiv.

Trotwood, Miss Betsey. The great-aunt of David Copperfield; an austere, hard-favored, and eccentric, but thoroughly kind-hearted woman. ii, xiii–xv, xvii, xix, xxii–xxv, xxxvii–xl, xliii–xlv, xlvii–xlix, li–lv, lvii, lix, lx, lxiv.

Trotwood, Husband of Miss Betsey. A handsome man, younger than Miss Betsey, whom he treats so falsely, ungratefully, and cruelly that she separates from him, and resumes her maiden name. He marries another woman; becomes an adventurer, a gambler, and a cheat; and finally sinks into the lowest depths of degradation. ii, xvii, xxiii, xlvii, lv.

Tungay. Lodge-keeper and tool of Mr. Creakle, at Salem House; a stout man with a bull-neck, a wooden leg, a surly face, overhanging temples, and his hair cut close all round his head. v–vii.

Walker, Mick. A boy employed at Murdstone and Grinby's, with three or four others (including David Copperfield), to rinse out bottles, cork and label them, etc. xi, xii.

Waterbrook, Mr. Mr. Wickfield's agent in London; a middle-aged gentleman with a short throat and a good deal of shirt-collar, who only wants a black nose to be the portrait of a pug-dog. xxv.

Waterbrook, Mrs. His wife; a woman who affects to be very genteel; likes to talk about the aristocracy; and maintains that, if she has a weakness, it is "blood." xxv.

Wickfield, Agnes. Daughter and housekeeper of Mr. Wickfield, and friend and counsellor of David Copperfield, whose second wife she becomes after the death of Dora. xv-xix, xxiv, xxxiv, xxxv, xxxix, xlii, xliii, lii-liv, lvii, lviii, lx, lxii-lxiv.

Wickfield, Mr. A lawyer at Canterbury, and the agent and friend of Miss Betsey Trotwood. He is nearly ruined by Uriah Heep (at first a clerk in his office, and afterwards his partner), who by adroit management, the falsification of facts, and various malpractices, acquires a complete ascendancy over him, and obtains control of all his property; but in the end Uriah's machinations are foiled, and his rascality exposed, by Mr. Micawber, whom he has endeavored to make use of as an instrument to assist in the accomplishment of his dishonest purposes. xv, xvii, xix, xxxv, xxxix, xlii, lii, liv, lx.

William. A waiter in an inn at Yarmouth, who wheedles little David Copperfield out of the greater part of his dinner. v.

William. Driver of the Canterbury coach. xix.

BLEAK HOUSE

OUTLINE

Chapter There was once a notable case in Chancery, the case of

I Jarndyce and Jarndyce, which stretched back through the fog beyond the memory of man. It had more than one family
II involved in its procedure, and counted indeed such mighty personages as Sir Leicester Dedlock and Lady Dedlock, who had come up from Lincolnshire to their town house in London. It was to them that Mr. Tulkinghorn, the rusty Chancery lawyer, was reading in brief some of the latest documents in the case, when Lady Dedlock was overcome with sudden faintness, and the reading was interrupted.

III There were two others who were wards in Chancery in this case, Ada Clare and Richard Carstone, and Mr. Jarndyce of Bleak House, who was their guardian, had provided a companion for Ada in Esther Summerson, a girl of unknown parentage, who had been under the general charge of Mr. Kenge, called for his felicity of speech Conversation Kenge, of Kenge and Carboy, solicitors, who had much to do with the great case. Esther, since reaching years of discretion, had been a governess in Miss Donny's establishment, and had come thence to the court, where she had been made acquainted with Ada. As she was leaving the court with Ada and Richard, they all three encountered a singular apparition, Miss Flite, who had some dim and very remote connection with the case, so remote that her wits also had retired into some vacant antiquity.

IV The three young people were conducted by Mr. Guppy, a young man from Kenge and Carboy, to the house of Mrs. Jellyby in Thavies' Inn, where they were to pass the night before starting for Bleak House. They found themselves the guests of a singular pair, pronounced by Mr. Quale, an evening caller, as the union of mind and matter, though Mr. Jellyby was no great matter, and Mrs. Jellyby did not mind her children, but devoted herself all the evening to the distant woes of Africa, while Caddy, her eldest daughter, acted sullenly as her amanuensis, and in the depth of the night confided to Esther, while Ada slept, her detestation of the whole business of Borrioboola-Gha. She continued in the same

strain the next morning, including Mr. Quale in her animadver-

V sions, as she took Esther and Ada as well as Richard to walk before breakfast. On this walk they fell in with Miss Flite, who insisted on their paying her a visit at her rooms. She lived in the upper part of an establishment where Krook, who was sometimes called the Chancellor in derision, kept a sort of junk shop in which bottles, law-books, parchment, and what not were strangely mixed up. He lived alone with his cat, Lady Jane, and entertained the young people with grewsome accounts of persons who had been engaged in the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, especially one Tom Jarndyce, so that they came away from him and Miss Flite with a most dismal sense of the misery which seemed to wait on every one who was involved in the suit. But their young minds quickly re-

VI covered their wonted cheerfulness, and after breakfast they set off for the country, and by nightfall had arrived at Bleak House, where they were received by their guardian, John Jarndyce, an impulsive, warm-hearted man, who when suddenly stirred to indignation, as he readily was, seemed to feel himself attacked by a sharp flaw of east wind. His only companion was an idle dreamer, a fantastic fellow, a mere child in worldly things, named Harold Skimpole, who accepted cheerfully the world of Mr. John Jarndyce's making from which all cares and anxieties were banished for Harold Skimpole. How very childlike and bland he was appeared later in the evening, when Esther was called out of the room to learn that an officer had come to arrest Harold Skimpole for debt, and was dismissed only by Esther and Richard paying the amount out of their own pockets, a proceeding which somehow seemed to put them in the wrong and Skimpole in the right.

VII The other country house in which Jarndyce and Jarndyce appeared to be interested was Chesney Wold in Lincolnshire, the home of the Dedlocks. In the absence of the family, the only person in authority there was the housekeeper, Mrs. Rouncewell, who for fifty years had been connected with the estate. Her companion was Rosa, a pretty young girl from the village, but just at this time the housekeeper had also for a visitor her grandson, Watt Rouncewell, the son of a well-to-do manufacturer, for Mrs. Rouncewell had two sons, the father of this lad, and a wild vagrant who had gone off as a soldier, carrying his mother's heart with him. It was during Watt's visit that two young men from law offices, Mr. Guppy and a friend, Tony Jobling, being in this part of the country, obtained leave to see Chesney Wold and were shown the picture gallery, where Mr. Guppy, who had never seen Lady Dedlock, was greatly astonished at the recognition of some familiar face in her portrait, as it hung there.

At Bleak House, Esther Summerson was established as a sort of housekeeper. John Jarndyce had long been a real guardian to her, though just what the beginning of their connection had been she could not tell. However, he made now a confidante of her, and drew her to him by his kindness and thoughtfulness. Kind he certainly was, for as Esther and Ada had charge of his papers, they discovered that he was set upon by all sorts of claimants for help for all sorts of preposterous persons. One of these charitable beggars was Mrs. Pardiggle, who presented herself in person one day, accompanied by her young children who were bobs to her charitable kite. Mrs. Pardiggle insisted on taking Ada and Esther with her on one of her business of charity expeditions, and they saw how she invaded the home of a brickmaker and distributed cold comfort. They lingered behind with compassion for a poor mother and her ailing child, and found that the child had died. So Esther laid her handkerchief over the poor thing, and both did their best to console the unhappy women who were in the household. Richard,

IX in his impulsive way, was for giving five pounds at once to the brickmaker, for the young fellow was full of charming generosity, though he seemed not yet in the line of doing anything for himself, and to be occupied chiefly with falling in love with Ada Clare. The happy family was amused by the breaking in upon them of an uproarious Lawrence Boythorn, a man who delighted in the most extravagant and bloodthirsty language, especially about a quarrel with his neighbor, Sir Leicester Dedlock, and all the while kept for his pet and gently caressed a little canary. He was a man who had known disappointment in love, but whose volcanic nature had but a thin crust of hardening over it. While he was visiting at Bleak House, Kenge and Carboy sent him some legal documents at the hands of their young man named Guppy, who in his few and brief interviews had contracted a passion for Esther and proceeded on this occasion to enter his case, but was promptly denied suit by the young lady herself.

X The other legal concern that was deep in the case, Mr. Tulkinghorn, to wit, had noticed, on the evening when he read his documents to Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, that the faintness of my lady had followed upon noting the handwriting of one of the documents, and being a secretive man, that is, one who divines the secrets of others and never lets his own out, he took occasion to call on Mr. Snagsby, the law stationer who had procured the copying for him, to learn who was the copyist. Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby, or rather the reverse, with their maid-servant Guster, subject to fits, and therefore cheap, lived not far from Krook's, and it was to Krook's that Snagsby conducted Mr. Tulkinghorn, since

there lodged Nemo the copyist. Mr. Tulkinghorn, when he had made

XI his way to Nemo's room, found the man dead, and a coroner's inquest being summoned, the verdict was that he died of an overdose of opium. No one seemed to know anything of him save a small street-sweeper named Jo, a waif, who had somehow struck up a friendship with Nemo, but his testimony scarcely resolved itself into anything more than that "he wos wery good to me." And poor Jo was the only mourner, apparently, creeping at night to the railing of the dismal churchyard within which had been laid away the body of the miserable copyist.

XII The information which Mr. Tulkinghorn obtained about Nemo must have had some value to him, for he took pains to mention in a postscript in a letter to Sir Leicester that he could tell Lady Dedlock something about the copyist who had interested her. Sir Leicester read the postscript to Lady Dedlock when they were on their way to Chesney Wold, for my lady had been restless and fearfully bored with Paris. She had brought back with her as lady's maid a Frenchwoman of two and thirty, Hortense, who was thrown into a furious fit of jealousy by the favoritism which Lady Dedlock showed for little Rosa. Chesney Wold was now gay with company, and at last Mr. Tulkinghorn himself came as a guest and occupied his customary room in the tower. He had a few words with Sir Leicester respecting his suit against Boythorn, but the really important message which he had, though carelessly delivered, was his announcement to Lady Dedlock of the death of the law-writer, unattended and leaving no papers behind.

XIII It was quite desirable that Mr. Richard Carstone should find some means of livelihood, and after various conferences with Mr. Kenge, among others, it was decided that he should take up the study of medicine with Mr. Bayham Badger, the third husband of Mrs. Bayham Badger. This took them all to town, where Miss Summerson was persecuted by the mute attentions of the young man named Guppy. Then Richard, being thus on the high road to fortune, became engaged to Ada, and a young surgeon, Mr.

XIV Woodcourt, edged into the circle in which Esther Summerson sat. Richard began his studies, but he had been drawn into the shadow of the upas-tree of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, for he was beginning to speculate on the chances of a fortune from it. While they were in the city, Caddy Jellyby came to see them with news of her engagement to a dancing-master, Prince Turveydrop, whose father was Deportment itself. She had been in the way of meeting him at Miss Flite's; and when Esther and Ada, with Mr. Jarndyce, went there, they met Mr. Woodcourt again, as well as old Krook, who was teaching himself to write. Other sights of the

great city came within their knowledge, poverty especially, which they saw in the orphan children of the officer who had once

XV presented himself as the law in the presence of Skimpole. Great was the miracle by which the little thirteen-year-old girl Charley provided for her little brother and sister. With them, too,

XVI they saw a fierce Mr. Gridley, a man rendered nearly crazed by the delays of the law. One sight they did not see, though Mr. Tulkinghorn was aware of it,—a lady disguised as a servant intercepting poor Jo at his crossing, and bidding him take her past Krook's to the neglected churchyard where lay buried the starving writer.

XVII Richard's application to the study of medicine was short-lived. He began to waver toward the law, and always kept one eye out on the Chancery chances. Mr. Woodcourt, on the other hand, was so absorbed in his profession that he bade them all good-by, that he might engage in his calling in the east, and all he

XVIII left behind, apparently, was a few flowers. Mr. Jarndyce, meanwhile, and the girls, with Mr. Skimpole, paid a visit to Lawrence Boythorn, and, quite by accident, met Lady Dedlock in the park. She took little notice of Esther. Why should she? Yet

XIX Esther must have had a history; for when Mrs. Snagsby had a little tea-party, at which the chief guests were Mr. Chadband, a volunteer minister, and his wife, it turned out that Mrs. Chadband had once had the girl in her charge, delivered over to her by Kenge and Carboy, a fact which was elicited by the cross-examination of Mr. Guppy, who had dropped in behind a constable who had poor Jo in custody, Jo having got himself into trouble by not moving on when he was told, and telling an extraordinary story about a lady who gave him a sovereign, and so had named Mr.

XX Snagsby as a friend who could vouch for him. For Mr. Guppy was determined to distinguish himself on his own account, and he laid deep, very deep plots for the discovery of something or other. It was with this in view that he entertained at dinner his satellite, young Bart Smallweed, as well as his out-at-the-elbows friend, Tony Jobling, whom he induced to take a room at Krook's, and engage as a writer for Snagsby, apparently with the

XXI intention that he should find out something. As for Bart Smallweed, he lived at home with his grandfather and grandmother, and his twin-sister, Judy, all of them being waited on by little Charley. Old Smallweed, who was a screw, was equally merciless toward his half-imbecile wife and toward a certain trooper, Mr. George, to whom he had lent money, and who dropped in to pay the interest due. Mr. George's ostensible occupation was that of the keeper of a shooting-gallery, which he kept with the aid of lame Phil.

Mr. Tulkinghorn seemed strangely desirous of getting information, for he had Snagsby at his rooms in order to learn
 XXII what he could of Jo's performances, and they were attended by Mr. Bucket, a detective officer, who pushed matters still further by conducting Snagsby to Tom-all-Alone's, and there finding Jo, who was not the only acquaintance there; for the brickmakers of St. Albans and their women were there also. Jo told his story again of the lady who used him as a guide to the graveyard, and went back with them to Tulkinghorn's chambers. There, in the passage, he met, to his surprise, the very person who had given him the sovereign. At least she wore the same veil and cloak, though her hands and rings were not the same. He could not be expected to know Hortense, Lady Dedlock's maid, now discharged by her.

XXIII Hortense applied to Esther Summerson to be her maid, but without success. Instead, little Charley was sent by Mr. Jarndyce to fill this position.

Caddy Jellyby took the important step of marrying Prince Turveydrop and adopting old Deportment as a charge, and it was to Esther she turned for help in making her peace with that portentous fraud, and also telling the news to Mrs. Jellyby, who was really
 XXIV too far away in Africa to be greatly disturbed. What was more disturbing was the renewed restlessness of Richard Carstone, who could not get away from the fascination of the Chancery case, but could and did escape from the confinement of Kenge and Carboy for a new experiment, — that of the army, devoting himself at once with great energy to learning some of the details of his new profession in Mr. George's shooting-gallery. Mr. Jarndyce insisted on declaring the engagement with Ada off, not in anger, but in painful doubt about Richard, as well he might be, when he saw one more tragic end to a victim of the law in the death of Gridley, just when Bucket had traced him to Mr. George's gallery.

XXV The lynx-eyed and very suspicious Mrs. Snagsby was quite sure she had got upon the track of some secret wickedness in her meek husband, and that Jo of Tom-all-Alone's was inscrutably connected with it. Else why her husband's kindness to him? And so she set that moral policeman, Mr. Chadband, on him, but without extracting any information. Others were after other

XXVI information, for Mr. George in his gallery was waited on by Grandfather Smallweed with Judy, the old gentleman being desirous of showing to a lawyer some bit of handwriting of a certain Captain Hawdon, whom Mr. George had befriended. Mr. George consented to take what he had with him and to accompany Judy
 XXVII and her grandfather to Mr. Tulkinghorn's. But he was uncomfortable in all this mystery and would not show his

paper till he had first consulted a friend. The friend in question was Mr. Bagnet, an ex-artillery man, who thought through his wife, and now advised George to do nothing in the dark. So he politely declined Mr. Tulkinghorn's invitation.

XXVIII At Chesney Wold a very little affair forced itself upon the attention of the mighty people, for Mrs. Rouncewell's son came to see Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock about the marriage of his son to Rosa, Lady Dedlock's pretty maid. More interesting

XXIX for Lady Dedlock was a visit which she received on her return to town, a visit from the young man named Guppy, who little by little let her know that he had discovered a likeness between her and Esther Summerson, that Esther's real name was Esther Hawdon, and that he, Guppy, would be in possession the next day of a bundle of letters belonging to the late Captain Hawdon.

XXX Esther herself, comfortably at home with Mr. Jarndyce, had such light concerns as a visit from Mr. Woodcourt's mother, and an attendance at Caddy Jellyby's wedding. Yet

XXXI graver experience was to come. Charley, her maid, brought her word of tramps, who were none other than the brickmakers and their women with poor Jo, who had been taken ill. They had Jo brought to a loft in one of the buildings near Mr. Jarndyce's place. But after a short space he disappeared mysteriously. Then all at once Charley fell ill, evidently of a disease caught from these poor people. Esther nursed her, and then fell ill herself, so ill, that when she recovered her strength a little she knew that she was blind.

XXXII When Tony Jobling went to live at Krook's he took the name of Mr. Weevle. It was he who had ferreted out the fact that Krook had a bundle of Captain Hawdon's letters, and Guppy came to him on the night when Krook was to pass the letters over. What was the consternation of both plotters when, alarmed by a singular appearance in the air, they entered Krook's room and found that the wretched sot had perished by spontaneous

XXXIII combustion. With him the letters perished, and Tony and

Guppy found to their astonishment the next morning, by the arrival in the neighborhood of the Smallweeds, that Krook was a disreputable brother of Mrs. Smallweed. On going to tell Lady Dedlock of his inability to produce the letters, Guppy encountered Mr. Tulkinghorn, who made an instantaneous note of his pres-

XXXIV ence as inculcating Lady Dedlock. There was another paper, however, of Captain Hawdon's, and Mr. Tulkinghorn secured that. For old Smallweed suddenly came down on George for the amount of his debt, and when George with his security,

Bagnet, went to the old man to try as usual to renew his note, the malignant miser sent him to Tulkinghorn, and the paper which George before refused to give up became the price he paid for the relief of himself and Bagnet.

XXXV The fever which struck Esther Summerson blind passed away and the blindness gradually disappeared, but her face was left marred with the disease. When she could once more bear light and talk, she learned that Richard, poisoned by the Jarndyce and Jarndyce malaria, had broken with his guardian; and from Miss Flite, who came to see her, she learned of the heroic deeds of Allan Woodcourt in a recent shipwreck. Then she confessed to herself that she loved him. A singular incident also came to her knowledge. An unknown lady had appeared in the neighborhood, and had taken the handkerchief which Esther had spread over the face of the dead child of the brickmaker. As soon as

XXXVI she was sufficiently recovered Esther went to pay a visit at Mr. Boythorn's, and as she was by herself in the park one day Lady Dedlock appeared. She had with her Esther's handkerchief, and then the unhappy woman disclosed the terrible secret of her life, — that she was Esther's mother.

XXXVII All this time Esther had not seen Ada, but now her dearest friend returned to her. She was keeping bravely her compact with her guardian, but it was plain that she had not ceased to love her erring cousin. Richard himself appeared in the neighborhood, and Esther was his confidante. But he had with him Skimpole, and Skimpole had introduced him to a lawyer, Mr. Vholes, who had three daughters and an aged father in the Vale of Taunton; and Mr. Vholes was the spider, and poor Richard was the fascinated fly entangled more and more in the meshes of

XXXVIII Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Esther herself, mindful of her poor mother, went to London shortly after, and accompanied by Caddy called upon Mr. Guppy at his mother's house and asked him not to pursue the inquiries which he had told her he was making into her parentage. It may be added that the price she paid for this silence was an explicit acknowledgment that Mr. Guppy never never had made her any proposal of marriage; her lifted veil was

XXXIX the cause of this. And Guppy was as good as his word, when shortly afterward he and Tony went to Krook's to secure Tony's possessions and found there not only the Smallweed family looking over the effects, but Mr. Tulkinghorn, who meant plainly to get something out of Guppy about Lady Dedlock. If he

XL could not get anything out of Guppy, he had another string to his bow, for shortly after, when the Dedlocks were at Chesney Wold, he told in the presence of Lady Dedlock the

whole story of her shame, under the disguise of no names. Lady

XLI Dedlock, in consequence, visited him in his apartment and announced her intention of leaving Chesney Wold secretly that night. He restrained her by pointing out that the one effect of

XLII such a course would be absolutely to prostrate Sir Leicester. Tulkinghorn, on returning to London, encountered Snagsby, who told him with great distress that his life was rendered miserable by his wife's suspicion of Hortense, who, failing to find Mr. Tulkinghorn in her repeated visits, was persecuting Tulkinghorn's subordinate, Snagsby. The lawyer reassured him, and mounting to his chambers presently was confronted by Hortense herself. She was in a rage against Lady Dedlock, but almost equally against the imperturbable Tulkinghorn for using her and then throwing her aside.

XLIII The secret of Esther's parentage became known to Mr. Jarndyce through her confession, brought about through a curious coincidence. Both Ada and Esther had been disturbed by Harold Skimpole's intimacy with Richard, and they and Mr. Jarndyce paid a visit to that gentleman; while there, who should appear but Sir Leicester Dedlock, and it turned out that Skimpole had been treated somewhat impolitely at Chesney Wold in consequence of be-

XLIV ing connected with Boythorn. Esther now shared her secret with her guardian; perhaps it was this which brought about another disclosure, for Mr. Jarndyce asked her to marry him, and she, in her grateful soul, burning the flowers she had kept, given her by Allan Woodcourt, accepted him.

XLV Richard Carstone had now come to such a pass that he had been forced to sell his commission, and was quite penniless. Mr. Vholes came to Bleak House to confer with Mr. Jarndyce, and as a result, that gentleman sent Esther to see Richard. She found him and by chance found Woodcourt also; she met him bravely and received from him a promise that he would look after Richard.

XLVI He did keep a watch of him, and he met others connected with him in a roundabout way, for he came upon the poor woman, the wife of the brickmaker, who told him of Esther's goodness to her, and upon Jo, who had been all this while in a hospital.

XLVII Jo had an intense fear of Mr. Bucket, who had told him to clear out of London, and Woodcourt was much perplexed where to bestow him, for Jo evidently was in a bad way. Miss Flite came to his rescue and suggested Mr. George's, and thither the surgeon went. But poor Jo had come to his end, and died at the shooting-gallery.

XLVIII Lady Dedlock determined to part with Rosa for Rosa's good, and had an interview with Mr. Rouncewell, the father

in regard to it. Mr. Tulkinghorn was present and, after the interview was over, had one with Lady Dedlock, in which he intimated the power he held over her, a power which he could exercise to make everything known to Sir Leicester. But Mr. Tulkinghorn had gone as far as his power could carry him, for that night he was found dead in his chambers, shot through the heart. Who fired that shot? Mr. Bucket had his suspicions. At any rate, he did his duty when he dropped in at Mr. Bagnet's, where they were celebrating the old lady's birthday, and when he and Mr. George came away, took the trooper into custody on charge of murdering Mr. Tulkinghorn.

L Esther had a new interest at this time in the birth of a little Esther to Caddy. Allan Woodcourt was the doctor in attendance. He was looking after Richard also, but one day
 LI when Esther and Ada went to visit that young man, Ada did not return. She had been married two months to Richard, and elected now to remain with her poor deluded husband. When
 LII Esther, now left alone with her guardian, learned from Mr. Woodcourt of the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn and the arrest of George, they were filled with compassion for the trooper and were confident that he was innocent. They went to visit him in prison, and there met Mr. Bagnet and his wife. This energetic woman had a sudden inspiration. She was sure George's mother was living, and putting this and that together set off for Lincolnshire to find her. Mr. Bucket on his part was resorting to all sorts
 LIII of ingenious devices for pursuing the mystery of the murder. He was in receipt of letters, anonymous, which all pointed to Lady Dedlock as the criminal. He had the *entrée*, by virtue of his office, at Sir Leicester's, and learned from one of the servants of his lady's habit of solitary nightly walking.

LIV The hour finally struck for him. He presented himself to Sir Leicester and told him of his lady's former lover, Captain Hawdon, and of the jeopardy in which she stood from Mr. Tulkinghorn's knowledge of her secret. Then, summoning some people who were quarrelling below, he presented the Smallweeds and finally Hortense. He explained the relation which George bore to them, he bought the papers of Captain Hawdon which old Smallweed had, and then he explained with the enthusiasm of a triumphant detective how he had traced the murder to Hortense, who had for some time past been his lodger. George, whom he had arrested, not because he thought him guilty, but because suspicion rested on him, was still in prison, when Mrs. Bagnet arrived, successful, for she brought with her Mrs. Rouncewell; and Mrs. Rouncewell after she had been with her son went to the town

house and had an interview with Lady Dedlock. From her and from Guppy, who also called, Lady Dedlock believed that at last her story was known to the whole world, and thereupon, with a wailing letter to Sir Leicester, she fled into the darkness.

LVI Sir Leicester was struck down with paralysis, but Inspector

Bucket was master of the situation. He sprang like a hound to the pursuit; found a handkerchief among her ladyship's belongings, marked Esther Summerson; was off to Mr. Jarndyce's; took

LVII Esther with him in the carriage; asked her questions by the way; drove furiously to St. Albans; had word with the brick-

LVIII makers; turned back, dashing for London, where Sir Leicester, able now to speak with difficulty, and under George's care, made known his perfect confidence in Lady Dedlock; still the pair in the carriage kept on; they went to Chancery Lane; Mr. Wood-

LIX court joined them; piece by piece new evidence came to them, and at last Esther stood by the neglected graveyard where her father lay buried, and there lay her mother, cold and dead, on the ground.

LX When Esther recovered from the sickness that followed, she visited Ada and found her bearing her great misfortune, for Richard was rapidly sinking into Miss Flite's condition, though Allan Woodcourt was everything that a friend could be. Friend

LXI he was to Esther also, and at last could restrain himself no longer and confessed his love to her, and heard from her lips of her betrothal to Mr. Jarndyce. That gentleman appeared

LXII to have nothing now to look forward to except his marriage, when there came to him one morning Inspector Bucket, bringing the fabric of Grandfather Smallweed, and disclosing the fact that the old man, in rummaging through Krook's things, had come upon a document of great interest in the affairs of Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

LXIII George Rouncewell made a journey to his brother's and was received with open arms, but steadily refused to leave the service of Sir Leicester. He wrote also a formal letter to Esther, explaining his connection with her father, who had been

LXIV reported drowned at sea. As for Esther, she found her guardian almost more than human, for before their wedding-day he disclosed his own little plot. He gave her Bleak House, and with it Allan Woodcourt for husband. Guppy the irresolute came again with Jobling to offer his hand, just when another had Esther's.

LXV And now the great case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce came to an end, for the paper which Smallweed had found proved to be a will which settled the whole case. But the costs had eaten up the whole estate, and as the case disappeared, so poor Richard Car

- LXVI stone also disappeared out of this world. For a little longer Sir Leicester Dedlock held funereal state at Chesney Wold, but Esther Woodcourt lived on her happy life at Bleak House.
- LXVII
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INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Badger, Mr. Bayham. A medical practitioner in London, to whom Richard Carstone is articulated. Mr. Badger is noted principally for his enthusiastic admiration of his wife's former husbands; he being the third.

Mr. Bayham Badger . . . was a pink, fresh-faced, crisp-looking gentleman with a weak voice, white teeth, light hair, and surprised eyes,—some years younger, I should say, than Mrs. Bayham Badger. He admired her exceedingly, but principally, and to begin with, on the curious ground (as it seemed to us) of her having had three husbands. We had barely taken our seats, when he said to Mr. Jarndyce, quite triumphantly:—

“You would hardly suppose I was Mrs. Bayham Badger's third!”

“Indeed?” said Mr. Jarndyce.

“Her third,” said Mr. Badger. “Mrs. Bayham Badger has not the appearance, Miss Summerson, of a lady who has had two former husbands?”

I said, “Not at all!”

“And most remarkable men!” said Mr. Badger in a tone of confidence. “Captain Swosser of the Royal Navy, who was Mrs. Badger's first husband, was a very distinguished officer indeed. The name of Professor Dingo, my immediate predecessor, is one of European reputation. . . . Perhaps you may be interested . . . in this portrait of Captain Swosser. . . . I feel when I look at it . . . that's a man I should like to have seen. . . . On the other side, Professor Dingo. I knew him well; attended him in his last illness. A speaking likeness. Over the piano, Mrs. Bayham Badger when Mrs. Swosser; over the sofa, Mrs. Bayham Badger when Mrs. Dingo. Of Mrs. Bayham Badger *in esse*, I possess the original, and have no copy.” xiii, xvii, l.

Badger, Mrs. Bayham. A lady of about fifty, who dresses youthfully, and improves her fine complexion by the use of a little rouge. She is not only the wife of Mr. Badger, but the widow of Captain Swosser of the Royal Navy, and of Professor Dingo, to the loss of whom she has become inured by custom, combined with science,—particularly science. xiii, xvii.

Bagnet, Matthew, called *LIGNUM VITÆ*. An ex-artillery-man, "tall and upright, with shaggy eyebrows, and whiskers like the fibres of a cocoanut, not a hair upon his head, and a torrid complexion." On leaving the service, he goes into "the musical business," and becomes a bassoon-player. Of his wife's judgment he has a very exalted opinion; though he never forgets the apostolic maxim that "the head of the woman is the man." To an old companion-in-arms he says:—

"George! You know me. It's my old girl that advises. She has the head; but I never own to it before her: discipline must be maintained. Wait till the greens is off her mind; then we'll consult. Whatever the old girl says do, do it." xxvii, xxxiv, xlix, liii, lxvi.

Bagnet, Mrs. His wife; a soldierly-looking woman, usually engaged in washing greens.

Mrs. Bagnet is not an ill-looking woman; rather long-boned, a little coarse in the grain, and freckled by the sun and wind, which have tanned her hair upon the forehead, but healthy, wholesome, and bright-eyed. A strong, busy, active, honest-faced woman, of from forty-five to fifty. xxvii, xxxiv, xlix, liii, lv, lxvi.

Bagnet, Malta. Their elder daughter; so called in the family (though not so christened), from the place of her birth in barracks. xxvii, xxxiv, xlix, lxvi.

Bagnet, Quebec. Their younger daughter; so called in the family (though not so christened), from the place of her birth in barracks. xxvii, xxxiv, xlix, lxvi.

Bagnet, Woolwich. Their son; so called in the family (though not so christened), from the place of his birth in barracks. xxvii, xxxiv, xlix.

Barbary, Miss. Aunt and godmother to Esther Summerson.

She was a good, good woman. She went to church three times every Sunday, and to morning prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and to lectures whenever there were lectures; and never missed. She was handsome, and, if she had ever smiled, would have been (I used to think) like an angel; but she never smiled. She was always grave and strict. She was so very good herself, I thought that the badness of other people made her frown all her life. iii.

Blinder, Mrs. A good-natured old woman, with a dropsy, or an asthma, or perhaps both; a friend of the Necketts. xv, xxiii.

Bogsby, James George. Landlord of "The Sol's Arms" tavern. xxxiii.

Boodle, Lord. A friend of Sir Leicester Dedlock's; a man of con-

siderable reputation with his party, and who has known what office is. xii.

Boythorn, Lawrence. A friend of Mr. Jarndyce's; intended as a portrait of Dickens's friend, Walter Savage Landor.

"I went to school with this fellow, Lawrence Boythorn," said Mr. Jarndyce, . . . "more than five and forty years ago. He was then the most impetuous boy in the world, and he is now the most impetuous man; he was then the loudest boy in the world, and he is now the loudest man; he was then the heartiest and sturdiest boy in the world, and he is now the heartiest and sturdiest man. He is a tremendous fellow."

"In stature, sir?" asked Richard.

"Pretty well, Rick, in that respect," said Mr. Jarndyce; "being some ten years older than I, and a couple of inches taller, with his head thrown back like an old soldier, his stalwart chest squared, his hands like a clean blacksmith's, and his lungs!—there's no simile for his lungs. Talking, laughing, or snoring, they make the beams of the house shake. . . . But it's the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood of the man, . . . that I speak of. . . . His language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes; perpetually in the superlative degree. In his condemnation he is all ferocity. You might suppose him to be an ogre from what he says, and I believe he has the reputation of one with some people. There! I tell you no more of him beforehand."

We were sitting round the fire, with no light but the blaze, when the hall-door suddenly burst open, and the hall resounded with these words, uttered with the greatest vehemence, and in a stentorian tone:—

"We have been misdirected, Jarndyce, by a most abandoned ruffian, who told us to take the turning to the right, instead of to the left. He is the most intolerable scoundrel on the face of the earth. His father must have been a most consummate villain ever to have had such a son. I would have that fellow shot without the least remorse!"

"Did he do it on purpose?" Mr. Jarndyce inquired.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the scoundrel has passed his whole existence in misdirecting travellers!" returned the other. "By my soul, I thought him the worst looking dog I had ever beheld, when he was telling me to take the turning to the right. And yet I stood before that fellow face to face, and didn't knock his brains out!" . . .

We all conceived a prepossession in his [Boythorn's] favor; for there was a sterling quality in his laugh, and in his vigorous

healthy voice, and in the roundness and fulness with which he uttered every word he spoke, and in the very fury of his superlatives, which seemed to go off like blank cannons, and hurt nothing. . . . He was not only a very handsome old gentleman, — upright and stalwart, as he had been described to us, — with a massive gray head, a fine composure of face when silent, a figure that might have become corpulent but for his being so continually in earnest that he gave it no rest, and a chin that might have subsided into a double chin but for the vehement emphasis in which it was constantly required to assist; but he was such a true gentleman in his manner, so chivalrously polite, his face was lighted by a smile of so much sweetness and tenderness, and it seemed so plain that he had nothing to hide, but showed himself exactly as he was, . . . that really I could not help looking at him with equal pleasure as he sat at dinner, whether he smilingly conversed with Ada and me, or was led by Mr. Jarn-dyce into some great volley of superlatives, or threw up his head like a bloodhound, and gave out that tremendous “Ha, ha, ha!” ix, xii, xiii, xv, xviii, xxiii, xliii, lxvi.

Bucket, Mr. Inspector. A detective officer, wonderfully patient, persevering, affable, alert, imperturbable, and sagacious; a stoutly-built, steady-looking, sharp-eyed man in black, of about the middle age. The original of this character is supposed to have been Inspector Field of the London police, with whom Mr. Dickens was well acquainted, and whom he has described in the article in “Reprinted Pieces,” entitled “On Duty with Inspector Field.”

Mr. Bucket and his fat forefinger are much in consultation. . . . He puts it to his ears, and it whispers information; he puts it to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy; he rubs it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction. . . . Otherwise mildly studious in his observation of human nature, on the whole, a benignant philosopher not disposed to be severe upon the follies of mankind, Mr. Bucket pervades a vast number of houses, and strolls about an infinity of streets; to outward appearance rather languishing for want of an object. He is in the friendliest condition towards his species, and will drink with most of them. He is free with his money, affable in his manners, innocent in his conversation; but through the placid stream of his life there glides an undercurrent of forefinger. Time and place cannot bind Mr. Bucket. Like man in the abstract, he is here to-day, and gone to-morrow; but, very unlike man indeed, he is here again the next day. xxii, xxiv, xxv, xlix, liii, liv, lvi, lvii, lix, lxi, lxii.

Bucket, Mrs. Wife of Mr. Inspector Bucket; a lady of a natural detective genius, which, if it had been improved by professional exercise, might have done great things, but which has paused at the level of a clever amateur. liii, liv.

Buffey, The Right Honorable William, M. P. A friend of Sir Leicester Dedlock's. xii, xxviii, liii, lviii, lxvi.

Carstone, Richard. A ward of John Jarndyce, and a suitor in Chancery; a handsome young man with an ingenuous face and a most engaging laugh, afterwards married to Ada Clare. Though possessed of more than ordinary talent, and of excellent principles, he yet lacks tenacity of purpose, and becomes successively a student of law, a student of medicine, and a soldier. Ever haunted by the long-pending Chancery suit, and always basing his expenditures and plans on the expectation of a speedy and favorable decision of the case, he at last becomes very restless, leaves the army, and devotes all his energies to the suit. When the case is finally closed, and the whole estate is found to have been swallowed up in costs, the blow proves too much for him, and quickly results in his death. iii-vi, viii, ix, xii, xiv, xvii, xviii, xx, xxiii, xxiv, xxxv, xxxvii, xxxix, xliii, xlv, li, lx, lxi, lxiv, lxv.

Chadband, The Reverend Mr. A large yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general appearance of having a good deal of train-oil in his system.

He is very much embarrassed about the arms, as if they were inconvenient to him, and he wanted to grovel; is very much in a perspiration about the head; and never speaks without first putting up his great hand, as if delivering a token to his hearers that he is going to edify them.

From Mr. Chadband's being much given to describe himself, both verbally and in writing, as a vessel, he is occasionally mistaken by strangers for a gentleman connected with navigation; but he is, as he expresses it, "in the ministry." Mr. Chadband is attached to no particular denomination, and is considered by his persecutors to have nothing so very remarkable to say on the greatest of subjects, as to render his volunteering on his own account, at all incumbent on his conscience; but he has his followers, and Mrs. Snagsby is of the number.

Visiting Mrs. Snagsby's with his wife, one day, he salutes the lady of the house, and her husband, in the following manner, which may serve as a specimen of his usual style of delivering himself:—

"My friends, . . . peace be on this house!—on the master thereof, on the mistress thereof, on the young maidens, and on the young men. My friends, why do I wish for peace? What is peace? Is it war? No. Is it strife? No. Is it lovely and

gentle and beautiful and pleasant and serene and joyful? Oh, yes! Therefore, my friends, I wish for peace on you and yours." xix, xxv, liv.

Chadband, Mrs., *formerly* MRS. RACHAEL. Wife of the Reverend Mr. Chadband; a stern, severe-looking, silent woman. iii, xix, xxv, xxix, liv. *See* RACHAEL, MRS.

Charley. *See* NECKETT, CHARLOTTE.

Chickweed. *See* SMALLWEED, BARTHOLOMEW.

Clare, Ada. A ward of Mr. John Jarndyce, and a friend of Esther Summerson; afterwards wife of Richard Carstone. iii-vi, viii, ix, xiii-xv, xvii, xviii, xxiii, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvii, xliii, xlv, l, li, lix, lx-lxii, lxiv, lxvii.

Coavinses. *See* NECKETT, MR.

Darby. A constable who accompanies Mr. Bucket to Tom-all-Alone's. xxii.

Dedlock, Sir Leicester. Representative of one of the great county families of England.

Sir Leicester Dedlock is only a baronet; but there is no mightier baronet than he. His family is as old as the hills, and infinitely more respectable. He has a general opinion that the world might get on without hills, but would be done up without Dedlocks. . . . He is a gentleman of strict conscience, disdainful of all littleness and meannesses, and ready, on the shortest notice, to die any death you please to mention rather than give occasion for the least impeachment of his integrity. He is an honorable, obstinate, truthful, high-spirited, intensely prejudiced, perfectly unreasonable man.

Sir Leicester is twenty years, full measure, older than my lady. He will never see sixty-five again, nor perhaps sixty-six, nor yet sixty-seven. He has a twist of the gout now and then, and walks a little stiffly. He is of a worthy presence, with his light gray hair and whiskers, his fine shirt-frill, his pure white waistcoat, and his blue coat with bright buttons always buttoned. He is ceremonious, stately, most polite on every occasion to my lady, and holds her personal attractions in the highest estimation. His gallantry to my lady, which has never changed since he courted her, is the one little touch of romantic fancy in him. ii, vii, ix, xii, xvi, xviii, xxviii, xxix, xl, xli, xliii, xlviii, liii-lvi, lviii, lxiii, lxvi.

Dedlock, Lady Honoria. Mother of Esther Summerson by Captain Hawdon, a gay rake, to whom she is engaged, but whom she never marries. She afterwards becomes the wife of Sir Leicester Dedlock, who knows nothing of this portion of her history, but, fascinated by her beauty and wit, marries her solely for love, for

she has not even "family." Being a proud and ambitious woman, she assumes her new position with dignity, and holds it with cold composure, hiding in her heart, however, her disgraceful secret. She flies from home upon the eve of its discovery, and dies miserably, from the combined effects of shame, remorse, and exposure, at the gate of a wretched graveyard, in which the father of her child lies buried, in one of the worst and filthiest portions of London. ii, vii, ix, xii, xvi, xviii, xxviii, xxix, xxxiii, xxxvi, xxxix-xli, xlvi, liii-lviii.

Dedlock, Volumnia. A cousin of Sir Leicester Dedlock's, from whom she has an annual allowance, on which she lives slenderly at Bath, making occasional visits at the country house of her patron. She is a young lady of sixty, of high standing in the city in which she resides, but a little dreaded elsewhere, in consequence of an indiscreet profusion in the article of rouge, and persistency in an obsolete pearl necklace, like a rosary of little bird's-eggs. xxviii, xl, liii, liv, lvi, lviii, lxvi.

Donny, Miss. Proprietor of a boarding-school, called Greenleaf, at Reading, where Esther Summerson spends six years. iii.

Flite, Miss. A half-crazed little old woman, who is a suitor in Chancery, and attends every sitting of the court, expecting judgment in her favor. She tells Esther Summerson:—

"There's a cruel attraction in the place: you can't leave it. And you must expect. . . I have been there many years, and I have noticed. It's the Mace and Seal upon the table."

What could they do, did she think? I mildly asked her.

"Draw," returned Miss Flite,— "draw people on, my dear; draw peace out of them, sense out of them, good looks out of them, good qualities out of them: I have felt them even drawing my rest away in the night. Cold and glittering devils! . . . Let me see," said she. "I'll tell you my own case. Before they ever drew me, before I had ever seen them, — what was it I used to do? Tambourine-playing? No; tambour-work. I and my sister worked at tambour-work. Our father and our brother had a builder's business. We all lived together; ve-ry respectably, my dear! First our father was drawn, — slowly: home was drawn with him. In a few years he was a fierce, sour, angry bankrupt, without a kind word or a kind look for any one. He had been so different, Fitz-Jarndyce! He was drawn to a debtor's prison: there he died. Then our brother was drawn, swiftly, to drunkenness and rags and death. Then my sister was drawn. Hush! Never ask to what! Then I was ill, and in misery, and heard, as I had often heard before, that this was all the work of Chancery. When I got better, I went to look at the monster; and

then I found out how it was, and I was drawn to stay there." iii, v, xi, xiv, xx, xxiv, xxxiii, xxxv, xlv, xlvii, l, lx, lxv.

George. See ROUNCEWELL, GEORGE.

Gridley, Mr., called "THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE." A ruined suitor in Chancery, who periodically appears in court, and breaks out into efforts to address the Chancellor at the close of the day's business, and can by no means be made to understand that the Chancellor is legally ignorant of his existence, after making it desolate for a quarter of a century. He gives Mr. Jarndyce the following account of his case:—

"I am one of two brothers. My father (a farmer) made a will, and left his farm and stock, and so forth, to my mother, for her life. After my mother's death, all was to come to me, except a legacy of three hundred pounds, that I was then to pay my brother. My mother died; my brother, some time afterwards, claimed his legacy. I and some of my relations said that he had had a part of it already, in board and lodging and some other things. Now mind! That was the question, and nothing else. No one disputed the will, no one disputed anything but whether part of that three hundred pounds had been already paid or not. To settle that question, my brother filing a bill, I was obliged to go into this accursed Chancery: I was forced there because the law forced me, and would let me go nowhere else. Seventeen people were made defendants to that simple suit. It first came on after two years. It was then stopped for another two years, while the master (may his head rot off!) inquired whether I was my father's son,—about which there was no dispute at all with any mortal creature. He then found out that there were not defendants enough,—remember, there were only seventeen as yet!—but that we must have another who had been left out, and must begin all over again. The costs at that time—before the thing was begun—were three times the legacy. My brother would have given up the legacy, and joyful, to escape more costs. My whole estate left to me in that will of my father's has gone in costs. The suit, still undecided, has fallen into rack and ruin and despair with everything else; and here I stand this day."

Badgered and worried and tortured by being knocked about from post to pillar and from pillar to post, he gets violent and desperate, threatens the lawyers, and pins the Chancellor like a bull-dog, and is sent to the Fleet over and over again for contempt of court. At last he becomes utterly discouraged and worn out, and suddenly breaks down, and dies in a shooting-gallery, where he is trying to hide from the officers. In the preface to "Bleak House," Mr. Dickens says of this character:—

Everything set forth in these pages concerning the Court of Chancery is substantially true, and within the truth. The case of Gridley is in no essential altered from one of actual occurrence, made public by a disinterested person, who was professionally acquainted with the whole of the monstrous wrong from beginning to end. i, xv, xxiv.

Grubbe, W. Landlord of "The Dedlock Arms," a pleasant-looking, stoutish, middle-aged man, who never seems to consider himself cosily dressed for his own fireside, without his hat and top-boots, but who never wears a coat except at church. xxxvii.

Guppy, Mrs. Mother of William Guppy; a wayward old lady, in a large cap, with rather a red nose and rather an unsteady eye, but always smiling all over. xxxviii, lxiv.

Guppy, William. A lawyer's clerk, in the employ of Kenge and Carboy, Mr. Jarndyce's solicitors; usually spoken of as "the young man of the name of Guppy." He conceives a passion for Esther Summerson, the heroine of the story, and declares his love ("files a declaration," as he phrases it) in a very amusing manner. Though refused, and greatly disappointed, he does not quite despair, and, on taking his leave, tells her:—

"In case you should think better—at any time, however distant, *that's* no consequence, for my feelings can never alter—of anything I have said, particularly what might I not do,—Mr. William Guppy, eighty-seven Penton Place, or if removed or dead (of blighted hopes or anything of that sort), care of Mrs. Guppy, three hundred and two Old Street Road, will be sufficient."

At a later day, on receiving a business call from Miss Summer-son, and discovering that, from the effects of a fever, she has lost her former beauty, he fancies that she has come to hold him to his proposal, and becomes, in consequence, very confused and apprehensive. Although she assures him that such is not the case, he nevertheless asks her to make a full and explicit statement, before a witness, whose name and address he carefully notes with legal precision, that there has never been any engagement, or promise of marriage, between them. iii, iv, vii, ix, xiii, xix, xx, xxiv, xxix, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxviii, xxxix, xliv, liv, lx, lxiii, lxiv.

Guster (*by some supposed to have been christened AUGUSTA*). Maid-servant of the Snagsbys; a lean young woman of some three or four and twenty, subject to fits. Taken originally from the workhouse, she is so afraid of being sent back there, that, except when she is found with her head in the pail, or the sink, or the copper, or the dinner, or anything else that happens to be near at the time of her seizure, she is always at work. x, xi, xix, xxii, xxv, xlii, lix.

Gusher, Mr. A friend of Mrs. Pardiggle's; a flabby gentleman, with a moist surface, and eyes so much too small for his moon of a face, that they seem to have been originally made for somebody else. xv.

Hawdon, Captain. A law-writer who lodges at Mr. Krook's, and gives himself the name of Nemo; formerly a rakish military officer, and a lover of a young lady (afterwards Lady Dedlock), who gives birth to a child (Esther Summerson), of which he is the father. He dies in a garret, and is buried in the Potter's Field (set apart for strangers and paupers), at the gate of which Lady Dedlock is found lying lifeless, after her flight from her husband's house. v, x, xi.

Hortense, Mademoiselle. Lady Dedlock's waiting-woman, and the murderess of Mr. Tulkinghorn; intended as a portrait of a Mrs. Manning, a real murderess.

My lady's maid is a Frenchwoman of two and thirty, from somewhere in the southern country about Avignon and Marseilles, — a large-eyed brown woman with black hair, who would be handsome, but for a certain feline mouth, and general uncomfortable tightness of face, rendering the jaws too eager, and the skull too prominent. There is something indefinably keen and watchful about her anatomy; and she has a watchful way of looking out of the corners of her eyes, without turning her head, which could be pleasantly dispensed with, — especially when she is in an ill-humor, and near knives. xii, xviii, xxii, xxiii, xlii, xlv, liv.

Jarndyce, John. Guardian of Richard Carstone and Ada Clare, and friend and protector of Esther Summerson. He is an unmarried man of about sixty, upright, hearty, and robust, with silvered iron-gray hair; a handsome, lively, quick face, full of change and motion; pleasant eyes; a sudden, abrupt manner; and a very benevolent heart. He affects to be subject to fits of ill-humor, and has a habit of saying, when deceived or disappointed in any person or matter, that "the wind is in the east;" and of taking refuge in his library, which he calls "The Growlery." Mr. Jarndyce is one of the parties in the celebrated Chancery suit of "Jarndyce and Jarndyce." i, iii, vi, viii, ix, xiii–xv, xvii, xviii, xxiii, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxv–xxxvii, xxxix, xliii–xlv, xlvii, l–lii, lvi, lx–lxii, lxiv, lxv, lxvii.

Jellyby, Caroline, called "CADDY." Mrs. Jellyby's eldest daughter, and her amanuensis; a pretty and industrious, but sadly neglected and overworked girl. Becoming heartily disgusted and tired with copying never-ending letters to innumerable correspondents, concerning the welfare of her species, she resolves that she won't be a slave all her life, and accordingly marries Prince

Turveydrop, who makes her very happy. iv, v, xiv, xviii, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lxv, lxvii.

Jellyby, Mrs. A very pretty, very diminutive, plump woman, of from forty to fifty, with handsome eyes, though they have a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off. She is a lady of remarkable strength of character, who has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects, at various times, and especially to the subject of Africa, with a view to the general cultivation of the coffee-berry, *and* the natives, and the happy settlement of a portion of our superabundant home-population in Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger. Her energies are so entirely devoted to this philanthropic project, that she finds no time to consider the happiness or welfare of her own family; and the result is, that her children grow up dirty, ignorant, and uncared-for; her house is disgracefully cold, cheerless, and untidy; and her husband becomes a dejected and miserable bankrupt. iv, v, xix, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lxvii.

Jellyby, Mr. The husband of Mrs. Jellyby; a mild, bald, quiet gentleman in spectacles, who is completely merged in the more shining qualities of his wife. iv, xiv, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lvii.

Jellyby, "Peepy" (so self-named). A neglected and unfortunate son of Mr. and Mrs. Jellyby. iv, v, xiv, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, lxvii.

Jenny. Wife of a drunken brickmaker. viii, xxii, xxxi, xxxv, xlvi, lvii.

Jo, called "TOUGHEY." A street-crossing sweeper. A stranger who has died very suddenly has been seen speaking to Jo, who is brought before the coroner's jury. xi, xvi, xix, xx, xxv, xxix, xxxii, xlvi, xlvii.

Jobling, Tony, otherwise WEEVLE. A friend of Mr. Guppy's, and a law-writer for Mr. Snagsby. "He has the faded appearance of a gentleman in embarrassed circumstances; even his light whiskers droop with something of a shabby air." vii, xx, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxix, liv, lv, lxiv.

Kenge, Mr., called CONVERSATION KENGE. Senior member of the firm of Kenge and Carboy, solicitors; a portly, important-looking gentleman dressed all in black, with a white cravat, large gold watch seals, a pair of gold eye-glasses, and a large seal-ring upon his little finger.

He appeared to enjoy beyond everything the sound of his own voice. I could n't wonder at that; for it was mellow and full, and gave great importance to every word he uttered. He listened to himself with obvious satisfaction, and sometimes gently beat time to his own music with his head, or rounded a sentence with

his hand. iii, iv, xiii, xvii-xx, xxiii, xxiv, xxxvii, xxxix, lxii, lxv.

Krook, Mr. Proprietor of a rag-and-bottle shop, and dealer in marine stores, bones, kitchen-stuff, waste-paper, etc. ; landlord to Miss Flite and Captain Hawdon ; and only brother to Mrs. Smallweed. He is an unmarried man, old, eccentric, and much given to the use of intoxicating drinks. In person he is short, cadaverous, and withered ; with his head sunk sideways between his shoulders, and the breath issuing in visible smoke from his mouth, as if he were on fire within. His only companion is a large gray cat, of a fierce disposition, which is accustomed to perch on his shoulder. With this man, Mr. Weevle (*alias* Jobling) has an appointment for twelve o'clock on a certain night. Going into the room at the hour agreed upon, he finds it full of smoke, the window-panes and furniture covered with a dark, greasy deposit, more of which is discovered lying in a small heap of ashes on the floor before the fire. The explanation is, that Krook has perished, a victim to spontaneous combustion. v, x, xi, xiv, xix, xx, xxix, xxxii.

Liz. A brutal brickmaker's wife. viii, xxii, xxxi, xlv, lvii.

Man from Shropshire, The. See GRIDLEY, MR.

Melvilleson, Miss M. A "noted siren," or vocalist, advertised under that name, though she has been married a year and a half, and has her baby clandestinely conveyed to the Sol's Arms every night to receive its natural nourishment during the entertainments. xxxii, xxxiii, xxxix.

Mercury. A footman in the service of Sir Leicester Dedlock. ii, xvi, xxix, xxxiii, xl, xlviii, liii, liv.

Mooney. A beadle. xi.

Neckett, Charlotte, called CHARLEY. Elder daughter of Mr. Neckett, an officer. She is a womanly, self-reliant girl of about thirteen or fourteen, who, after the death of her father, goes out to work to earn a livelihood for herself and a younger brother and sister. xv, xxi, xxiii, xxx, xxxi, xxxv-xxxvii, xlv, xlv, ii, lxi, lxii, lxiv, lxvii.

Neckett, Emma. Infant daughter of Mr. Neckett. xv, xxiii, lxvii.

Neckett, Mr., called COAVINSES. A sheriff's officer. vi, xv.

Neckett, Tom. Mr. Neckett's only son ; brother to "Charley" and Emma. xv, xxiii, lxvii.

Nemo. See HAWDON, CAPTAIN.

Pardiggle, Mr. O. A., F. R. S. Husband of Mrs. Pardiggle ; an obstinate-looking man, with a large waistcoat and stubbly hair, always talking in a loud bass voice about his mite, or Mrs. Pardiggle's mite, or their five boys' mites. viii, xxx.

Pardiggle, Mrs. One of those charitable people who do little and

- make a great deal of noise. She is a School lady, a Visiting lady, a Reading lady, a Distributing lady, and on the Social Linen Box Committee, and many general committees. viii, xv, xxx.
- Pardiggle, Alfred.** Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged five years. He voluntarily enrolls himself in the "Infant Bonds of Joy," and is pledged never, through life, to use tobacco in any form. viii.
- Pardiggle, Egbert.** Eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged twelve years. He sends out his pocket-money, to the amount of five and threepence, to the Tockahoopo Indians. viii.
- Pardiggle, Felix.** Fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged seven years; contributor of eightpence to the "Superannuated Widows." viii.
- Pardiggle, Francis.** Third son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged nine years; a contributor of one and sixpence half-penny to the "Great National Smithers Testimonial." viii.
- Pardiggle, Oswald.** Second son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged ten and a half. He gives two and ninepence to the "Great National Smithers Testimonial." viii.
- Perkins, Mrs.** An inquisitive woman living near the Sol's Arms: neighbor to Mr. Krook. xi, xx, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxix.
- Piper, Mrs.** A woman who lives near Krook's rag-and-bottle shop, and who leads the court. xi, xx, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxix.
- Priscilla.** Mrs. Jellyby's servant girl; "always drinking." iv, xv.
- Quale, Mr.** A friend of Mrs. Jellyby's; a loquacious young man with large shining knobs for temples, and his hair all brushed to the back of his head. He is a philanthropist, and has a project for teaching the coffee colonists of Borrioboola-Gha to teach the natives to turn piano-forte legs, and establish an export trade. iv, v, xv, xxiii.
- Rachael, Mrs.** Servant to Miss Barbary; afterwards the wife of the Reverend Mr. Chadband.
- Rosa.** Lady Dedlock's maid; a dark-haired, shy village beauty, betrothed to Watt Rouncewell. vii, xii, xvi, xviii, xxviii, xl, xlviii, lxiii.
- Rouncewell, Mrs.** Sir Leicester Dedlock's housekeeper at Chesney Wold; a fine old lady, handsome, stately, and wonderfully neat. vii, xii, xvi, xxviii, xxxiv, xl, li, lv, lvi, lviii.
- Rouncewell, Mr.** Her son; an ironmaster; father of Watt Rouncewell. vii, xxviii, xl, xlviii, lxiii.
- Rouncewell, George, called Mr. GEORGE.** Another son; a wild young lad, who enlists as a soldier, and afterwards becomes keeper of a shooting-gallery in London. vii, xxi, xxiv, xxvi, xxvii, xxxiv, xlvii, xlix, li, lv, lvi, lviii, lxiii, lxvi.

Rouncewell, Watt. Her grandson, betrothed to Rosa. vii, xii, xviii, xxviii, xl, xlviii, lxiii.

Shropshire, The Man from. See GRIDLEY, MR.

Skimpole, Arethusa. Mr. Skimpole's blue-eyed "Beauty" daughter, who plays and sings odds and ends, like her father. xliii.

Skimpole, Harold. A *protégé* of Mr. John Jarndyce's; a sentimentalist, brilliant, vivacious, and engaging, but thoroughly selfish and unprincipled. iv, viii, ix, xv, xviii, xxxi, xxxvii, xliii, xlvi, lvii, lxi.

Skimpole, Mrs. Wife of Harold Skimpole; a delicate, high-nosed invalid, suffering under a complication of disorders. xliii.

Skimpole, Kitty. Mr. Skimpole's "Comedy" daughter, who sings a little, but don't play. xliii.

Skimpole, Laura. Mr. Skimpole's "Sentiment" daughter, who plays a little, but don't sing. xliii.

Smallweed, Bartholomew, *jocularly called* SMALL and CHICK WEED, to express a fledgling, as it were. Grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Smallweed, twin-brother of Judy, and a friend of Mr. William Guppy, from whom he sponges dinners as often as he can.

He is a town-made article, of small stature and weazen features, but may be perceived from a considerable distance by means of his very tall hat. To become a Guppy is the object of his ambition. He dresses at that gentleman (by whom he is patronized), talks at him, walks at him, founds himself entirely on him. . . . He is a weird changeling, to whom years are nothing. He stands precociously possessed by centuries of owlsh wisdom. If he ever lay in a cradle, it seems as if he must have lain there in a tail-coat. He has an old, old eye; . . . and he drinks and smokes in a monkeyish way; and his neck is stiff in his collar; and he is never to be taken in; and he knows all about it, whatever it is. xx, xxi, xxxiii, xxxix, lv, lxiii.

Smallweed, Grandfather. An old man who has been in the "discounting profession," but has become superannuated, and nearly helpless. His mind, however, is unimpaired, and still holds, as well as it ever did, the first four rules of arithmetic, and a certain small collection of the hardest facts. His favorite amusement is to throw at the head of his venerable partner a spare cushion, with which he is provided, whenever she makes an allusion to money, — a subject on which he is particularly sensitive. The exertion this requires has the effect of always throwing him back into his chair like a broken puppet, and makes it necessary that he should undergo the two operations, at the hands

of his granddaughter, of being shaken up like a great bottle, and poked and punched like a great bolster. xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxxiii, xxxiv, liv, lv, lxiii.

Smallweed, Grandmother. His wife ; so far fallen into a childish state as to have regained such infantine graces as a total want of observation, memory, understanding, and interest, and an eternal disposition to fall asleep over the fire, and into it. xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxxiii, xxxiv, lxiii.

Smallweed, Judy. Granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smallweed, and twin-sister of Bartholomew. She is so indubitably his sister, that the two kneaded into one would hardly make a young person of average proportions. xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxxiii, xxxiv, lxiii.

Snagsby, Mr. A law-stationer in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street ; a mild, bald, timid man, tending to meekness and obesity, with a shining head and a scrubby clump of black hair sticking out at the back. Being a timid man, he is accustomed to cough with a variety of expressions, and so to save words. x, xi, xix, xx, xxii, xxv, xxxiii, xlii, xlvii, liv, lix.

Snagsby, Mrs. His wife ; a short shrewish woman, something too violently compressed about the waist, and with a sharp nose, like a sharp autumn evening, inclining to be frosty towards the end.

Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby are not only one bone and one flesh, but, to the neighbors' thinking, one voice too. That voice appearing to proceed from Mrs. Snagsby alone, is heard in Cook's Court very often. . . . Mr. Snagsby refers everything not in the practical mysteries of the business to Mrs. Snagsby. She manages the money, reproaches the tax-gatherers, appoints the times and places of devotion on Sundays, licenses Mr. Snagsby's entertainments, and acknowledges no responsibility as to what she thinks fit to provide for dinner. . . . Rumor, always flying, bat-like, about Cook's Court and skimming in and out at everybody's windows, does say that Mrs. Snagsby is jealous and inquisitive ; and that Mr. Snagsby is sometimes worried out of house and home ; and that, if he had the spirit of a mouse, he wouldn't stand it. x, xi, xix, xx, xxii, xxv, xxxiii, xlii, xlvii, liv, lix.

Squod, Phil. A man employed in Mr. George's shooting-gallery.

He is a little man, with a face all crushed together, who appears, from a certain blue and speckled appearance that one of his cheeks presents, to have been blown up, in the way of business, at some odd time or times. . . . On the speckled side of his face he has no eyebrow, and on the other side he has a bushy black one ; which want of uniformity gives him a very singular and rather sinister appearance. Everything seems to have happened to his hands that could possibly take place, consistently

with the retention of all the fingers; for they are notched and seamed, and crumpled all over. . . . He has a curious way of limping round the gallery with his shoulder against the wall, and tacking off at objects he wants to lay hold of, instead of going straight to them, which has left a smear all round the four walls, conventionally called "Phil's mark." xxi, xxiv, xxvi, xxxiv, xlvii, lvi, lxvi.

Stables, The Honorable Bob. Cousin to Sir Leicester Dedlock. ii, xxviii, xl, lviii.

Summerson, Esther. *Protégée* of Mr. Jarndyce; afterwards the wife of Allan Woodcourt. She is the narrator of a part of the story, and is represented as a prudent, wise little body, a notable housewife, a self-denying friend, and a universal favorite. She proves to be an illegitimate daughter of Lady Dedlock and Captain Hawdon. According to Doctor Shelton Mackenzie (*Life of Dickens*, p. 203), this character is supposed to have been drawn from real life, and to have been intended as a portrait of Miss Sophia Iselin, author of a volume of poems published in 1847. iii-vi, viii, ix, xiii-xv, xvii-xix, xxiii, xxiv, xxix-xxxi, xxxv-xxxviii, xliii-xlv, xlvii, l-liv, liv, lvi, lvii, lix-lxv, lxvii.

Swills, Little. A red-faced comic vocalist engaged at the Harmonic meetings at the Sol's Arms. xi, xix, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxix.

Tangle, Mr. A lawyer, who knows more about the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce than anybody, and is supposed never to have read anything else since he left school. i.

Thomas. Sir Leicester Dedlock's groom. xl.

Toughey. *See* Jo.

Tulkinghorn, Mr. An attorney-at-law, and a solicitor of the Court of Chancery, who is the legal adviser of Sir Leicester Dedlock.

The old gentleman is rusty to look at, but is reputed to have made good thrift out of aristocratic marriage-settlements and aristocratic wills, and to be very rich. He is surrounded by a mysterious halo of family confidences, of which he is known to be the silent depositary. . . . He is of what is called the old school,—a phrase generally meaning any school that seems never to have been young,—and wears knee-breeches tied with ribbons, and gaiters or stockings. One peculiarity of his black clothes and of his black stockings, be they silk or worsted, is, that they never shine. Mute, close, irresponsive to any glancing light, his dress is like himself. He never converses when not professionally consulted. He is found sometimes, speechless, but quite at home, at corners of dinner-tables in great country-houses, and near doors of drawing-rooms, concerning which the fashionable intelligence is eloquent, where everybody knows him, and where

half the peerage stops to say, "How do you do, Mr. Tulkinghorn?" He receives these salutations with gravity, and buries them along with the rest of his knowledge.

Becoming acquainted with the early history of Lady Dedlock, he quietly informs her of the fact, and of his intention to reveal it to her husband, which causes her to flee from home, and results in her death. Shortly after this disclosure, he is murdered in his room by a French waiting-maid, whom he has made use of to discover certain family secrets, and whom he refuses to reward to the amount she desires. ii, vii, x-xii, xv, xvi, xxii, xxiv, xxvii, xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv, xxxvi, xl-xlii, xliv, xlvii, xlviii.

Turveydrop, Mr. "A very gentlemanly man, celebrated almost everywhere for his deportment."

He was a fat old gentleman with a false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and a wig. He had a fur collar, and he had a padded breast to his coat, which only wanted a star, or a broad blue ribbon, to be complete. He was pinched in, and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down, as much as he could possibly bear. He had such a neckcloth on (puffing his very eyes out of their natural shape), and his chin and even his ears so sunk into it, that it seemed as though he must inevitably double up, if it were cast loose. He had under his arm a hat of great size and weight, shelving downward from the crown to the brim; and in his hand a pair of white gloves, with which he flapped it, as he stood poised on one leg, in a high-shouldered, round-elbowed state of elegance not to be surpassed. He had a cane, he had an eye-glass, he had rings, he had wristbands, he had everything but any touch of nature. He was not like youth, he was not like age: he was like nothing in the world but a model of deportment.

He had married a meek little dancing-mistress, with a tolerable connection (having never in his life before done anything but deport himself), and had worked her to death, or had, at the best, suffered her to work herself to death, to maintain him in those expenses which were indispensable to his position. At once to exhibit his Deportment to the best models, and to keep the best models constantly before himself, he had found it necessary to frequent all public places of fashionable and lounging resort, to be seen at Brighton and elsewhere at fashionable times, and to lead an idle life in the very best clothes. To enable him to do this, the affectionate little dancing-mistress had toiled and labored, and would have toiled and labored to that hour, if her strength had lasted so long. For, . . . in spite of the man's absorbing selfishness, his wife (overpowered by his Deportment) had, to the last, believed in him, and had, on her death-bed, in the most mov-

ing terms, confided him to their son as one who had an inextinguishable claim upon him, and whom he could never regard with too much pride and deference. The son, inheriting his mother's belief, and having the Deportment always before him, had lived and grown in the same faith, and now, at thirty years of age, worked for his father twelve hours a day, and looked up to him with veneration on the old imaginary pinnacle. xiv, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lvii.

Turveydrop, Prince. His son; so named in remembrance of the Prince Regent, whom Mr. Turveydrop the elder adored on account of his deportment. He is a little, blue-eyed, fair man, of youthful appearance, with flaxen hair parted in the middle, and curling at the ends all round his head. He marries Miss Caddy Jellyby. xiv, xvii, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lvii.

Vholes, Mr. Richard Carstone's solicitor; a man who is always "putting his shoulder to the wheel," without any visible results, and is continually referring to the fact that he is a widower, with three daughters and an aged father in the Vale of Taunton, who are dependent on him for their support. xxxvii, xxxix, xlv, li, lxi, lxii, lxv.

Weevle, Mr. See JOBLING, TONY.

Wisk, Miss. A friend of Mrs. Jellyby's, betrothed to Mr. Quale. Her "mission" is to show the world that woman's mission is man's mission, and that the only genuine mission of both man and woman is to be always moving declaratory resolutions about things in general at public meetings. xxx.

Woodcourt, Allan. A young surgeon, who afterwards marries Esther Summerson. xi, xiii, xiv, xvii, xxx, xxxv, xlvi, xlvii, l-lii, lix-lxi, lxiv, lxv, lxvii.

Woodcourt, Mrs. His mother; a handsome old lady, small, sharp, upright, and trim, with bright black eyes; very proud of her descent from an illustrious Welsh ancestor, named Morgan-ap-Kerrig. xvii, xxx, lx, lxii, lxiv.

LITTLE DORRIT

OUTLINE

BOOK THE FIRST: POVERTY

Chapter In a jail in Marseilles two prisoners were awaiting trial.

I One, short and thickset in person, and good-natured of face, was a smuggler, and shut up by the police because his papers were wrong; the other, tall, insolent, domineering, and calling himself M. Rigaud, was waiting to be tried for the murder of his wife.

II At the same time there were in quarantine at Marseilles some English travellers, notably Mr. Arthur Clennam, Mr. Meagles and his family, and a Miss Wade. The latter kept herself apart, and, except that she exercised a strange power over Miss Meagles's maid, Tattycoram, repulsed all intercourse with the other travellers. Mr. and Mrs. Meagles and their daughter were "practical people," as Mr. Meagles phrased it, and did what good in the world they could find to do. Tattycoram was an instance of their large-heartedness. She was a foundling, befriended and educated by Mr. Meagles, but who yet found the kindness of her benefactor wounding to her pride, wherein lay Miss Wade's baleful influence. The other member of the party, Arthur Clennam, was just returning from China, after being there twenty years in business with his father. The latter had recently died, and Arthur was returning to London, where his mother managed the home branch of the House of Clennam.

III Not many days after the travellers had been dismissed from quarantine at Marseilles, Arthur Clennam reached his old home in London. It was an ancient, musty house, so near ruin that it had had to be propped up by heavy beams, which in their turn were rotting. Yet Mrs. Clennam, who was a paralytic and confined to her room, lived there with two old servants, and there conducted business. For she was a woman of extraordinary force of character, and had always ruled her husband from the time of her marriage. All of this Arthur felt when he entered his mother's room with Jeremiah, his mother's right-hand man, and it was all forced upon him anew with Mrs. Clennam's coldly austere greeting. He felt again the lack of love that there had been between his

father and mother ; all the repressive influence that had shorn his life of its youth ; all the vindictiveness, so mingled with piety that his mother boasted herself a special instrument in the hands of God for the punishment of her own and His enemies. Both of them felt that his home-coming could draw them no closer together than they had been ; that their differing temperaments would continue to keep them apart.

IV The night of Arthur Clennam's arrival witnessed a strange scene. When Jeremiah thought every one asleep in the house, he gave into the charge of his brother an iron box containing papers that Mrs. Clennam wished destroyed. But Jeremiah's wife, Affery, saw the transaction and long remembered it.

V Next morning Arthur and his mother met for a business conference, in which Arthur incurred his mother's displeasure for two things, — for giving up his part in the business, and for telling her of his suspicions that his father had died unhappy in some great wrong committed. So wrathful did she become at his suspicions that she threatened to curse him from her sight if ever he alluded to them again. But she did not lull his doubts : they were confirmed from day to day by the sight of a shy little woman who visited his mother sometimes as seamstress, sometimes as friend, but always as dependent. He shrewdly guessed that in her own hard way his mother was endeavoring to make reparation for wrong done in some way to Little Dorrit — the name of the shy little seamstress.

VI Now the story of Little Dorrit was a pathetic one. Years before Arthur Clennam's return from China, her father had been imprisoned in the Marshalsea for debt. Soon after VII this happened Little Dorrit was born within the prison walls. There was another daughter and a son in the Dorrit family, both older than the child of the Marshalsea, but as the years rolled on and she grew up, Little Dorrit gradually came to be the stay of them all. Her mother had died, so upon her devolved the planning and contriving for her irresolute father, her shallow sister, and her shiftless brother. Mr. Dorrit came to be the oldest inhabitant of the prison — the Father of the Marshalsea — and as such to receive gifts in money, taking them as his due ; but his real support came from the planning and work of Little Dorrit.

VIII So strong had Arthur Clennam's interest grown, as he saw Little Dorrit from day to day at his mother's house, that he finally resolved to find out where she lived, that he might more effectually help her. Accordingly he followed her one day to the Marshalsea prison, where he gained admission, and where he was presented, as all visitors of a certain distinction were presented, to Mr.

Dorrit. That vain old gentleman received Arthur with all the pathetic dignity gained from long experience as the Father of the Marshalsea, and obtained from him the usual "Testimonial" left by visitors. Her father's manner of begging for the gift troubled Little Dorrit very much, chiefly because she feared that Arthur would misjudge her father by it. But the thought that Arthur Clennam carried away from the visit was not so much of Mr. Dorrit's vanity and lack of pride, as of Little Dorrit's unselfishness and modest care for her family; and above all, of the reparation for some unknown wrong done them that he was coming to believe in more and more as due from him.

IX The next day, accordingly, he saw Little Dorrit again and made proffer of his help. He learned nothing from her in confirmation of his suspicion that her father had suffered wrong at the hands of his father, but he learned further of her gentle strength of character. One clue she gave him to the cause of

X her father's imprisonment, and to follow that up he endeavored to meet Mr. Tite Barnacle of the Circumlocution Office. But although he saw Mr. Barnacle after many delays, his efforts in Mr. Dorrit's behalf with the Office for the Obstruction of Government proved unavailing. His visits at that office, however, led to one good thing at least, — an acquaintance with Mr. Daniel Doyce, inventor, and luckless suitor for the attention of the government.

XI It was some time after the smuggler and the murderer were awaiting trial in the Marseilles jail, when a solitary man, bedraggled and footsore, toiled along the road to Chalons. It was Rigaud, who had escaped conviction at Marseilles, and was fleeing now from the wrath of the people.

XII Mr. Doyce's manufactory was at one end of Bleeding Heart Yard, where the Plornishes, friends of the Dorrits, lived. In pursuance of his plan for helping the Dorrits and for discovering the reason for Little Dorrit's dependence upon his mother, Clennam went to see the Plornishes. They were poor people, as were all the tenants at Bleeding Heart Yard, but he found them ready to do all they could for Little Dorrit. They told him how Little Dorrit came to be employed by Mrs. Clennam through their landlord, Mr. Casby; and Plornish himself readily undertook to help Clennam settle secretly the debt for which Little Dorrit's brother was confined in the Marshalsea.

XIII Mr. Casby's name awakened a train of recollection in Clennam's mind. When hardly more than a boy he had fallen in love with Flora Casby, and would have married her if his mother had not interfered. In the years that had intervened, however, he had not forgotten his old ideal, so that it was with a good

deal of curiosity and interest that he called at the Casbys'. He was ushered in to Mr. Casby, whom he found patriarchal and benevolent-looking as of old, but uncommunicative. He would say nothing definite about Little Dorrit. Flora, Arthur found, had become a fat, florid, and foolish widow, but good-hearted withal, who had hopes still that "the broken chain that once had bound them" might be repaired.

"Oh good gracious me I hope you never kept yourself a bachelor so long on my account!" tittered Flora; "but of course you never did why should you, pray don't answer, I don't know where I'm running to, oh do tell me something about the Chinese ladies whether their eyes are really so long and narrow always putting me in mind of mother-of-pearl fish at cards and do they really wear tails down their back, and plaited too or is it only the men, and when they pull their hair so very tight off their foreheads don't they hurt themselves, and why do they stick little bells all over their bridges and temples and hats and things or don't they really do it!" Flora gave him another of her old glances. Instantly she went on again, as if he had spoken in reply for some time:—

"Then it's all true and they really do! good gracious Arthur!—pray excuse me—old habit—Mr. Clennam far more proper—what a country to live in for so long a time, and with so many lanterns and umbrellas too how very dark and wet the climate ought to be and no doubt actually is, and the sums of money that must be made by those two trades where everybody carries them and hangs them everywhere, the little shoes too and the feet screwed back in infancy is quite surprising, what a traveller you are!"

In this ridiculous distress, Clennam received another of the old glances, without in the least knowing what to do with it.

"Dear dear," said Flora, "only to think of the changes at home Arthur—cannot overcome it, seems so natural, Mr. Clennam far more proper—since you became familiar with the Chinese customs and language which I am persuaded you speak like a native if not better for you were always quick and clever though immensely difficult no doubt, I am sure the tea-chests alone would kill *me* if I tried, such changes Arthur—I am doing it again, seems so natural, most improper—as no one could have believed, who could have ever imagined Mrs. Finching when I can't imagine it myself!"

"Is that your married name?" asked Arthur, struck, in the midst of all this, by a certain warmth of heart that expressed itself in her tone when she referred, however oddly, to the youth-

ful relation in which they had stood to one another. "Finching?"

"Finching oh yes, is n't it a dreadful name, but as Mr. F. said when he proposed to me which he did seven times and handsomely consented I must say to be what he used to call on liking twelve months after all, he was n't answerable for it and could n't help it could he, excellent man, not at all like you but excellent man!"

His old ideal in her shattered, he found his interest in the call centring in Mr. Casby's agent, Mr. Pancks, whose hobby was "advertisements relative to next of kin."

XIV Late that night, after Clennam had returned to his lodgings, Little Dorrit knocked at his door. She had come to tell him that her brother was again at large through the kindness of some one whom it grieved her that she might never thank, as he withheld his name. But he comforted her as best he might, saying that whoever had done her brother the kindness would find his reward in the deed. Then she begged him not to encourage her father in his prideless asking for help by giving him money; for, as she sadly explained, she wished Clennam to think as well as he could of her father.

XV In the mean time, things were not going altogether smoothly between Mrs. Clennam and her trusted servant Jeremiah Flintwinch. For one evening the latter took his mistress to task for not clearing her husband of the doubts that Arthur had of him, and for taking refuge in Arthur's suspicion of the dead. The object Jeremiah had in his reproaches was chiefly to assert himself and to try his power over Mrs. Clennam. The result was to disclose a part of the secret they held between them, for Affery, Jeremiah's wife, overheard their quarrel.

XVI The time came for Arthur Clennam to fulfil a promise to visit Mr. Meagles at his home. Accordingly he paid the visit with Mr. Doyce, who was a common friend of Mr. Meagles and himself. The Meagles cottage was a very delightful one, and as charming as the Meagles family. With "Pet," the daughter of the house, Arthur began to fall in love, when he became aware of a rival in the field. This was Mr. Henry Gowan, relative of the Barnacles of the Circumlocution Office. Too poor to live on his means, he had turned half-heartedly to painting, for which he had some talent. He was, on the whole, a cynically disagreeable fellow, and Pet's liking for him grieved her parents deeply.

XVII Little Dorrit had not attained her twenty-second birthday without finding a lover. He was young John Chivery, son of the turnkey of the Marshalsea prison. He had paid his

court for long before he spoke to her, though in a shy and not very hopeful way. Every Sunday he presented Mr. Dorrit with cigars and received patronage in turn. Little by little he felt encouraged, and at last tried to tell Little Dorrit of his love. But she, with kindly tact, made him understand that she could not love him

XIX in the way he wished. Poor John was so crushed by her refusal that his dejection caused his parents much anxiety. This had the effect of roughening the turnkey's manner towards Mr. Dorrit, and the latter in turn became querulous with Little Dorrit, to whom he owed so much. But she only felt his unkindness as the blight that the years of imprisonment had put upon him.

XX In the mean while Little Dorrit's sister Fanny was looking out, as she expressed it, for the interests of the family in Society. She was a professional dancer, and happened to attract the attention of Mr. Edward Sparkler, a gilded young fool. Now Fanny, in spite of her vanity, was clever, and so managed the affair as to bring Mr. Sparkler's mother, Mrs. Merdle, to beg her to send that foolish youth about his business, — a thing which Fanny was perfectly willing to do.

XXI Mrs. Merdle was a high priestess of Society, partly by virtue of her birth, partly by virtue of her presence, chiefly by virtue of her husband's wealth. For Mr. Merdle was a financial giant, and seemed in the eyes of Society to personify the business energy of the nation. Before his wealth, accordingly, Society bowed.

XXII Now Arthur Clennam's compliance with Little Dorrit's request that he should not encourage her father to beg "Testimonials" of him, brought him into disfavor with the Father of the Marshalsea. The latter still was not above asking by letter for a loan from Arthur, however, and gave his I. O. U. for it with as much dignity as if he expected to be able to repay the money. But all this was a great trial to Little Dorrit, who found cause in her heart to be peculiarly sensitive to Arthur's kindness.

XXIII Arthur Clennam, by this time, had entered into partnership with Mr. Doyce, the inventor. But in the midst of his new business cares, he thought much over the problem concerning his mother's patronage of Little Dorrit. To his surprise he found one day that Mr. Pancks was interested in the Dorrits, too, and the latter and he made a bargain to help each other in forwarding Little Dorrit's welfare.

XXIV Through Arthur Clennam, Little Dorrit gained another friend in Mrs. Finching, whom he had loved when she was Flora Casby. In the goodness of her heart Flora gave Little Dor-

rit work to do, and in her folly told the Child of the Marshalsea of Arthur's boyish love, intimating at the same time that it still continued. And by so doing she caused Little Dorrit great sorrow, for the latter had come to love Arthur herself.

Mr. Pancks, at this time, began to give Little Dorrit mysterious hints, of which she could make nothing but that he was friendly toward her. In reality, Mr. Pancks was on the track of something of great importance to the Dorrits — something that involved careful examination of certain family records, tombstones, and the like.

XXV Arthur Clennam's state of mind in regard to Miss Meagles was not peaceful, especially as he learned from time to time of the progress of Mr. Henry Gowan's courtship. For Gowan had won Pet's love, to the grief of her parents, and the only thing in the way of their marriage was the objection of Mr. Meagles. In

XXVII the midst of all this, a new cause for distress came upon the Meagles household. Tattycoram ran away in a fit of rage at what she called their neglect of her. She had been in correspondence with the taciturn Miss Wade ever since meeting her at Marseilles, and the effect of the acquaintance was her running away from her benefactors. By dint of much seeking over London, Mr. Meagles and Clennam found her and Miss Wade together, but by no kind persuasion could they get Tattycoram to return.

XXVIII Soon after this occurrence Clennam went to visit at the Meagles's cottage, and there learned of the hopelessness of his case with Miss Meagles. It was Pet herself who told him of her engagement to Henry Gowan, and who begged him to help her father to bear the disappointment of her choice, — a thing which he readily promised, and tried to fulfil.

XXIX Once more Affery Flintwinch was eavesdropper to something unusual on the part of her mistress. This time she overheard Mrs. Clennam ask Little Dorrit some questions which afterwards proved to be very significant. They related to Little Dorrit's poverty, and the privations she suffered, and Mrs. Clennam seemed to find relief in Little Dorrit's uncomplaining answers.

Scarcely had Little Dorrit left Mrs. Clennam when a stranger appeared asking to see her. He was tall and foreign-looking, with a sinister smile and glittering eyes. It was M. Rigaud, under the name of Blandois, and he had important business to transact with the house of Clennam and Company. What his business was he did not state at his first call upon Mrs. Clennam, and, on the whole, he had the air of a man looking carefully over ground and probing characters with an end in view.

XXXI In spite of their misfortunes, the Dorrits were a proud family, with the exception of their main stay and support,

Little Dorrit, and had developed a tradition of gentility in spite of untoward circumstances. It was a sore affliction to the spirit of her father and brother and sister, for instance, to see Little Dorrit publicly care for an old pauper friend; while the vanities attendant upon Mr. Dorrit's assumption of dignity as Father of the Marshalsea were dear to their hearts. Even Arthur Clennam was disliked by Fanny and her brother, and would have been disliked by Mr. Dorrit, if the latter had not been so largely dependent upon him.

XXXII This made no difference to Clennam, however, for his kindness was altogether for the sake of Little Dorrit, though influenced by the suspicion that reparation was due them all from his family.

In the mean while, keeping his compact with Arthur in mind, Pancks had been at work following a clue through records of various sorts, with the result that he found the good fortune for Little Dorrit that she so richly deserved.

XXXIII It was not until Mr. Meagles gave his consent to his daughter's marriage with Henry Gowan that the latter's family, in the person of his mother, agreed upon its part. For it was a fiction pleasant to Mrs. Gowan's mind, that her son, while bettering himself in means by the marriage, was condescending socially, and that, for that reason, as she explained to Mrs. Merdle, Society's high priestess, she had given her consent reluctantly.

XXXIV Pleasing as the marriage was to her, however, it was the reverse to Mr. Meagles and his wife, in spite of the grandeur and ceremony lent the occasion by the presence of the Circumlocution Office Barnacles in force.

XXXV The good fortune that Mr. Pancks had discovered for Little Dorrit was that her father was heir at law to a great estate that had long lain unknown of, unclaimed, and accumulating. Mr. Pancks made Arthur the bearer of his news to Little Dorrit, whose sole thought upon receiving it was for her father. To the latter it came with pathetic effect, tending to increase his vanity and the feeling of false pride that had developed in him with his years of imprisonment.

XXXVI The exit of the Dorrit family from the Marshalsea was very characteristic of its members. Mr. Dorrit had greatly increased his dignity of carriage, and walked out at the gate with great show of state. Fanny and Edward were already impatient of their familiar surroundings, and burning to put time and space between themselves and the prison taint. All but Little Dorrit had reached the carriage that was to bear them away, before they missed her. Then she was carried to them in Arthur Clennam's arms. He had found her in a swoon in her old garret room.

BOOK THE SECOND: RICHES

XXXVII Not long after the accession of the Dorrit family to its good fortune, some travellers came together upon the Great Saint Bernard in Switzerland. They were all on their way to Italy, and one party at least had climbed the mountain because it was one of the places that was talked about. That was Mr. Dorrit's party, consisting chiefly of his daughters, his son, a Mrs. General, and himself. Among the other travellers was an English lady, to whom Little Dorrit and her sister had the opportunity of being kind, and who proved to be Mrs. Henry Gowan. She was travelling with her husband to Italy, where the latter was to study and paint. With them was a new acquaintance of Mr. Gowan, who was no other than Blandois. The Mrs. General who was registered XXXVIII with the Dorrit party was one of the advantages of their recently acquired wealth, gained for the purpose of "forming" the Misses Dorrit.

XXXIX Among the disadvantages brought into relief by their wealth was the fact that Little Dorrit was not so "presentable" as the others. To her their wealth and all it brought seemed unreal; and she did not fill, with her simple nature, her enlarged conditions to the satisfaction of her family. Her simple kindness in helping others gave her father and sister great offence, as it had done in the old prison days. She was never consulted about the route or the family doings; and when they settled down in a Venetian palace for a period, she was left more than ever to herself. All this, as she wrote to Arthur Clennam, made her long sometimes for

XL old faces and old surroundings and her old work. Now, and she wrote this uncomplainingly, even her natural impulses toward little affectionate acts were repressed. In fact, none of the

XLI Dorrit family were happy in their altered circumstances. They were oppressed by their wealth and the position they sought to maintain, and hampered by shame of the old prison life.

XLII In Venice appeared Mr. Sparkler, the foolish youth who had made love to Fanny when she was a dancer, and who began immediately to show signs of renewing his attentions. Because of his knowledge of the Gowans, who had also come to Venice, the Dorrits decided to cultivate the artist and his wife, whom they found living in out-of-the-way lodgings, and still attended by Blandois.

XLIII And now new causes for discomfort began to harass members of the Dorrit family. Fanny began to think that her father was treating Mrs. General with more than ordinary consideration, and to draw conclusions from so doing that troubled her.

Little Dorrit, on her part, was pained by the insincere way in which Fanny treated Mr. Sparkler, who had become thoroughly enslaved.

In due course of time the family went on to Rome, where their social advancement was still greater than it had been in Venice, and when they renewed the acquaintance with Mrs. Merdle, — not upon the foundation laid in Fanny's dancing days, however.

XLIV Back in England, in the mean time, the Dowager Mrs. Gowan was asserting herself and her attitude toward her son's marriage so unpleasantly as to cause Mr. and Mrs. Meagles grave doubts as to their daughter's happiness. Accordingly they

XLV determined to go to her in Italy, leaving Clennam with the duty of occasionally visiting their house for the sake of putting life into it. Upon one such visit Arthur learned that Tattycoram had been seen near the house, but had vanished from the neighborhood when search was made for her.

Not long after, he came upon her himself in London, upon the arm of an evil-looking foreigner. Arthur immediately followed them until they met with Miss Wade, when he learned (without being seen himself) that the foreigner was employed in some service for that strange woman. When the foreigner went his way alone, Clennam followed Miss Wade and her companion, and saw them admitted, to his great surprise, at Mr. Casby's house. Entering there himself, he was detained so long by Flora's foolishness, that when he saw Mr. Casby, the latter's visitors had gone; nor could Arthur learn anything of them from Mr. Casby.

XLVI A few days later Arthur came upon the same foreigner at his mother's house whom he had seen with Miss Wade and Tattycoram. They entered together, and Arthur was surprised, not only at the foreigner's insolent manner, but at his mother's reception of Mr. Blandois, as she called him. It was with misgivings that he left the stranger, at his mother's request, alone with her and Flintwinch.

XLVII At this time a letter from Little Dorrit informed Arthur of the state of things with the Gowan, — how Mr. Gowan fell short of his duty to his wife, of his cynical, half-hearted way of pursuing his profession, and of the unpleasantness between Mr. Meagles and his son-in-law. But of herself, Little Dorrit could write that she was improving under Mrs. General's teaching.

XLVIII In response to his wife's request and by means of his wealth, Mr. Merdle obtained for his step-son a position in the Circumlocution Office. Mr. Merdle's influence was not

XLIX confined to that notable institution, however. In a very subtle way he was encouraging a spirit in business enterprise that was spreading like an epidemic. This was the spirit of speculation,

which was influencing rich and poor alike, and which was fostered by a general belief in the safety of the Merdle enterprises. Mr. Pancks had invested with Merdle, and tried to influence Arthur to do likewise.

L In the mean time Mr. Sparkler was being promoted at Rome by being gradually advanced in the favor of Fanny, until he occupied the position of her lover. Fanny did not accept him until after a long period of trial, and then it was more for the furthering of ends of her own than for love that she did so. To

LI every one, excepting Little Dorrit, whose loving heart had received so much of Fanny's confidence that she feared the results of the marriage, the engagement was entirely satisfactory. Through a winter in Rome, then, it lasted, and in the spring the marriage occurred.

LII Mr. Dorrit accompanied the newly married pair back to England. His object was to consult with the great Mr. Merdle upon the subject of placing his money. He found the great man eager to advise him on the matter, and followed the advice by investing his wealth in one of Mr. Merdle's "own things."

LIII Just two days before the time set for his return to Rome, a hand-bill was brought to Mr. Dorrit's notice setting forth the disappearance of Mr. Blandois, last seen at the house of Clennam and Company. For some whimsical reason, Mr. Dorrit determined to see Mrs. Clennam for the purpose of gaining what information she could give him concerning the disappearance, in order that he might carry some definite news of it to Henry Gowan. He found that the disappearance had caused Mrs. Clennam considerable annoyance, and that her decaying house was under close surveillance, but he learned nothing more than the hand-bill had told him.

LIV The day of his departure from London, Mr. Dorrit received a great shock in the shape of a call from the Marshal-sea turnkey's son, who violently recalled to mind the old prison days. In fact, Mr. Dorrit did not breathe freely again until he had crossed the Channel, so greatly did the visit of the turnkey's son oppress him. Once in France, however, he began building an air-castle of vast proportions, which only wanted realization until he returned to Rome. Arriving there late at night, he became queru-

LV lous at finding himself unexpected. The next day he was not well, although he held a pointed conversation with Mrs. General relative to his castle in the air, the plan of which was no less than making her Mrs. Dorrit. That evening Little Dorrit and he dined at Mrs. Merdle's, where a sad thing happened. He rose suddenly at the end of the dinner, and made a speech after his old prison fashion, believing himself to be once more the Father of

the Marshalsea. With difficulty his daughter got him home, where he died very shortly.

LVI Arthur Clennam was worried over the disappearance of Blandois in so inexplicable a manner from his mother's house. Obtaining from Pancks, who had found it accidentally among Mr. Casby's papers, the address of Miss Wade, he set out to learn from her, if he could, the missing man's whereabouts. In Calais he found that mysterious woman, and learned that aside from some employment she had given Blandois, she knew nothing of him. Incidentally, however, he learned from Miss Wade of her hatred of Henry Gowan and his wife, and had a chance to observe the unhappiness of Tattycoram with her mysterious friend. The latter, to show him how intense her hatred was, gave him an account of herself in which she had set down the story of her life. It

LVII told how she was a foundling like Tattycoram, and how from early childhood she had been of a jealous, exacting temper that continually misunderstood kindnesses done for her; how she had been loved and engaged to be married, and how the engagement was broken, partly through her unfortunate temper, partly through Henry Gowan; how she had grown to love Gowan until he turned from her to the girl he married, and how Pet then, as well as he, had incurred her hatred; and finally how she had won Tattycoram away from the Meagles household because she was of a temper and condition similar to her own.

LVIII By chance Clennam discovered that a workman of his had knowledge of Blandois through being imprisoned with him once in Marseilles, and that this workman, Cavaletto by name, was eager to search out the whereabouts of the missing man.

LIX Arthur's distress of mind was increased upon learning from Cavaletto that Blandois was a murderer, so that he determined to tell his mother what he knew, in the hope of gaining her confidence in turn. All his good intention was turned against him by Mrs. Clennam's perversity, however, although his conviction strengthened that something was very wrong, and that his mother was hiding it from him. Before he left the house he contrived to get speech with Affery, and to make her promise to tell what she knew of the wrong when he proved himself a match for her husband and her mistress.

LX For a long while Mr. Merdle had had a complaint, though his physician could not make anything out of it. He was suffering from it one day — it had been a long, long day for Fanny — when he called upon Mrs. Sparkler to borrow a penknife.

LXI Late that night his physician was called to some baths in his neighborhood, where it had happened that the great finar

cier had bled himself to death. A note, addressed to the physician, was found which stated the nature of the complaint under which Mr. Merdle had labored so long. It was simply forgery and robbery, and with his death came a tremendous crash in the business world. The crash involved Mr. Pancks and Arthur Clennam, whom he had persuaded to invest in one of Merdle's "safe things." Unfortunately, Arthur had involved his partner, Mr. Doyce, in the ruin, but he honorably tried to assume all the consequences, as well as all the blame, himself. The result was that he had to go to prison, to the Marshalsea, where the turnkey, remembering him as a visitor of old, gave him Mr. Dorrit's old room.

LXII With a good deal of emotion Clennam took up his quarters in the jail, — emotion due not only to old association, but to the kindness of the turnkey's son, John. Now John had a curious manner toward Arthur; it was half-belligerent, half-conciliatory, and turned out to be strangely compounded of a sense of his own unworthiness, of Arthur's obtuseness, and of Little Dorrit's transcendent worth. For John had perceived, with the sensitiveness of a lover, that the object of his love, Little Dorrit, was in love with Arthur. The knowledge came like a blow to the latter.

LXIII As time passed, Clennam began to feel the effects of imprisonment and of worry over the ruin he had brought upon his partner. His peace of mind was still further shattered by a visit one day from Pancks and Cavaletto, who brought the missing Blandois with them. Blandois came with all the insolent swagger of an acknowledged villain. Upon learning why Clennam wished him, he explained his disappearance, saying that he had hoped by means of it to compel Mrs. Clennam and her partner Jeremiah to come to his terms in purchasing something of him. As his plans had been interfered with, he proposed bringing his business to a conclusion immediately, and accordingly he wrote to Mrs. Clennam, appointing a day for conference, which she accepted.

LXIV As the days dragged on toward the one appointed for the conference at which he might not be present, Arthur grew weaker and more despondent. One day he lay in a half stupor, when the door opened and Little Dorrit appeared in the worn dress of the prison days. She had come to make offer of help, to ask him to use what he needed of her wealth to satisfy his creditors. But he would not avail himself of her kindness, knowing the love she bore him and feeling love for her in his heart.

LXV At last the appointed day came, and Blandois, Affery, Jeremiah, and Mrs. Clennam each told a portion of the disclosures made. Among them they told the story of the House of Clennam, and it ran in this wise. Arthur's father had been entirely

LXVI

subdued to the control of his uncle first, and afterwards to the wife his uncle chose for him, except in one respect: he loved another woman who became Arthur's mother. By accident, Mrs. Clennam learned of this son and mother, and so worked upon her husband's cowed spirit that he gave them over into her hands. Then Mrs. Clennam obtained the boy from his mother, to be reared as her own and to know nothing of his real mother, who in turn for giving up her son was to be allowed to bury her sin. So Arthur's mother was taken and cared for by Frederick Dorrit, Little Dorrit's uncle, and Arthur himself was brought up as Mrs. Clennam's son. But the old uncle was stirred to pity for the girl whose sin he did not know, but whose life he feared he had blighted by taking his nephew from her, and so before he died he provided in his will that a certain sum be paid her at his death and another equal sum be paid to her patron, Frederick Dorrit, on behalf of his youngest daughter: failing the latter, the second sum was to be paid to Little Dorrit. And then the uncle died, but the money was never paid, for Mrs. Clennam and Jeremiah suppressed that provision of the will.

Now the object of rehearsing this sad story of wrong was that Blandois might enforce his demand for silence-money. And to enforce it more strongly, he threatened to expose the wrong to Arthur and to Little Dorrit. Then Mrs. Clennam, upon whom the rehearsal of her wrong-doing had so strongly wrought, and who had been paralyzed for fifteen years, suddenly arose from her invalid's chair and hastened to the Marshalsea prison with Affery at her heels. Arrived there, she saw Little Dorrit and told her the whole

LXVII pitiful story, only stipulating that Arthur be kept in ignorance of it while she, his supposed mother, lived. Then she and Little Dorrit hastened back to deal with the villain Blandois together, and they arrived at the instant in which the old house tumbled into ruin and buried that evil foreigner beneath its crumbled walls.

LXVIII Now Arthur was very ill at the Marshalsea, and Mr. Pancks suffered wretchedly from the thought that he was the cause of his friend's trouble. This made him too restive to submit to the increasing pressure as a squeezing machine that his employer was putting upon him, so he discharged himself after wreaking whimsical vengeance upon Mr. Casby.

Going close up to the most venerable of men, and halting in front of the bottle-green waistcoat, [he] made a trigger of his right thumb and forefinger, applied the same to the brim of the broad-brimmed hat, and, with singular smartness and precision, shot it off the polished head as if it had been a large marble.

Having taken this little liberty with the patriarchal person,

Mr. Pancks further astounded and attracted the Bleeding Hearts by saying in an audible voice, "Now, you sugary swindler, I mean to have it out with you!"

Mr. Pancks and the patriarch were instantly the centre of a press, all eyes and ears; windows were thrown open, and door-steps were thronged.

"What do you pretend to be?" said Mr. Pancks. "What's your moral game? What do you go in for? Benevolence; ain't it? You benevolent!" Here Mr. Pancks, apparently without the intention of hitting him, but merely to relieve his mind, and expand his superfluous power in wholesome exercise, aimed a blow at the bumpy head, which the bumpy head ducked to avoid. This singular performance was repeated, to the ever-increasing admiration of the spectators, at the end of every succeeding article of Mr. Pancks's oration.

"I have discharged myself from your service," said Pancks, "that I may tell you what you are. You're one of a lot of impostors that are the worst lot of all the lots to be met with. . . . You're a driver in disguise, a screwer by deputy, a wringer and squeezer and shaver by substitute! You're a philanthropic sneak! You're a shabby deceiver!"

(The repetition of the performance at this point was received with a burst of laughter.)

"Ask these good people who's the hard man here. They'll tell you Pancks, I believe."

This was confirmed with cries of "Certainly!" and "Hear!"

"But I tell you, good people, — Casby! This mound of meekness, this lump of love, this bottle-green smiler, — this is your driver!" said Pancks. "If you want to see the man who would flay you alive, here he is! Don't look for him in me, at thirty shillings a week, but look for him in Casby, at I don't know how much a year."

"Good!" cried several voices. "Hear Mr. Pancks!"

"Hear Mr. Pancks?" cried that gentleman (after repeating the popular performance), "yes, I should think so! It's almost time to hear Mr. Pancks! Mr. Pancks has come down into the yard to-night on purpose that you should hear him. Pancks is only the works; but here's the winder!"

The audience would have gone over to Mr. Pancks as one man, woman, and child, but for the long, gray, silken locks, and the broad-brimmed hat.

"Here's the stop," said Pancks, "that sets the tune to be ground. And there is but one tune, and its name is Grind, Grind, Grind! Here's the proprietor, and here's his grubber. . . . He

provides the pitch, and I handle it, and it sticks to me. Now," said Mr. Pancks, closing upon his late proprietor again, from whom he had withdrawn a little for the better display of him to the yard, "as I am not accustomed to speak in public, and as I have made a rather lengthy speech, all circumstances considered, I shall bring my observations to a close by requesting you to get out of this."

The Last of the Patriarchs had been so seized by assault, and required so much room to catch an idea in, and so much more room to turn it in, that he had not a word to offer in reply. He appeared to be meditating some patriarchal way out of his delicate position, when Mr. Pancks once more, suddenly applying the trigger to his hat, shot it off again with his former dexterity. On the preceding occasion, one or two of the Bleeding-Heart-Yarders had obsequiously picked it up, and handed it to its owner; but Mr. Pancks had so far impressed his audience, that the patriarch had to turn, and stoop for it himself.

Quick as lightning, Mr. Pancks, who for some moments had had his right hand in his coat-pocket, whipped out a pair of shears, swooped upon the patriarch behind, and snipped off short the sacred locks that flowed upon his shoulders. In a paroxysm of animosity and rapidity, Mr. Pancks then caught the broad-brimmed hat out of the astounded patriarch's hand, cut it down into a mere stewpan, and fixed it on the patriarch's head.

Before the frightful results of this desperate action Mr. Pancks himself recoiled in consternation. A bare-polled, goggle-eyed, big-headed, lumbering personage stood staring at him, not in the least impressive, not in the least venerable, who seemed to have started out of the earth to ask what was become of Casby. After staring at this phantom in return, in silent awe, Mr. Pancks threw down his shears, and fled for a place of hiding, where he might lie sheltered from the consequences of his crime. Mr. Pancks deemed it prudent to use all possible despatch in making off, though he was pursued by nothing but the sound of laughter in Bleeding Heart Yard, rippling through the air, and making it ring again.

LXIX With the knowledge that although Blandois's acquaintance with Mrs. Clennam's secret perished with him, the documents from which he had learned what he knew were in safe-keeping somewhere, Little Dorrit considered it best to take Mr. Meagles partially into her confidence, and to get him to do what he could toward recovering the papers. Accordingly Mr. Meagles undertook to follow in the track of Blandois, in the hope of finding what he wished. Finally the suggestion reached him that he see Miss Wade at

Calais. He did so, but to no avail, for Miss Wade denied all knowledge of such papers as he described. Despondently, then, he crossed the Channel, only to meet Tattycoram at his hotel in London with the wished-for documents. She had overheard Miss Wade's untruth, and, feeling her heart soften toward her old benefactor, she had returned to him with the things he sought as a peace-offering.

LXX Not many days later Arthur, who was on the road to recovery, listened to Little Dorrit as she told him how the whole Dorrit property had gone in the Merdle crash. And then he realized that he might in honor take her to wife, and so it was arranged. Very opportunely, Mr. Meagles appeared at this juncture with Daniel Doyce, who had made a great success of his work abroad, and who had returned to straighten out the tangled affairs of Doyce and Clennam, with the result that Arthur was again a free man. So Arthur and Little Dorrit walked together from the prison to the church, where they were married.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Aunt, Mr. F.'s. *See* MR. F.'s AUNT.

Bangham, Mrs. A charwoman and messenger; nurse of Mrs. Dorrit in the Marshalsea Prison. vi, vii, lv.

Barnacle, Clarence, *called* BARNACLE, JUNIOR. Son of Mr. Tite Barnacle; an empty-headed young gentleman employed in the Circumlocution Office. I: x, xvii, xxxiv, xxxv.

[He] had a youthful aspect, and the fluffiest little whisker, perhaps, that ever was seen. Such a downy tip was on his callow chin, that he seemed half fledged like a young bird; . . . He had a superior eyeglass dangling round his neck, but unfortunately had such flat orbits to his eyes, and such limp little eyelids, that it wouldn't stick in when he put it up, but kept tumbling out against his waistcoat buttons with a click that discomposed him very much.

Barnacle, Lord Decimus Tite. Uncle of Mr. Tite Barnacle; a windy peer, high in the Circumlocution Office.

The Circumlocution Office was (as everybody knows without being told) the most important department under government. No public business of any kind could possibly be done at any time without the acquiescence of the Circumlocution Office. Its finger was in the largest public pie and in the smallest public tart. It was equally impossible to do the plainest right, and to undo the

plainest wrong, without the express authority of the Circumlocution Office. If another gunpowder plot had been discovered half an hour before the lighting of the match, nobody would have been justified in saving the Parliament until there had been half a score of boards, half a bushel of minutes, several sacks of official memoranda, and a family vault full of ungrammatical correspondence, on the part of the Circumlocution Office.

This glorious establishment had been early in the field when the one sublime principle involving the difficult art of governing a country was first distinctly revealed to statesmen. It had been foremost to study that bright revelation, and to carry its shining influence through the whole of the official proceedings. Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving — HOW NOT TO DO IT. xvii, xxv, xxxiv, xliii, lx, lxiv.

Barnacle, Ferdinand. Private secretary to Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle; a vivacious, well-looking, well-dressed, agreeable young fellow, on the more sprightly side of the family. Arthur Clennam, wishing to investigate Mr. Dorrit's affairs, with the view of releasing him, if possible, from the Marshalsea, inquires of Barnacle how he can obtain information as to the real state of the case.

"You'll find out what department the contract was in, and then you'll find out all about it there."

"I beg your pardon. How shall I find out?"

"Why, you'll — you'll ask till they tell you. Then you'll memorialize that department (according to regular forms which you'll find out) for leave to memorialize this department. If you get it (which you may, after a time), that memorial must be entered in that department, sent to be registered in this department, sent back to be signed by that department, sent back to be countersigned by this department, and then it will begin to be regularly before that department. You'll find out when the business passes through each of these stages by asking at both departments till they tell you."

"But surely this is not the way to do the business," Arthur Clennam could not help saying.

This airy young Barnacle was quite entertained by his simplicity in supposing for a moment that it was. This light-in-hand young Barnacle knew perfectly that it was not. This touch-and-go young Barnacle had "got up" the department in a private secretaryship, that he might be ready for any little bit of fat that came to hand; and he fully understood the department to be a politico-diplomatico-hocus-pocus piece of machinery for the assist

ance of the nobs in keeping off the snobs. The dashing young Barnacle, in a word, was likely to become a statesman, and to make a figure.

"When the business is regularly before that department, whatever it is," pursued this bright young Barnacle, "then you can watch it from time to time through that department. When it comes regularly before this department, then you must watch it from time to time through this department. We shall have to refer it right and left; and, when we refer it anywhere, then you'll have to look it up. When it comes back to us at any time, then you had better look *us* up. When it sticks anywhere, you'll have to try to give it a jog. When you write to another department about it, and then to this department about it, and don't hear anything satisfactory about it, why, then you had better — keep on writing." xxxiv, xlviii, lxiv.

Barnacle, Mr. Tite. A man of family, a man of place, and a man of a gentlemanly residence, who usually coaches or crams the statesman at the head of the Circumlocution Office. ix, x, xxxiv, xlviii.

Beadle, Harriet, called TATTYCORAM. A girl taken from the Foundling Hospital by Mr. Meagles to be a maid to his daughter Minnie. She is a handsome girl, but headstrong and passionate. Mr. Meagles takes great pains to improve her disposition and character, and always advises her, when she is not in a good temper, to "take a little time," and to "count five and twenty." She proves insensible, however, to all his goodness and kind consideration, runs away after a time, and places herself under the protection of a certain Miss Wade; but in the end she returns, humble and penitent, to her benefactor's house.

"She was called, in the institution, Harriet Beadle, — an arbitrary name, of course. Now Harriet we changed into Hatty, and then into Tatty, because, as practical people, we thought even a playful name might be a new thing to her, and might have a softening and affectionate kind of effect; don't you see? As to Beadle, that I need n't say was wholly out of the question. If there is anything that is not to be tolerated on any terms; anything that is a type of Jack-in-office insolence and absurdity; anything that represents in coats, waistcoats, and big sticks, our English holding-on by nonsense after every one has found it out — it is a Beadle. . . . The name of Beadle being out of the question, and the originator of the institution for these poor foundlings having been a blessed creature of the name of Coram, we gave that name to Pet's little maid. At one time she was Tatty, and at one time she was Coram, until we got into a way of mixing

the two names together ; and now she is always Tattycoram." ii, xvi, xxvii, xxviii, xlv, xlvi, lvi, lxix.

Blandois. See RIGAUD.

Bob. Turnkey of the Marshalsea Prison ; godfather to Little Dorrit. vi, vii, lv.

Casby, Christopher. Landlord of Bleeding Heart Yard ; a selfish, crafty impostor, who likes to be thought a benefactor to his species, and who grinds his tenants by proxy.

Patriarch was the name which many people delighted to give him. Various old ladies in the neighborhood spoke of him as The Last of the Patriarchs. So gray, so slow, so quiet, so impassionate, so very bumpy in the head, Patriarch was the word for him. . . . His smooth face had a bloom upon it like ripe wall-fruit. What with his blooming face, and that head, and his blue eyes, he seemed to be delivering sentiments of rare wisdom and virtue. In like manner, his physiognomical expression seemed to teem with benignity. Nobody could have said where the wisdom was, or where the virtue was, or where the benignity was ; but they all seemed to be somewhere about him. xii, xiii, xxiii, xxiv, xxxv, xlv, lix, lxviii.

Cavalletto, John Baptist. A fellow-prisoner with Rigaud at Marseilles ; afterwards in Arthur Clennam's employ, and of use to him in discovering that person.

A sunburnt, quick, lithe little man, though rather thick-set. Ear-rings in his brown ears, white teeth lighting up his grotesque brown face, intensely black hair clustering about his brown throat. i, xi, xxiii, xxv, xxix, xlvi, lviii, lix, lxiv, lxvi.

Chivery, John. A non-resident turnkey of the Marshalsea Prison. xviii, xix, xxii, xxv, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi, liv, lxii, lxiii, lxv, lxvii, lxx.

Chivery, Young John. His son ; a lover of Little Dorrit.

Young John was small of stature, with rather weak legs, and very weak light hair. One of his eyes was also weak, and looked larger than the other, as if it could n't collect itself. Young John was gentle likewise. But he was great of soul ; poetical, expansive, faithful. xviii, xix, xxii, xxv, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi, liv, lv, lxii, lxiii, lxv, lxvii, lxix, lxx.

Chivery, Mrs. Wife of John Chivery, and keeper of a small tobacco-shop round the corner of Horsemonger Lane. xviii, xxii, xxv.

Clennam, Arthur. Reputed son, but really the adopted son, of Mrs. Clennam. He gives this account of himself to Mr. Meagles : —

"I am the son of a hard father and mother. I am the only child of parents who weighed, measured, and priced everything ;

for whom what could not be weighed, measured, and priced, had no existence. Strict people, as the phrase is, professors of a stern religion, their very religion was a gloomy sacrifice of tastes and sympathies that were never their own, offered up as a part of a bargain for the security of their possessions. Austere faces, inexorable discipline, penance in this world and terror in the next, nothing graceful or gentle anywhere, and the void in my cowed heart everywhere, — this was my childhood, if I may so misuse the word as to apply it to such a beginning of life."

At the age of twenty he had been sent to China to join his father, a merchant who had been living in that country for some years, taking care of the business there, while his mother managed the business at home. He stays there till he is forty, and, his father then dying, he returns to London to see his mother; but she receives him very coldly, as her old servant and confidential adviser Flintwinch also does. Finding a young woman in the house, who is called "Little Dorrit," and who is employed by his mother to do needle-work, and feeling a growing interest in her, he ascertains her history, and is the means of her father's release from the Marshalsea. Being afterwards unfortunate in business, he is arrested for debt, and is thrown into the same prison; but he finds a fast friend in Little Dorrit, and, when he at last gains his liberty, she marries him. ii, iii, v, vii-x, xii-xvii, xxii, xxiv-xxviii, xxxi, xxxii, xxxiv-xxxvi, xxxix, xl, xliv-xlvii, xlix, lvi, lviii, lix, lxii-lxx.

Clennam, Mrs. The supposed mother of Arthur Clennam, who turns out, however, to have been the child of another woman, whom his father had known before marrying Mrs. Clennam. She is a hard, stern woman, with cold gray eyes, cold gray hair, and an immovable face. Though an invalid, who has lost the use of her limbs, and is confined to a single room, she retains the full vigor of her mind, and is still, as she has always been, a thorough woman of business. An austere moralist, a religionist whose faith is in a system of gloom and darkness, of vengeance and destruction, she yet does not hesitate to suppress a will by virtue of which two thousand guineas were to go to Little Dorrit on her coming of age. Finding that her guilt has been discovered, and is certain to be made known, she throws herself on the mercy of the girl she has so grievously wronged, and is freely forgiven. iii-v, viii, xv, xxix, xxx, xlvi, liii, lix, lxiv, lxvi, lxvii.

Cripples, Master. A white-faced boy, son of Mr. Cripples. ix.

Cripples, Mr. Teacher of an academy for "evening tuition." ix.

Dawes. A rosy-faced, gay good-humored nurse, who is Miss Wade's special antipathy. lvii.

Dorrit, Amy, *called* LITTLE DORRIT. Daughter of Mr. William Dorrit. She becomes the wife of Arthur Clennam. iii; v-ix, xii-xvi, xviii-xxv, xxvii, xxix, xxxi, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi, xxxvii-xliv, xlvii, l, li, lv, lx, lxii, lxiii, lxv-lxvii, lxix, lxx.

Dorrit, Edward, *called* TIP. The brother of Little Dorrit; a spendthrift and an idler, for whom his sister is always calculating and planning.

Tip tired of everything. . . . His small second mother [his sister Amy] got him into a warehouse, into a market-garden, into the hop-trade, into the law again, into an auctioneer's, into a brewery, into a stockbroker's, into the law again, into a coach-office, into a wagon-office, into the law again, into a general dealer's, into a distillery, into the law again, into a wool-house, into a dry-goods-house, into the Billingsgate trade, into the foreign fruit-trade, and into the docks. But whatever Tip went into, he came out of tired, announcing that he had cut it. vi-viii, xii, xviii, xx, xxi, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi, xxxvii, xxxix, xli, xlvii, li, lv, lx, lxv, lxix, lxx.

Dorrit, Fanny. Daughter of Mr. William Dorrit, and elder sister of Amy, or "Little Dorrit." She is, for a time, a ballet-dancer, but finally marries Mr. Edmund Sparkler, and rules him with a rod of iron. vi-ix, xviii, xx, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi, xxxvii-xxxix, xli-xliii, xlvii, l-lii, liv, lv, lx, lxix, lxx.

Dorrit, Mr. Frederick. Brother to Mr. William Dorrit.

There was a ruined uncle in the family group, — ruined by his brother, the Father of the Marshalsea, and knowing no more how than his ruiner did, but accepting the fact as an inevitable certainty. Naturally a retired and simple man, he had shown no particular sense of being ruined at the time when that calamity fell upon him, further than that he left off washing himself when the shock was announced, and never took to that luxury any more. He had been a very indifferent musical amateur in his better days, and, when he fell with his brother, resorted, for support, to playing a clarionet as dirty as himself in a small theatre orchestra. vii-ix, xix, xx, xxvi, xxxvii, xl, xli, lv.

Dorrit, Mr. William. A prisoner for debt in the Marshalsea; a shy, retiring man, well-looking, though in an effeminate style, with a mild voice, curling hair, and irresolute hands.

The affairs of this debtor were perplexed by a partnership of which he knew no more than that he had invested money in it; by legal matters of assignment and settlement, conveyance here and conveyance there, suspicion of unlawful preference of creditors in this direction, and of mysterious spiriting away of property in that: and as nobody on the face of the earth could be more in

capable of explaining any single item in the heap of confusion than the debtor himself, nothing comprehensible could be made of his case. To question him in detail, and endeavor to reconcile his answers, to closet him with accountants and sharp practitioners learned in the wiles of insolvency and bankruptcy, was only to put the case out at compound interest of incomprehensibility. The irresolute fingers fluttered more and more ineffectually about the trembling lip on every such occasion, and the sharpest practitioners gave him up as a hopeless job.

His young wife joins him with their two children; and in a few months another child is born to them, a girl, from whom the story takes its name. When this child is eight years old, his wife dies. Years pass by, and he becomes gray-haired and venerable, and is known in the prison as the Father of the Marshalsea, — a title he grows to be very vain of. From an early period, his little daughter devotes herself to the task of being his support and protection, becoming, in all things but precedence, the head of the fallen family, and bearing in her own heart its anxieties and shames. After twenty-five years spent within the prison walls, Mr. Dorrit proves to be heir at law to a great estate that has long remained, unknown of, unclaimed and accumulating. He leaves the Marshalsea a rich man, but that quarter of a century behind its bars has done its work, and he leaves it with a failing intellect, and makes himself ridiculous by his pride, by the lofty airs he gives himself, and by his unwillingness to recall at any time the old days of his poverty and confinement. He declines slowly but surely, and at last dies in a palace at Rome, fancying it to be the Marshalsea. vi-ix, xviii, xix, xxii, xxiii, xxxi, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi, xxxvii-xxxix, xli-xliii, xlviii, xlix, li-lv.

Doyce, Daniel. An engineer and inventor, who becomes the partner of Arthur Clennam. x, xii, xvi, xvii, xxiii, xxvi, xxviii, xxxiv, xlv, xlix, lviii, lxii, lxx.

F's Aunt, Mr. See Mr. F's AUNT.

Finching, Mrs. Flora. Daughter of Christopher Casby; a wealthy widow of some thirty-eight or forty years of age, sentimental and affected, but thoroughly good-hearted. She talks with the most disjointed volubility, pointing her conversation with nothing but commas, and very few of them. xiii, xxiii, xxiv, xxxv, xlv, liii, lix, lxx.

Flintwinch, Affery. An old servant of Mrs. Clennam's; wife of Jeremiah Flintwinch. She is apt to fall into a dreamy sleep-waking state, much to the displeasure of her husband, who tells her, "If you ever have a dream of this sort again, it'll be a sign of your being in want of physic, and I'll give you such a dose, old

woman, — such a dose ! ” iii-v, xv, xxix, xxx, xlvi, liii, lix, lxvi, lxvii.

Flintwinch, Ephraim. A lunatic-keeper ; Jeremiah’s “double” and confederate. iv, lxvi.

Flintwinch, Jeremiah. Servant and afterwards partner of Mrs. Clennam. He is a short, bald old man, bent and dried, with a one-sided crab-like manner of locomotion.

His neck was so twisted, that the knotted ends of his white cravat usually dangled under one ear ; his natural acerbity and energy, always contending with a second nature of habitual repression, gave his features a swollen and suffused look ; and, altogether, he had a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other, and of having gone about ever since, halter and all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down. iii-v, xv, xxix, xxx, xlvi, liii, lix, lxiii, lxvi, lxvii.

General, Mrs. A widow-lady of forty-five, whom Mr. Dorrit engages to “form the mind” and manners of his daughters.

In person, Mrs. General, including her skirts, which had much to do with it, was of a dignified and imposing appearance ; ample, rustling, gravely voluminous, always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken — had been taken — to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold in her dress, or displacing a pin. If her countenance and hair had rather a floury appearance, as though from living in some transcendently genteel mill, it was rather because she was a chalky creation altogether, than because she mended her complexion with violet-powder, or had turned gray. If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express. If she had few wrinkles, it was because her mind had never traced its name or any other inscription on her face. A cool, waxy, blown-out woman, who had never lighted well. xxxvii-xli, xliii, xlvi, li, lv.

Gowan, Henry. An artist who marries Miss Minnie Meagles.

The Gowan family were a very distant ramification of the Barnacles ; and . . . the paternal Gowan, originally attached to a legation abroad, had been pensioned off as a commissioner of nothing particular somewhere or other, and had died at his post with his drawn salary in his hand, nobly defending it to the last extremity. In consideration of this eminent public service, the Barnacle then in power had recommended the crown to bestow a pension of two or three hundred a year on his widow ; to which the next Barnacle in power had added certain shady and sedate apartments in the palace at Hampton Court, where the old lady still lived, deploring the degeneracy of the times, in company

with several other old ladies of both sexes. Her son Mr. Henry Gowan, inheriting from his father, the commissioner, that very questionable help in life, a very small independence, had been difficult to settle; the rather as public appointments chanced to be scarce, and his genius during his earlier manhood was of that exclusively agricultural character which applies itself to the cultivation of wild oats. At last he had declared that he would become a painter; partly because he had always had an idle knack that way, and partly to grieve the souls of the Barnacles in chief who had not provided for him. So it had come to pass successively, first, that several distinguished ladies had been frightfully shocked; then that portfolios of his performances had been handed about o' nights, and declared with ecstasy to be perfect Claudes, perfect Cuyps, perfect phenomena; then that Lord Decimus had bought his picture, and had asked the president and council to dinner at a blow, and had said with his own magnificent gravity, "Do you know, there appears to me to be really immense merit in that work?" and, in short, that people of condition had absolutely taken pains to bring him into fashion. But somehow it had all failed. The prejudiced public had stood out against it obstinately. They had determined not to admire Lord Decimus's picture. They had determined to believe, that in every service, except their own, a man must qualify himself, by striving, early and late, and by working heart and soul, might and main. xvii, xxvi, xxviii, xxxiii, xxxiv, xxxvii, xxxix-xliv, xlvii, l, liii, lvi, lvii, lxix

Gowan, Mrs. His mother; a courtly old lady, a little lofty in her manner. xvii, xxvi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xli, xlv.

Gowan, Mrs. Henry. See MEAGLES, MINNIE.

Haggage, Doctor. A poor debtor in the Marshalsea; a hoarse, puffy, red-faced, dirty, brandy-drinking, medical scarecrow, who assists Little Dorrit into the world. vi, vii.

Jenkinson. A messenger at the Circumlocution Office. x.

Lagnier. See RIGAUD.

Maggy. A grand-daughter of Mrs. Bangham's, and a *protégée* of Little Dorrit's; afterwards an assistant to Mrs. Plornish.

She was about eight and twenty, with large bones, large features, large feet and hands, large eyes, and no hair. Her large eyes were limpid and almost colorless: they seemed to be very little affected by light, and to stand unnaturally still. There was also that attentive, listening expression in her face, which is seen in the faces of the blind; but she was not blind, having one tolerably serviceable eye. Her face was not exceedingly ugly, though it was only redeemed from being so by a smile, — a good-

humored smile, and pleasant in itself, but rendered pitiable by being constantly there. ix, xiv, xx, xxii, xxiv, xxxi, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi, xxxix, xl, xlix, lxv, lxix, lxx.

Maroon, Captain. A horse-jockey; one of Mr. Edward Dorrit's creditors. xii.

Marshalsea, Father of the. See DORRIT, MR. WILLIAM.

Meagles, Mr. A retired banker, good-natured and benevolent, and always priding himself on being a practical man. ii, x, xii, xvi, xvii, xxiii, xxvi-xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv, xlv-xlvi, lxix, lxx.

Meagles, Mrs. His wife; a comely and healthy woman, with a pleasant English face, which, like her husband's, has been looking at homely things for five and fifty years or more, and shines with a bright reflection of them. ii, xvi, xvii, xxviii, xxxiii, xxxiv, xlv, xlvi, lxix, lxx.

Meagles, Minnie, called PET. Their daughter; afterwards the wife of Mr. Henry Gowan.

Pet was about twenty, — a fair girl with rich brown hair hanging free in natural ringlets; a lovely girl, with a frank face and wonderful eyes, so large, so soft, so bright, set to such perfection in her kind, good head! She was round and fresh and dimpled and spoilt, and there was in Pet an air of timidity and dependence which was the best weakness in the world, and gave her the only crowning charm a girl so pretty and pleasant could have been without. ii, xvi, xvii, xxvi, xxviii, xxxiv, xxxvii, xxxix, xlv, xlvii, lxix.

Merdle, Mr. A London banker, who, after running a remarkably successful career, becomes a bankrupt and commits suicide.

Mr. Merdle was immensely rich; a man of prodigious enterprise; a Midas without the ears, who turned all he touched to gold. He was in everything good, from banking to building. He was in Parliament, of course. He was in the city necessarily. He was chairman of this, trustee of that, president of the other. The weightiest of men had said to projectors, "Now, what name have you got? Have you got Merdle?" And the reply being in the negative, had said, "Then I won't look at you." . . .

He was the most disinterested of men, — did everything for society, and got as little for himself, out of all his gain and care, as a man might.

That is to say, it may be supposed that he got all he wanted, otherwise, with unlimited wealth, he would have got it. But his desire was, to the utmost, to satisfy society (whatever that was), and take up all its drafts upon him for tribute. He did not shine in company; he had not very much to say for himself; he was a reserved man, with a broad, overhanging, watchful head, that par

ticular kind of dull red color in his cheeks which is rather stale than fresh, and a somewhat uneasy expression about his coat-cuffs as if they were in his confidence, and had reasons for being anxious to hide his hands. In the little he said, he was a pleasant man enough; plain, emphatic about public and private confidence, and tenacious of the utmost deference being shown by every one, in all things, to society. In this same society (if that were it which came to his dinners, and to Mrs. Merdle's receptions and concerts), he hardly seemed to enjoy himself much, and was mostly to be found against walls, and behind doors. Also when he went out to it instead of its coming home to him, he seemed a little fatigued, and, upon the whole, rather more disposed for bed; but he was always cultivating it, nevertheless, and always moving in it, and always laying out money on it with the greatest liberality. xxi, xxxiii, xli, xliii, xlviii-lii, liv, lv, lx, lxi, lxiv.

Merdle, Mrs. His wife, and the mother of Mr. Edmund Sparkler; a very fashionable lady.

The lady was not young and fresh from the hand of Nature, but was young and fresh from the hand of her maid. She had large, unfeeling, handsome eyes, and dark, unfeeling, handsome hair, and a broad, unfeeling, handsome bosom, and was made the most of in every particular. Either because she had a cold, or because it suited her face, she wore a rich white fillet tied over her head, and under her chin. And if ever there were an unfeeling, handsome chin, that looked as if, for certain, it had never been, in familiar parlance, "chucked" by the hand of man, it was the chin curbed up so tight and close by that laced bridle. xx, xxi, xxxiii, xxxix, xli, xliii, xlviii, l-lii, lv, lx, lxi, lxix.

Mr. F.'s Aunt. A singular old lady, who is a legacy left to Mrs. Flora Finching by her deceased husband.

This was an amazing little old woman, with a face like a staring wooden doll (too cheap for expression), and a stiff yellow wig perched unevenly on the top of her head, as if the child who owned the doll had driven a tack through it anywhere, so that it only got fastened on. Another remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that the same child seemed to have damaged her face in two or three places with some blunt instrument in the nature of a spoon; her countenance, and particularly the tip of her nose, presenting the phenomena of several dints, generally answering to the bowl of that article. A further remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that she had no name but Mr. F.'s Aunt.

The major characteristics discoverable by the stranger in Mr.

F's Aunt were extreme severity and grim taciturnity, sometimes interrupted by a propensity to offer remarks, in a deep warning voice, which, being totally uncalled for by anything said by anybody, and traceable to no association of ideas, confounded and terrified the mind. Mr. F's Aunt may have thrown in these observations on some system of her own, and it may have been ingenious, or even subtle; but the key to it was wanted. xiii, xxiii, xxiv, xxxv, xl, lxx.

Nandy, John Edward. Father to Mrs. Plornish; an old man with a weak, piping voice, though his daughter considers him "a sweet singer." xiii, xlix, lxii, lxiii.

Pancks, Mr. Mr. Casby's collector of rents.

He was [a short, dark man] dressed in black and rusty iron-gray; had jet black beads of eyes, a scrubby little black chin, wiry black hair, striking out from his head in prongs, like forks or hair-pins, and a complexion that was very dingy by nature, or very dirty by art, or a compound of nature and art. He had dirty hands and dirty broken nails, and looked as if he had been in the coal; he was in a perspiration, and snorted and sniffed and puffed and blew like a little laboring steam-engine.

Though the agent of a man who, despite his benevolent and patriarchal air, is a hard, avaricious old sinner, and though, in accordance with his instructions, he periodically squeezes and harasses his employer's tenants, he is by no means a cruel or ungenerous man. xii, xiii, xxiii-xxv, xxvii, xxix, xxxii, xxxiv, xxxv, xlv, xlvii, xlix, liii, lvi, lviii, lxii, lxiv-lxvi, lxviii, lxx.

Patriarch, The. See CASBY, CHRISTOPHER.

Pet. See MEAGLES, MINNIE.

Plornish, Mr. A plasterer living in Bleeding Heart Yard; one of Mr. Casby's tenants, and a friend of Little Dorrit's; a smooth-cheeked, fresh-colored, sandy-whiskered man of thirty; long in the legs, yielding at the knees, foolish in the face, flannel-jacketed, lime-whitened. vi, ix, xii, xxiii, xxiv, xxxi, xxxvi, xl, xlix, lxiii, lxv.

Plornish, Mrs. His wife; a young woman, made somewhat slatternly in herself and her belongings by poverty; and so dragged at by poverty and the children together, that their united forces have already dragged her face into wrinkles. vi, xii, xxiii, xxxi, xl, xlix, lxii, lxiii, lxv, lxvi.

Rigaud, alias BLANDOIS, *alias* LAGNIER. A *chevalier d'industrie*, with polished manners, but a scoundrel's heart. Having murdered his wife, and been lodged in a French jail, he contrives to effect his escape, and flees to England. Gaining a knowledge of Mrs. Clemm's frauds, he tries to wring from her a very large amount

of hush-money, but is killed by the sudden falling of the house in which he is waiting for her.

His eyes, too close together, . . . were sharp rather than bright. . . . They had no depth or change: they glittered, and they opened and shut. So far, and waiving their use to himself, a clockmaker could have made a better pair. He had a hook nose, handsome after its kind, but too high between the eyes by probably just as much as his eyes were too near to one another. For the rest, he was large and tall in frame, had thin lips (where his thick mustache showed them at all), and a quantity of dry hair, of no definable color in its shaggy state, but shot with red. i, xi, xxix, xxx, xxxvii, xxxix, xlii, xliii, xlv, xlvi, liii, lvi, lviii, lix, lxiv, lxvi, lxvii, lxix.

Rugg, Miss Anastasia. Daughter of Mr. Rugg. She has little nankeen spots, like shirt-buttons, all over her face; and her yellow tresses are rather scrubby than luxuriant.

Miss Rugg was a lady of a little property, which she had acquired, together with much distinction in the neighborhood, by having her heart severely lacerated, and her feelings mangled, by a middle-aged baker [named Hawkins], resident in the vicinity, against whom she had, by the agency of Mr. Rugg, found it necessary to proceed at law to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage. The baker having been, by the counsel for Miss Rugg, witheringly denounced on that occasion up to the full amount of twenty guineas, at the rate of about eighteenpence an epithet, and having been cast in corresponding damages, still suffered occasional prosecution from the youth of Pentonville; but Miss Rugg, environed by the majesty of the law, and having her damages invested in the public securities, was regarded with consideration. xxv, lxii, lxiv.

Rugg, Mr. A general agent, accountant, and collector of debts, who is Mr. Pancks's landlord. He has a round, white visage,—as if all his blushes had been drawn out of him long ago,—and a ragged yellow head like a worn-out hearth-broom. xxv, xxxii, xxxv, xxvi, lxii, lxiv, lxx.

Sparkler, Mr. Edmund. Son of Mrs. Merdle by her first husband. He marries Fanny Dorrit, considering her to be “a young lady with no nonsense about her.”

Mrs. Merdle's first husband had been a colonel, under whose auspices the bosom had entered into competition with the snows of North America, and had come off at little disadvantage in point of whiteness, and at none in point of coldness. The colonel's son was Mrs. Merdle's only child. He was of a chuckle-headed, high-shouldered make, with a general appearance of being not so

much a young man as a swelled boy. He had given so few signs of reason, that a byword went among his companions, that his brain had been frozen up in a mighty frost which prevailed at St. John, New Brunswick, at the period of his birth there, and had never thawed from that hour. Another byword represented him as having in his infancy, through the negligence of a nurse, fallen out of a high window on his head, which had been heard, by responsible witnesses, to crack. It is probable that both these representations were of *ex post facto* origin; the young gentleman (whose expressive name was Sparkler) being monomaniacal in offering marriage to all manner of undesirable young ladies, and in remarking of every successive young lady to whom he tendered a matrimonial proposal, that she was "a doosed fine gal, well educated too, with no biggodd nonsense about her." xx, xxi, xxxiii, xxxix, xlii, xliii, xlvi, l-lii, liv, lx, lxix.

Sparkler, Mrs. Edmund. See DORRIT, FANNY.

Stiltstalking, Lord Lancaster. A gray old gentleman of dignified and sullen appearance, whom the Circumlocution Office has maintained for many years as a representative of the Britannic majesty abroad.

This noble refrigerator had iced several European courts in his time, and had done it with such complete success, that the very name of Englishman yet struck cold to the stomachs of foreigners who had the distinguished honor of remembering him at a distance of a quarter of a century. xxvi.

Tattycoram. See BEADLE, HARRIET.

Tickit, Mrs. Mr. Meagles's cook and housekeeper. She makes Buchan's "Domestic Medicine" her constant *vale-mecum*, though she is believed never to have consulted it to the extent of a single word in her life. xvi, xxxiv, xlv, lxix.

Tinkler. Mr. William Dorrit's valet. xxxix, xli, li, lv.

Tip. See DORRIT, EDWARD.

Wade, Miss. A woman with a sullen and ungovernable temper, a self-tormentor, who fancies that wrongs and insults are heaped upon her on every side. Finding a kindred spirit in Tattycoram, the adopted child of Mr. Meagles, she entices the girl to leave that excellent couple, and live with her, and, when she has done so, makes and keeps her as miserable, suspicious, and tormenting as herself. But Tattycoram grows tired of such a life, and at length returns, repentant and grateful, to her old master and mistress.

One could hardly see the face, so still and scornful, set off by the arched dark eyebrows and the folds of dark hair, without wondering what its expression would be if a change came over it.

That it could soften or relent appeared next to impossible. That it could deepen into anger or any extreme of defiance, and that it must change in that direction, when it changed at all, would have been its peculiar impression upon most observers. It was dressed and trimmed into no ceremony of expression. Although not an open face, there was no pretence in it. I am self-contained and self-reliant; your opinion is nothing to me; I have no interest in you, care nothing for you, and see and hear you with indifference, — this it said plainly. It said so in the proud eyes, in the lifted nostril, in the handsome but compressed and even cruel mouth. Cover either two of those channels of expression, and the third would have said so still. Mask them all, and the mere turn of the head would have shown an unsubduable nature. ii, xvi, xxvii, xxviii, xlv, xlvi, lvi, lvii, lxix.

Wobbler, Mr. A functionary in the secretarial department of the Circumlocution Office. x.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

OUTLINE

BOOK THE FIRST: RECALLED TO LIFE

Chapter It is likely enough that on the very day when this story

I opens, there were sheltered in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, rude carts bespattered with rustic mire and roosted in by poultry which the farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. For it

II was the year 1775. It was a cold, wet night in November, and the Dover mail had just surmounted a long, steep hill, when a horseman, galloping fast and furious, overtook it.

"So-ho!" roared the guard, as loud as he could, for it was a time when highwaymen were numerous and desperate, and he raised his blunderbuss. "Yo, there! Stand, or I shall fire!" The horseman pulled up suddenly, and cried out that he was Jerry Cruncher, and that he had a message from Tellson's Bank for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, one of the passengers. The message, read by the light of the coach lamp, was to the effect that Mr. Lorry would be joined at Dover by a young lady, who would accompany him to Paris; and the answer given verbally was this, "Recalled to life." "Recalled to life," muttered Jerry Cruncher, whose voice was uncommonly hoarse, and whose fingers seemed to be red with iron rust. "I say, Jerry. You'd be in a blazing bad way if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry."

III At Dover, divested of his shawls and wrappers, Mr. Lorry, as he sat in the coffee-room sipping his wine before a sea-coal fire, proved to be a middle-aged, kindly man, neatly dressed in a brown suit, and wearing a small wig. Presently it was announced that Miss Manette, the young lady of Jerry Cruncher's message, was ready to receive him; and, entering her room, he saw a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes, and a forehead with a singular capacity of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright, fixed attention, though it included all four expressions. Miss Manette had been brought from Paris to London in Mr. Lorry's arms fifteen years

before ; and ever since, her father, whom she supposed to be dead had been a prisoner in the Bastille. Recently he had been released, and he was now in the hands of a former servant, until Mr. Lorry and his daughter should come for him. All this Mr. Lorry broke to the girl as gently as he could, but at the end she fainted. Thereupon appeared her companion, Miss Pross, always in a state of excitement, sometimes suppressed, and sometimes not.

"Why don't you go and fetch things?" cried Miss Pross to the inn-servants. "Smelling salts, cold water, vinegar, quick! And you in brown," she said indignantly, turning to Mr. Lorry, "do you call this being a banker?"

V However, Miss Manette soon recovered, and she, Miss Pross, and Mr. Lorry crossed over to France; and there, in an upper room in the house of one Defarge, a wine-seller, they found Dr. Manette, a white-haired man, sitting on a low stool, very busy making shoes. That he was now free he could not realize; nor did he recognize those about him. But at last his daughter's voice, or the touch of her hand, or the sight of her rippling hair, seemed to awake in him some faint recollection; and then, recalled to life, Dr. Manette, with his shoemaker's tools, was brought to London.

BOOK THE SECOND: THE GOLDEN THREAD

Chapter Five years later, — and the reader must remember that

I these were days of frequent hangings, of jail fevers, of drawing and quartering, of a populace to whom the execution of a fellow-being was a source of amusement, — a young man was

II on trial for his life at the Old Bailey. He was charged with carrying messages between the enemies of the king in London and in Paris; and among the witnesses summoned, most unwillingly, to give evidence against him were Dr. Manette, now restored to reason, and his daughter. They testified to having met Charles Darnay (so he was called, though his real name was Evrémonde) on the Dover packet upon a certain night in November; and two spies, John

III Barsad and Roger Cly, swore that at this time Darnay was carrying treasonable papers, which they produced in court. Altogether, the shadow of death seemed to be descending upon the prisoner, a handsome young man of five and twenty, who stood, pale and composed, in the dock, while the great throng of people in the court-room gazed hungrily at him, when a strange diversion was made in his favor. Within the bar, among the other barristers, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, sat one Sydney Carton, a man of about the prisoner's age, and astonishingly like him in face and figure, except that he had a rakish, careless air, which Darnay had not.

At a hint from Carton the prisoner's counsel, who was cross-examining the spy, said, "You are quite sure that it *was* the prisoner?" The witness was quite sure. "You never saw anybody closely resembling him?" No, the witness never had. "Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend there," pointing to Sydney Carton, "and then answer my question again." Carton arose, doffed his wig, and, his expression being now more serious, the great resemblance between him and the prisoner was apparent to everybody in the court-room. Darnay's counsel followed up this advantage, compelling the spy to admit that what happened once might happen twice; that if he had seen the two men together before he could not have been so sure in his identification of the prisoner, and so forth. In short, this important witness for the prosecution was riddled, and Darnay was acquitted.

IV That night Darnay and Sydney Carton supped together, and Carton, as was his habit, drank heavily. As they were about to part, Carton said: "A last word, Mr. Darnay: you think I am drunk?" "I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton." "'Think.' You know I have been drinking." "Since I must say so, I know it." "Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me."

V Dr. Manette and his daughter, with the faithful Miss Pross, had established themselves in a quiet corner of London, and the doctor had resumed the practice of medicine. Mr. Lorry

VI was a frequent visitor at the house, and one night he, Charles Darnay, and Sydney Carton all met there, — for the last time.

On the morning after this little gathering of friends in London, VII a certain Monsieur the Marquis, uncle of Charles Darnay, set out from Paris for his chateau. His carriage was driven at reckless speed through the city, — so the nobility always drove, — and presently there came a sickening little jolt; there was a loud cry; the carriage stopped. A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal. "Why does he make that abominable noise?" asked the Marquis. "Is it his child?" "Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis," said a ragged and submissive laborer, who stood by, — "it is a pity — yes." The Marquis flung a gold piece at the father, and the carriage rolled quickly away. But there was now something attached to the vehicle that had not been there before, — a dark object that hung in the chains underneath, and looked not unlike the figure of a man. Mile after mile, over dusty roads, rolled the carriage, the Marquis reclining

luxuriously on the cushions, until, toward the close of a beautiful summer's day, he approached his own estate. And now the carriage slowly ascended a long hill, and Jacques, in a blue cap, a mender of roads, gazed with open mouth at some object beneath it, as it passed him. "He was" — so Jacques related the next day to

VIII his fellow-peasants — "he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a spectre, tall as a spectre." But there was nothing there when the carriage passed through the village, and certainly there was nothing there when it drew up in the quiet courtyard of the chateau. By midnight the Marquis had gone to

IX sleep in his cool chamber; everybody was asleep; and there was no sound in the courtyard except that of the fountain plashing softly in the moonlight. But before morning a tall man, pale, and covered with dust, stole into the house, and plunged a knife in the heart of Monsieur the Marquis.

X Charles Darnay, the heir of the Marquis, renouncing his inheritance, remained in London, and taught French for his support. But he was not the only suitor for the hand of Miss Ma-

XI nette. Stryver, his counsel in the trial, also had designs in that quarter, and had it not been for Mr. Lorry, would have incurred the ignominy of a refusal. "This is something

XII new to me, Mr. Lorry. You deliberately advise me not to offer myself, *myself*, Stryver, of the King's Bench bar." But, unprepared as he was for the large pill that he had to swallow, Mr. Stryver got it down, and retired from the field. Carton, too, was sometimes at Dr. Manette's house, — the same moody and morose lawyer as always. But often, late at night, when the lights were out in the doctor's house, Sydney Carton wandered there, as if he loved the very streets that environed it, and the senseless stones that made their pavements.

On a day in August, . . . Sydney's feet . . . became animated by an intention; and, in the working-out of that intention, they took him to the doctor's door.

He was shown up stairs, and found Lucie at her work alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few commonplaces, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton."

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of or by such profligates?"

"Is it not — forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips — a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered:—

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse."

He leaned his elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so without looking at her, and said:—

"Pray, forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?"

"If it will do you any good. Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier, it would make me very glad."

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!"

He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been."

"No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be; I am sure that you might be much, much worthier of yourself."

"Say of you, Miss Manette; and although I know better—although in the mystery of my own wretched heart, I know better—I shall never forget it."

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself, which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you—forgive me again!—to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know this is a confidence," she modestly said after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears. "I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done—"

I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation I have not been so degraded, but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home (made such a home by you), has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew you I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent forever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down; but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? O Mr. Carton! think again, try again."

"No, Miss Manette: all through it I have known myself to be quite undeserving. And yet I have had the weakness, and have still the weakness, to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire, — a fire, however, inseparable in its nature from myself, quickening nothing, lighting nothing, doing no service, idly burning away. . . . Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life the remembrance that I opened my heart to you last of all the world; and that there was something left in me at this time which you could deplore and pity."

XIII Meanwhile Tellson's Bank still stood in London, and Jerry Cruncher, the messenger, still sat on his stool in front of it. One day there came by the bank the funeral procession of Roger

XIV Cly, one of the two spies who had sworn falsely at the trial of Darnay. Jerry, who was always interested in funerals, was particularly interested in this one, remembering Mr. Cly as "a young 'un and a straight made 'un." On his way home, Jerry stopped to see his medical adviser, a distinguished surgeon; and that night he went, as he said, a fishing. Mr. Cruncher started on this excursion at the peculiar hour of one A. M.; and his tackle also was peculiar, consisting of a rope, a crow-bar, and a sack. He was back at breakfast time, but without fish or anything else, and in a very bad humor.

XV The other of the two spies who had sworn against Darnay, John Barsad, appeared about this time at Paris, and one morning he casually strolled into the wine-shop of Defarge,

XVI former servant of Dr. Manette. As he entered the shop Madame Defarge, a large, dark-haired, handsome woman, with a stern face, put down her knitting and, taking up a red rose which lay on the table beside her, pinned it in her hair. It was

curious, the moment Madame Defarge took up the rose, the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop. At last the spy and Madame Defarge were left alone. "John," thought Madame, as her fingers knitted and her eyes looked at the stranger. "Stay long enough, and I shall knit 'Barsad' before you go." "Business seems bad?" said the spy. "Business is very bad. The people are so poor." "Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed too,—as you say." "As *you* say," Madame retorted, correcting him, and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.

XVII Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette had been married nearly two years, and a child had been born to them, when, one hot night in mid-July, in the year 1789, Mr. Lorry came in late from the bank. "I began to think," said he, pushing his brown wig back, "that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. There is such an uneasiness in Paris that our customers there are all sending their property over to us." And that very night the Bastille fell — with Defarge of the wine-shop heading the mob, which fought its way into his old master's prison. The disturbance was not confined to Paris: on every highway leading out of the city, there was a thin stream of fire; one such traversed the very road over which the carriage of Monsieur the Marquis had passed two years before: and the splendid chateau which Charles Darnay's ancestors had built went up in flames. That same night the sky for a hundred miles around was illuminated by similar bonfires. Seeing these sights, the mender of roads (he of the blue cap), once so submissive to authority, remarked to M. Gabelle, the postmaster and general functionary of the village, that "carriages would burn well, and that post-horses would roast."

XXIV It was not long, indeed, before this same M. Gabelle was taken a prisoner to Paris, where his life hung by a thread, and whence he addressed a piteous letter to Charles Darnay, the heir, begging him to come to the rescue. "My fault is," he wrote, "that I have been true to you." Darnay could not resist this appeal. Making his preparations secretly, so as not to alarm his wife and her father, he set out alone, leaving a letter to apprise them of his intention. Mr. Lorry, attended by Jerry Cruncher as body-guard, had already gone to Paris on business for Tellson's.

BOOK THE THIRD: THE TRACK OF A STORM

Chapter Using M. Gabelle's letter as a passport, Darnay, with I great difficulty and amid many dangers, made his way through France toward Paris. One night he went to bed, tired

out, at a small village in the high road to the city, but still a long way from it. Soon after midnight he was rudely awakened from sleep by a timid local functionary and three armed patriots in rough red caps, and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed. "Emigrant," said the functionary, "you are an aristocrat, and must have an escort, — and must pay for it." And so Charles Darnay was taken as a prisoner to Paris, and when he reached the city, he was cast into the prison of La Force, and placed in solitary confinement, in a cell which (as he very soon discovered) measured exactly five paces by four and a half.

II Three days after Darnay's arrival at Paris, Mr. Lorry was sitting alone in his quarters at the French department of Tellson's Bank. The building stood in a sort of courtyard retired from the street. It was growing dark, and the roar of the mob in the adjacent street, the crash of buildings, the discharge of fire-arms, and the shrieks of the wounded were horrible to hear. "Thank God!" Mr. Lorry exclaimed, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night." But scarcely had he said the words, when the door opened and two figures rushed in, Lucie and her father. Their errand was soon told; and in spite of Mr. Lorry's warnings, Dr. Manette was bent upon going to seek Darnay that very night. "I have a charmed life in this city," he said, "for I have been a Bastille prisoner." And so it proved, for shortly after he had passed out bareheaded among the mob, those in the house heard them cry, "Long live the Bastille prisoner! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastille prisoner in front there!" and a thousand answering shouts. Dr.

III Manette did not return for three days, but in the mean time Lucie received a note from her husband. This note was brought by Defarge, and with him came his wife, — knitting as ever; and Lucie, after thanking Defarge, turned to his wife and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a grateful, womanly action, but the hand made no response, — dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again. There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check. She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the lifted eyebrows and forehead with a cold, impassive stare. "Is that his child?" said she, stopping in her work for the first time, and pointing her knitting-needle at little Lucie, as if it were the finger of Fate. "Yes, Madame," answered Mr. Lorry, — "his only child." "It is enough, my husband," said Madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

IV This life continued for one year and three months. Every day at a certain hour Lucie and her child used to go and

stand in a side street, which was in view of that part of La Force where Darnay was confined. Sometimes he could see them from a certain lofty grated window, to which occasionally he had access ;

V sometimes he was locked in his cell ; but they never saw him. At last, however, a day for his trial was fixed, and, as if he had been forewarned in some manner, Sydney Carton arrived in Paris, and joined the anxious group at Mr. Lorry's the night before.

VI The trial began. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was charged with being an emigrant. " Off with his head," cried the audience. But when Darnay told how he had come back to save a citizen's life, and asked, " Was that criminal in the eyes of the republic ?" the populace cried enthusiastically, " No !" In short, the prisoner was acquitted unanimously (each of the twelve jurors gave his vote *viva voce*), and the fickle people carried him home in triumph. That evening the little family — reunited at last — were gathered before the fire. All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie's fears had begun to subside.

VII " What is that ?" she cried all at once.
" My dear," said her father, " command yourself. What a disordered state you are in !"

" I thought," she said, " that I heard strange steps on the staircase."

" My love, the staircase is as still as death."

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door. Four men in red caps, and armed with sabres, entered the room. They came to arrest Darnay again.

" Who denounced him ?" cried Dr. Manette.

" Citizen Defarge, his wife, and a third person whose name will remain unknown till the trial which takes place to-morrow."

VIII While this new horror was transacting, Sydney Carton met Barsad the spy, and very soon convinced him that he, Carton, knowing the spy's former history, could easily send him to the guillotine. Then there arose a question as to the other spy who also had sworn falsely against Darnay, — Roger Cly. Carton thought that he had seen him in Paris. Barsad declared that he was dead and buried in London. But hereupon Jerry Cruncher, who had been standing by unobserved, interposed, " He wan't in the coffin, — it was a take-in. Me and two more knows it ?"

" How do you know it !" exclaimed the spy in astonishment.

" Never you mind," growled Mr. Cruncher. " You with your imposition on a honest tradesman !"

Thus cornered, Barsad said to Carton, " What do you want of me ?"

"Come into this room alone with me," replied Carton gravely; "and I will tell you."

IX When they had gone, "Jerry," said Mr. Lorry, "come here."

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one shoulder considerably in advance of the other.

"What have you been besides a messenger?"

Jerry thought for a moment, and replied, "Agricultooral character."

"My mind misgives me much," said Mr. Lorry angrily, "that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson's as a blind, and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous character."

At this point in the conversation, Sydney Carton returned to the room, dismissing Barsad with a parting injunction whispered in his ear.

"What have you done?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"Nothing much," said Carton. "I have arranged with Barsad that, if it goes ill with the prisoner, I shall have access to him once before he dies."

Leaving Mr. Lorry, and stopping at a street lamp to write a few words on a scrap of paper, Carton sought out a small chemist's shop. He gave the scrap of paper to the chemist.

"You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen, you know the consequences of mixing them?"

"Perfectly."

Then two small packets were given to him, and he put them in his breast pocket. Sydney Carton walked the streets till morning, sober, grave, and yet not despondent, nor even sad. He thought of many things, of Lucie, of his childhood, of his father. His mother died while he was yet an infant; but as a boy, he had followed his father to the grave; and these words, read at his father's funeral, and fixed in his mind, were again and again on his lips, as he paced the dark and solitary streets. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." When morning came, he washed and dressed himself, drank a cup of coffee, ate some bread, and was early at the scene of the trial.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. By whom is he denounced?" asked the President.

"By three persons. Ernest Defarge, wine-vender of St. Antoine."

"Good."

"Thérèse Defarge, his wife."

"Good."

"Alexander Manette, Physician."

"It is an infamous lie," cried Dr. Manette, starting to his feet, pale and trembling. The doctor was silenced and Defarge, being called as a witness, produced a paper which he had found hidden in Dr. Manette's cell in the Bastille, and which explained how he

X came to be imprisoned there. This paper Defarge read in the breathless silence of the court-room.

The paper related how, on the night of December 27, 1757, the Doctor had been taken (almost by force) by two young noblemen (whom he afterward discovered to be the Marquis of Evrémonde and his brother) to a half-furnished house in an obscure part of Paris. There he found two patients, a beautiful peasant girl dying of brain fever, and her brother, a boy of seventeen, dying from a wound inflicted by the younger Evrémonde. The boy had attempted to avenge his sister. Both perished, in spite of the doctor's attentions. He refused to accept the gold offered to him for his services; and in a letter to a minister of the crown he stated the circumstances of the case. Shortly afterward, one dark night, he was summoned to attend a patient. A coach, he was told, was in waiting. "It brought me here," so ran the paper, "it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture."

This was the doctor's story, and it concluded as follows: "Them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexander Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to Heaven and to earth."

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this paper was finished,—an inarticulate cry for blood. At every jurymen's vote there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar. Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an Aristocrat, an oppressor

XI of the People. Back to the Conciergerie, and Death within four and twenty hours!

Lucie fell, as if she had received a mortal wound. Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. His arm trembled as it raised her, and supported her head. Yet, there was an air about him that was not all of pity, that had a flash of pride in it. After he had left

XII her, with her father and Mr. Lorry, in their lodgings, Carton paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. "It is best," he said to himself at last, "that these people should know there is such a man as I here." And he directed his steps to St.

Antoine, to the wine-shop of Defarge. There, exaggerating his character as an Englishman, and pretending not to understand French, he overheard a conversation between Defarge and his wife (who noticed, by the way, his close resemblance to Darnay) in which Madame Defarge sternly demanded — and her husband weakly opposed — the destruction of Darnay's wife, of his child, and even of Dr. Manette himself. Spurred rather than terrified by this discovery, Carton went back to the house of his friends. Dr. Manette had not come in. He had been gone now more than five hours. Carton and Mr. Lorry sat in silence waiting for him. Ten o'clock struck, eleven, twelve, and still he had not come. At last they heard his step on the stairs. The instant that he came in they saw that all was lost. "I cannot find it," said he, "and I must have it." His head and throat were bare; he dropped his coat on the floor. "Where is my bench? Time presses, I must finish those shoes." And he sank into a chair, cowering, whimpering, with head and back bent, — the exact figure that Defarge had in his keeping when he was first released from the Bastille. Then Carton, explaining to Mr. Lorry the necessity for an immediate flight from Paris, arranged with him that, at two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, Lucie, her father, her child, and Mr. Lorry should be seated in their carriage, with the horses harnessed, ready to start; and he gave Mr. Lorry his passport to keep till then. "Wait for nothing," said Carton, "but to have my place occupied, and then for England!"

XIII Very early the next morning Carton was at the prison, and Barsad — according to their agreement — admitted him to Darnay's cell. Then, partly by force, partly by persuasion, partly by his overmastering will, he induced Darnay to change clothes with him. Darnay protested that escape in that way was impossible; that Carton was only endangering his own life. But Carton made Darnay sit down and write at his dictation; he confused him with strange words and gestures; finally, he overpowered him with a vapor from a sponge which he took from his breast pocket. Darnay became insensible, and, dressed in Carton's clothes, he was carried out by the spy with the assistance of a turnkey who supposed him to be Carton.

Two hours later a jailer opened the door of the cell. "Follow me, Evrémonde," and Carton followed him, to a large, dimly lighted hall where the condemned were gathering. As he stood there in a dark corner, a young woman with a slight, girlish form, large eyes, and wan face, came up and touched him with her cold hand. "Citizen Evrémonde, I am a poor little seamstress who was with you in La Force. If I may ride with you,

Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage." As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched her lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And for his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"O you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes! my poor sister, to the last."

XIV Meanwhile the scheme succeeds; Carton's friends escape in their coach, and Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher are left to follow them in a light carriage. They were ready to start, and Jerry Cruncher had already gone to hasten the coming of their conveyance, when Madame Defarge, bent on some sinister errand, presented herself at the lodgings. She demanded admittance. Miss Pross, to gain time for the coach, refused, and bravely withstood her; there was a struggle, Madame Defarge's pistol went off, and she fell dead on the threshold. Miss Pross, disfigured and almost crazed, locked up the apartment, and rushed to the street; the faithful Jerry was there with the carriage, and off they went.

"Is there any noise in the streets?" she asked him.

"The usual noises," said Jerry, surprised.

"I hear nothing," said Miss Pross. "I feel as if there had been a flash and a crash, and that crash was the last thing I should ever hear in this life." And so indeed it was!

XV The coach containing Carton's friends, and the light chaise with Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher, long since had passed in safety the barriers of Paris and were speeding toward the coast, when six tumbrils, rumbling hollow and harsh, passed out from the gates of the Conciergerie. They carried the prisoners who on that day were to be offered to the insatiable guillotine. They were twenty-three in number.

As the sombre wheels . . . go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that, in many windows, there are no people, and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. . . .

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some.

seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again, there are some so heedful of their looks, that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres and in pictures. Several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror, that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals by look or gesture to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils; and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question; for it is always followed by a press of people toward the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is to know which is he: he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down. . . . He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him . . . Here and there in the long street of St. Honoré, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the spy and prison-sheep [Solomon Pross]. He looks into the first of them: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries, "Down, Evrémonde! To the guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the spy entreats him timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit: it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evrémonde then sees the spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way. . . .

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing-on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. . . .

They said of him about the city, that night, that it was the peace fullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Aggerawayter. *See* CRUNCHER, MRS.

Barsad, John. *See* PROSS, SOLOMON.

Carton, Sydney. A dissipated, reckless drudge for Mr. Stryver; a man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away; and yet in the end making a noble sacrifice. II: ii-vi, xi, xiii, xx, xxi; III: viii, ix, xi, xii, xiii, xv.

Cly, Roger. An Old Bailey spy, partner of Solomon Pross, and formerly servant to Charles Darnay. II: iii, xiv; III: viii, xv.

Cruncher, Jerry. An odd-job man at Tellson's Bank, in London, who is also a resurrection-man. His wife, a pious woman, is greatly distressed by her knowledge of the horrible nature of his nightly occupation; and, as her remonstrances prove to be unavailing, she resorts to prayers and supplications to Heaven to aid her in the reformation of her husband. This is very distasteful to Mr. Cruncher, — so much so, indeed, that he sometimes resorts to violence to prevent it.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a harlequin at home. At first he slept heavily, but by degrees began to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons. At which juncture, he exclaimed in a voice of dire exasperation:—

“Bust me, if she ain't at it agin!”

A woman of orderly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner, with sufficient haste and trepidation to show that she was the person referred to.

“What!” said Mr. Cruncher, looking out of bed for a boot. “You're at it agin; are you?”

After hailing the morn with this second salutation, he threw a boot at the woman as a third. It was a very muddy boot, and may introduce the odd circumstance connected with Mr. Cruncher's domestic economy, that, whereas he often came home after banking-hours with clean boots, he often got up next morning to find the same boots covered with clay.

"What, said Mr. Cruncher, varying his apostrophe after missing his mark, — "what are you up to, aggerawayter?"

"I was only saying my prayers."

"Saying your prayers! You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down, and praying agin me?"

"I was not praying against you: I was praying for you."

"You were n't; and, if you were, I won't be took the liberty with. Here, your mother's a nice woman, young Jerry, going a praying agin your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother; you have, my son. You've got a religious mother; you have, my boy: going and flopping herself down, and praying that the bread and butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child!"

Master Cruncher (who was in his shirt) took this very ill, and, turning to his mother, strongly deprecated any praying away of his personal board.

"And what do you suppose, you conceited female," said Mr. Cruncher with unconscious inconsistency, "that the worth of *your* prayers may be? Name the price that you put *your* prayers at."

"They only come from the heart, Jerry. They are worth no more than that."

"Worth no more than that," repeated Mr. Cruncher: "they ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it. I'm not a going to be made unlucky by *your* sneaking. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favor of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. If I had had any but a unnat'ral wife, and this poor boy had had any but a unnat'ral mother, I might have made some money last week, instead of being counterprayed and countermined, and religiously circumvented into the worst of luck. Bu-u-ust me!" said Mr. Cruncher, who all this time had been putting on his clothes, "if I ain't, what with piety and one blowed thing and another, been choused this last week into as bad luck as ever a poor devil of a honest tradesman met with! Young Jerry, dress yourself, my boy, and, while I clean my boots, keep a eye upon your mother now and then, and, if you see any signs of more flopping, give me a call. For I tell you," here he addressed his wife once more, "I won't be gone agin in this manner. I am as rickety as a hackney-coach; I'm as sleepy as laudanum; my lines is strained to that degree that I should n't know, if it was n't for the pain in 'em, which was me, and which somebody else: yet I'm none the better for it in pocket; and it's my suspicion that you've been at it from morning to night to prevent me from being the

better for it in pocket; and I won't put up with it, aggerawayter; and what do you say now?" . . . Mr. Cruncher betook himself to his boot-cleaning and his general preparations for business. In the mean time, his son . . . kept the required watch upon his mother. He greatly disturbed that poor woman, at intervals, by darting out of his sleeping-closet, where he made his toilet, with a suppressed cry of, "You are going to flop, mother!—Halloo, father!" and, after raising this fictitious alarm, darting in again with an undutiful grin.

Mr. Cruncher's temper was not at all improved when he came to his breakfast. He resented Mrs. Cruncher's saying grace with particular animosity.

"Now, aggerawayter, what are you up to? At it agin?"

His wife explained that she had merely "asked a blessing."

"Don't do it!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking about as if he rather expected to see the loaf disappear under the efficacy of his wife's petitions. "I ain't a going to be blest out of house and home. I won't have my wittles blest off my table. Keep still!" I: ii, iii; II: i-iii, vi, xiv, xxiv; III: vii-ix, xiv.

Cruncher, Young Jerry. His son and assistant.

Young Jerry, while yet a mere boy, and not in the secret of his father's night-excursions, masters the name of the business, and forms an idea of its nature. II: i, ii, xiv; III: ix.

Cruncher, Mrs. Wife of Jerry Cruncher; called by him "Aggerawayter." II: i, ii, xiv; III: ix, xiv.

Darnay, Charles. See ST. EVRÉMONDE, CHARLES.

Darnay, Mrs. Lucie. See MANETTE, LUCIE.

Defarge, Madame Thérèse. Wife of Monsieur Defarge, and leader of the St. Antoine rabble of women in the Revolution. She is a stout woman, with a watchful eye that seldom seems to look at anything, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. She is killed in an encounter with Miss Manette's maid, Miss Pross, who refuses to admit her into a room in which her mistress is supposed to be.

Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities, the troubled time would have heaved her up under any circumstances; but, imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong and an inveterate hatred of a class, opportunity had developed her into a tigress. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her, it had quite gone out of her. I: v, vi; II: vii, xv, xvi, xxi, xxii; III: iii, v, vi, viii-x, xii, xiv, xv.

Defarge, Monsieur Ernest. Keeper of a wine-shop in the suburb of St. Antoine, in Paris, and ringleader of the revolutionists in that quarter of the city. At his house, Doctor Manette is temporarily placed after being released from the Bastille; and it is he who finds the record which the old man had written and secreted in the prison, and who produces it in court against Darnay.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament; for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling, short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes, and a good bold breadth between them; good-humored-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose, — a man not desirable to be met rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side; for nothing would turn the man. I: v, vi; II: vii, xv, xvi, xxi, xxii; III: i, iii, vi, ix, x, xii, xiv, xv.

Evrémonde, Charles. *See* ST. EVRÉMONDE, CHARLES.

Gabelle, Monsieur Théophile. A postmaster, and some other taxing functionary united. II: viii, ix, xxiii, xxiv; III: i, vi.

Gaspard. Assassin of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. I: v; II: vii, xv, xvi.

Jacques One. A prominent assistant of Defarge in the French Revolution. I: v; II: xv, xxi, xxiii.

Jacques Two. Another revolutionist, who is also an assistant of Defarge. I: v; II: xv, xxi, xxiii.

Jacques Three. An associate of Defarge, and a member of the revolutionary jury; a cannibal-looking, bloody-minded man. I: v; II: xv, xxi-xxiii; III: xii, xiv.

Jacques Four. A name given to himself by Monsieur Defarge as one of the St. Antoine revolutionists.

Jacques Five. An associate of Defarge; a mender of roads, afterwards a wood-sawyer. II: viii, ix, xv, xvi, xxiii; III: v, ix, xiv, xv.

Joe. A coachman. I: ii.

Lorry, Mr. Jarvis. A confidential clerk at the banking-house of Tellson and Company, in London. He is a friend of the Manettes, and their companion during the terrible scenes of the Revolution in Paris.

Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a hand on each knee, and a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his

flapped waistcoat, as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence of the brisk fire. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it; for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture: his shoes and buckles, too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little sleek, crisp, flaxen wig, setting very close to his head; which wig, it is to be presumed, was made of hair, but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighboring beach, or the specks of sail that glinted in the sunlight far at sea. A face habitually suppressed and quieted was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes, that it must have cost their owner in years gone by some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy color in his cheeks; and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But perhaps the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on. I: ii-vi; II: ii-iv, vi, xii, xvi-xxi, xxiv; III: ii-vi, viii, ix, xi-xiii, xv.

Manette, Dr. Alexander. A physician of Paris, confined for eighteen years in the Bastille, because, in his professional capacity, he had become acquainted with the secret crimes of a noble family. Released just before the outbreak of the Revolution, he goes to England, whither his wife and daughter had preceded him, and where the former had died. Restored to his child, who nurses him with tender solicitude, he gradually recovers the use of his faculties, which had become greatly impaired during his long imprisonment. About this time a young French nobleman, disgusted with the tyranny of the class to which he belongs, renounces his title and fortune, expatriates himself, and settles in England, where he passes under the name of Charles Darnay. He there becomes acquainted with and marries the daughter of Dr. Manette. Having been summoned back to Paris, at the outbreak of the Revolution, to release from prison, by his testimony, an old and faithful servant of his family, he is himself thrown into La Force, immediately upon his arrival, as a proscribed emigrant. His wife and her father follow him, however; and Dr. Manette, whose popularity is very high, succeeds in securing his acquittal. Yet in a few days he is re-accused and re-arrested; the charge against him being that he is an aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, denounced enemies of the Republic; and the evidence against him is a paper written by Dr. Ma-

nette, when a prisoner in the Bastille, and secreted by him in a hole in the chimney of his cell. This document, which had been discovered at the capture of the prison, recites the story of the good doctor's sufferings, details the abominable iniquities of the St. Evrémonde family (to which Darnay belongs), and ends by denouncing them and their descendants, to the last of the race, to the times when all such things shall be answered for. Darnay is condemned to death; but, through the heroic self-devotion of Sydney Carton, he is saved from such a fate, and is taken to England by his wife and her father, where they all lead a peaceful, prosperous, and happy life, and pass at last to a tranquil death. I: ii-vi; II: ii-iv, vi, ix, x, xii, xiii, xvi-xxi, xxiv; III: ii-vii, ix-xii, xiv, xv.

Manette, Lucie. His daughter; afterwards the wife of Charles Darnay.

A young lady of . . . a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes . . . and a forehead with a singular capacity (remembering how young and smooth it was) of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity or wonder or alarm, or merely of a bright fixed attention; though it included all the four expressions. I: iv-vi; II: ii-vi, ix-xiii, xvi-xxi, xxiv; III: iii-vii, ix-xii, xiv, xv.

Mender of Roads, The. See JACQUES FIVE.

Monseigneur. A personification of the French nobility. II: vii, xxiii, xxiv; III: ii.

Prison-Sheep, The. See PROSS, SOLOMON.

Pross, Miss. Miss Lucie Manette's maid; sister of Solomon Pross. She is a grim, wild-looking woman, with red face and hair, brawny arms, abrupt manners, and singular habits; yet, —

Beneath the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselfish creatures — found only among women — who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves, to youth, when they have lost it, to beauty that they never had, to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain, to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives.

When the Manettes escape from Paris, Miss Pross remains behind to conceal their flight, and, in trying to do so, gets involved in a hand-to-hand conflict with Madame Defarge, a ruthless and desperate woman, who is on their track. In the struggle Madame Defarge draws a pistol, and attempts to shoot her antagonist; but Miss Pross strikes at it at the moment of firing, and the charge takes effect on the French woman, killing her instantly. Miss Pross hurries from the house, closely veiled; takes a carriage which

has been in waiting for her; and succeeds in escaping safely to England. I: iv; II: vi, x, xvii-xix, xxi; III: ii, iii, vii, viii, xiv.

Pross, Solomon, called also JOHN BARSAD, and nicknamed "PRISON SHEEP." A heartless scoundrel, who strips his sister of everything she possesses, as a stake to speculate with, and then abandons her in her poverty to support herself as she can. He becomes a spy and secret informer in the service of the English government, and afterwards a turnkey in the Conciergerie in Paris. I: iii, vi, xiv, xvi; III: viii, ix, xi, xiii-xv.

St. Evrémonde, Marquis. Uncle of Charles Darnay; twin-brother, joint inheritor, and next successor of the elder marquis.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask,—a face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed resided. They persisted in changing color sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then they gave a look of treachery and cruelty to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity of helping such a look was to be found in the line of the mouth and the lines of the orbits of the eyes being much too horizontal and thin; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face, and a remarkable one. II: vii-ix; III: x.

St. Evremonde, Marquis. Twin-brother of the younger marquis, and father of Charles Darnay. III: x.

St. Evrémonde Marquise. His wife; a young lady, handsome, engaging, and good, but not happy in her marriage. III: x.

St. Evrémonde, Charles, called CHARLES DARNAY. His son; a French *émigré*, afterwards married to Lucie Manette. II: ii-vi, ix, x, xvi-xviii, xx, xxi, xxiv; III: i-vii, ix-xv.

St. Evrémonde, Lucie. His daughter. II: xxi; III: ii, iii, v-vii, xi, xiii, xiv.

Stryver, Mr. A London barrister; counsel of Charles Darnay, and patron of Sydney Carton.

A man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was; stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy; [with] a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally and physically) into companies and conversations, that argued well for his shouldering his way up in life. II: ii-v, xi, xxi, xxiv.

Tellson and Company. An old and eminent banking-firm in London. I: iii, iv; II: i, iii, vii, ix.

Tom. Coachman of the Dover mail. I: ii.

Vengeance, The. One of the leading revolutionists among the Saint Antoine women; lieutenant to Madame Defarge. II: xxii; III: ix, xii, xiv, xv.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

OUTLINE

Chapter Philip Pirrip, an orphan, whose name had been boiled

I down to Pip, was in the churchyard near the marshes, beyond which were the Hulks, or prison-ships, when he was accosted by a fearful man, an escaped convict, who made him promise to bring him something to eat, and a file to rid himself of his fetters, at the

II Battery early the next morning. The boy, who lived with his sister, who had brought him up by hand, and her husband, the blacksmith, Joe Gargery, whom she had under her thumb, stealthily secured some provisions and a file, and the next morning

III went down to the marshes to keep his word. He was startled to come upon another man, also an escaped convict, whom he managed to avoid, however, carrying his load to the man who had met him the night before. He told his acquaintance of his chance meeting, which seemed to fill the fearful man with a new fury.

IV As for Pip, he was in a state of panic all day, which was Christmas, in his apprehension of his sister when she should discover the theft he had committed. His uncle Pumblechook and

V other choice spirits were at the table, and Pip, at the fatal moment, actually set out to run away, when the door opened, and in came a file of soldiers under charge of a sergeant, who wished to get a pair of handcuffs mended. This created a diversion; then it turned out that a couple of convicts had escaped, and the party was out after them. Pip and Joe joined them, and they came upon them at last, Pip's acquaintance holding the other fellow in his grip, apparently ready to be revenged on him for something, even if trapped himself thereby. He managed to convey his

VI good will to Pip by declaring that he had stolen food and a file from the blacksmith, a story which helped Pip out of his quandary, and left Mrs. Joe's guests busily discussing the manner in which the convict had committed his theft.

VII It was about a year after this that Pip, who had been painfully beginning his education at a school kept by Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, where he was assisted by Biddy, her grand-daughter, fell to talking with Joe Gargery about Joe's academic training.

"Did n't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were 'as little as me?"

"No, Pip."

"Why did n't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"Well, Pip," said Joe, taking up the poker, and settling himself to his usual occupation, when he was thoughtful, of slowly raking the fire between the lower bars, "I'll tell you. My father, Pip, — he were given to drink; and, when he were overtook with drink, he hammered away at my mother most onmerciful. It were a'most the only hammering he did, indeed, 'xcepting at myself; and he hammered at me with a wigor only to be equalled by the wigor with which he did n't hammer at his anwil. You're a listening and understanding, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Consequence: my mother and me, we ran away from my father several times; and then my mother, she'd go out to work; and she'd say, 'Joe,' she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child;' and she'd put me to school. But my father were that good in his hart, that he could n't abear to be without us; so he'd come with a most tremenjous crowd, and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was, that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us, and to give us up to him. And then he took us home, and hammered us; which you see, Pip," said Joe, pausing in his meditative raking of the fire, and looking at me, "were a drawback on my learning."

"Certainly, poor Joe!"

"Though mind you, Pip," said Joe, with a judicial touch or two of the poker on the top bar, "rendering unto all their doo, and maintaining equal justice betwixt man and man, my father were that good in his hart; don't you see?"

I did n't see; but I did n't say so.

"Well," Joe pursued, "somebody must keep the pct a biling, Pip, or the pot won't bile; don't you know?"

I saw that, and said so.

"Consequence: my father did n't make objections to my going to work: so I went to work at my present calling, which were his, too, if he would have followed it; and I worked tolerable hard, I assure *you*, Pip. In time, I were able to keep him; and I kep him till he went off in a purple leptic fit. And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that Whatsume'er the failings on his part, Remember, reader, he were that good in his hart."

Joe recited this couplet with such manifest pride and careful perspicuity, that I asked him if he had made it himself.

"I made it," said Joe, "my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horse-shoe complete in a single blow. I never was so much surprised in all my life, — could n't credit my own ed; to tell you the truth, hardly believed it *was* my own ed. As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him: but poetry costs money, cut it how you will, small or large; and it were not done. Not to mention bearers, all the money that could be spared were wanted for my mother. She were in poor elth, and quite broke. She were n't long of following, poor soul; and her share of peace come round at last."

Joe's blue eyes turned a little watery: he rubbed first one of them, and then the other, in a most uncongenial and uncomfortable manner, with the round knob on the top of the poker.

"It were but lonesome then," said Joe, "living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip," Joe looked firmly at me, as if he knew I was not going to agree with him, "your sister is a fine figure of a woman."

I could not help looking at the fire in an obvious state of doubt.

"Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions on that subject may be, Pip, your sister is" — Joe tapped the top bar with the poker after every word following — "a — fine — figure — of — a — woman!"

I could think of nothing better to say than "I am glad you think so, Joe."

"So am I," returned Joe, catching me up. "I am glad I think so, Pip. A little redness, or a little matter of bone here or there, — what does it signify to me?"

I sagaciously observed, if it did n't signify to him, to whom did it signify?

"Certainly!" assented Joe. "That's it. You're right, old chap! When I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her, too, all the folks said, and I said along with all the folks. As to you," Joe pursued, with a countenance expressive of seeing something very nasty indeed, "if you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, — dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself!"

Not exactly relishing this, I said, "Never mind me, Joe."

"But I did mind you, Pip," he returned, with tender simplicity. "When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come w tne forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child. God

“ Bless the poor little child ! ” I said to your sister : “ there ’s room for him at the forge . ” ”

I broke out crying, and begging pardon, and hugged Joe round the neck, who dropped the poker to hug me, and to say, “ Ever the best of friends ; ain’t us, Pip ? Don’t cry, old chap ! ”

The conversation was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Joe from market in great excitement, with the news that Miss Havisham, an eccentric and mysteriously isolated lady in town, had sent an invitation, instigated apparently by Uncle Pumblechook, to Pip to come to her house to play ; and Uncle Pumblechook being in wait-

VIII ing, off Pip was packed at once. It was a singular part he was called on to play. He went to Satis House the next morning, was admitted by a proud, beautiful, and insolent girl of about his own age, named Estella, who took him to the room where sat Miss

IX Havisham, dressed as for a party, with candles about her, and bade him play at cards with Estella. When he was let out from this festive scene, he was bidden come again in six days : but when he went home and was pursued with questions by Mrs. Joe and Uncle Pumblechook, he told a string of stories as fast as he could make them up, only confessing the honest truth to honest Joe Gargery.

X Before he went back for his second visit, he had a curious adventure. He had gone to the Three Jolly Bargemen at Mrs. Joe’s demand to bring Joe home, and there found Joe and Wopsle in company with a stranger who seemed to take a lively interest in them, and who stirred his rum with a file. This performance was intended, with success, to notify Pip that the stranger knew the convict. When they left, the convict’s friend gave Pip a shilling,

XI and wrapped it, moreover, in two one-pound notes. Pip made his second visit to Miss Havisham. It was her birthday, and three or four of her relations came in a hypocritical spirit to remind her of themselves. Again Pip played with Estella, and on going out of the house into the garden he fell in with a pale young gentleman who persuaded him into a fight. Perhaps it was because he thrashed the pale young gentleman that Estella rewarded

XII him with a kiss. Miss Havisham, after a series of these ghostly entertainments, asked Pip if he would bring Joe Gargery with him with his indenture papers, for Pip was to be appren-

XIII ticed to Joe, and when the two appeared before her, she gave Joe twenty-five guineas as his premium, and with that Joe and Pip went before the magistrates and Pip was apprenticed ; but

XIV that was the end of his visits at Satis House. It was the end also, in a way, of Pip’s peace of mind, for the intercourse with Miss Havisham and Estella had made him very conscious of his own coarseness and lack of refinement.

Nevertheless Pip could not withstand the attraction of Estella,

XV and he begged a holiday of Joe, that he might go and pay his respects to Miss Havisham. Dolge Orlick, a journeyman of Joe's, demanded a like favor, and got it, but Mrs. Joe coming to the forge, the ugly Orlick said uncomplimentary things about her which led to his being knocked down by Joe. Pip made his visit, but found that Estella had gone to the continent to perfect her education. Coming home with Orlick, who had fallen in with him, he found his sister insensible on the floor, felled by a blow from some unknown hand. Although certain ponderous officials from

XVI London came down, the wretch who had dealt the blow was not found. Meanwhile for Joe's aid Biddy came into the household, and very quick she proved to be, interpreting as others could not the signs that Mrs. Joe made. She even translated a T which Mrs. Joe drew, into Orlick's hammer, and Orlick accordingly was invited in, and Mrs. Joe seemed very desirous of making all things comfortable for him, who now was quite one of the household and

XVII bearing an evident affection for Biddy, much to her discomposure, as she showed Pip who had made a confidante of her, not perceiving in his blind devotion to the absent Estella that Biddy was truer to him.

XVIII Pip had been to see Miss Havisham on his birthday each year, and each year she had given him a guinea, but one day, some four years after his apprenticeship, he and Joe were accosted by a lawyer named Jaggers, whom Pip had seen at Miss Havisham's, and told that a friend who did not wish to be known had expressed the intention of calling Pip into a handsome property, and meanwhile desired him to break off from his present life and live as a gentleman. Joe with his affectionate nature cheerfully relinquished,

XIX without compensation, his rights in Pip, but Pip himself, wrapped up in his prospects, could see in his sister's great-hearted husband only an uneducated, ill-mannered lout, not having the eyes to see him that Biddy, for instance, had. He was not allowed to know who his benefactor was, but after arraying himself in a fine suit of clothes, he presented himself to Miss Havisham and bade her a significant good-by.

XX Pip went up to London and reported himself to Mr. Jaggers, who was a criminal lawyer much in demand, and Mr. Jaggers turned him over to his clerk Wemmick, who took him to

XXI Barnard's Inn to give him in charge of Mr. Herbert Pocket, the son of the Matthew Pocket who was to be his tutor. To their mutual surprise, Mr. Pocket, Jr., turned out to be the pale

XXII young gentleman whom Pip had once fought. That did not prevent their getting on very well together now, and Herbert

Pocket told Pip what he knew of Miss Havisham's story, and at the end of the week took him to Hammersmith and delivered him over to his father, a cousin of Miss Havisham's, and so very independent that he had never got on with that eccentric dame. Here

XXIII Pip was established to read with Mr. Pocket, and a pretty disorganized household he found it, with Mrs. Pocket ruling it like an abdicated queen. The situation was so unpleasant that

XXIV Pip decided to make his quarters with Herbert Pocket, and did so with Mr. Jaggers's consent. Mr. Wemmick was Mr. Jaggers's agent in all these matters, and Pip made his acquaintance

XXV more thoroughly, when he went down to Walworth to dine with him in his toy castle where he lived with his Aged Parent. He

XXVI dined also with Mr. Jaggers, and with him two of his fellow students, Bentley Drummle and Startop.

XXVII Joe Gargery, announced by a letter from Biddy, came up to town to see Pip, who had the shame to be mortified at having Herbert see his great friend, and the grace to repent of his weakness afterwards. Joe's errand turned out to be a message from Miss Havisham to the effect that Estella had come home, and Pip

XXVIII at once made up his mind to go back to his home and see her. It so chanced that on the coach by which he went down were two convicts, and in one of them he recognized the man who had given him the shilling wrapped up in two one-pound notes.

XXIX Pip paid his respects to Miss Havisham, and saw Estella, now grown a beautiful lady. He was surprised also at finding Orlick there on duty as porter, and at seeing his guardian, Mr. Jaggers, who suddenly appeared in Miss Havisham's room. Pip

XXX went back to London desperately in love with Estella, and made a confidante of Herbert, who responded by informing him that he was also in love with, in fact engaged to, a girl named

XXXI Clara, with a father who was apparently a somewhat objectionable sort of father. The two companions thereupon went to the theatre to see Wopsle play Hamlet. It might almost

XXXII be said that it was the drama that Pip saw when he went with Wemmick through Newgate prison. He saw it again

XXXIII on the outside shortly after, when he had the honor of escorting Estella to Richmond, where she was to be introduced to the great world.

XXXIV All this time Pip and Herbert were getting sadly into debt, and did a deal of figuring to make their affairs look more business like.

"My dear Herbert," said I [Pip], "we are getting on badly."

"My dear Handel," Herbert would say to me in all sincerity, "if you will believe me, those very words were on my lips by a strange coincidence."

"Then, Herbert," I would respond, "let us look into our affairs."

We always derived profound satisfaction from making an appointment for this purpose. I always thought myself, this was business, this was the way to confront the thing, this was the way to take the foe by the throat. And I know Herbert thought so too.

We generally ordered something rather special for dinner, with a bottle of something similarly out of the common way, in order that our minds might be fortified for the occasion, and we might come well up to the mark. Dinner over, we produced a bundle of pens, a copious supply of ink, and a goodly show of writing and blotting paper; for there was something very comfortable in having plenty of stationery.

I would then take a sheet of paper, and write across the top of it, in a neat hand, the heading, "Memorandum of Pip's Debts," with Barnard's Inn and the date very carefully added. Herbert would also take a sheet of paper, and write across it, with similar formalities, "Memorandum of Herbert's Debts."

Each of us would then refer to a confused heap of papers at his side, which had been thrown into drawers, worn into holes in pockets, half-burned in lighting candles, stuck for weeks into the looking-glass, and otherwise damaged. The sound of our pens going refreshed us exceedingly, insomuch that I sometimes found it difficult to distinguish between this edifying business-proceeding and actually paying the money. In point of meritorious character, the two things seemed about equal. . . .

When I had got all my responsibilities down upon my list, I compared each with the bill, and ticked it off. My self-approval when I ticked an entry was almost a luxurious sensation. When I had no more ticks to make, I folded all my bills up uniformly, docketed each on the back, and tied the whole into a symmetrical bundle. Then I did the same for Herbert (who modestly said he had not my administrative genius), and felt that I had brought his affairs into a focus for him.

My business habits had one other bright feature, which I called "leaving a margin." For example: supposing Herbert's debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four and twopence, I would say, "Leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred." Or, supposing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom and prudence of this same margin; but I am bound to acknowledge that, on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device; for we always ran into new

debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far into another margin.

XXXV Then suddenly came word to Pip of the death of his sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery. He went down to his old home and paraded with the other mourners, and tried to place Joe and Biddy in their right places, but succeeded only in putting himself in the wrong. Not long after his return to London both Herbert

XXXVI and he came of age, and his guardian, Mr. Jaggers, still withholding the name of his benefactor, now greatly increased his allowance, whereupon Pip arranged for the transfer of a good portion of it as a loan to Herbert to advance his interests, though without Herbert's knowledge of the part he played. He was

XXXVII able to do this through Wemmick, whom he visited at his little toy castle, where he observed the intimacy springing up

XXXVIII between Wemmick and Miss Skiffn. The love-passages of other people gave him a different feeling, for on taking Estella back to Miss Havisham he found that Drummle was paying court to her, and that through some miserable fate she seemed to be falling into his arms.

XXXIX Pip was now twenty-three years old, in the enjoyment of a comfortable income, yet though he had no doubt that Miss Havisham was the source of it, he was debarred from having the knowledge direct from her or her lawyer, Jaggers. Then it was that a sudden revelation came to him. He was alone in his lodgings one stormy night, when he heard sounds below. On opening the door and calling, he heard his own name, and so lighted his visitor into his room. The new-comer was a roughly dressed, hard-worn man, who looked searchingly at Pip. Then he began to put questions to him, and it was not long before the terrible truth came to Pip that this was the convict he had helped, and that the money which he was enjoying was the gift of this strange man. He had come back with pride to see the gentleman he had made out of Pip, but it was at the risk of his life, for the penalty of discovery was death.

XL Herbert was away, and so Pip could guard his uncle, as he elected to call him for safety, his uncle Provis. But the situation was a perilous one. Pip called on Mr. Jaggers, to find that gentleman very cautious in dealing with the case. Herbert came

XLI back and was sworn to secrecy. He was most sympathetic with Pip, and they both agreed that they must if possible get Provis, or Abel Magwitch as he really was, out of England.

XLII But first they persuaded Magwitch to tell his story. It was a dismal tale, but one or two points arrested their attention.

About twenty years before he had been the pal of one Compeyson, a gentlemanly swindler. This Compeyson used Magwitch, but finally both were committed for felony, and by this time Magwitch was bitter against Compeyson and swore to damage him. It was Compeyson who escaped at the same time with Magwitch, and who was seen by Pip when he went to feed Magwitch. Now Compeyson was the lover who had been false to Miss Havisham.

XLIII Before Pip could take Magwitch to the continent, he felt that he must once more see Estella and Miss Havisham. To add to his bitterness, he found Drummle in the neighborhood. He

XLIV had a conference with Miss Havisham, in which he begged her to do for Herbert now what he could no longer do, and he parted with Estella, knowing that she was to marry Drummle. That night, on returning to London, he was met before entering his lodgings by a messenger with a line from Wemmick, — "Don't go home." Pip obeyed, and in the morning went at once to Wemmick,

XLV who told him that some one was watching for Magwitch or for him; that he had conferred with Herbert, and between them they had managed to transfer Magwitch to a house by the riverside where Clara, Herbert's betrothed, lived. Pip spent

XLVI the day at Wemmick's, and at night went to Mrs. Whimple's, where he saw Herbert and Magwitch. It was agreed that Pip should set up a boat and disarm suspicion by rowing constantly on the river, against the time when he and Herbert could secretly row Magwitch away.

XLVII Things went on for some time without change, and Pip went one night to the play to see Mr. Wopsle, and in their talk afterward Mr. Wopsle declared that he saw behind Pip during the play, the other convict, who was no other than Compeyson.

XLVIII Not long after, Pip meeting Mr. Jaggers was taken home to dinner. Again Pip noticed Jaggers's housekeeper, and this time from certain movements was sure she was Estella's mother; a surmise which was strengthened by Wemmick's narrative of her story afterward. Pip paid another visit to Miss Havisham

XLIX and learned of Estella's marriage. He was present also when that night her poor bridal dress which she always wore caught fire, and the desolate woman was saved from death by burning by his exertions only.

L When Pip returned to London with his own hands badly burned, he learned from Herbert a further story which Magwitch had told him, showing clearly that he was Estella's father; a

LI story which was made all the more certain to Pip when afterward he saw both Jaggers and Wemmick.

LII It became possible now to move Magwitch, and Pip and Herbert, taking Startop into their counsels since Pip's hands

were burned, had made arrangements, when Pip received a mysterious note bidding him meet the writer on the old marshes to learn something about his uncle Provis; but he must tell no one, and he must go alone. He acted promptly as he needed to, by the terms of the note, and went at night to the lonely place. He went

LIII as bidden to an old sluice house, and groping about in the dark was suddenly seized and bound. Then a light was struck, and he discovered in the man who had bound him, Orlick. Old Orlick was to take his revenge on him, and first he poured out all his accumulated rage. He told him he had killed his sister, and then drinking heavily to heat his rage, he took up his heavy stone hammer to fell him. Pip did all that he had left to do: he uttered a despairing cry. That cry brought instantaneous help, Herbert and Startop, whose coming gave him his liberty and life, as Orlick fled into the darkness. It transpired that Pip had left the anonymous letter in his room, and Herbert finding it had scented mischief. By a series of tracings they came upon Pip at the critical moment.

LIV It was still not too late for their errand, and carrying out their plan they rowed down the river and took Magwitch aboard. They had a night of it, hoping to make the Hamburg steamer in the morning. Instead, they were watched by officers who had been directed by Compeyson, and Magwitch was captured, though not till he had struck Compeyson his death-blow. Mag-

LV witch was held for trial, and Pip secured Jaggers for his defence. Wemmick about this time casually invited Pip to take a walk with him, and casually they entered a church, where Wemmick was married quite in an impromptu fashion to Miss Skiffins.

LVI Magwitch never came to his trial, for he lay in prison till he died, but before he died he had from Pip the great gift he longed for, Pip's real affection, and from him he learned of his daughter Estella, and of Pip's love for her still. Pip himself had

LVII a long illness after this, but his recovery was made happy by Joe Gargery's presence, and Joe told him of Miss Havisham's death, and of Orlick's breaking into Uncle Pumblechook's

LVIII and being arrested and shut up in the county jail. Pip went once more to his old haunts, where Joe married Biddy. Eleven years after, he saw Estella once more. She was a

LIX widow now, but apparently was not long to remain so, if Pip can be trusted.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Aged, The. See WEMMICK, Mr., *senior*.

Amelia. One of Mr. Jaggers's clients. xx.

Avenger, The. See PEPPER.

Barley, Clara. Daughter of Old Bill Barley; a very pretty, slight, dark-eyed girl of twenty, or so, of natural and winning manners, and a confiding and amiable disposition. She is betrothed to Herbert Pocket, whom she afterward marries. xlvi, lv, lviii, lix.

Barley, Old Bill. A bedridden purser; a sad old rascal, always inebriated, and tormented by the gout in his right hand — and everywhere else. xlvi, lviii.

Biddy. An orphan; second cousin to Mr. Wopsle, being his "great-aunt's grand-daughter." She is a good, honest girl, poor in purse and condition, but with a wealth of true womanliness which makes Joe Gargery, whose second wife she becomes, very rich indeed. vii, xvi–xix, xxxv, lviii, lix.

Brandley, Mrs. A widow lady at Richmond, with whom Estella is placed by Miss Havisham. xxxviii.

Camilla, Mr. John or Raymond. A relative of Miss Havisham's; a toady and a humbug. xi, xxv.

Camilla, Mrs. His wife; sister to Mr. Pocket. She professes a great deal of love for Miss Havisham, and calls on her husband to testify that her solicitude for that lady is gradually undermining her to the extent of making one of her legs shorter than the other. xi, xxv.

Clarriker. A young merchant or shipping-broker. lii, lviii.

Coiler, Mrs. A toady neighbor of Mr. and Mrs. Pocket's; a widow lady of that highly sympathetic nature, that she agrees with everybody, blesses everybody, and sheds smiles or tears on everybody, according to circumstances. xxiii.

Compeyson. A convict, and "the worst of scoundrels." He proves to be the man who professed to be Miss Havisham's lover. Magwitch gives the following account of him to Pip: —

Compey took me on to be his man and pardner. And what was Compey's business in which we was to go pardners? Compey's business was the swindling, handwriting forging, stolen bank-note passing, and such like. All sorts of traps as Compey could set with his head, and keep his own legs out of, and get the profits from, and let another man in for, was Compey's business. He'd no more heart than a iron file; he was as cold as death, and had the head of the Devil. . . . Not to go into the

things that Compey planned, and I done, — which 'ud take a week, — I'll simply say to you, dear boy, . . . that that man got me into such nets as made me his black slave. I was always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always a working, always a getting into danger. He was younger than me; but he'd got craft; and he'd got learning; and he overmatched me five hundred times told, and no mercy.

He is at length committed for felony, is sentenced to seven years' imprisonment; and is finally killed in a struggle with Magwitch. iii, v, xlii, xlv, xlvii, l, liii-lvi.

Drummler, Bentley, called THE SPIDER. A sulky, old-looking young man of a heavy order of architecture: idle, proud, niggardly, reserved, and suspicious. He is a fellow-boarder with Pip at Mr. Pocket's, and his rival for the hand of Estella, whom he marries, and treats with great cruelty. xxiii, xxv, xxxviii, xliii, xlv, xlviii.

Estella. The adopted daughter of Miss Havisham, and the heroine of the story. She proves to be the daughter of Abel Magwitch (or Provis), Pip's benefactor. Her foster-mother tells Pip that she had wished for a little girl to rear, and to save from her own fate; and that Mr. Jaggers had accordingly brought her such a child, — an orphan of about three years.

"When she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first, I meant no more."

"Well, well!" said I. "I hope so."

"But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her, — a warning to back and point my lessons, — I stole her heart away, and put ice in its place."

Not content with moulding the impressionable child into the form that her own wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride finds vengeance in, she marries her to an ill-tempered, clumsy, contemptible booby (Bentley Drummler), who has nothing to recommend him but money and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed predecessors. After leading a most unhappy life, she separates from her husband, who subsequently dies from an accident consequent on his ill-treatment of a horse. Some two years after this event, she happens to meet Pip (who has always loved her) on the very spot where their first meeting had been when they were children.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and as the morning mists had risen long ago, when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now; and, in all the

broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw the shadow of no parting from her. vii, ix, xi-xvi, xviii, xxii, xxvii, xxix, xxx, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxviii, xxxix, xliii, xliv, xlviii-li, lvi, lvii, lix.

Flopson. A nurse in Mr. Pocket's family. xxii, xxiii.

Gargery, Joe. A blacksmith; married to Pip's sister, who is an out-and-out termagant.

Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and eyes of such a very undecided blue, that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow, — a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

When Pip is a small boy, he is harshly treated by his sister (with whom he lives, both of his parents being dead); but his kind-hearted brother-in-law befriends him as much as is possible, and makes quite a companion of him.

After the death of his wife, Joe marries Biddy, a sweet-tempered woman, who makes him an excellent wife, and with whom he lives happily for many years, ever doing the duty that lies before him with a strong hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart. ii-vii, ix, x, xii-xx, xxvii, xxxv, lvii-lix.

Gargery, Mrs. Georgiana Maria. His wife; sister to Pip, and a thorough shrew.

My sister . . . was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband, as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. . . .

With black hair and eyes [she] had such a prevailing redness of skin, that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square, impregnable bib in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. . . .

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were — most of them — at

that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidence as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me the moment I raised the latch of the door, and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney-corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip; and she's out now; making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and, what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."

At this dismal intelligence, I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

"She sat down," said Joe; "and she got up; and she made a grab at Tickler; and she ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the bars with the poker: "she ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, looking up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to further investigation. She concluded by throwing me — I often served her as a connubial missile — at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney, and quietly fenced me there with his great legs.

When Pip grows up, he goes out into the world, and his experiences of his sister's tender mercies come to an end; but poor Joe continues to bear his cross with exemplary patience, until death relieves him of it by opening a grave for Mrs. Gargery.

"She had been in one of her bad states — though they had got better, of late, rather than worse — for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at tea-time, and said quite plainly, 'Joe.' As she had never said any word for a long while, I [Biddy] ran and fetched in Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms around his neck. So I put them round his neck and she laid her head down on his shoulder quite content and satisfied. And so she presently said, 'Joe,' again,

and once, 'pardon,' and once, 'Pip.' And so she never lifted her head up any more; and it was just an hour later when we laid it down on her own bed, because we found she was gone." ii, iv-vii, ix, x, xii-xviii, xxiv, xxv.

Georgiana. A cousin of Mr. Pocket's, and a relative of Miss Havisham's; an indigestive single woman, who calls her rigidity religion, and her liver love. xi, xxv, lvii.

Havisham, Miss. Estella's foster-mother. In her youth she had been a beautiful heiress, and looked after as a great match. She was pursued in particular by a certain showy man (Compeyson), who professed to be devoted to her.

She had not shown much susceptibility up to that time; but all she possessed certainly came out then, and she passionately loved him: there is no doubt that she perfectly idolized him. He practised on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her; and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father), at an immense price, on the plea, that, when he was her husband, he must hold and manage it all. . . . The marriage-day was fixed, the wedding-dresses were bought, the wedding-tour was planned out, the wedding-guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom.

She received a letter from him, however, when she was dressing for church, that most heartlessly broke the marriage off. When she recovered from a bad illness that she had, she laid waste the whole place where she resided (Satis House), stopped all the clocks at twenty minutes to nine, — the time of her receiving the letter, — and never afterwards looked upon the light of day. Pip, who was invited to her house when a small boy, thus describes it and its inmate: —

I entered . . . , and found myself in a pretty large room well lighted with wax-candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture; though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass; and that I made out, at first sight, to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon, if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table, and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials, — satins and lace and silks, — all of white. Her shoes were white; and she had a long white veil dependent from her hair; and she had bridal flowers in her

hair: but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands; and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing; for she had but one shoe on (the other was on the table near her hand); her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on; and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, — all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first minute that I saw all these things; though I saw more of them in the first minute than might be supposed. But I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose had shrunk to skin and bone.

Filled with bitterness towards all mankind, Miss Havisham adopts a beautiful orphan girl (Estella), and rears her in the midst of all this desolation, educating her to steel her heart against all tenderness, but to lead young men on to love her, that she may break their hearts. viii, ix, xi-xiv, xix, xxii, xxix, xxxviii, xlix, xlix, lvii.

Hubble, Mr. A wheelwright, who is a friend of Mrs. Joe Gargery's; a tough, high-shouldered, stooping old man, of a sawdusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart. iv, v, xxxv.

Hubble, Mrs. His wife; a little, sharp-eared person, who holds a conventionally juvenile position, because she married Mr. Hubble when she was much younger than he. iv, v, xxxv.

Jack. A grizzled, slimy man, with a slushy voice, who is employed on a little causeway on the Thames. liv.

Jagers, Mr. A criminal lawyer of Little Britain, employed by Pip's unknown patron to inform him of his "great expectations," and to act as his guardian until he comes into full possession of his fortune.

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head and a correspondingly large hand. . . . He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy, black eyebrows that would n't lie down, but stood up bristling. His eyes were set very deep in his head and were disagreeably sharp and suspicious. He had a very large watch-chain, and very

strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them.

Mr. Jaggers had an air of authority that is not to be disputed, and a manner expressive of knowing something secret about everybody that would effectually do for each individual, if he chose to disclose it. His clerk tells Pip that it always seems to him as if his master had set a man-trap, and was watching it. When he is not biting his large forefinger, he is in the habit of throwing it, in a half-bullying sort of way, at the person he is talking with. He never laughs; but he wears great, bright, creaking boots, and in poisoning himself on these, with his large head bent down, and his eyebrows joined together, awaiting an answer, he sometimes causes the boots to creak as if *they* laughed in a dry and suspicious way. xi, xviii, xx, xxi, xxiv, xxvi, xxix, xxxvi, xl, xlviii, xlix, li, lvi.

Magwitch, Abel, *alias* PROVIS. A convict who escapes from the Hulks, and, meeting Pip, terrifies the boy into supplying him with food, and a file to enable him to file off his fetters. Though very soon captured, and transported to New South Wales, he retains a grateful remembrance of Pip, and after some years, growing wealthy in the business of sheep-farming, sets him up as a gentleman, making Mr. Jaggers his guardian and banker. He does this privately, however; and Pip supposes himself to be indebted to Miss Havisham for his good fortune, — a mistake which that lady, for reasons of her own, does not trouble herself to correct. Magwitch at last returns to England under the assumed name of Provis, and makes himself known to Pip, who endeavors to save his benefactor from recapture, but in vain. In spite of every precaution, Magwitch is discovered and taken; but he dies in prison, and thus escapes execution. i, iii, v, xxxix–xlii, xlv, liv–lvi.

Mary Anne. A neat little girl who is Wemmick's servant. xxv, xlv.

Mike. A one-eyed client of Mr. Jaggers. xx, li.

Millers. A nurse in Mr. Pocket's family. xxii, xxiii.

Molly. Mr. Jaggers's housekeeper, and a former mistress of Abel Magwitch, by whom she is the mother of Estella.

Rather tall, of a lithe, nimble figure, extremely pale, with large blue eyes and a quantity of streaming light hair. I cannot say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter; but I know that I had been to see Macbeth at the theatre a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the caldron. xxiv, xxvi.

Orlick, Dolge. A journeyman employed by Joe Gargery. He

secretly strikes a blow, which results in the death of Mrs. Gargery; and he afterwards attempts the life of Pip.

He was a broad-shouldered, loose-limbed, swarthy fellow, of great strength, never in a hurry, and always slouching. He never even seemed to come to his work on purpose, but would slouch in as if by mere accident; and when he went to the Jolly Bargemen to eat his dinner, or went away at night, he would slouch out like Cain or the Wandering Jew, — as if he had no idea where he was going, and no intention of ever coming back. He lodged at a sluice-keeper's, out on the marshes, and on working-days would come slouching from his hermitage, with his hands in his pockets, and his dinner loosely tied in a bundle round his neck, and dangling on his back. On Sundays, he mostly lay all day on sluice-gates, or stood against ricks or barns. He always slouched, locomotively, with his eyes on the ground; and when accosted, or otherwise required to raise them, he looked up in a half-resentful, half-puzzled way, as though the only thought he ever had was, that it was rather an odd and injurious fact that he should never be thinking. xv-xvii, xxix, xxx, liii.

Pepper, called THE AVENGER. Pip's boy.

I got on so fast, of late, that I had even started a boy in boots, — top-boots, — in bondage and slavery to whom I might have been said to pass my days. For after I had made my monster (out of the refuse of my washerwoman's family), and had clothed him with a blue coat, canary waistcoat, white cravat, creamy breeches, and the boots already mentioned, I had to find him a little to do and a great deal to eat; and with both of those horrible requirements he haunted my existence. xxvii.

Pip. See PIR RIP, PHILIP.

Pirrip, Philip, called Pip. The narrator and the hero of the story; "a good fellow, with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming, curiously mixed in him."

Pocket, Herbert. A son of Matthew Pocket's, who becomes a warm friend of Pip's. He has "great expectations" as well as Pip, whom he quite astonishes with the grandeur of his ideas and his plans for making money.

Pip's lavish habits lead Herbert into expenses that he cannot afford, corrupt the simplicity of his life, and disturb his peace with anxieties and regrets.

At a later date Herbert becomes a partner in the house of Clariker & Co., through the kind assistance of Pip, which is secretly rendered, and is not discovered for many a year. He marries Clara Barley. xi, xxi-xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxiv, xxxvi-xlii, xlv-xlvii, xlix, l, lii-lv, lviii.

Pocket, Alick. One of Mr. Pocket's children, who makes arrangements, while still wearing a frock, for being married to a suitable young person at Kew. xxii, xxiii.

Pocket, Jane. A little daughter of Mr. Pocket's; a mere mite, who has prematurely taken upon herself some charge of the others. Her desire to be matrimonially established is so strong, that she might be supposed to have passed her short existence in the perpetual contemplation of domestic bliss. xxii, xxiii.

Pocket, Joe. Another child. xxiii.

Pocket, Fanny. Another child. xxiii.

Pocket, Mr. Matthew. A relative of Miss Havisham's, living at Hammersmith, with whom Pip studies for a time. He is a gentleman with a rather perplexed expression of face, and with his hair disordered on his head, as if he did n't quite see his way to putting anything straight.

By degrees I learned, and chiefly from Herbert, that Mr. Pocket had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself; but that, when he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket very early in life, he had impaired his prospects, and taken up the calling of a grinder. After grinding a number of dull blades (of whom it was remarkable that their fathers, when influential, were always going to help him to preferment, but always forgot to do it when the blades had left the grindstone), he had wearied of that poor work, and come to London. Here, after gradually failing in loftier hopes, he had "read" with divers who had lacked opportunities, or neglected them, and had refurbished divers others for special occasions, and had turned his acquirements to the account of literary compilation and correction, and on such means, added to some very moderate private resources, still maintained the house I saw. xxii-xxiv, xxxiii, xxxix.

Pocket, Mrs. Belinda. His wife.

Mrs. Pocket was the only daughter of a certain quite accidental deceased knight, who had invented for himself a conviction that his deceased father would have been made a baronet, but for somebody's determined opposition, arising out of entirely personal motives (I forget whose, if I ever knew, — the sovereign's, the prime minister's, the lord chancellor's, the Archbishop of Canterbury's, anybody's), and had tacked himself on the nobles of the earth in right of this quite supposititious fact. I believe he had been knighted himself for storming the English grammar at the point of a pen in a desperate address, engrossed on vellum, on the occasion of the laying of the first stone of some building or other, and handing some royal personage either the trowel or the mor-

tar. Be that as it may, he had directed Mrs. Pocket to be brought up from her cradle as one who, in the nature of things, must marry a title, and who was to be guarded from the acquisition of plebeian domestic knowledge. So successful a watch and ward had been established over the young lady by this judicious parent, that she had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless. With her character thus happily formed, in the first bloom of her youth she had encountered Mr. Pocket, who was also in the first bloom of youth, and not quite decided whether to mount to the woolsack, or to roof himself in with a mitre. As his doing the one or the other was a mere question of time, he and Mrs. Pocket had taken time by the forelock (at a season when, to judge from its length, it would seem to have wanted cutting), and had married without the knowledge of the judicious parent. The judicious parent, having nothing to bestow or withhold but his blessing, had handsomely settled that dower upon them after a short struggle, and had informed Mr. Pocket that his wife was "a treasure for a prince." Mr. Pocket had invested the prince's treasure in the ways of the world ever since; and it was supposed to have brought him in but indifferent interest. Still, Mrs. Pocket was, in general, the object of a queer sort of respectful pity, because she had not married a title; while Mr. Pocket was the object of a queer sort of respectful reproach, because he had never got one. xxii, xxiii, xxxiii.

Pocket, Sarah. A relative of Miss Havisham; a little, dry, brown, corrugated old woman, with a blandly vicious manner, a small face that might have been made of walnut-shells, and a large mouth like a cat's, without the whiskers. xi, xv, xix, xxix.

Potkins, William. A waiter at the Blue Boar. lviii.

Provis. See MAGWITCH, ABEL.

Pumblechook, Uncle. A well-to-do corn-chandler and seedsman: uncle to Joe Gargery, but appropriated by Mrs. Joe. He is a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull, staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head; so that he looks as if he had been choked, and had just come to. Pumblechook is the torment of Pip's life. While a mere boy, the bullying old fellow is in the habit of coming to Mrs. Gargery's house, where Pip lives, and discussing his character and prospects; but this he can never do without having the child before him to operate on.

He would drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) when I was quiet in a corner, and putting me before the fire, as if I were going to be cooked, would begin by saying, "Now, mum, here is this boy, — here is this boy which you brought up by

hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be forever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, mum, with respections to this boy.' And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way (which, from my earliest remembrance, . . . I have in my soul denied the right of any fellow-creature to do), and would hold me before him by the sleeve, a spectacle of imbecility only to be equalled by himself. iv-ix, xiii, xv, xix, xxxv, lviii.

Skiffins, Miss. A lady of an uncertain age and a wooden appearance, but "a very good sort of fellow." She stands possessed of "portable property," which is so strong a recommendation in the eyes of Mr. Wemmick that he makes her his wife. xxxvii, lv.

Sophia. A housemaid in Mr. Pocket's service. xxiii.

Spider, The. See DRUMMLE, BENTLEY.

Startop, Mr. A lively, bright young man, with a woman's delicacy of feature, who is a fellow-boarder with Pip at Mr. Pocket's. xxiii, xxv, xxvi, xxxiv, lii-liv.

Trabb, Mr. A prosperous old bachelor, who is a tailor and an undertaker in the quiet old town where Pip lives during his boyhood. xix, xxxv.

Trabb's Boy. One of the most audacious young fellows in all that country-side. When Pip comes into a handsome property, and people stare after him, and are excessively polite if he happens to speak to them, the only effect upon Trabb's boy is, to make him more independent and impudent than before. As Pip is returning, on one occasion, to the Blue Boar from Satis House, to take the coach back to London, fate throws him in the way of "that unlimited miscreant."

Casting my eyes along the street at a certain point of my progress, I beheld Trabb's boy approaching, lashing himself with an empty blue bag. Deeming that a serene and unconscious contemplation of him would best beseem me, and would be most likely to quell his evil mind, I advanced with that expression of countenance, and was rather congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly the knees of Trabb's boy smote together; his hair uprose; his cap fell off; he trembled violently in every limb, staggered out in the road, and crying to the populace, "Hold me! I'm so frightened!" feigned to be in a paroxysm of terror and contrition, occasioned by the dignity of my appearance. As I passed him, his teeth loudly chattered in his head; and, with every mark of extreme humiliation, he prostrated himself in the dust.

This was a hard thing to bear; but this was nothing. I had not advanced another two hundred yards, when to my inexpressible terror, amazement, and indignation, I again beheld

Trabb's boy approaching. He was coming round a narrow corner. His blue bag was slung over his shoulder; honest industry beamed in his eyes; a determination to proceed to Trabb's with cheerful briskness was indicated in his gait. With a shock he became aware of me and was severely visited as before; but this time his motion was rotatory, and he staggered round and round me with knees more afflicted, and with uplifted hands, as if beseeching for mercy. His sufferings were hailed with the greatest joy by a knot of spectators; and I felt utterly confounded.

I had not got as much farther down the street as the post-office, when I again beheld Trabb's boy shooting round by a back-way. This time, he was entirely changed. He wore the blue bag in the manner of my great-coat, and was strutting along the pavement toward me on the opposite side of the street, attended by a company of delighted young friends, to whom he from time to time exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "Don't know yah!" Words cannot state the amount of aggravation and injury wreaked upon me by Trabb's boy, when, passing abreast of me, he pulled up his shirt-collar, twined his side hair, struck an arm akimbo, and smirked extravagantly by, wriggling his elbows and body, and drawing to his attendants, "Don't know yah; don't know yah; 'pon my soul, don't know yah!" The disgrace attendant on his immediately afterward taking to crowing, and pursuing me across the bridge with crows as from an exceedingly dejected fowl who had known me when I was a blacksmith, culminated the disgrace with which I left the town, and was, so to speak, ejected by it into the open country. xxx.

Waldengarver, Mr. See WOPSLE, MR.

Wemmick, Mr. John. Mr. Jaggers's confidential clerk. He is a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seems to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. He has glittering eyes,—small, keen, and black,—and thin, white mottled lips, and has had them, apparently, from forty to fifty years. His guiding principle, and his invariable advice to his friends, is, to take care of portable property and never on any account to lose an opportunity of securing it. Although his business relations to Mr. Jaggers are of the most intimate nature, their acquaintance and fellowship goes no further, and each pretends to the other that he is made of the sternest and flintiest stuff. But notwithstanding their hard exterior and their fear of showing themselves to one another in a weak and unprofessional light, they are kindly men at heart,—Wemmick especially, who has a pleasant home at Walworth, where he devotes himself to the comfort of his venerable father,

and refreshes his business life in many pleasant and playful ways, the latest and most important of them being the transformation of Miss Skiffins into Mrs. Wemmick.

The district of Walworth . . . appeared to be a collection of back lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a mighty dull retirement. Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden; and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty; don't it?"

I highly commended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw, with the queerest Gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a Gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

"There's a real flag-staff, you see," said Wemmick; "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up, — so, — and cut off the communication."

The bridge was a plank; and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up, and made it fast; smiling, as he did so, with a relish, and not merely mechanically.

"At nine o'clock, every night, Greenwich time," said Wemmick, "the gun fires. There he is, you see; and, when you hear him go, I think you'll say he's a stinger."

The piece of ordnance referred to was mounted into a separate fortress lightly constructed of lattice-work. It was protected from the weather by an ingenious little tarpaulin contrivance in the nature of an umbrella.

"Then, at the back," said Wemmick, "out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications — for it's a principle with me, if you have an idea carry it out, and keep it up. I don't know whether that's your opinion" —

I said, "Decidedly."

"At the back there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits; then I knock together my own little farm, you see, and grow cucumbers; and you'll judge at supper what sort of a salad I can raise. So, sir," said Wemmick, smiling again, but rather seriously too, "if you can suppose the little place besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time in point of provisions."

Then he conducted me to a bower about a dozen yards off, but which was approached by such ingenious twists of path, that it took quite a long time to get at; and in this retreat our glasses were already set forth. Our punch was cooling in an ornamental lake, on whose margin the bower was raised. This piece of

water (with an island in the middle, which might have been the salad for supper) was of a circular form; and he had constructed a fountain in it, which, when you set a little mill going, and took a cork out of a pipe, played to that powerful extent that it made the back of your hand quite wet.

"I am my own engineer, and my own carpenter, and my own plumber, and my own gardener, and my own 'Jack of all trades,'" said Wemmick in acknowledging my compliments. "Well, it's a good thing, you know. It brushes the Newgate cobwebs away, and pleases the Aged." xx, xxi, xxiv-xxvi, xxxii, xxxvi, xxxvii, xlv, xlviii, li, lv.

Wemmick, Mr., senior, *called* THE AGED. Mr. John Wemmick's father; a very old man, clean, cheerful, comfortable, and well cared for, but intensely deaf. xxv, xxxvii, xlv, xlviii, li, lv.

Wemmick, Mrs. *See* SKIFFINS, MISS.

Whimple, Mrs. A lodging-house keeper at Mill Pond Bank, Chinks's Basin; an elderly woman of a pleasant and thriving appearance, who is the best of housewives. xlv.

William. *See* POTKINS, WILLIAM.

Wopsle, Mr. A friend of Mrs. Joe Gargery's; at first parish clerk, afterwards an actor in London under the stage-name of Mr. Waldengarver.

Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large bald forehead, had a deep sonorous voice, which he was proud of; indeed, it was understood among his acquaintance, that, if you could only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits. He himself confessed, that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he finished the amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm, — always giving us the whole verse, — he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overhead: oblige me with your opinion of this."

His success as an actor is not particularly brilliant or encouraging. Pip and Herbert go to the small theatre where he is engaged, to witness his impersonation of Hamlet.

Whenever that undecided prince had to ask a question or state a doubt, the public helped him out with it. As, for example, on the question, whether 't was nobler in the mind to suffer, some roared, Yes; and some, No; and some, inclining to both opinions, said, "Toss up for it;" and quite a debating society arose. When he asked what should such fellows as he do crawling between earth and heaven, he was encouraged with loud cries of, "Hear,

hear!" When he appeared with his stocking disordered (its disorder expressed, according to usage, by one very neat fold in the top, which I suppose to be always got up with a flat-iron), a conversation took place in the gallery respecting the paleness of his leg, and whether it was occasioned by the turn the ghost had given him. On his taking the recorders, — very like a little black flute that had just been played in the orchestra, and handed out at the door, — he was called upon, unanimously, for "Rule Britannia." When he recommended the player not to saw the air thus, the sulky man said, "And don't *you* do it, neither; you're a deal worse than *him*!" And I grieve to add, that peals of laughter greeted Mr. Wopsle on every one of these occasions. iv-vii, x, xiii, xv, xviii, xxxi, xlvii.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

OUTLINE

BOOK THE FIRST: THE CUP AND THE LIP.

Chapter I It had been a chill autumn day, and night was just closing in, when Gaffer Hexam's shabby boat, rowed by his handsome, dark-haired daughter, with face averted, while he sat in the stern towing some object behind, touched the muddy bank of the Thames, not far from London Bridge. At almost the same

II hour Mr. and Mrs. Veneering — very new people in a new house, with everything new and costly about them — were receiving a party of new friends at dinner, including Twemlow, a rather feeble-minded old bachelor (second cousin to Lord Snigsworth), the puzzle of whose life it was whether he, or somebody else, was Veneering's oldest friend. He had known Veneering about two weeks.

III One of the guests at this party was Mortimer Lightwood, a young solicitor, who, before dinner was over, was summoned by Gaffer Hexam's boy to look at the object which Gaffer had towed ashore. Another of the guests, his friend Eugene Wrayburn, a briefless young barrister, went with him. The body was identified by Lightwood by the papers found upon it, as that of Mr. John Harmon, a young man who had lately returned from abroad with £700 in his pocket, and the same man — as Lightwood had just been relating — to whom a fortune had recently been left by his father, an old Dustman, on condition that he married a certain young woman. A mysterious stranger, one Julius Handford, viewed the body with much agitation, but failed to identify it.

IV The young woman in question was Bella Wilfer, a very handsome, spoiled child, the daughter of R. Wilfer, a cherubic, middle-aged clerk in Mr. Veneering's drug house. He was too modest to make use of his full name, which was the fine one Reginald; and he was known to his intimates as Rumty. At this juncture the Wilfers took in a lodger, Mr. John Rokesmith, a handsome young man, between whom and Miss Bella Wilfer, as the young lady declared after their first meeting, "there is a natural antipathy and a deep distrust." Young Harmon being dead, the

V property was inherited by Nick Boffin, of Boffin's Bower, an

old gentleman who had served the elder Harmon faithfully for many years; and who now took life easy. Being unable to read, he hired one Silas Wegg, a crafty rascal with a wooden leg, who kept an apple stand, to read to him, six nights a week, at a crown per week.

"Half a crown," said Wegg, meditating. "Yes. (It ain't much, sir.) Half a crown!"

"Per week, you know."

"Per week. Yes. As to the amount of strain upon the intellect now. Was you thinking at all of poetry?" Mr. Wegg inquired, musing.

"Would it come dearer?" Mr. Boffin asked.

"It would come dearer," Mr. Wegg returned; "for, when a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind."

"To tell you the truth, Wegg," said Boffin, "I was n't thinking of poetry, except in so far as this: if you was to happen now and then to feel yourself in the mind to tip me and Mrs. Boffin one of your ballads, why, then, we should drop into poetry."

"I follow you, sir," said Wegg; "but, not being a regular musical professional, I should be loath to engage myself for that; and therefore, when I dropped into poetry, I should ask to be considered so fur in the light of a friend."

At this Mr. Boffin's eyes sparkled; and he shook Silas earnestly by the hand, protesting that it was more than he could have asked, and that he took it very kindly indeed.

"What do you think of the terms, Wegg?" Mr. Boffin then demanded with unconcealed anxiety.

Silas, who had stimulated this anxiety by his hard reserve of manner, and who had begun to understand his man very well, replied, with an air as if he was saying something extraordinarily generous and great:—

"Mr. Boffin, I never bargain."

"So I should have thought of you," said Mr. Boffin admiringly.

"No, sir, I never did 'aggle, and I never will 'aggle. Consequently I meet you at once, free and fair, with: Done for double the money!"

Mr. Boffin seemed a little unprepared for this conclusion, but assented, with the remark, "You know better what it ought to be than I do, Wegg," and again shook hands with him upon it.

"Could you begin to-night, Wegg?" he then demanded.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wegg, careful to leave all the eagerness to him. "I see no difficulty if you wish it. You are provided with the needful implement,—a book, sir?"

"Bought him at a sale," said Mr. Boffin. "Eight wollumes.

Red and gold. Purple ribbon in every wollume to keep the place where you leave off. Do you know him?"

"The book's name, sir?" inquired Silas.

"I thought you might have know'd him without it," said Mr. Boffin, slightly disappointed. "His name is 'Decline-and-Fall-Off-the-Rooshan-Empire.'" (Mr. Boffin went over these stones slowly and with much caution.)

"Ay, indeed!" said Mr. Wegg, nodding his head with an air of friendly recognition.

"You know him, Wegg?"

"I have n't been not to say right slap through him very lately," Mr. Wegg made answer, "having been otherways employed, Mr. Boffin. But know him? Old familiar declining and falling off the Rooshan! Rather, sir! Ever since I was not so high as your stick. Ever since my eldest brother left our cottage to enlist into the army. On which occasion, as the ballad that was made about it describes, —

"Beside that cottage-door, Mr. Boffin,
A girl was on her knees :
She held aloft a snowy scarf, sir,
Which (my eldest brother noticed) fluttered in the breeze.

"She breathed a prayer for him, Mr. Boffin ;
A prayer he could not hear :
And my eldest brother lean'd upon his sword, Mr. Boffin,
And wiped away a tear."

Much impressed by this family circumstance, and also by the friendly disposition of Mr. Wegg, as exemplified in his so soon dropping into poetry, Mr. Boffin again shock hands with that ligneous sharper, and besought him to name his hour. Mr. Wegg named eight.

"I shall expect you, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, clapping him on the shoulder with the greatest enthusiasm, "most joyfully. I shall have no peace or patience till you come. Print is now opening ahead of me. This night, a literary man, *with* a wooden leg," — he bestowed an admiring look upon that decoration, as if it greatly enhanced the relish of Mr. Wegg's attainments, — "will begin to lead me a new life. My fist again, Wegg: morning, morning, morning!"

VI The death of Harmon was commonly looked upon as a murder; and there was talk at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters (Miss Potterson's waterside inn) of Gaffer Hexam's being the murderer.

The accuser was Rogue Riderhood, a former "pardner" of Hexam, lately out of "Quod" for robbing a sailor, between whom

and Hexam there was now an enmity. Lizzie Hexam thought it time that her brother, for whose schooling she had secretly paid, should leave home and seek his fortune; and she sent him off with what money she had, resolved to stay herself with her father. She suspected that Rogue Riderhood was the murderer of Harmon.

VII The bones of Harmon, by the way, or some of them, came into the possession of Mr. Venus, a queer little man, who strung skeletons, stuffed birds and animals, and who also owned Mr. Wegg's missing leg, which he bought at the hospital where it was cut off. Wegg was in treaty with him to get it back. Wegg

VIII had a rival claimant for Mr. Boffin's employment. Mr. John Rokesmith, the Wilfers' lodger, offered himself as private secretary. Mr. Boffin was n't sure as yet that he needed

IX a private secretary; but he and Mrs. Boffin, a motherly soul, were resolved upon adopting an orphan, and also upon doing something for Bella Wilfer, who had so cruelly lost the possibility of a rich husband. It was settled that she should come to live with them. Mrs. Boffin had an ambition for society

X and fashion, but in a kindly, unsophisticated way. The Veneerings, on the other hand, were doing the thing in a different way; and they had already made an unfortunate match between two of their new old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle had their wedding breakfast at Veneering's house; Twemlow, as an old friend of the Veneerings, gave away the bride, and Mortimer Lightwood, who barely knew Lammle, was his best man. Before their honeymoon was over, the Lammles discovered that they had been duped, — each supposing the other to be wealthy: they quarrelled, reviled each other, but finally came to an understanding, which was to keep their discomfiture to themselves, to be revenged upon the Veneerings, and to prey upon the world in general.

XI Another new old friend of the Veneerings was Mr. Podsnap, a highly respectable, well-to-do man, who had everything expensive and ugly about him, who had a big rocking-horse kind of woman for a wife, and a crushed "young person" for a daughter. Mrs. Lammle, at her husband's instigation, became confidential and intimate with Miss Podsnap, who needed a friend. Their intimacy began at a party given one night by the Podsnaps.

XII On the same night Mortimer Lightwood (with whom was Eugene Wrayburn) had a caller, an ill-looking fellow, with a squinting leer, who, as he spoke, fumbled at an old sodden fur cap, formless and mangy, that looked like a furry animal, dog or cat, drowned and decaying. This was Roger (or "Rogue") Riderhood, who had come to claim the reward offered for Harmon's murderer.

Riderhood declared that Hexam had done the deed and had confessed it to him. At his request, the statement was taken down in writing, and then the two young men followed him to the

XIII police station, which was near the river and also near the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. The night was cold and stormy, with sleet and rain driving from the northeast. Gaffer Hexam was still out in his boat, though it was long past his usual hour for returning. The inspector in charge, with Riderhood, waited for him under the lee of an upturned boat, while Lightwood and Wrayburn sought the shelter of the inn.

About midnight, however, Eugene, with unwonted energy, went out to see the lay of the land, and before returning he crept up to the window of Hexam's rude home, and looked in. The fire was burning brightly; Gaffer's supper was laid out, ready to be cooked, when he should come home, and there sat Lizzie, her face resting on her hand, a flush upon her cheeks, the firelight bringing out the lustre of her dark hair, the tears springing in her eyes. While he stood there, she started up, opened the door, and cried, "Father, father! did you call me?" But there was no answer. Two hours

XIV later Gaffer Hexam's dead body was found in tow of his own drifting boat. He had fallen overboard, and the rope which he usually carried about his neck, in order to secure a dead body when he found it, had formed a noose in which his arms became entangled.

XV The Golden Dustman, as he was now called, and his secretary got on extremely well together. Silas Wegg was put in charge of Boffin's Bower, and the Boffins moved to a larger house

XVI in a more fashionable region, where Bella Wilfer and John Rokesmith, the secretary, were soon installed; and where beggars, in person and by letter, importuned the Golden Dustman

XVII for a share of that fortune which for some inscrutable and, as it appeared to them, insufficient, reason had been bestowed upon him.

BOOK THE SECOND: BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Chapter One autumn evening, six months after his father's death,

I Charley Hexam, accompanied by his friend, Bradley Headstone, the schoolmaster, paid a visit to his sister, Lizzie. She was now earning her living, and lodging with a queer little crippled girl, Jenny Wren, who supported herself as a dolls' dressmaker, and kept house for her father,—who was given to drink. Bradley Headstone was a young man, who, with infinite pains and difficulty, had worked himself up from the gutter. He was doggedly persevering, but not clever; and though excessively formal and decent,

there was enough of what was fiery (but smouldering) still visible in him to suggest that if, when he was a pauper lad, he had been told off for the sea, he would not have been the last man in a ship's crew. Bradley Headstone was smitten, against his will, by Lizzie Hexam's handsome face and quiet manner; and it angered him, though he did not know why, when he and Charley, as they started homeward, met Eugene Wrayburn sauntering toward Lizzie Hexam's house. Wrayburn's errand was to beg Lizzie to accept for

II herself and for the dolls' dressmaker the services of a teacher whom he would supply. Lizzie was troubled, and strongly averse to accepting this offer, but Wrayburn put it so ingeniously, as if to refuse would be a slight upon the memory of her father, perpetuating the fault by which he had kept her ignorant, that finally she consented. It was at this juncture that Veneering

III ing suddenly determined to run for Parliament, the offer of a pocket borough having been made to him, with the trifling condition that he should "put down" five thousand pounds. Veneering agreed to do so, provided his friends would "rally round him," and accordingly Twemlow, Podsnap, and the others threw themselves into cabs, and went about London in great haste, and in due course Veneering was returned.

IV But while Podsnap was burying himself in this matter and in others equally important, Mr. and Mrs. Lammle were secretly getting up a love affair between Miss Podsnap and one "Fascination" Fledgeby. Fledgeby was a tall, slim young man

V (with eyes too close together), the son of a money-lender (now deceased), and secretly engaged in the same occupation, though ostensibly he was a gentleman of leisure. He wanted to marry Miss Podsnap, because she had money in her own right, and Lammle wanted him to, because if he brought about the match, Fledgeby was to pay him a round sum of money. Fledgeby was very shy in the company of ladies, though sharp and shrewd enough where his interest was concerned. It will be remembered

VI that Eugene Wrayburn had provided a teacher for Lizzie Hexam. Her brother and Bradley Headstone had intended to do this, and, furious at his interference, they came to his chambers to protest against it. Wrayburn received them with a cool insolence which provoked the schoolmaster almost beyond endurance. When they were gone Lightwood asked his friend what was to be the result of his relations with Lizzie Hexam, and Wrayburn answered: "Upon my life, I don't know."

VII Silas Wegg having finally concluded a bargain with Mr. Venus for his long-lost leg, the latter brought it one evening to Boffin's Bower, where Mr. Wegg, for interested reasons, re-

ceived him with Jamaica rum and tobacco and great friendliness. Wegg, having screwed as much money out of Mr. Boffin as he dared to ask for, and being envious of the Golden Dustman's property, and especially angry with John Rokesmith for having supplanted him, as he thought, was always scheming against his generous benefactor; and he now made an alliance with Mr. Venus to search the dust heaps at Boffin's Bower, with the hope of discovering some treasure buried there by the late Mr. Harmon.

VIII Mr. Boffin was much more fortunate in his secretary; there was a mystery about him; he would see no stranger — especially he would not meet Mortimer Lightwood; but he was invaluable to Mr. Boffin; and even Bella Wilfer, who really did not like him, found herself, much to her surprise, acting upon his suggestion that she should visit her family, whom, to tell the truth, she had a little neglected. "Well, and how do you do, Bella?" said her sister Lavinia. "And how are your Boffins?" "Peace!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilfer. "Hold! I will not suffer this tone of levity." "My goodness me! How are your Spoffins, then?" said Lavvy, "since ma so very much objects to your Boffins."

"Impertinent girl! Minx!" said Mrs. Wilfer, with dread severity. "I don't care whether I am a Minx or a Sphinx," returned Lavinia coolly, tossing her head. "It was to be expected," said Mrs. Wilfer, waving her gloved hands; "a child of mine deserts me for the proud and prosperous, and another child of mine despises me!" The truth was, that before long all three women were angry, and all three were in tears. But then Bella went off in Mr. Boffin's carriage for her father; he obtained a holiday; Bella fitted him out in a complete new suit of clothes, new hat, new boots, new gloves; and after that they dined at Greenwich; and Bella arranged his hair, as she used to do, and told him how mercenary she had become, and finally sent him home, after the happiest day of his life, with his waistcoat pockets crammed with bank notes.

IX Another object of Mr. Boffin's intended bounty was little Johnny Higden, the orphan whom he and Mrs. Boffin wished to adopt; but poor Johnny fell ill of scarlet fever, and was taken to a children's hospital. He had a wooden horse and some other toys, and in the cot next to him was a little boy with a broken leg who had no toys. It was late at night, and Rokesmith stood beside his bed. The child was very ill and gasping for breath, but he wanted to speak. Rokesmith gently lifted him up. "Him!" said he. "Those!" He meant that his toys should be given to the mite in the next bed. This was done, and with a sigh of content little

X Johnny breathed his last; and in his place, as a sort of penance, Mrs. Boffin took a good but ungainly youth called

Sloppy. About the same time two calls were made. Bradley Head-

XI stone went to see Lizzie Hexam, to offer himself as a teacher in place of the one selected by Wrayburn; but he made no progress except that Lizzie agreed to see him, with her brother, again.

XII The other call was made by John Rokesmith, disguised with a wig, at the house of Rogue Riderhood. And now the mystery of the Harmon murder was cleared up: Rokesmith was, in fact, Harmon; the murdered man was a seaman, who had come ashore with Harmon, and tried to rob and murder him; but his accomplices, one of whom was Riderhood, threw both him and Harmon into the river. Harmon escaped; the other, George Radfoot, was drowned; and Gaffer Hexam, as has been related, found his body,

XIII with Harmon's coat and papers upon it. Harmon's object now was to make Rogue Riderhood retract his accusation of murder against Hexam's father. But things were going badly with Harmon. Bella Wilfer — perhaps she was mercenary, as she confessed — refused him. However, he obtained Rogue Rider-

XIV hood's retraction, and, having learned Lizzie's address from Headstone, sent it to her. The unhappy Headstone had his second

XV interview with Lizzie; all the passion of a strong, long-suppressed nature was laid at her feet; but Lizzie did not even like the man, and as gently as she could, she refused him. "Then," said Bradley Headstone, striking his hand against the iron fence, till the blood ran from it, "I hope that I may never kill him." "Whom?" asked Lizzie. "Mr. Eugene Wrayburn," was his answer.

XVI That other love affair, between Fledgeby and Georgiana Podsnap, was progressing; but now Mrs. Lammle took a heroic step. At a party given by the Lammles she secretly begged Twemlow to warn Podsnap against herself, and to save his daughter. Poor Twemlow was stunned, but promised to do so; and apparently he did, for Mr. Lammle soon received a note from Podsnap requesting that there should be no further intercourse between the two families.

BOOK THE THIRD: A LONG LANE

Chapter Fledgeby proposed to Lammle that they should find out

I who had betrayed them and "mark" him; in the mean time he proposed to himself to be revenged on Lammle, who had bullied him without mercy, by buying up some of his over-due promissory notes. This he did through a kindly old Jew named Riah, whom he always put forward as a cover for the note-shaving business which he carried on in secret.

II This same Riah, by the way, was a friend to Lizzie Hexam and Jenny Wren, and, at this juncture, he had advised and

assisted Lizzie to find a new home, where she might hide from her two lovers, each of whom she feared, but from very different reasons. Riah accompanied Jenny Wren one night to the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, in order to show Rogue Riderhood's retraction to Miss Potterson, the landlady. That very night the Rogue was run down in his boat by a steamer, and very nearly drowned. He was taken to the inn, and, after some hours of hard work, resuscitated. "Where 's my fur cap?" he asked in a surly voice.

III "In the river," somebody answered. "And warn't there no honest man to pick it up? O' course there was, though, and to cut off with it arterwards. You are a rare lot, all on you!" Thus he rendered thanks for being restored to life.

IV Bella made another visit to her family, on the anniversary of R. W.'s wedding day. There was a family dinner party, with George Sampson (a former lover of Bella's, now transferred to Lavinia) as a guest. Mrs. Wilfer was very grand, and very melancholy, and entertained the company with reminiscences of how her mother had prophesied that she would marry a little man whose mind would be below the average, and how, within a month, she met R. W., and within a year married him,

V On her way back to the Boffins', Bella confessed to her father that prosperity seemed to be spoiling the Golden Dustman, and it is certain that in her presence he drove a hard bargain with Rokesmith in regard to the latter's salary; and Mr. Boffin was now always talking to Bella about the value of money, and the necessity of her making a good match. Mrs. Lammler, who had now become rather intimate with the Boffins, talked to her in the same strain; and Bella was foolish enough to tell her one day about Rokesmith's offer of marriage, and her refusal of it.

VI Since the change in his character, Mr. Boffin's taste in reading had turned to the history of misers, and going to Boffin's Bower one night (when Wegg and Venus were about to continue their search for hidden treasure), he made Wegg read to him from a book which he brought about various misers who had stowed away their gains in odd places. Then he went out and poked about the mounds with a dark lantern, dug up a bottle, and carried it

VII off. When he had gone, Wegg disclosed to his partner that he had found in one of the mounds a will made by Harmon, deceased (which was later than the will under which Mr. Boffin held the property), which gave one mound to Mr. Boffin, and all the rest of his property to the crown. Mr. Venus took charge of this will.

VIII An odd circumstance was the means of bringing Bella and John Rokesmith together. Little Johnny's grandmother, old

Betty Higden, who had gone afoot to the country with a basket of small wares to sell, fell sick near the factory where Lizzie Hexam was working, and died in Lizzie Hexam's arms. A letter that she

IX carried on her person gave the name and address of Mr. Boffin. Lizzie communicated with him, and, as the result, Rokesmith and Bella came down to give poor old Betty a decent burial. So Lizzie and Bella became friends: and Bella (who was beginning to think that after all there might be something better than money) cast off

X her haughtiness, and was really rather kind to John Rokesmith. Lizzie Hexam had confided to Bella that she feared one of her lovers would kill the other (without naming them), and Mortimer Lightwood had the same apprehension. Bradley Headstone believed that Eugene Wrayburn had spirited Lizzie away; and with the hope of tracking her, he used to follow Wrayburn night after night, — the latter maliciously taking him on long and furious jaunts. But the fact was, that Wrayburn was himself trying in every way to find out Lizzie's address. He could not get it out of Jenny Wren, the dolls' dressmaker, but there was a chance

XI of getting it from her drunken old father. One night, when Bradley Headstone had been following Wrayburn — Wrayburn well knowing it — on a long and fruitless trip, he met Rogue Riderhood, now a deputy lock-keeper on the Thames. Riderhood's errand had been, as he told Headstone, "to have the law of a busted B'low-Bridge steamer which drowned of me."

Bradley looked at him in astonishment.

"The steamer," said Mr. Riderhood obstinately, "run me down and drowned of me. Interference on the part of other parties brought me round; but I never asked 'em to bring me round, nor yet the steamer never asked 'em to it. I mean to be paid for the life as the steamer took."

XII The two men came to a kind of understanding that they both hated Wrayburn; and Headstone felt, vaguely, that Riderhood might in some way be made an instrument of revenge. Meanwhile the Lammles plotted to make trouble between Rokesmith and his employer, Lamule hoping to succeed the secretary. The fact was, that the Lammles had sunk deep into the

XIII toils of Riah the Jew, — who was but a name for the sly Fledgeby; and even poor Twemlow, who had once put his name to a bill for a friend, found himself in the same boat.

XIV Wegg's intrigue, however, seemed to be less prosperous. Mr. Venus, smitten by his conscience, revealed everything to Mr. Boffin, and then he hid Mr. Boffin behind a stuffed alligator when Wegg came into his shop, and inveighed against his benefactor, whom he styled "that minion of fortune and worm of the hour." But poor

Boffin was surrounded by enemies, for on his way home Mrs. Lam-
 XV mple waylaid him (in pursuance of the plot). The next

morning the Golden Dustman, having been told by Mrs. Lam-
 mple of John Rokesmith's proposal to Bella, made a terrible
 scene in the presence of his family. He discharged Rokesmith,
 with many abusive words, declaring that the secretary was an insol-
 ent, mercenary villain, who cared for nothing but Bella's money;
 whereas Bella would never marry any one who had n't money, and
 plenty of it. So the secretary left in a rage, and Bella, in a passion
 of tears and anger and indignation, mixed with gratitude for his
 past kindness, took an excited leave of the Golden Dustman, wept
 over his kind-hearted wife, and, clad in her old clothes, fled to the
 XVI counting-house where her father was employed. There she

round R. W. (it being after hours) enjoying a modest
 luncheon of bread and milk; and before she had been there many
 minutes in came John Rokesmith, exclaiming, "My love, my life!
 You ARE mine!" "Yes," said Bella, "I am yours, if you think me
 worth taking." Then they fell into each other's arms, to the infi-
 nite astonishment of R. W. But presently everything was ex-
 plained; and Bella and her father went home to encounter Mrs.
 Wilfer and Lavvy. The encounter was a severe one; but after the
 family had separated for the night, Bella came downstairs with
 bare feet to hug poor R. Wilfer, and to assure him that in her
 future home there should always be a warm corner for him.

XVII Meanwhile the Lammles are "sold out," the Veneerings
 give a dinner of wonder at the event, at which the Lammles
 are not present, and Eugene discovers Lizzie Hexam's address.

BOOK THE FOURTH: A TURNING

Chapter Two or three days afterward, it being a fine summer

I evening, Rogue Riderhood, dozing at his lock, was awakened
 by the cry, "Lock ho!" The speaker was an amateur sculler in a
 light boat, well up to his work, but taking it easily, and on a second
 glance the Rogue recognized him as Eugene Wrayburn. Scarcely
 had he passed through when a bargeman, dressed with a curious
 similarity to Riderhood himself, crept by; and in this figure the
 Rogue detected Bradley Headstone. Three nights later, in a violent
 thunderstorm, Headstone returned to the lock, and after telling
 Riderhood that he had seen Wrayburn walking with Lizzie Hexam,
 threw himself exhausted on Riderhood's bed.

II Mr. Boffin's affairs were becoming more and more compli-
 cated. He paid off Mrs. Lample for her services with a hun-
 dred pound note, and politely informed her and her husband that
 their intention (which the Golden Dustman acutely perceived) to

take the places of Bella and Rokesmith "would not do." Then poor

III Mr. Boffin had an encounter with Wegg, and was shown the lately discovered will, and Wegg insolently triumphed over him, and called him "Boffin," and demanded that his property should be distributed into three parts, of which Mr. Boffin should retain one only. The Golden Dustman bore all this and much more with strange

IV meekness. One morning, very early, not long after Bella's return home, she and her father stole out of the house and went off to Greenwich, where she was married to John Rokesmith. After which the three dined together very cosily and happily in the identical room where Bella and her father had dined once before. Mrs. Rokesmith sent a note to her mother, informing her of the event,

V and requesting her to tell her father, for Mr. Wilfer's complicity in the affair was to be kept secret. Upon his return at night he was tragically informed by Mrs. Wilfer that "his" daughter Bella was married to a "mendicant." Lavvy thought that she ought to have been present at the wedding. "Bella," she added, "might have asked me to keep it a secret from ma and pa, as of course I should have done." "As of course you would have done?" Ingrate!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilfer. "Viper!" George Sampson protested at this, and there was a great quarrel, in the course of which Lavinia thought it her duty to faint. But a week or so later Bella and her husband came to tea, and the family were reconciled.

VI Eugene Wrayburn had a final meeting with Lizzie in a quiet spot on the banks of the river. She begged him to leave her and the town, and to pursue her no more, and he, having wrung from her a confession that she loved him, half promised to obey. Then she went home, and Eugene walked up and down, thinking what he should do. He stopped, and looked at the water. At that moment a man came behind him, and struck him a terrible blow on the head. Eugene, almost paralyzed, grappled with him, and clutched at a red silk handkerchief that he wore; but more and more blows were rained upon him, and at last he was flung into the river, and his assailant disappeared. Lizzie Hexam, having heard a cry and the sounds of a struggle, rushed back, saw a man's body floating in the river, put off in a boat, and when he came to the surface again, rescued him, and carried Eugene, unaided, to the nearest house. The next morning, just as day was

VII breaking, Bradley Headstone appeared at Riderhood's lock, still in his bargeman's clothes, and wearing a red silk handkerchief about his neck, such as Riderhood had worn when Headstone saw him last. He threw himself on Riderhood's bed, and slept, or feigned to sleep, for twelve hours. While he was asleep, Riderhood examined his clothes—without awaking him—and

found that they were torn and bloody. Then, after eating something, Headstone started homeward; but Riderhood secretly followed him, and saw him stop in a wood near the river, take off his bargeman's suit, make it into a bundle, which he threw in the river, and then, after a plunge in the water, resume his customary decent suit of black.

VIII Another man who had been smitten by Lizzie Hexam's handsome face — though he saw it but once — was "Fascination" Fledgeby. He, too, called on Miss Jenny Wren, in order to ascertain, if possible, the address of "the handsome gal." Miss Wren put him off till the next morning, when she would call at his chambers. Having arrived there in due course, she found on the steps a lady, holding a man's hat in her hand, and with a strange smile on her face, while from above came a sound of spluttering and of blows, as if some one were taking a bath and beating a carpet at the same time. The fact was, that Mr. Lammle, having crammed Fledgeby's mouth with salt, was giving him a good thrashing, while Mrs. Lammle waited on the steps. Lammle coming out, Miss Wren went upstairs, and assisted Fledgeby by making some brown paper and vinegar plasters for him; but, inasmuch as she couldn't resist the temptation surreptitiously to add a few grains of pepper, the plasters did not seem to do Mr. Fledgeby much good. Events were crowding thick upon the poor little dolls'

IX dressmaker. Her wretched father died of drink, and when, after industriously making dolls' dresses for several days, in order to get money enough, Jenny had given him a decent burial, she

X was summoned to the bedside of Eugene Wrayburn. There she was of great assistance, for no one could tell as well as she what Eugene wanted to say in his moments of consciousness. It was she who made out that he wanted to be married to Lizzie;

XI and Lightwood went to London for a minister and for Bella, who immediately consented to go, though her husband refused even to see Lightwood, — assuring Bella, however, that his reason would be explained in due time, and Bella was content, though curious. Headstone, hearing of the intended marriage, fell down in a fit; but Eugene, after the marriage, began very slowly to mend. He charged Lightwood to see that, if he should die, there should be no pursuit of Headstone for the murder, lest Lizzie's name should be tarnished.

XII Bella's baby was born, and was fast developing a wonderful intelligence, and dimples like its mother's, and a strange aversion from its grandmother, when at last John Rokesmith and Mortimer Lightwood met. Lightwood started back in astonishment, for he saw the mysterious Julius Handford, suspected of complicity in the Harmon murder. Lightwood had him arrested

forthwith, but he explained matters to the inspector, and was identified by a steward of the ship upon which he returned as John Harmon, though Bella did not know it as yet. That night he told Bella that they would move the next day to a better house in London, which proved to be no other than the Boffin mansion, where they were received by the Boffins with open arms. And now

XIII Bella learned the whole story: how her husband was John Harmon; how Mrs. Boffin had discovered that Rokesmith was Harmon, and how, at his request, the secret was kept, in order that he might, if possible, win Bella for himself; how Mr. Boffin, by way of curing Bella's love of money, had pretended to be a miser, and, as he expressed it, "a reg'lar brown bear all round," and how "the old lady" had nearly upset matters by her grief that Bella should be misled, even for a time, by Mr. Boffin's assumption of a mean character. It remained only to dispose of Wegg,

XIV who thought that the hour had now arrived for coming down on Mr. Boffin with the will which he had found, and getting two thirds of his property. So he called at the house, and demanded to see "Boffin," and was very abusive, and kept his hat on till John Harmon threw it out of the window. Then it was explained to him that the will in his possession was not the last, — the last one gave everything to Mr. Boffin; and, out of pure generosity, Mr. Boffin had given up the property (reserving a small share) to John Harmon. Then Wegg was carried out by Sloppy and thrown into a garbage cart which happened to be passing at the moment. Bradley

XV Headstone's agony of mind, now that he had been the means of bringing Eugene and Lizzie together instead of separating them forever, as he had intended, was terrible. Rogue Riderhood demanded, as the price of his silence, that Bradley should give him his watch and his money, and even that he should sell his furniture and hand over the proceeds. This occurred at the lock. All night Headstone sat looking at the fire in Riderhood's hut. In the morning he started homeward, but the Rogue kept with him; then he turned about and walked three miles in the opposite direction, but Riderhood was still at his heels. When they returned to the lock Headstone caught Riderhood around the waist. "I'll hold you living," he cried, "and I'll hold you dead. Come down!" And down they went into the black pool of water; and there they were found afterward, with Bradley Headstone's arm still gripping tight the body of the Rogue.

XVI Mrs. Wilfer's first visit to her daughter's new house was a great and solemn event. She went in the Harmon carriage, accompanied by Lavinia and George Sampson, and she scornfully declined to "loll," though requested thereto by Lavvy. She care-

fully abstained from any signs of surprise or admiration at the glories of the new house, and treated Bella as if she were a young lady of good position whom she had met in society a few years before.

R. Wilfer was appointed Secretary, and resigned from Mr. Veneering's drug house. Mr. Veneering, by the way, came to smash at last, and retired to Calais, where he and his wife lived comfortably upon the latter's diamonds. Eugene Wrayburn completely recovered, and though Podsnap sneered at his choice of a wife, Twemlow declared that Eugene had shown the spirit of a gentleman.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Akershem, Miss Sophronia. An acquaintance of the Veneerings; a fast young lady of society, with raven locks, and a complexion that lights up well when well powdered. She marries Mr. Alfred Lammle. I: ii, x, xi; II: iv, v, xvi; III: v, xii, xiv, xvii; IV: ii, viii.

Blight, Young. A dismal boy, who is Mr. Mortimer Lightwood's clerk and office-boy. I: viii; III: xvii; IV: ix, xvi.

Boffin, Mrs. Henrietta. Wife of Mr. Boffin; a stout lady of a rubicund and cheerful aspect, described by her husband as "a high-flyer at fashion." I: v, ix, xv-xvii; II: viii-x, xiv; III: iv, v, xv; IV: ii, xii-xiv, xvi.

Boffin, Nicodemus, called NODDY, also THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN. A confidential servant of the elder Mr. Harmon, who at death leaves him all his property, in case his son refuses to marry a certain young lady named in his will.

With respect to his personal appearance, Mr. Boffin is described as—

A broad, round-shouldered, one-sided old fellow . . . dressed in a pea overcoat, and carrying a large stick. He wore thick shoes, and thick leather gaiters, and thick gloves like a hedger's. Both as to his dress and to himself, he was of an overlapping, rhinoceros build, with folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips, and his ears, but with bright, eager, childish-inquiring gray eyes under his ragged eyebrows and broad-brimmed hat. A very odd-looking old fellow altogether.

.
These two ignorant and unpolished people [Mr. and Mrs. Boffin] had guided themselves . . . so far in their journey of life by a religious sense of duty and desire to do right. Ten thousand weaknesses and absurdities might have been detected in the

breasts of both; ten thousand vanities additional, possibly, in the breast of the woman. But the hard, wrathful, and sordid nature that had wrung as much work out of them as could be got in their best days for as little money as could be paid to hurry on their worst had never been so warped but that it knew their moral straightness, and respected it. In its own despite, in a constant conflict with itself and them, it had done so. And this is the eternal law. For evil often stops short at itself, and dies with the doer of it; but good never. I: v, viii, ix, xv-xvii; II: vii, viii, x, xiv; III: iv-vii, xiv, xv; IV: ii, iii, xii-xiv, xvi.

Boots, Mr. } Fashionable toadies; friends of the Veneerings. I:
Brewer, Mr. } ii, x; II: iii, xvi; III: xvii; IV: xvi.

Cherub, The. See WILFER, REGINALD.

Cleaver, Fanny, called JENNY WREN. A dolls' dressmaker. Liz-zie Hexam, after her father's death, has temporary lodgings with her. II: i, ii, v, xi, xv; III: ii, iii, x, xiii; IV: viii-xi, xv.

Cleaver, Mr., called MR. DOLLS. Her father; a good workman at his trade, but a weak, wretched, trembling creature, falling to pieces, and never sober. II: ii; III: x, xvii; IV: viii, ix.

Dolls, Mr. See CLEAVER, Mr.

Fledgeby, Mr., called FASCINATION FLEDGEBY. A dandified young man, who is a dolt in most matters, but sharp and tight enough where money is concerned.

Young Fledgeby had a peachy cheek, or a cheek compounded of the peach and the red red red wall on which it grows, and was an awkward, sandy-haired, small-eyed youth, exceeding slim (his enemies would have said lanky), and prone to self-examination in the articles of whisker and mustache. While feeling for the whisker that he anxiously expected, Fledgeby underwent remarkable fluctuations of spirits, ranging along the whole scale from confidence to despair. There were times when he started, as exclaiming, "By Jupiter, here it is at last!" There were other times when, being equally depressed, he would be seen to shake his head, and give up hope. To see him at those periods, leaning on a chimney-piece, like as on an urn containing the ashes of his ambition, with the cheek that would not sprout upon the hand on which that cheek had forced conviction, was a distressing sight. . . .

In facetious homage to the smallness of his talk and the jerky nature of his manners, Fledgeby's familiars had agreed to confer upon him (behind his back) the honorary title of Fascination Fledgeby. II: iv, v, xvi; III: i, xii, xiii, xvii; IV: viii, ix, xvi.

Glamour, Bob. A customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. I: vi; III: iii.

Gliddery, Bob. Pot-boy at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. I: vi, xiii; III: iii.

Golden Dustman, The. *See* BOFFIN, NICODEMUS.

Greenwich, Archbishop of. Head waiter at a hotel in Greenwich; a solemn gentleman in black clothes and white cravat, looking much like a clergyman. IV: iv.

Gruff and Glum. An old wooden-leg pensioner at Greenwich. IV: iv.

Handford, Julius. *See* HARMON, JOHN.

Harmon, John, alias JULIUS HANDFORD, alias JOHN ROKESMITH. Heir of the Harmon estate. On the death of his father, he returns to England from South Africa, where he has been living for a good many years. On his arrival he is inveigled into a waterside inn by a pretended friend, named George Radfoot, with whom he has made the passage, and is drugged, robbed, and thrown into the Thames. This pretended friend had previously changed clothes with Harmon, at the request of the latter, who desired to avoid recognition until he had seen a certain young lady whom he is required by his father's will to marry. The would-be assassin falls into a quarrel with a confederate over the money obtained by the robbery, and is himself murdered, and thrown into the river. The cold water into which Harmon is plunged restores him to consciousness, and, swimming to the shore, he escapes. The body of his assailant is found by a boatman named Hexam, and is taken in charge by the authorities. The clothes and the papers on the body having been identified, it is supposed that the body itself is that of young Harmon, who, finding himself reported dead, resolves to take advantage of the circumstance to further his own plans, and assumes the name of JULIUS HANDFORD, which he afterwards changes to JOHN ROKESMITH. I: ii-iv, viii, ix, xv-xvii; II: vii-x, xii-xiv; III: iv, v, ix, xv, xvi; IV: iv, v, xi-xiv, xvi.

Harmon, Mrs. John. *See* WILFER, MISS BELLA.

Headstone, Bradley. A master in a school in that district of the flat country tending to the Thames, where Kent and Surrey meet.

Bradley Headstone, in his decent black coat and waistcoat, and decent white shirt, and decent, formal black tie, and decent pantaloons of pepper and salt, with his decent silver watch in his pocket, and its decent hair-guard round his neck, looked a thoroughly decent young man of six and twenty. He was never seen in any other dress; and yet there was a certain stiffness in his manner of wearing this, as if there were a want of adaptation between him and it, recalling some mechanics in their holiday clothes. He had acquired mechanically a great store of teacher's knowledge. He could do mental arithmetic mechanically, sing at sight mechan-

cally, blow various wind-instruments mechanically, even play the great church-organ mechanically. From his early childhood up, his mind had been a place of mechanical stowage. The arrangement of his wholesale warehouse so that it might be always ready to meet the demands of retail dealers (history here, geography there, astronomy to the right, political economy to the left, natural history, the physical sciences, figures, music, the lower mathematics, and what not, all in their several places), — this care had imparted to his countenance a look of care; while the habit of questioning and being questioned had given him a suspicious manner, or a manner that would be better described as one of lying in wait. There was a kind of settled trouble in the face. It was the face belonging to a naturally slow or inattentive intellect that had toiled hard to get what it had won, and that had to hold it, now that it was gotten. He always seemed to be uneasy lest anything should be missing from his mental warehouse, and taking stock to assure himself. II: i, vi, xi, xiv, xv; III: x, xi; IV: i, vi, vii, xi.

Hexam, Charley. His son; a pupil of Bradley Headstone's, and a curious mixture of uncompleted savagery and completed civilization. He is tenderly loved and cared for by his sister, but renounces her because she refuses his friend Headstone. Always utterly selfish and empty-hearted, and always bent on rising in the social scale, and increasing his "respectability," he renounces Headstone with equal readiness, when he finds good reason to think him guilty of the murder of his sister's favored lover, Eugene Wrayburn, and that his own name is therefore likely to be dragged into injurious notoriety. I: iii, vi; II: i, vi, xv; IV: vii.

Hexam, Jesse, called GAFFER. A Thames "waterside character;" a strong man with ragged grizzled hair and a sun-browned face. He is falsely accused of the murder of John Harmon. I: i, iii, vi, xii-xiv, xvi.

Hexam, Lizzie. Daughter of Jesse or "Gaffer" Hexam. She is in the habit of rowing with her father on the Thames, and on one occasion, while thus engaged, they find the body of a man, afterwards identified as John Harmon. Through the jealousy of Rogue Riderhood, suspicion is cast upon her father; and the officers undertake to arrest him as being concerned in the murder, but they find him in the river drowned, and attached to his own boat by a cord, in which he had apparently become entangled when he fell overboard. A young lawyer, Eugene Wrayburn, who accompanies the officers, becomes interested in the daughter, manifests much sympathy with her in her affliction,

and aids her in obtaining an education. Her brother's teacher, Bradley Headstone, falls deeply in love with her, and makes an offer of marriage. This she refuses, and to escape his importunities, and also to save Wrayburn from his vengeance (for Headstone believes him to be the cause of his rejection), she leaves London, and obtains employment in a paper-mill in the country. After much fruitless search for her, Wrayburn ascertains where she is, and follows, bent on having an interview with her. He is, in turn, followed by Headstone, who comes upon them while they are engaged in conversation. Waiting until they part, the schoolmaster stealthily follows his rival, and deals him a murderous blow as he stands for a moment looking into the river. Lizzie hears the blows, a faint groan, and a fall into the water. Brave by nature and by habit, she runs towards the spot from which the sound had come. Seeing a bloody face turned up to the moon, and drifting away with the current, she jumps into a boat near by, puts out into the stream, and, when she has rescued the sufferer, finds that it is her lover. She tenderly nurses him through the dangerous illness that follows. When consciousness returns, he asks to be married to his preserver without delay, though no hope of his recovery is entertained by any one. Lizzie becomes his wife, and he grows stronger and better by slow degrees, and is at last restored to perfect health. I: i, iii, vi, xiii, xiv; II: i, ii, v, xi, xiv-xvi; III: i, ii, viii, ix; IV: v, x, xi, xvi, xvii.

Higden, Mrs. Betty. A poor woman who keeps a "minding-school," and also a mangle, in one of the complicated back settlements of Brentford.

She was one of those old women, . . . who, by dint of an indomitable purpose and a strong constitution, fight out many years, though each year has come with its new knock-down blows fresh to the fight against her wearied by it; an active old woman, with a bright dark eye and a resolute face, yet quite a tender creature too; not a logically-reasoning woman. But God is good; and hearts may count in heaven as high as heads. I: xvi; II: ix, x, xiv; III: viii.

Inspector, Mr. A police-officer who examines into the Harmon murder. I: iii; IV: xii.

Joey, Captain. A bottle-nosed regular customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. I: vi; III: iii.

Johnny. An orphan, grandson of Betty Higden. The Boffins propose to adopt him; but he dies before the plan is carried into effect. I: xvi; II: viii, ix, xiv; III: ix.

Jonathan. A customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. I: vi; III: iii.

- Jones, George.** A customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. I: vi.
- Kibble, Jacob.** A fellow passenger of John Harmon's on his voyage from Cape Colony to England. II: xiii; IV: xii.
- Lammle, Alfred.** A mature young gentleman with too much nose in his face, too much ginger in his whiskers, too much torso in his waistcoat, too much sparkle in his studs, his eyes, his buttons, his talk, and his teeth. He is an adventurer and a fortune-hunter; and he marries Miss Sophronia Akershem, supposing her to be a lady of wealth, while she marries him for the same reason; each being deceived by Mr. Veneering, who really knows next to nothing about either of them. This precious pair of entrapped impostors determine to revenge themselves on Veneering for his part in the matter, but fail in their plans, and after an attempt (which is also a failure) to supplant Rokesmith in the house of Mr. Boffin, they leave the country. I: ii, x, xi; II: v, xvi; III: i, v, xii, xvii; IV: ii, viii.
- Lammle, Mrs. Alfred.** *See AKERSHEM, MISS SOPHRONIA.*
- Lightwood, Mortimer.** A young solicitor and attorney employed by Mr. Boffin. He is an intimate friend of Eugene Wrayburn. I: ii, iii, viii, x, xii, xvi; II: vi, xiv, xvi; III: x, xi, xvii; IV: ix-xii.
- Mary Anne.** Miss Peecher's assistant and favorite pupil, so imbued with the class-custom of stretching out an arm, as if to hail a cab or omnibus, whenever she finds she has an observation on hand to offer to Miss Peecher, that she often does it in their domestic relations. I: i, xi; IV: vii.
- Milvey, Mrs. Margaretta.** Wife of the Reverend Frank; a pretty, bright little woman, something worn by anxiety, who has repressed many pretty tales and bright fancies, and substituted, in their stead, schools, soup, flannel, coals, and all the week-day cares and Sunday coughs of a large population, young and old. I: ix, xvi; II: x; III: ix; IV: xi.
- Milvey, The Reverend Frank.** A young curate.
He was quite a young man, expensively educated and wretchedly paid, with quite a young wife, and half a dozen quite young children. He was under the necessity of teaching, and translating from the classics, to eke out his scanty means, yet was generally expected to have more time to spare than the idlest person in the parish, and more money than the richest. He accepted the needless inequalities and inconsistencies of his life with a kind of conventional submission that was almost slavish; and any daring layman who would have adjusted such burdens as his more decently and graciously would have had small help from him. I: ix, xvi; II: x; III: ix; IV: xi.

Mullins, Jack. A frequenter of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.

I: vi.

Peecher, Miss Emma. A teacher in the female department of the school in which Bradley Headstone is a master.

Small, shining, neat, methodical, and buxom was Miss Peecher; cherry-cheeked and tuneful of voice. A little pincushion, a little housewife, a little book, a little work-box, a little set of tables and weights and measures, and a little woman, all in one. She could write a little essay on any subject, exactly a slate long, beginning at the left-hand top of one side, and ending at the right-hand bottom of the other; and the essay should be strictly according to rule. If Mr. Bradley Headstone had addressed a written proposal of marriage to her, she would probably have replied in a complete little essay on the theme exactly a slate long; but would certainly have replied, "Yes," for she loved him. The decent hair-guard that went round his neck, and took care of his decent silver watch, was an object of envy to her: so would Miss Peecher have gone round his neck, and taken care of him,—of him, insensible, because he did not love Miss Peecher. I: xi, xv; III: xi; IV: vii.

Poddles. The pet name of a little girl in Mrs. Betty Higden's "minding-school." I: xvi.

Podsnap, Miss Georgiana. A shy, foolish, affectionate girl, of nearly eighteen, in training for "society."

She was but an under-sized damsel, with high shoulders, low spirits, chilled elbows, and a rasped surface of nose, who seemed to take occasional frosty peeps out of childhood into womanhood, and to shrink back again, overcome by her mother's head-dress, and her father from head to foot,—crushed by the mere dead-weight of Podsnappery. I: xi, xvii; II: iv, v, xvi; III: i, xvii; IV: ii.

Podsnap, Mr. John. Her father; a member of "society," and a pompous, self-satisfied man, swelling with patronage of his friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Podsnap was well to do, and stood very high in Mr. Podsnap's opinion. Beginning with a good inheritance, he had married a good inheritance, and had thriven exceedingly in the marine insurance way, and was quite satisfied. He never could make out why everybody was not quite satisfied, and he felt conscious that he set a brilliant social example in being particularly well satisfied with most things, and, above all other things, with himself.

Thus happily acquainted with his own merit and importance, Mr. Podsnap settled, that, whatever he put behind him, he put

out of existence. There was a dignified conclusiveness, not to add a grand convenience, in this way of getting rid of disagreeables, which had done much towards establishing Mr. Podsnap in his lofty place in Mr. Podsnap's satisfaction. "I don't want to know about it: I don't choose to discuss it; I don't admit it!" Mr. Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems by sweeping them behind him (and consequently sheer away) with those words and a flushed face: for they affronted him. I: ii, x, xi, xvii; II: iii-v, xvi; III: i, xvii; IV: xvii.

Podsnap, Mrs. His wife; a "fine woman for Professor Owen, quantity of bone, neck and nostrils like a rocking-horse, hard features," and a majestic presence. I: ii, x, xi, xvii; II: iii, iv; III: i, xvii; IV: xvii.

Potterson, Miss Abbey. Sole proprietor and manager of a well-kept tavern called the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters; a woman of great dignity and firmness, tall, upright, and well-favored, though severe of countenance, and having more the air of a schoolmistress than mistress of a public house. I: vi, xiii; III: ii, iii; IV: xii.

Potterson, Job. Her brother; steward of the ship in which John Harmon is a passenger. I: iii; II: xiii; IV: xii.

Pubsey and Co. The name of a fictitious firm of money-brokers in Saint Mary-Axe, used by "Fascination" Fledgeby to conceal his sharp practice in "shaving" notes. II: v.

Riah, Mr. An aged Jew, of venerable aspect and a generous and noble nature, who befriends Lizzie Hexam, and obtains employment for her. He is the agent of "Fascination" Fledgeby, who directs all his proceedings, while keeping himself in the background. II: v, xv; III: i, ii, x, xii, xiii; IV: viii, ix, xvi.

Riderhood, Pleasant. Daughter of Roger Riderhood; finally married to Mr. Venus, after rejecting him more than once.

Upon the smallest of small scales, she was an unlicensed pawnbroker, keeping what was popularly called a leaving-shop, by lending insignificant sums on insignificant articles of property deposited with her as security. In her four and twentieth year of life, Pleasant was already in her fifth year of this way of trade.

Why christened Pleasant, the late Mrs. Riderhood might possibly have been at some time able to explain, and possibly not. Her daughter had no information on that point: Pleasant she found herself, and she could n't help it. She had not been consulted on the question, any more than on the question of her coming into these terrestrial parts to want a name. Similarly she found herself possessed of what is colloquially termed a swivel

eye (derived from her father), which she might perhaps have declined if her sentiments on the subject had been taken. She was not otherwise positively ill-looking, though anxious, meagre, of a muddy complexion, and looking as old again as she really was.

As some dogs have it in the blood, or are trained, to worry certain creatures to a certain point, so — not to make the comparison disrespectfully — Pleasant Riderhood had it in the blood, or had been trained, to regard seamen, within certain limits, as her prey. Show her a man in a blue jacket, and, figuratively speaking, she pinned him instantly. Yet, all things considered, she was not of an evil mind or an unkindly disposition. II : xii, xiii ; III : iv, vii ; IV : xiv.

Riderhood, Roger, *called ROGUE.* A desperate “waterside character,” in whose house an attempt is made on John Harmon’s life. Quarrelling with Gaffer Hexam, who had been his partner, and anxious to obtain the reward offered by Mr. Boffin for the arrest of the supposed murderer, he goes to Mortimer Lightwood’s office, and accuses Hexam of having done the deed. Search being made for Hexam, he is discovered drowned ; and the reward is consequently not paid. Riderhood finally becomes a deputy lock-keeper at Plashwater Weir Mill, and is cognizant of Bradley Headstone’s attack on Eugene Wrayburn. He uses his knowledge as a means of extorting money from Headstone, and at last, by his continued demands, drives him to desperation. A quarrel ensues, which results in the death of both. I : i, vi, xii–xiv ; II : xii–xiv ; III : ii, iii, viii, xi ; IV : i, vii, xv.

Rokesmith, John. *See* HARMON, JOHN.

Rokesmith, Mrs. John. *See* HARMON, MRS. JOHN.

Sampson, George. A young man who is very intimate with the Wilfer family. At first he hovers around Miss Bella, but, on her betrothal to Mr. John Harmon, transfers his affections to her sister Lavinia, who keeps him — partly in remembrance of his bad taste in having overlooked her in the first instance — under a course of stinging discipline. I : iv, ix ; II : xiv ; III : iv, xvi ; IV : v, xvi.

Sloppy. A love-child, found in the street, brought up in the poor-house, and adopted by Betty Higden, who keeps him employed in turning a mangle. He is afterwards taken into Mr. Boffin’s service.

Of an ungainly make was Sloppy, — too much of him longwise, too little of him broadwise, and too many sharp angles of him anglewise. One of those shambling male human creatures, born to be indiscreetly candid in the revelation of buttons ; every button he had about him glaring at the public to a quite preternat-

ural extent. A considerable capital of knee and elbow, and wrist and ankle, had Sloppy ; and he did n't know how to dispose of it to the best advantage, but was always investing it in wrong securities, and so getting himself into embarrassed circumstances. Full-private Number One in the Awkward Squad of the rank and file of life was Sloppy, and yet had his glimmering notions of standing true to the colors. I: xvi; II: ix, x, xiv; III: ix; IV: iii, xiv, xvi.

Snigsworth, Lord. First cousin to Mr. Twemlow; a nobleman with gout in his temper. I: ii, x; II: iii, v, xvi; IV: xvi.

Sprodgkin, Mrs. A portentous old parishioner of the Reverend Frank Milvey, and the plague of his life. She is constantly wishing to know who begat whom, or wanting some information concerning the Amorites. IV: xi.

Tapkins, Mrs. A fashionable woman who calls at the door of the "eminently aristocratic" mansion to which the Boffins remove from the "Bower," and leaves a card for herself, Miss Tapkins, Miss Frederica Tapkins, Miss Antonina Tapkins, Miss Malvina Tapkins, and Miss Euphemia Tapkins; also the card of Mrs. Henry George Alfred Swoshle, *née* Tapkins; also a card, Mrs. Tapkins at home Wednesdays, Music, Portland Place. I: xvii.

Tippins, Lady. A friend of the Veneerings, and a member of "society:" relict of the late Sir Thomas Tippins, knighted, by mistake, for somebody else by his Majesty, King George the Third. She is a charming old woman, with an immense, obtuse, drab, oblong face, like a face in a tablespoon, and a dyed long walk up the top of her head, as a convenient public approach to the bunch of false hair behind. She affects perennial youth in her dress and manners, and exerts herself to fascinate the male sex, especially the unmarried portion of it.

A grisly little fiction concerning her lovers is Lady Tippins's point. She is always attended by a lover or two; and she keeps a little list of her lovers; and she is always booking a new lover, or striking out an old lover, or putting a lover in her black list, or promoting a lover to her blue list, or adding up her lovers, or otherwise posting her book. I: ii, x, xvii; II: iii, xvi; III: xvii; IV: xvii.

Toddles. The pet name of a little boy in Mrs. Betty Higden's "minding-school." I: xvi.

Tootle, Tom. A frequenter of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, who is on the point of being married. I: vi; III: ii, iii.

Twemlow, Mr. Melvin. A friend of the Veneerings, and a member of "society." He is poor, and lives over a livery-stable yard in Duke Street, St. James's; but being first cousin to Lord

Snigsworth, he is in frequent requisition, and at many houses may be said to represent the dining-table in its normal state. His noble relative allows him a small annuity, on which he lives; and takes it out of him, as the phrase goes, in extreme severity; putting him, when he visits at Snigsworthy Park, under a kind of martial law; ordaining that he shall hang his hat on a particular peg, sit on a particular chair, talk on particular subjects to particular people, and perform particular exercises, — such as sounding the praises of the family varnish (not to say pictures), and abstaining from the choicest of the family wines, unless expressly invited to partake. I: ii, x, xvii; II: iii, xvi; III: xiii; IV: xvi, xvii.

Veneering, Mr. Hamilton. A *parvenu*, tolerated by “society” on account of his wealth. Formerly traveller or commission agent of Chicksey and Stobbles, druggists, but afterwards admitted into the firm, of which he becomes the supreme head, absorbing both his partners. He is a man of forty, wavy-haired, dark, tending to corpulence, sly, mysterious, filmy, — a kind of sufficiently well-looking veiled prophet, not prophesying. By a liberal expenditure of money, he gets himself returned to the House of Commons from the borough of Pocket-Breaches.

Mr. and Mrs. Veneering were bran-new people in a bran-new house in a bran-new quarter of London. Everything about the Veneerings was spick-and-span-new. All their furniture was new; all their friends were new; all their servants were new; their plate was new; their carriage was new; their harness was new; their horses were new; their pictures were new; they themselves were new; they were as newly married as was lawfully compatible with their having a bran-new baby; and if they had set up a great-grandfather, he would have come home in matting from the Pantechnicon, without a scratch upon him, French polished to the crown of his head. For in the Veneering establishment, from the hall-chairs with the new coat of arms to the grand pianoforte with the new action, and up stairs again to the fire-escape, all things were in a state of high varnish and polish. And what was observable in the furniture was observable in the Veneerings, — the surface smelt a little too much of the workshop, and was a trifle sticky. I: ii, x, xi, xvii; II: iii, xvi; III: xvii; IV: xvii.

Veneering, Mrs. Anastasia. His wife; a fair woman, aquiline nosed and fingered, not so much light hair as she might have, gorgeous in raiment and jewels, enthusiastic, propitiatory, conscious that a corner of her husband’s veil is over herself. I: ii, x, xi, xvii; II: iii, xvi; III: xvii; IV: xvii.

Venus, Mr. A preserver of animals and birds, and articulator of human bones. He becomes a confederate of Mr. Wegg's in his plan of blackmailing Mr. Boffin; but being, on the whole, a very honest man, and repenting of what he has done, he makes amends by confidentially disclosing the whole plot. I: vii; II: vii; III: vi, vii, xiv; IV: iii, xiv.

Wegg, Silas. A ballad-monger, who also keeps a fruit-stall, near Cavendish Square.

Assuredly this stall of Silas Wegg's was the hardest little stall of all the sterile little stalls in London. It gave you the face-ache to look at his apples, the stomach-ache to look at his oranges, the tooth-ache to look at his nuts. Of the latter commodity he had always a grim little heap, on which lay a little wooden measure, which had no discernible inside, and was considered to represent the penn'orth appointed by Magna Charta. Whether from too much east wind or no,—it was an easterly corner,—the stall, the stock, and the keeper were all as dry as the desert. Wegg was a knotty man, and a close-grained, with a face carved out of very hard material, that had just as much play of expression as a watchman's rattle. When he laughed, certain jerks occurred in it, and the rattle sprung. Sooth to say, he was so wooden a man, that he seemed to have taken his wooden leg naturally, and rather suggested to the fanciful observer that he might be expected—if his development received no untimely check—to be completely set up with a pair of wooden legs in about six months.

Mr. Boffin thinking himself too old “to begin shovelling and sifting at alphabets and grammar-books,” and wanting to engage some one to read to him, is attracted by Mr. Wegg's collection of ballads displayed on an unfolded clothes-horse. He enters into conversation with the proprietor, and, when he finds that “all print is open to him,” is filled with admiration of him as being “a literary man *with* a wooden leg,” and engages him at half a crown a week to read to him two hours every evening.

Mr. Wegg turns out to be a rascal. Not resting satisfied with the salary which he receives from Mr. Boffin, he tries to better his condition by knavery. Prying everywhere about the premises, he at last discovers a will in which the elder Mr. Harmon leaves all his property to the crown. Ascertaining that this will is of later date than the one in Mr. Boffin's favor, which has been admitted to probate, he conspires with an acquaintance (Mr. Venus), either to oust Mr. Boffin, or to compel him to buy them off. He finds, to his astonishment, however, that there is a still later will in the possession of Mr. Boffin, who has suppressed it because it leaves him all

the property; while the one which has been proved leaves it to the testator's son on the condition of his marrying Miss Bella Wilfer. Discomfited and crestfallen, the avaricious Wegg returns, perforce, to his old trade of selling ballads, gingerbread, and the like. I: v. vii, xv, xvii; II: vii, x; III: vi, vii, xiv; IV: iii, xiv.

Wilfer, Miss Bella. Daughter of Reginald Wilfer, and *protégée* of the Boffins; afterwards the wife of John Harmon. I: iv, ix, xvi, xvii; II: viii-x, xiii; III: iv, v, vii, ix, xv, xvi; IV: iv, v, xi-xiii, xvi.

Wilfer, Miss Lavinia. Youngest of Mr. Wilfer's children; a sharp saucy, and irrepressible girl. I: iv, ix; II: i, ix, xiii; III: iv, xvi; IV: v, xvi.

Wilfer, Reginald, called THE CHERUB. A poor henpecked clerk in the drug house of Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles.

So poor a clerk, though having a limited salary and an unlimited family, that he had never yet attained the modest object of his ambition, which was to wear a complete new suit of clothes, hat and boots included, at one time. His black hat was brown before he could afford a coat; his pantaloons were white at the seams and knees before he could buy a pair of boots; his boots had worn out before he could treat himself to new pantaloons; and, by the time he worked round to the hat again, that shining modern article roofed-in an ancient ruin of various periods.

If the conventional Cherub could ever grow up and be clothed, he might be photographed as a portrait of Wilfer. His chubby, smooth, innocent appearance was a reason for his being always treated with condescension when he was not put down. A stranger entering his own poor house at about ten o'clock, P. M., might have been surprised to find him sitting up to supper. So boyish was he in his curves and proportions, that his old school-master, meeting him in Cheapside, might have been unable to withstand the temptation of caning him on the spot. I: iv; II: viii, xiii; III: iv, xvi; IV: iv, v, xvi.

Wilfer, Mrs. Reginald. His wife; a tall, angular woman, very stately and impressive.

Her lord being cherubic, she was necessarily majestic, according to the principle which matrimonially unites contrasts. She was much given to tying up her head in a pocket-handkerchief knotted under her chin. This head-gear, in conjunction with a pair of gloves worn within doors, she seemed to consider as at once a kind of armor against misfortune (invariably assuming it when in low spirits or difficulties), and as a species of full dress. I: iv, ix, xvi; II: i, ix, xiii; III: iv, xvi; IV: v, xvi.

Williams, William. A frequenter of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. I: vi, III: iii.

Wrayburn, Eugene. A briefless barrister, who hates his profession. He is a gloomy, indolent, unambitious, and reckless young man.

"Idiots talk," said Eugene, leaning back, folding his arms, smoking with his eyes shut, and speaking slightly through his nose, "of energy. If there is a word in the dictionary, under any letter from A to Z, that I abominate, it is 'energy.' It is such a conventional superstition! such parrot gabble! What the deuce! — Am I to rush out into the street, collar the first man of a wealthy appearance that I meet, shake him, and say, 'Go to law upon the spot, you dog, and retain me, or I'll be the death of you?' Yet that would be energy."

Becoming interested in Lizzie Hexam, he assists her to obtain an education; and though he seeks her society, he does so with no definite aim in view.

Lizzie saves Wrayburn's life with wonderful energy and address, nurses him tenderly through a long and dangerous sickness, is married to him, and finds that, transformed by the power of love, he has a mine of purpose and energy, which he turns to the best account. I: ii, iii, viii, x, xii-xiv; II: i, iii, vi, xi, xiv-xvi; III: x, xi, xvii; IV: i, vi, ix-xi, xvi, xvii.

Wrayburn, Mrs. Eugene. See HEXAM, LIZZIE.

Wren, Jenny. See CLEAVER, FANNY.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS, TALES AND SKETCHES

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE

- Belle.** A comely matron, whom the Ghost of Christmas Past shows to Scrooge, and in whom he recognizes an old sweetheart. ii.
- Caroline.** Wife of one of Scrooge's debtors, shown to him in a dream by the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. iv.
- Cratchit, Bob.** Clerk to Scrooge. He works in a dismal little cell,—a sort of tank leading out of Scrooge's counting-room. i, iii, iv, v.
- Cratchit, Mrs.** His wife. iii, iv.
- Cratchit, Belinda.** Their second daughter. iii, iv.
- Cratchit, Martha.** Their eldest daughter. iii, iv.
- Cratchit, Master Peter.** One of their sons. iii, iv.
- Cratchit, Tim, called TINY TIM.** Their youngest son, a cripple. iii.
- Dilber, Mrs.** A laundress whom the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come shows to Scrooge. iv.
- Fan.** A little girl, Scrooge's sister (afterwards the mother of Fred, his nephew), whom the Ghost of Christmas Past shows to Scrooge in a dream. ii.
- Fezziwig, Mr.** A kind-hearted, jolly old merchant to whom Scrooge was a 'prentice when a young man, whom the Ghost of Christmas Past brings before him in a vision when he has become an old man and a miser. ii.
- Fezziwig, Mrs.** His wife, "worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term." At the ball which her husband gave to his work-people on Christmas Eve, and which the Ghost of Christmas Past shows to old Scrooge, "in came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile." ii.
- Fezziwigs, The three Miss.** Their daughters, beaming and lovely, with six young followers, whose hearts they break. ii.
- Fred.** Scrooge's nephew. iii, v.
- Ghost of Christmas Past.** A phantom that shows Scrooge "shadows of things that have been" in his past life. ii.

Ghost of Christmas Present. A jolly spirit, glorious to see, of a kind, generous, hearty nature, who invisibly conducts old Scrooge through various scenes on Christmas Eve.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man, in his little brief authority, had not made fast the door, and barred the spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

iii.

Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. An apparition which shows Scrooge "shadows of things that have not happened," but which may happen in the time before him. iv.

Joe. A junk-dealer, and a receiver of stolen goods, shown to old Scrooge by the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. iv.

Marley, The Ghost of Jacob. A spectre that visits Scrooge on Christmas Eve, and was in life his partner in business.

Scrooge, Ebenezer. The Hero of the "Carol;" surviving partner of the firm of Scrooge and Marley.

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! — a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him: he iced his office in the dog-days, and did n't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

One Christmas Eve, after having declined in a very surly manner to accept an invitation to dinner the next day from his nephew Fred, and having reluctantly given his clerk, Bob Cratchit, permission to be absent the whole day, Scrooge goes home to his lodgings, where, brooding over a low fire, he is visited by the ghost of Old Marley, who has been dead seven years.

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the ghost, "do you believe in me, or not?"

"I do," said Sérooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth? and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and, if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world, — oh, woe is me! — and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness."

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why."

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard: I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you*?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Hear me!" cried the ghost. "My time is nearly gone. . . . I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate, — a chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the ghost, "by three spirits. . . . Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour; the third upon the next night, when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look, that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!" . . .

Scrooge became sensible of confused noises in the air, incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret, wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening a moment, joined in the mournful dirge, and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Being much in need of repose, whether from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the lateness of the hour, or from all combined, Scrooge goes straight to bed, without undressing, and falls asleep upon the instant. When he awakes, it is nearly one. The hour soon strikes; and, as the notes die away, the curtains of the bed are drawn aside, and a child stands before him. It is the Ghost of Christmas Past. The spirit bids him follow, and takes him to scenes long past. His

childhood comes back to him. His sister Fan is before him. His old master Fezziwig reappears, and Dick Wilkins, the companion of his boyish days. It is Christmas time; and he and Dick and many are made happy by their master's liberality. The scene changes, and Scrooge sees himself in the prime of life. "His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years, but it had begun to wear the signs of avarice;" and a young girl stands beside him, and tells him that another idol, a golden one, has displaced her, and that she releases him. "May you be happy in the life you have chosen!" she says sorrowfully, and disappears. "Spirit!" says Scrooge, "show me no more; conduct me home." But the ghost points again, and the wretched man sees a happy home, — husband and wife, and many children; and the matron is she whom he might have called his own. The spirit vanishes, and Scrooge, exhausted and drowsy, throws himself upon the bed, and sinks into a heavy sleep. He awakes as the bell is upon the stroke of one; and the Ghost of Christmas Present is before him. Again he goes forth.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name: and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies; while he (not proud, although his collar near choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out, and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well, never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm; Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself; and in came little Bob the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him, and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke: so she came out prematurely from behind the closet-door, and ran into his arms; while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and

trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor; and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire. And while Bob, turning up his cuffs, — as if, poor fellow! they were capable of being made more shabby, — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued, that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, — a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course, and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board; and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: —

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Bob then proposes the health of Mr. Scrooge; and although his wife does not relish the toast, yet, at the solicitation of her husband, she consents to drink it for her husband's sake and the day's.

Again the scene changes, and Scrooge finds himself in the bright gleaming house of his nephew, where a merry company are enjoying themselves, and are laughing at his surly refusal to join in their Christmas festivities.

The third and last spirit comes at the same hour, and introduces itself as the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. It shows Scrooge a room in which a dead man is lying, and in which a motley crowd is joking and laughing, and casting lots for the very curtains surrounding the bed on which the body lies. The spirit points to the head, covered by the thin sheet; but Scrooge has no power to pull it aside, and view the features. As they leave the room, however, he beseeches the spirit to tell him what man it is who lies there so friendless and uncared for. The ghost does not answer, but conveys him hurriedly to a churchyard, neglected, overgrown with weeds, "choked up with too much burying, fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!" The spirit stands among the graves, and points down to one; and Scrooge beholds upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, — "Ebenezer Scrooge."

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried upon his knees.

The spirit pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

Scrooge asks if there is no hope; if these sights are the shadows of what *must*, or what *may* come to him? The kind hand trembles; and Scrooge sees room for hope.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons they teach. Oh! tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!" . . .

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bed-post.

Yes! and the bed-post was his own; the bed was his own; the room was his own, — best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own to make amends in!

And he does make amends most amply. The lesson of his dream is not forgotten. He instantly sends a prize turkey to the Cratchits, twice the size of Tiny Tim, and gives half a crown to the boy that

goes and buys it for him. He surprises his nephew by dining with him, and the next day raises Bob Cratchit's salary. In short, "he became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world."

Tiny Tim. *See* CRATCHIT, TIM.

Topper, Mr. One of the guests at Fred's Christmas dinner-party; a bachelor, who thinks himself a wretched outcast because he has no wife, and consequently gets his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters. iii.

Wilkins, Dick. A fellow 'prentice of Scrooge's. ii.

THE CHIMES

A GOBLIN STORY OF SOME BELLS THAT RANG AN OLD YEAR
OUT, AND A NEW YEAR IN

Bowley, Lady. Wife to Sir Joseph Bowley; a very stately lady. i.

Bowley, Master. Her son, a little gentleman aged twelve. iii.

Bowley, Sir Joseph. An old and very stately gentleman, who is a member of Parliament, and who prides himself upon being the "poor man's friend and father." The poor man in his district he considers his business. "I endeavor," he says, "to educate his mind by inculcating on all occasions the one great moral lesson which that class requires; that is, entire dependence on myself." ii, iii.

Chickenstalker, Mrs. Anne. A stout old lady, keeper of a shop "in the general line," who, Toby Veck dreams, is married to Tugby, Sir Joseph Bowley's porter. ii, iv.

Cute, Alderman. A plain man and a practical man; an easy, affable, joking, knowing fellow, up to everything, and not to be imposed on; one who understands the common people, and has not the least difficulty in dealing with them. Being a justice, he thinks he can "put down" anything among "this sort of people," and so sets about putting down the nonsense that is talked about want, and the cant in vogue about starvation; and declares his intention of putting down distressed wives, boys without shoes and stockings, wandering mothers, and indeed all young mothers of all sorts and kinds, all sick persons and young children; and, if there is one thing on which he can be said to have made up his mind more than on another, it is to put suicide down. Under this name Mr. Dickens scarified Sir Peter Laurie, a wealthy Scotch saddler residing in London, who was knighted in 1823 on being appointed sheriff of London and Middlesex, and who was

chosen alderman from Aldersgate in 1826, and was elected lord-mayor in 1832. Sir Peter was a garrulous and officious magistrate, severe in his treatment of the poor, and in the habit of threatening to put down want, vagabondage, suicide, and the like, among them. i, iii.

Fern, Lilian. An orphan; niece to Will Fern. ii, iv.

Fern, Will. A poor but honest man, who only wants "to live like one of the Almighty's creeturs," but has a bad name, and can't. ii, iv.

Filer, Mr. A low-spirited gentleman of middle age, of a meagre habit and a disconsolate face, full of facts and figures, and ready to prove anything by tables; a friend of Alderman Cute's. i, iii.

Fish, Mr. Confidential secretary to Sir Joseph Bowley. ii, iii.

Lilian. See FERN, LILIAN.

Richard. A handsome, well-made, powerful young smith, engaged to Meg Veck. i, iii, iv.

Tugby. Porter to Sir Joseph Bowley; afterwards married, as Toby Veck dreams, to Mrs. Chickenstalker. ii, iv.

Veck, Margaret or Meg. Toby Veck's daughter.

Veck, Toby, called TROTTOY from his pace, "which meant speed, if it did n't make it." A ticket-porter.

A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and could n't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteen-penny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him to get out of the way, devoutly believing that, in the natural course of things, he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

Toby has a great liking for the bells in the church near his station.

Being but a simple man, he invested them with a strange and solemn character. They were so mysterious (often heard, and never seen), so high up, so far off, so full of such a deep, strong melody, that he regarded them with a species of awe; and sometimes, when he looked up at the dark arched windows in the tower, he half expected to be beckoned to by something which was not a bell, and yet was what he heard so often sounding in the chimes. For all this, Toby scouted with indignation a certain flying rumor that the chimes were haunted, as implying the possibility of their being connected with any evil thing. In

short, they were very often in his ears, and very often in his thoughts, but always in his good opinion; and he very often got such a crick in his neck by staring, with his mouth wide open, at the steeple where they hung, that he was fain to take an extra trot or two afterwards to cure it.

On Christmas Eve, Toby falls asleep by the fireside, while reading a newspaper, and dreams that he is called by the chimes, and so goes up into the church-tower, which he finds peopled by dwarf phantoms, spirits, elfin creatures of the bells, of all aspects, shapes, characters, and occupations. As he gazes, the spectres disappear, and he sees in every bell a bearded figure, mysterious and awful, of the bulk and stature of the bell, — at once a figure and the bell itself. The Great Bell, or the Goblin of the Great Bell, after arraigning him for sundry instances of wrong-doing, puts him in charge of the Spirit of the Chimes, a little child, who shows him various sorrowful scenes of the future, the actors in which he knows, and some of whom are very near and dear to him. But all these scenes point the same moral, — “that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves, nor the good in one another.” And when Toby breaks the spell that binds him, and wakes up suddenly with a leap that brings him upon his feet, he is beside himself with joy to find that the chimes are merrily ringing in the New Year, and that all the sin and shame and suffering and desperation which he has witnessed is but the baseless fabric of a vision. The lesson is not forgotten, however, and the New Year is made all the happier by his troubled dream.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

A FAIRY TALE OF HOME

Boxer. John Peerybingle's dog.

Dot. See PEERYBINGLE, MRS. MARY.

Fielding, May. A friend of Mrs. Peerybingle's. She is over-persuaded into consenting to bestow her hand upon Tackleton, a surly, sordid, grinding old man; but on the morning of the day appointed for the wedding, she marries Edward Plummer, a former lover, who suddenly returns after a long absence, and whom she has believed to be dead.

Fielding, Mrs. Her mother; a little, querulous chip of an old lady with a peevish face, and a most transcendent figure (in right of having preserved a waist like a bed-post). She is very genteel and patronizing, in consequence of having once been better off, or of laboring under an impression that she might have been, if

something had happened (in the indigo-trade) which never did happen, and seemed to have never been particularly likely to happen.

Peerybingle, John. A large, sturdy man, much older than his wife, but "the best, the most considerate, the most affectionate, of husbands" to her.

He was often near to something or other very clever, by his own account, this lumbering, slow, honest John; this John so heavy, but so light of spirit; so rough upon the surface, but so gentle at the core; so dull without, so quick within; so stolid, but so good! O mother Nature! give thy children the true poetry of heart that hid itself in this poor carrier's breast, — he was but a carrier, by the way, — and we can bear to have them talking prose, and leading lives of prose, and bear to bless thee for their company.

Peerybingle, Mrs. Mary, *called* Dot from her small size. His wife, a blooming young woman, with a very doll of a baby.

Plummer, Caleb. A poor toymaker in the employ of Tackleton; a spare, dejected, thoughtful, gray-haired old man, wholly devoted to his blind daughter.

Plummer, Bertha. His daughter, a blind girl. With her father, she lives in "a little cracked nutshell of a wooden house, . . . stuck to the premises of Gruff and Tackleton like a barnacle to a ship's keel."

I have said that Caleb and his poor blind daughter lived here. I should have said that Caleb lived here, and his poor blind daughter somewhere else, — in an enchanted home of Caleb's furnishing, where scarcity and shabbiness were not, and trouble never entered. Caleb was no sorcerer, but in the only magic art that still remains to us, — the magic of devoted, deathless love. Nature had been the mistress of his study; and from her teaching all the wonder came.

The blind girl never knew that ceilings were discolored; walls blotched, and bare of plaster here and there; high crevices unstopped, and widening every day; beams mouldering, and tending downward. The blind girl never knew that iron was rusting, wood rotting, paper peeling off; the size and shape, and true proportion of the dwelling, withering away. The blind girl never knew that ugly shapes of delf and earthenware were on the board; that sorrow and faint-heartedness were in the house; that Caleb's scanty hairs were turning grayer and more gray before her sightless face. The blind girl never knew they had a master cold, exacting, and uninterested; never knew that Tackleton was Tackleton, in short, but lived in the belief of an eccentric

humorist, who loved to have his jest with them, and who, while he was the guardian angel of their lives, disdained to hear one word of thankfulness.

And all was Caleb's doing; all the doing of her simple father!

The consequence of this well-meant but ill-judged deception is, that Bertha comes secretly to love Tackleton with unspeakable affection and gratitude, and is nearly heart-broken on finding that he means to marry May Fielding. This compels her father to tell her the truth; to confess that he has altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented many things that never have been, to make her happier. The shock to her sensitive nature is great; but instead of losing her confidence in him, she clings to him all the more closely, and cherishes him all the more devotedly, for his innocent deceit, springing from motives so pure and unselfish.

Plummer, Edward. Son to Caleb, and brother to Bertha Plummer. After a long absence in the "Golden South Americas," he returns to claim the hand of May Fielding, to whom he had been engaged before leaving home. Hearing, when twenty miles away, that she has proved false to him, and is about to marry old Tackleton, he disguises himself as an old man, for the sake of observing and judging for himself, in order to get at the real and exact truth. He makes himself known to Mrs. Peerybingle ("Dot"), who advises him to keep his secret close, and not even to let Mr. Peerybingle know it, he being much too open in his nature, and too clumsy in all artifice, to keep it for him. She also offers to sound his sweetheart, and to go between them, and bring them together, which she does, and has the pleasure of seeing them married, and of expressing a hope that Tackleton may die a bachelor. Her mediation, however, becomes known, in part, to her husband, who misconstrues her actions, and suspects her of being untrue to himself. But in the end everything is satisfactorily explained, and everybody is made happy; while even the kettle hums for joy, and the cricket joins the music with its "Chirp, chirp, chirp."

Slowboy, Tilly. Mrs. Peerybingle's nursery-maid; a great, clumsy girl, who is very apt to hold the baby topsy-turvy, and who has a habit of mechanically reproducing, for its entertainment, scraps of current conversation, with all the sense struck out of them, and all the nouns changed into the plural number, as when she asks, "Was it Gruffs and Tackletons the toymakers, then?" and "Would it call at pastry-cooks for wedding-cakes?" and "Did its mothers know the boxes when its fathers brought them home?" and so on.

Tackleton, called GRUFF AND TACKLETON. A toy-merchant,

stern, ill-natured, and sarcastic, with one eye always wide open, and one eye nearly shut.

Cramped and chafing in the peaceable pursuit of toy-making, he was a domestic ogre, who had been living on children all his life, and was their implacable enemy. He despised all toys; wouldn't have bought one for the world; delighted, in his malice, to insinuate grim expressions into the faces of brown paper farmers who drove pigs to market, bellmen who advertised lost lawyers' consciences, movable old ladies who darned stockings or carved pies, and other like samples of his stock in trade. In appalling masks, hideous, hairy, red-eyed Jacks in boxes, vampire kites, demoniacal tumblers who wouldn't lie down, and were perpetually flying forward to stare infants out of countenance, his soul perfectly revelled. They were his only relief and safety-valve.

After the marriage of his betrothed, May Fielding, to Edward Plummer (see above), he turns his disappointment to good account by resolving thenceforth to be, and by actually becoming, a pleasant, hearty, kind, and happy man.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

A LOVE-STORY

Britain, Benjamin, *called* LITTLE BRITAIN. A small man with an uncommonly sour and discontented face; servant to Doctor Jeddler, afterwards husband of Clemency Newcome, and landlord of the Nutmeg Grater Inn. He gives this summary of his general condition: "I don't know anything; I don't care for anything; I don't make out anything; I don't believe anything; and I don't want anything."

Craggs, Mr. Thomas. Law-partner of Jonathan Snitchey. He seems to be represented by Snitchey, and to be conscious of little or no separate existence or personal individuality.

Craggs, Mrs. His wife.

Heathfield, Alfred. A young medical student; a ward of Doctor Jeddler's, and engaged to his younger daughter Marion. On coming of age, he starts on a three-years' tour among the foreign schools of medicine. In the very hour of his return, Marion flees from home, eloping, as it is supposed, with a young bankrupt named Michael Warden. After a time her elder sister Grace becomes Alfred's wife; and it finally transpires that Marion, though deeply loving him, discovers that Grace also loves him, and, deeming herself to be less worthy of such a husband, sacri-

fices her own happiness to insure her sister's. But instead of eloping with young Warden, she retires to an aunt's, who lives at a distance, where she remains secluded until after her sister's marriage has taken place.

Jeddler, Doctor Anthony. A great philosopher, the heart and mystery of whose philosophy is to look upon the world as a gigantic practical joke, or as something too absurd to be considered seriously by any practical man. But the loss of his favorite daughter, "the absence of one little unit in the great absurd account," strikes him to the ground, and shows him how serious the world is, "in which some love, deep-anchored, is the portion of all human creatures."

Jeddler, Grace. His elder daughter; married to Alfred Heathfield.

Jeddler, Marion. His younger daughter.

Martha, Aunt. Sister to Doctor Jeddler.

Newcome, Clemency. Servant to Doctor Jeddler; afterwards married to Benjamin Britain.

She was about thirty years old, and had a sufficiently plump and cheerful face, though it was twisted up into an odd expression of tightness that made it comical; but the extraordinary homeliness of her gait and manner would have superseded any face in the world. To say that she had two left legs, and somebody else's arms; and that all four limbs seemed to be out of joint, and to start from perfectly wrong places when they were set in motion,—is to offer the mildest outline of the reality. To say that she was perfectly content and satisfied with these arrangements, and regarded them as being no business of hers; and that she took her arms and legs as they came, and allowed them to dispose of themselves just as it happened,—is to render faint justice to their equanimity. Her dress was a prodigious pair of self-willed shoes that never wanted to go where her feet went, blue stockings, a printed gown of many colors and the most hideous pattern procurable for money, and a white apron. She always wore short sleeves, and always had, by some accident, grazed elbows, in which she took so lively an interest, that she was continually trying to turn them round and get impossible views of them. In general, a little cap perched somewhere on her head, though it was rarely to be met with in the place usually occupied in other subjects by that article of dress; but from head to foot she was scrupulously clean, and maintained a kind of dislocated tidiness. Indeed, her laudable anxiety to be tidy and compact in her own conscience, as well as in the public eye, gave rise to one of her most startling evolutions, which was to

grasp herself sometimes by a sort of wooden handle (part of her clothing, and familiarly called a busk), and wrestle, as it were, with her garments, until they fell into a symmetrical arrangement.

Snitchey, Jonathan. Law-partner of Thomas Craggs.

Snitchey, Mrs. His wife.

Warden, Michael. A client of Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs; a man of thirty who has sown a good many wild oats, and finds his affairs to be in a bad way in consequence. He repents, however, and reforms, and finally marries Marion Jeddler, whom he has long loved.

THE HAUNTED MAN, AND THE GHOST'S BARGAIN

A FANCY FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME

Denham, Edmund. A student, whose true name is LONGFORD. He comes under the evil influence of Mr. Redlaw, and loses all sense of the kindness that has been shown him during a dangerous illness. But when a change falls upon Redlaw, his heart feels the effect also, and glows with affection and gratitude to his benefactress.

Longford, Edmund. See DENHAM, EDMUND.

Redlaw, Mr. A learned chemist, and a lecturer at an ancient institution in a great city. He is a melancholy but kind-hearted man, whose life has been darkened by many sorrows. As he sits brooding one night over the things that might have been, but never were, Mr. William Swidger, the keeper of the Lodge, with his wife Milly, and his father Philip, enter the room to serve his tea, and to decorate the apartment with holly in honor of Christmas.

"Another Christmas comes; another year gone!" murmured the chemist with a gloomy sigh. "More figures in the lengthening sum of recollection that we work and work at, to our torment, till Death idly jumbles all together, and rubs all out. So, Philip!" breaking off, and raising his voice as he addressed the old man standing apart, with his glistening burden in his arms, from which the quiet Mrs. William took small branches, which she noiselessly trimmed with her scissors, and decorated the room with, while her aged father-in-law looked on much interested in the ceremony.

"My duty to you, sir," returned the old man. "Should have spoken before, sir, but know your ways, Mr. Redlaw, — proud to say, — and wait till spoke to. Merry Christmas, sir! and happy

New Year! and many of 'em! Have had a pretty many of 'em myself, — ha, ha! — and may take the liberty of wishing 'em. I'm eighty-seven!"

"Have you had so many that were merry and happy?" asked the other.

"Ay, sir; ever so many," returned the old man.

"Is his memory impaired with age? It is to be expected now," said Mr. Redlaw, turning to the son, and speaking lower.

"Not a morsel of it, sir," replied Mr. William. "That's exactly what I say myself, sir. There never was such a memory as my father's. He's the most wonderful man in the world. He don't know what forgetting means. It's the very observation I'm always making to Mrs. William, sir, if you'll believe me!"

The old man reminds Mr. Redlaw of a picture of one of the founders of the institution, which hangs in what was once the great dining-hall, — a sedate gentleman, with a scroll below him, bearing this inscription, "Lord, keep my memory green!" And then the younger Mr. Swidger speaks of his wife's visits to the sick and suffering, and tells how she has just returned from nursing a student who attends Mr. Redlaw's lectures, and who has been seized with a fever.

"Not content with this, sir, Mrs. William goes and finds, this very night, when she was coming home (why it's not above a couple of hours ago), a creature more like a young wild beast than a young child, shivering upon a doorstep. What does Mrs. William do but brings it home to dry it, and feed it, and keep it till our old bounty of food and flannel is given away on Christmas morning! If it ever felt a fire before, it's as much as it ever did; for it's sitting in the old Lodge chimney, staring at ours as if its ravenous eyes would never shut again. It's sitting there, at least," said Mr. William, correcting himself on reflection, "unless it's bolted."

"Heaven keep her happy!" said the chemist aloud, "and you too, Philip! and you, William! I must consider what to do in this. I may desire to see this student: I'll not detain you longer now. Good night!"

"I thankee, sir, I thankee!" said the old man, "for Mouse, and for my son William, and for myself. Where's my son William? William, you take the lantern, and go on first through them long dark passages, as you did last year and the year afore. Ha, ha! I remember, though I'm eighty-seven! 'Lord, keep my memory green!' It's a very good prayer, Mr. Redlaw, — that of the learned gentleman in the peaked beard, with a ruff round his neck; hangs up, second on the right above the panelling

in what used to be, afore our ten poor gentlemen commuted, our great dinner hall. 'Lord, keep my memory green!' It's very good and pious, sir. Amen, amen!"

After the departure of these humble friends, Redlaw falls back into his train of sorrowful musings; and as he sits before the fire, an awful spectral likeness of himself appears to him. It echoes his mournful thoughts, brings each wrong and sorrow that he has suffered vividly before him, and finally offers to cancel the remembrance of them, destroying no knowledge, no result of study, nothing but the intertwined chain of feelings and associations, each in its turn dependent on and nourished by the banished recollections.

"Decide," it said, "before the opportunity is lost!"

"A moment! I call Heaven to witness," said the agitated man, "that I have never been a hater of my kind, — never morose, indifferent, or hard to anything around me. If, living here alone, I have made too much of all that was and might have been, and too little of what is, the evil, I believe, has fallen on me, and not on others. But if there were poison in my body, should I not, possessed of antidotes, and knowledge how to use them, use them? If there be poison in my mind, and through this fearful shadow I can cast it out, shall I not cast it out?"

"Say," said the spectre, "is it done?"

"A moment longer!" he answered hurriedly. "*I would forget it if I could!* Have I thought that alone? or has it been the thought of thousands upon thousands, generation after generation? All human memory is fraught with sorrow and trouble. My memory is as the memory of other men; but other men have not this choice. Yes: I close the bargain. Yes: I **WILL** forget my sorrow, wrong, and trouble!"

"Say," said the spectre, "is it done?"

"It is!"

"It is. And take this with you, man whom I here renounce. The gift that I have given, you shall give again, go where you will. Without recovering yourself the power that you have yielded up, you shall henceforth destroy its like in all whom you approach. Your wisdom has discovered that the memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble is the lot of all mankind, and that mankind would be the happier in its other memories without it. Go! Be its benefactor! Freed from such remembrance from this hour, carry involuntarily the blessing of such freedom with you. Its diffusion is inseparable and inalienable from you."

The phantom leaves him bewildered, and with no memory of past wrongs or troubles. He does not know in what way he possesses the power to communicate this forgetfulness to others; but

with a vague feeling of having an antidote for the worst of human ills, he goes forth to administer it. Those whom he seeks, and those whom he casually encounters, alike experience the infection of his presence. Charged with poison for his own mind, he poisons the minds of others. Where he felt interest, compassion, sympathy, his heart turns to stone. Selfishness and ingratitude everywhere spring up in his blighting footsteps. There is but one person who is proof against his baneful influence, and that is the ragged child whom Mrs. Swidger picked up in the streets. Hardship and cruelty have so blunted the senses of this wretched creature, that it grows neither worse nor better from contact with the haunted man. It is, indeed, already a counterpart of him, with no memory of the past to soften or stimulate it. Shocked by the evil he has wrought, Redlaw awakes to a consciousness of the misery of his condition. Having long taught that in the material world nothing can be spared, that no step or atom in the wondrous structure could be lost without a blank being made in the great universe, he is now brought to see that it is the same with good and evil, happiness and sorrow, in the memories of men. He invokes the spirit of his darker hours to come back and take its gift away, or, at least, to deprive him of the dreadful power of giving it to others. His prayer is heard. The phantom reappears, accompanied by the shadow of Milly, the wife of William Swidger, from whom Redlaw has resolutely kept himself aloof, fearing to influence the steady quality of goodness that he knows to be in her, fearing that he may be "the murderer of what is tenderest and best within her bosom." He learns that she, unconsciously, has the power of setting right what he has done; and he seeks her out. Wherever she goes, peace and happiness attend her. The peevish, the morose, the discontented, the ungrateful, and the selfish are suddenly changed, and become their former and better selves. Even Redlaw is restored to what he was; and a clearer light shines into his mind, when Milly tells him that, to her, it seems a good thing for us to remember wrong, *that we may forgive it.*

Some people have said since, that he only thought what has been herein set down; others, that he read it in the fire, one winter-night, about the twilight-time; others, that the ghost was but the representation of his gloomy thoughts, and Milly the embodiment of his better wisdom. *I say nothing.*

— Except this. That as they were assembled in the old hall, by no other light than that of a great fire (having dined early), the shadows once more stole out of their hiding-places, and danced about the room, showing the children marvellous shapes and faces on the walls, and gradually changing what was real and

familiar there to what was wild and magical; but that there was one thing in the hall, to which the eyes of Redlaw, and of Milly and her husband, and of the old man, and of the student and his bride that was to be, were often turned; which the shadows did not obscure or change. Deepened in its gravity by the firelight, and gazing from the darkness of the panelled wall like life, the sedate face in the portrait, with the beard and ruff, looked down at them from under its verdant wreath of holly, as they looked up at it; and clear and plain below, as if a voice had uttered them, were the words, —

“Lord, keep my Memory Green.”

Swidger, George. Eldest son of old Philip Swidger; a dying man, repentant of all the wrong he has done and the sorrow he has caused during a career of forty or fifty years, but suddenly changed by seeing Redlaw at his bedside, into a bold and callous ruffian, who dies with an oath on his lips.

Swidger, Milly. Wife of William Swidger; an embodiment of goodness, gentle consideration, love, and domesticity.

Swidger, Philip. A superannuated custodian of the institution in which Mr. Redlaw is a lecturer. He is a happy and venerable old man of eighty-seven years of age, who has a most remarkable memory. When, however, at the bedside of his dying son, he meets Redlaw (who has just closed the bargain with the ghost, in consequence of which he causes forgetfulness in others wherever he goes), he all at once grows weak-minded and petulant; but when he once more comes within the influence of his good daughter Milly, he recovers all his recollections of the past, and is quite himself again.

Swidger, William. His youngest son; servant to Redlaw, and husband to Milly; a fresh-colored, busy, good-hearted man, who, like his father and others, is temporarily transformed into a very different sort of person by coming in contact with his master after “the ghost’s bargain” is concluded.

Tetterby, Mr. Adolphus. A newsman, with almost any number of small children, — usually an unselfish, good-natured, yielding little race, but changed for a time, as well as himself, into the exact opposite by Mr. Redlaw.

Tetterby, Mrs. Sophia. His wife, called by himself his “little woman.” “Considered as an individual, she was rather remarkable for being robust and portly; but considered with reference to her husband, her dimensions became magnificent.”

Tetterby, 'Dolphus. Their eldest son, aged ten: he is a newspaper boy at a railway station.

His juvenility might have been at some loss for a harmless outlet in this early application to traffic, but for a fortunate discovery he made of a means of entertaining himself, and of dividing the long day into stages of interest, without neglecting business. This ingenious invention, remarkable, like many great discoveries, for its simplicity, consisted in varying the first vowel in the word "paper," and substituting in its stead, at different periods of the day, all the other vowels in grammatical order. Thus, before daylight in the winter time, he went to and fro, in his little oilskin cap and cape and his big comforter, piercing the heavy air with his cry of "Morn-ing pa-per!" which, about an hour before noon, changed to "Morn-ing pep-per!" which, at about two, changed to "Morn-ing pip-per!" which, in a couple of hours, changed to "Morn-ing pop-per!" and so declined with the sun into "Eve-nig pup-per!" to the great relief and comfort of this young gentleman's spirits.

Tetterby, Johnny. Their second son; a patient, much-enduring child, whose special duty it is to take care of the baby.

Tetterby, Sally. A large, heavy infant, always cutting teeth.

It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother [Johnny] was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet in any one place for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. . . . It roved from doorstep to doorstep in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the tumblers or the monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too late for everything that was attractive, from Monday morning until Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England; and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to anybody, and could never be delivered anywhere.

THE POOR RELATION'S STORY

Chill, Uncle. An avaricious, crabbed old man; uncle to Michael.

Christiana. An old sweetheart of Michael's, to whom he imagines that he is married.

Frank, Little. A cousin of Michael's; a diffident boy, for whom he has a particular affection.

Michael. The "poor relation," and the narrator of the story, which hinges upon a fancy of *what might have been*. Premising that he is not what he is supposed to be, he proceeds, in the first place, to state what he *is* supposed to be, and then goes on to tell what his life and habits and belongings really are. He is thought to be very poor: in fact, he is rich. He is thought to be friendless; but he has the best of friends. He is thought to have been refused by a lady whom he loved: it is a mistake; he married the lady, and has a happy family around him. He is thought to live in a lodging in the Clapham Road: in reality, he lives in a castle — *in the air*.

Snap, Betsey. Uncle Chill's only domestic; a withered, hard-favored, yellow old woman.

Spatter, John. Michael's host, whom he feigns to have been first his clerk, and afterwards his partner.

THE CHILD'S STORY

Fanny. One of the prettiest girls that ever was seen, in love with "Somebody."

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S STORY

Cheeseman, Old. A poor boy at a boarding-school, who is a general favorite with his fellows, until he is made second Latin master; when they all agree in regarding him as a spy and a deserter, who has sold himself for gold (two pound ten a quarter, and his washing). After this, his life becomes very miserable; for the master and his wife look down upon him, and snub him; while the boys persecute him in many ways, and even form a society for the express purpose of making a set against him. One morning he is missed from his place; and it is thought at first, by the pupils, that, unable to stand it any longer, he has got up early, and drowned himself. It turns out, however, that he has come into a large fortune, — a fact which puts a very different face upon matters, making the master obsequious, and the scholars afraid for the consequences of what they have done. But "Old

Cheeseman is not in the least puffed up or changed by his sudden prosperity, addresses them as "his dear companions and old friends," and gives them a magnificent spread in the dining-room.

Pitt, Jane. A sort of wardrobe woman to the boys. Though a good friend to the boys, she is also a good friend to "Old Cheeseman;" and, the more they go against him, the more she stands by him. It is, therefore, only a natural thing, and one to be expected, that, when "Old Cheeseman" succeeds to his grandfather's large property, he should share it with her by making her his wife.

Tartar, Bob. The "first boy" in the school, and president of the "Society" formed for the purpose of annoying "Old Cheeseman."

NOBODY'S STORY

Bigwig Family, The. A large household, composed of stately and noisy people, professed humanitarians, who do nothing but blow trumpets, and hold convocations, and make speeches, and write pamphlets, and quarrel among themselves.

Nobody, otherwise LEGION. The narrator of the story, which, under the guise of an allegory, contains an appeal to the governing classes in behalf of the poor, and an argument for their proper instruction and rational amusement as a means of preventing drunkenness, debauchery, and crime.

THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS

Ben. A waiter.

Doubledick, Richard. A young man who has run wild, and has been dismissed by the girl to whom he was betrothed. Made reckless by this well-deserved stroke, he enlists in a regiment of the line under an assumed name, becomes more dissipated than ever, and is constantly getting punished for some breach of discipline. Under the influence of the captain of his company, however, he becomes an altered man, rises rapidly from the ranks, and gains the reputation of being one of the boldest spirits in the whole army. At Badajos the captain falls, mortally wounded by a French officer; and from that moment Doubledick devotes himself to avenging the death of his friend, in case he should ever meet that French officer again. At Waterloo he is among the wounded, and for many long weeks his recovery is doubtful; but he is tenderly nursed by Mrs. Taunton, the mother of his lost friend, and by the young lady (Mary Marshall) to whom he had been engaged, and who now marries him. Three years afterwards he has occa-

sion to visit the South of France, to join Mrs. Taunton (who has gone thither for her health), and escort her home. He finds her the unwitting guest of the very officer who killed her son, and whose life he has vowed to have in return. But the frank and noble demeanor of the Frenchman, the innocent happiness of his pleasant home, and the warm regard which Mrs. Taunton has come to feel for him, — all combine to suggest better thoughts and feelings; and Captain Doubledick secretly forgives him in the name of the divine Forgiver of injuries.

Marshall, Mary. A beautiful girl betrothed to Richard Doubledick; afterwards estranged from, but finally married to, him.

Taunton, Captain. The captain of the company in which Private Richard Doubledick enlists.

Taunton, Mrs. His mother.

THE HOLLY-TREE

[This is the story of a gentleman, who, imagining himself to have been supplanted in the affections of a young lady, resolves to go straight to America — on his “way to the Devil.” Before starting, however, he finds occasion to make a visit to a certain place on the farther borders of Yorkshire, and on the way thither he gets snowed up for a week at the Holly-Tree Inn, where he finds himself the only guest. Sitting by the fire in the principal room, he reads through all the books in the house; namely, a “Book of Roads,” a little song-book terminating in a collection of toasts and sentiments, a little jest-book, an old volume of “Peregrine Pickle,” and “The Sentimental Journey,” to say nothing of two or three old newspapers. These being exhausted, he endeavors to while away the time by recalling his experience of inns, and his remembrances of those he has heard or read of. He further beguiles the days of his imprisonment by talking, at one time or another, with the whole establishment, not excepting the “Boots,” who, lingering in the room one day, tells him a story about a young gentleman not eight years old, who runs off with a young lady of seven to Gretna Green, and puts up at the Holly-Tree. When the roads are at last broken out, and just as the disconsolate traveller is on the point of resuming his journey, a carriage drives up, and out jumps his (as he supposes) successful rival, who is running away to Gretna too. It turns out, however, that the lady he has with him is not the one with whom the traveller is in love, but her cousin. The fugitives are hastened on their way; and the traveller retraces his steps without delay, goes straight to London, and marries the girl whom he thought he had lost forever.]

Boots. *See* COBBS.

Charley. Guest at the Holly-Tree Inn; a self-supposed rejected man; in love with Angela Leath.

Cobbs. The "Boots" at the Holly-Tree Inn; formerly undergardener at Mr. Walmers's.

Edwin. Supposed rival of Charley, the guest at the Holly-Tree; betrothed to Emmeline.

Emmeline. Cousin to Angela Leath. She elopes with her lover Edwin, and is married to him at Gretna Green.

George. Guard of a coach.

Leath, Angela. The lady-love and afterwards the wife of Charley (the Holly-Tree guest), who for a time deludes himself into thinking that she prefers his friend Edwin.

Norah. Cousin to Master Harry Walmers, junior, with whom she runs away from home, intending to go to Gretna Green, and be married to him. She is, however, overtaken and carried home, and long afterwards becomes the wife of a captain; and finally dies in India.

Walmers, Master Harry, junior. A bright boy, not quite eight years old, who falls in love with his cousin, a little girl of seven, and starts with her for Gretna Green, to get married. Stopping at the Holly-Tree Inn in their journey, they are recognized by the "Boots," who had been in the service of the young gentleman's father. The landlord immediately sets off for York to inform the parents of the two little runaways of their whereabouts. They return late at night; and Mr. Walmers,—

"The door being opened, goes in, goes up to the bedside, bends gently down, and kisses the little sleeping face; then he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmers); and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

"*"Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"*

"Master Harry starts up and looks at his pa,—looks at me too. Such is the honor of that mite, that he looks at me, to see whether he has brought me into trouble.

"*"I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home."*

"*"Yes, pa."*

"Master Harry dresses himself quick.

"*"Please, may I" (the spirit of that little creature!), "please, dear pa,—may I—kiss Norah before I go?"*

"*"You may, my child."*

"So he takes Master Harry in his hand, and I leads the way with the candle to that other bedroom, where the elderly lady is

seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior, is fast asleep. There the father lifts the boy up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior, and gently draws it to him, — a sight so touching to the chambermaids, who are a peeping through the door, that one of them calls out, ‘It’s a shame to part ’em!’

“Finally,” Boots says, “that’s all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry’s hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior, that was never to be, went off next day.” In conclusion, Boots puts it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions: firstly, that there are not many couples on their way to be married who are half as innocent as them two children; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time, and brought back separate.

Walmers, Mr. The father of Master Harry; a gentleman living at the “Elmses,” near Shooter’s Hill, six or seven miles from London. “Boots” thus describes him: —

He was a gentleman of spirit, and good-looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call “fire” about him. He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he cricketed, and he danced, and he acted; and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry, as was his only child; but he did n’t spoil him, neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own, and a eye of his own, and that would be minded.

THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN MARY

Atherfield, Lucy. Child of Mrs. Atherfield, and called Golden Lucy.

Atherfield, Mrs. A bright-eyed, blooming young wife, going out to join her husband in California.

Coleshaw, Miss. A sedate young woman in black, passenger on the Golden Mary.

Mullion, John. A sailor who kept on burning blue lights as steadily as if they were a cheerful illumination.

Rames, William. Second mate of the Golden Mary.

Rarx, Mr. An old gentleman, a good deal like a hawk, passenger on the Golden Mary.

Ravender, William George. The captain of the Golden Mary, and narrator of the tale up to the point where he falls at his post.

Smithick and Watersby. The name of a commercial house in Liverpool, which is personated by a man; "a wiser merchant or a truer gentleman never stepped."

Snow, Tom. The black steward.

Steadiman, John. First mate of the *Golden Mary*, who finally, after the captain's heroic death, is in charge of the lost passengers and crew.

THE PERILS OF CERTAIN ENGLISH PRISONERS

Carton, Captain George. In command. Afterward Admiral Sir George Carton, Baronet.

Charker, Harry. A corporal, a comrade of Gill Davis, and possessed of the one idea of Duty.

Davis, Gilbert. Commonly called Gill Davis, a private in the Royal Marines, and narrator of the tale.

Drooce. A sergeant, and the most tyrannical non-commissioned officer in his Majesty's service.

Fisher, Mrs. Fanny. Daughter to Mrs. Venning. A fair, slight thing.

King, Christian George. A Sambo fellow, fonder of "all hands" than anybody else was, who turns out to be a traitor and spy.

Kitten, Mr. A small, youngish, bald, botanical and mineralogical gentleman.

Linderwood, Lieutenant. Officer of the *Christopher Columbus*.

Macey, Mr. Brother-in-law to Miss Maryon.

Macey, Mrs. His wife.

Maryon, Captain. Captain of the sloop *Christopher Columbus*.

Maryon, Marion. His sister, afterward Lady Carton.

Packer, Tom. One of the rank and file.

Pordage, Mr. Commissioner. Sometimes styled Consul, and by himself spoken of as Government. Much attached to his diplomatic coat.

Tott, Mrs. Isabella. Otherwise Mrs. Belltott, widow of a non-commissioned officer.

Venning, Mrs. A handsome, elderly lady, with dark eyes and gray hair.

A HOUSE TO LET

Chops. A dwarf whose name had been cut down to suit his stature, being originally Major Tpschoffki, of the Imperial Bulgraderean Brigade.

Jarber. The reader of the tale.

Magsman, Robert. Commonly called Toby; a Grizzled Personage in veiveteen.

Normandy. A Bonnet at a gambling booth ; but his name was n't Normandy, though he said it was.

Peggy. The maid.

Trottle. A somewhat skeptical character.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

B., Master. A former occupant of the house, who proves to have been a barber.

Bates, Belinda. Bosom friend of John's sister.

Beaver, Nat. A comrade of Jack Governor's.

Bottles. The deaf stable-man.

Bule, Miss. Of the ripe age of eight or nine.

Governor, Jack. Occupant of the corner room.

Griffin, Miss. A lady not to be intrusted with a secret.

Herschel, John. So called after the great astronomer.

Herschel, Mrs. His wife.

Ikey. A stable-boy ; a high-shouldered young fellow, with a round red face, a short crop of sandy hair, a very broad, humorous mouth, a turned-up nose, and a great sleeved waistcoat of purple bars, with mother-of-pearl buttons, that seemed to be growing upon him, and to be in a fair way—if it were not pruned—of covering his head and overrunning his boots.

Joby. A sort of one-eyed tramp.

John. The teller of the story.

Odd Girl. One of St. Lawrence's Union Female orphans ; a fatal mistake, and a disastrous engagement.

Perkins. A general dealer, not given to investigating haunted houses.

Pipson, Miss. Adored by Miss Bule.

Starling, Alfred. An uncommonly agreeable young fellow of eight and twenty.

Streaker. The housemaid.

Undery, Mr. A solicitor.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA

Clissold, Lawrence. A debtor of Hugh Raybrock.

Dringworth Brothers. Bankers, America Square, London.

Jorgan, Silas Jonas. A New England sea-captain, but citizen of the world.

Parvis, Arson. A resident of Laurean.

Penrewen. Christian name unknown.

Pettifer, Tom. Who looked no more like a seaman than he looked like a sea-serpent.

- Polreath, David.** An elderly man, possibly dead.
- Raybrock, Alfred.** A young fisherman.
- Raybrock, Hugh.** Supposed lost at sea.
- Raybrock, Margaret.** His supposed widow.
- Raybrock, Mrs.** Draper and postmistress.
- Tredgear, John.** A resident of Laurean.
- Tregarthen, Kitty.** Betrothed to Alfred Raybrock.
- Tregarthen, Mr.** A Cornishman.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

- Bella.** The housemaid, Kitty's solace.
- Kimmeens, Kitty.** The pupil who stayed behind in the holidays.
- Linx, Miss.** A sharp pupil of Miss Pupford.
- Mopes, Mr.** Tom Tiddler himself.
- Pupford, Miss Euphemia.** Head of the Lilliputian college.
- Tinker, The.** Indifferent to Tom Tiddler.
- Traveller, The.** Tom Tiddler's visitor.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE

[The Christmas-tale published under this name contains an amusing description, given by a head waiter named Christopher, of the struggles, trials, and experiences of the class to which he belongs, and also an account of his purchasing a quantity of luggage left more than six years previously in Room 24 B by a strange gentleman who had suddenly departed without settling his bill, which amounted to £2 16s. 6d. Christopher pays Somebody's bill, and takes possession of Somebody's luggage, consisting of a black port-manteau, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick. These articles are in great part filled with manuscripts. "There was writing in his dressing-case, writing in his boots, writing among his shaving-tackle, writing in his hat-box, writing folded away down among the very whalebones of his umbrella." The writing found in the boots proves to be a very pretty story; and it is disposed of, together with the other documents, to the conductor of "All the Year Round" (Mr. Dickens), on the most satisfactory terms. The story is put in type; and a young man is sent with "THE PROOFS" to Christopher, who does not understand that they are intended to receive any corrections he may wish to make, but supposes that they are the proofs of his having illegally sold the writings. In a few days the strange gentleman suddenly reappears at the coffee-house; and Christopher, overcome with terror and remorse, makes

a full confession of what he has done, lays "THE PROOFS" before him, and offers any gradual settlement that may be possible. To his amazement, the unknown grasps his hand, presses him to his breast-bone, calls him "benefactor" and "philanthropist," forces two ten-pound notes upon him, and explains, that, "from boyhood's hour," he has "unremittingly and unavailingly endeavored to get into print." Sitting down with several new pens, and all the ink-stands well filled, he devotes himself, the night through, to the task of correcting the press, and is found, the next morning, to have smeared himself and the proofs to that degree, that "few could have said which was them, and which was him, and which was blots."]

Bebelle (a playful name for GABRIELLE). A little orphan girl, very pretty and very good; the *protégée* of Corporal Théophile and afterwards adopted by Mr. Langley.

A mere baby, one might call her, dressed in the close white linen cap which small French country-children wear (like the children in Dutch pictures), and in a frock of homespun blue, that had no shape, except where it was tied round her little fat throat; so that, being naturally short, and round all over, she looked behind as if she had been cut off at her natural waist, and had had her head neatly fitted on it.

Bouclet, Madame. Mr. Langley's landlady; a compact little woman of thirty-five, or so, who lets all her house overlooking the place, in furnished flats, and lives up the yard behind.

Christopher. Head waiter at a London coffee-house; born as well as bred to the business. He dedicates his introductory essay on "waitering" to Joseph, "much respected head waiter at the Slam-Jam Coffee-House, London, E. C., than which, a individual more eminently deserving of the name of man, or a more amenable honor to his own head and heart, whether considered in the light of a waiter, or regarded as a human being, do not exist."

Englishman, Mr., The. See LANGLEY, MR.

Gabrielle. See BEBELLE.

Langley, Mr., called MR. THE ENGLISHMAN. A lodger at Madame Bouclet's, in the Grande Place of a dull old fortified French town.

In taking his *appartement*, — or, as one might say on our side of the Channel, his set of chambers, — [he] had given his name, correct to the letter, LANGLEY. But as he had a British way of not opening his mouth very wide on foreign soil, except at meals, the brewery [Madame Bouclet and her family] had been able to make nothing of it but L'Anglais. So Mr. the Englishman he had become, and he remained.

He is a very unreasonable man, given to grumbling, moody, and somewhat vindictive. Having had a quarrel with his erring and disobedient daughter, he has disowned her, and gone abroad to be rid of her for the rest of his life. But becoming acquainted with Corporal Théophile and his orphan charge Bebelles, and witnessing their strong affection for each other, and the deep grief of the child at the death of her friend, his heart is penetrated and softened. He adopts the forlorn little one as a trust providentially committed to him, and goes back with her to England, determined on a reconciliation with his daughter.

Martin, Miss. A young lady at the bar of the coffee-house where Christopher is head waiter, who makes out the bills.

Mutuel, Monsieur. A friend of Madame Bouclet's; a Frenchman with an amiable old walnut-shell countenance.

A spectacled, snuffy, stooping old gentleman in carpet-shoes, and a cloth-cap with a peaked shade, a loose blue frock-coat reaching to his heels, a large limp white shirt-frill, and cravat to correspond: that is to say, white was the natural color of his linen on Sundays; but it toned down with the week.

Pratchett, Mrs. Head chambermaid at the coffee-house where Christopher is head waiter; "a female of some pertness, though acquainted with her business." Her husband is in Australia; and his address there is "The Bush."

Théophile, Corporal. A brave French soldier, beloved by all his comrades; friend and protector of little Bebelles.

The corporal, a smart figure of a man of thirty, perhaps a thought under the middle size, but very neatly made, — a sun-burnt corporal with a brown peaked beard. . . . Nothing was amiss or awry about the corporal. A lithe and nimble corporal, quite complete, from the sparkling dark eyes under his knowing uniform cap to his sparkling white gaiters. The very image and presentment of a corporal of his country's army, in the line of his shoulders, the line of his waist, the broadest line of his Bloomer trousers, and their narrowest line at the calf of his leg.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS

[This Christmas-tale purports to be the reminiscences of a Mrs. Lirriper, a lodging-house keeper of No. 81, Norfolk Street, Strand. It sets forth the circumstances under which she went into the business, and the manner in which she has carried it on for eight and thirty years, including her trials with servant-girls, and her troubles with an opposition establishment. The chief interest of the story, however, centres around the child of Mrs. Edson, a delicate young

woman, who is cruelly deserted by her husband within a few weeks after their marriage. She dies, heart-broken, in giving birth to a little boy, who is adopted by Mrs. Lirriper, and who is brought up under the joint guardianship of herself, and her friend and lodger, Major Jemmy Jackman.]

Bobbo. Friend and school-fellow of the hero of an extravagant story that Jemmy Lirriper tells his grandmother and godfather.

Edson, Mr. A gentleman from the country, who takes lodgings for himself and wife at Mrs. Lirriper's, and, after staying there for three months, cruelly deserts her under pretence of being suddenly called by business to the Isle of Man. *See further in "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy."*

Edson, Mrs. Peggy. His wife; a very pretty and delicate young lady. When she discovers that her husband has abandoned her, she attempts to end her own life and that of her unborn infant by throwing herself into the Thames; but she is prevented by Mrs. Lirriper and Major Jackman, who watch and follow her, but conceal their knowledge of her intention. Desolate and heart-broken, however, she dies, not long afterwards, in giving birth to a little boy, who is adopted and brought up by Mrs. Lirriper.

Jackman, Major Jemmy. A gentleman who leaves Miss Wozenham's lodging-house in a rage, because "she has no appreciation of a gentleman," and takes the parlors at Mrs. Lirriper's. He becomes a warm friend of his new landlady, who reciprocates his regard. She describes him as, —

A most obliging lodger and punctual in all respects except one irregular which I need not particularly specify, but made up for by his being a protection and at all times ready to fill in the papers of the assessed taxes and juries and that, and . . . ever quite the gentleman though passionate. . . . Though he is far from tall he seems almost so when he has his shirt-frill out and his frock-coat on and his hat with the curly brims, and in what service he was I cannot truly tell you my dear whether militia or foreign, for I never heard him even name himself as major but always simple "Jemmy Jackman," and once soon after he came when I felt it my duty to let him know that Miss Wozenham had put it about that he was no major and I took the liberty of adding "which you are sir" his words were "Madam at any rate I am not a minor, and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" which cannot be denied to be the sacred truth, nor yet his military ways of having his boots with only the dirt brushed off taken to him in the front parlor every morning on a clean plate

and varnishing them himself with a little sponge and a saucer and a whistle in a whisper so sure as ever his breakfast is ended, and so neat his ways that it never soils his linen which is scrupulous though more in quality than quantity, neither that nor his mustachios which to the best of my belief are done at the same time and which are as black and shining as his boots, his head of hair being a lovely white.

The major becomes the godfather of Mrs. Edson's little boy, who is named for him; and he takes it upon himself to cultivate his mind on a system of his own, which Mrs. Lirriper thinks "ought to be known to the throne and lords and commons."

But picture my admiration when the major going on almost as quick as if he was conjuring sets out all the articles he names, and says, "Three saucepans, an Italian iron, a hand-bell, a toasting-fork, a nutmeg-grater, four pot-lids, a spice-box, two egg-cups, and a chopping-board, — how many?" and when that mite instantly cries "Tifteen, tut down tive and carry ler 'toppin-board," and then claps his hands draws up his legs and dances on his chair!

My dear with the same astonishing ease and correctness him and the major added up the tables chairs and sofy, the picters fender and fire-irons their own selves me and the cat and the eyes in Miss Wozenham's head, and whenever the sum was done Young Roses and Diamonds claps his hands and draws up his legs and dances on his chair.

The pride of the major! ("*Here's a mind, ma'am!*" he says to me behind his hand.)

Then he says aloud, "We now come to the next elementary rule, — which is called" —

"Umtraction!" cries Jemmy.

"Right," says the major. "We have here a toasting-fork, a potato in its natural state, two pot-lids, one egg-cup, a wooden spoon, and two skewers, from which it is necessary, for commercial purposes, to subtract a sprat-gridiron, a small pickle-jar, two lemons, one pepper-castor, a blackbeetle-trap, and a knob of the dresser-drawer: what remains?"

"Toatin'-fork!" cries Jemmy.

"In numbers how many?" says the major.

"One!" cries Jemmy.

("Here's a boy, ma'am!" says the major to me, behind his hand.)

Then the major goes on:—

"We now approach the next elementary rule, which is entitled"—

"Tickleication," cries Jemmy.

"Correct," says the major.

But my dear to relate to you in detail the way in which they multiplied fourteen sticks of firewood by two bits of ginger and a larding-needle, or divided pretty well everything else there was on the table by the heater of the Italian iron and a chamber candlestick, and got a lemon over, would make my head spin round and round and round as it did at the time.

Jane. A housemaid in Miss Wozenham's service.

Lirriper, Jemmy Jackman. The son of Mrs. Edson, who dies in giving birth to him. He is named for Mrs. Lirriper, who adopts him, and for Major Jackman, who becomes his godfather. He grows up to be a bright, blithe, and good boy, delighting the hearts of both his guardians, who agree that he "has not his like on the face of the earth."

Lirriper, Mrs. Emma. The narrator of the story; a lodging-house keeper at No. 81, Norfolk Street, Strand, "situated midway between the city and St. James's, and within five minutes' walk of the principal places of public amusement."

Certainly I ought to know something of the business having been in it so long, for it was early in the second year of my married life that I lost my poor Lirriper and I set up at Islington directly afterwards and afterwards came here, being two houses and eight and thirty years and some losses and a deal of experience.

Maxey, Caroline. One of Mrs. Lirriper's servant-girls; a good-looking, black-eyed girl, with a high temper, but a kind and grateful heart.

Perkinsop, Mary Anne. A girl in Mrs. Lirriper's service, who is enticed away by an offer from Miss Wozenham of one pound per quarter more in the way of wages. Mrs. Lirriper regards her as "worth her weight in gold" for overawing lodgers, without driving them away.

Seraphina. The heroine of an extravagantly fanciful story related by Master Jemmy Jackman Lirriper to his "grandmother" and his godfather. She was a schoolmaster's daughter, and the most beautiful creature that ever was seen.

Sophy, called WILLING SOPHY. A poor, half-starved creature, whom Mrs. Lirriper takes into her house as a servant, and who is "down upon her knees, scrubbing, early and late, and ever cheerful, but always smiling with a black face."

I says to Sophy, "Now Sophy my good girl have a regular day for your stoves and keep the width of the airy between yourself and the blacking and do not brush your hair with the bottoms of

the saucepans and do not meddle with the snuffs of the candles and it stands to reason that it can no longer be," yet there it was and always on her nose, which turning up and being broad at the end seemed to boast of it and caused warning from a steady gentleman and excellent lodger with breakfast by the week but a little irritable and use of a sitting-room when required, his words being "Mrs. Lirriper I have arrived at the point of admitting that the Black is a man and a brother, but only in a natural form and when it can't be got off."

Wozenham, Miss. A lodging-house keeper in Norfolk Street, not far from Mrs. Lirriper's, but on the other side of the way. There is considerable rivalry between the two establishments; and Mrs. Lirriper conceives a strong dislike to Miss Wozenham, on account of her advertising in Bradshaw's "Railway Guide," her systematic underbidding for lodgers, her enticing servant-girls away by the offer of higher wages, and her doing various other ill-natured and unfriendly acts.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY

[A sequel to "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" (published in 1863), which met with a very warm reception from the public, and excited a general desire to know more of the old lady's experiences. The legacy is left to Mrs. Lirriper by the Mr. Edson who is introduced in the former part of the story as deserting his young wife shortly after marrying her, and who dies, repentant, many years after, in France, whither she goes to take care of him in his last moments, accompanied by his son Jemmy (whom he has never seen), and by her friend and adviser, Major Jackman. The benevolent conduct of this good soul to her good-for-nothing brother-in-law, Doctor Joshua Lirriper; to the obnoxious collector of assessed taxes, Mr. Buffle, on the night when his house is burnt down; and to Miss Wozenham, when that lady was in danger of having her chattels taken from her on execution,—forms the subject of the remainder of the story.]

Buffle, Mr. Collector of the assessed taxes. His manners when engaged in his business are not agreeable; and he has a habit of looking about, as if suspicious that goods are being removed in the dead of night by a back-door. Major Jackman knocks his hat off his head twice for keeping it on in Mrs. Lirriper's presence, when he calls at her house in the discharge of his regular duties. But when his house catches fire, and burns to the ground, he and his family are taken by the major to Mrs. Lirriper's for shelter;

and from this kindness an intimacy springs up between the two households, which is very agreeable to all parties, Mr. Buffle even going so far as to call the major his "preserver" and "best friend."

Buffle, Mrs. His wife; a woman who gives herself airs because her husband keeps "a one-horse pheayton."

Buffle, Miss Robina. Their daughter; a thin young lady with a very small appetite. She favors her father's articed young man, George, in opposition to the wishes of her parents; though they finally give their consent to the match.

Edson, Mr. A former lodger at Mrs. Lirriper's, and the husband of a young woman whom he cruelly deserted after living with her for a few months. Years pass by; and he is taken dangerously ill at a town in France. Finding that his recovery is impossible, he leaves all that he has to Mrs. Lirriper, who had been very kind to his poor wife, and who has brought up their child as if it were her own. On learning from the French consul in London that an unknown Englishman is lying at the point of death in Sens, and that her name is mentioned in a communication to the authorities, which is found among his papers, she sets out at once for that place with her adopted child and her friend Major Jackman. Recognizing Mr. Edson in the sick stranger, and finding him truly penitent for the grievous wrong he had done, she forgives him, and causes the boy—who does not know who the dying man is—also to say, "May God forgive you!"

George. A rather weak-headed young man, articed to Mr. Buffle, and enamored of his daughter.

Gran, Mrs. (*i. e.* MRS. LIRRIPER). A highly respected and beloved lady who resides within a hundred miles of Norfolk Street, and who figures in Jemmy Lirriper's imaginary version of the story of Mr. Edson's life.

Jackman, Major Jemmy. A lodger at Mrs. Lirriper's; her warm personal friend, and the godfather of her adopted child Jemmy.

Lirriper, Doctor Joshua. Youngest brother of Mrs. Lirriper's deceased husband. He is a dissipated scapegrace, and a systematic sponger upon his benevolent and unsuspecting sister-in-law.

Doctor of what I am sure it would be hard to say unless liquor, for neither physic nor music nor yet law does Joshua Lirriper know a morsel of except continually being summoned to the county court and having orders made upon him which he runs away from.

Joshua Lirriper has his good feelings and shows them in being always so troubled in his mind when he cannot wear mourning for his brother. Many a long year have I left off my widow's

mourning not being wishful to intrude, but the tender point in Joshua that I cannot help a little yielding to is when he writes "One single sovereign would enable me to wear a decent suit of mourning for my much loved brother. I vowed at the time of his lamented death that I would ever wear sables in memory of him but alas how short-sighted is man, how keep that vow when penniless!" It says a good deal for the strength of his feelings that he could n't have been seven year old when my poor Lirriper died and to have kept to it ever since is highly creditable. But we know there's good in all of us, — if we only knew where it was in some of us, — and though it was far from delicate in Joshua to work upon the dear child's feelings when first sent to school and write down into Lincolnshire for his pocket-money by return of post and got it, still he is my poor Lirriper's own youngest brother and might n't have meant not paying his bill at the Salisbury Arms when his affection took him down to stay a fortnight at Hatfield churchyard and might have meant to keep sober but for bad company.

Lirriper, Jemmy Jackman. Son of Mr. Edson, adopted by Mrs. Lirriper, and brought up under the joint guardianship of herself and Major Jackman, who is at once his godfather and his "companion, guide, philosopher, and friend." As he develops a taste for engineering, the major assists him in the construction and management of a railway, which they name "The United Grand Junction Lirriper and Jackman Great Norfolk Parlor Line," which is kept on the major's sideboard, and dusted with his own hands every morning.

"For," says my Jemmy with the sparkling eyes when it was christened, "we must have a whole mouthful of name Gran or our dear old public" and there the young rogue kissed me, "won't stump up." So the public [Mrs. Lirriper] took the shares — ten at ninepence, and immediately when that was spent twelve preference at one and sixpence — and they were all signed by Jemmy and countersigned by the major, and between ourselves much better worth the money than some shares I have paid for in my time. In the same holidays the line was made and worked and opened and ran excursions and had collisions and burst its boilers and all sorts of accidents and offences all most regular correct and pretty.

The young gentleman accompanies Mrs. Lirriper to Sens, and is present at the death of Mr. Edson; though he does not know him to be his father, and is ignorant of the facts in regard to his cruel desertion of his wife soon after marriage. Being in the habit of composing and relating stories for the amusement of

his "grandmother" and godfather, and his mind dwelling on the death-bed scene he has witnessed, he frames an imaginary version of his father's history, which is wofully unlike the fact, and in which,

In all reverses, whether for good or evil, the words of Mr. Edson to the fair young partner of his life were, "Unchanging love and truth will carry us through all."

Madgers, Winifred. A servant-girl at Mrs. Lirriper's; a "Plymouth sister," and a remarkably tidy young woman.

Rairyganoo, Sally. One of Mrs. Lirriper's domestics, suspected to be of Irish extraction, though professing to come of a Cambridge family. She absconds, however, with a bricklayer of the Limerick persuasion, and is married to him in pattens, being too impatient to wait till his black eye gets well.

Wozenham, Miss. A neighbor of Mrs. Lirriper's in Norfolk Street, and the keeper of a rival lodging-house. For many years, Mrs. Lirriper has been strongly prejudiced against Miss Wozenham; but on hearing that she has been "sold up," she feels so much sympathy for her, that she goes to her without delay or ceremony, expresses her regret for the unpleasantness there has been between them in the past, and cheers her up with true womanly tact and kindliness.

I says "My dear if you could give me a cup of tea to clear my muddle of a head I should better understand your affairs." And we had the tea and the affairs too and after all it was but forty pound, and — There! she's as industrious and straight a creeter as ever lived and has paid back half of it already, and where's the use of saying more, particularly when it ain't the point? For the point is that when she was a kissing my hands and holding them in hers and kissing them again and blessing blessing blessing, I cheered up at last and I says "Why what a waddling old goose I have been my dear to take you for something so very different!" "Ah but I too" says she "how have I mistaken you!" "Come for goodness' sake tell me" I says "what you thought of me?" "Oh" says she "I thought you had no feeling for such a hard hand-to-mouth life as mine, and were rolling in affluence." I says shaking my sides (and very glad to do it for I had been a choking quite long enough) "Only look at my figure my dear and give me your opinion whether if I was in affluence I should be likely to roll in it!" That did it. We got as merry as grigs (whatever *they* are, if you happen to know, my dear — I don't) and I went home to my blessed home as happy and as thankful as could be.

DOCTOR MARIGOLD

Joskin. A chuckle-headed country fellow, who volunteers a bid of twopence for Doctor Marigold's sick child, when he appears with her on the footboard of his cart.

Marigold, Doctor. The narrator of the story. He describes himself as "a middle-aged man, of a broadish build, in cords, leggings, and a sleeved waistcoat, the strings of which is always gone behind," with a white hat, and a shawl round his neck, worn loose and easy. He is a "Cheap Jack," or itinerant auctioneer, born on the highway, and named "Doctor" out of gratitude and compliment to his mother's accoucheur. He marries, and has one child, a little girl, but loses both daughter and wife, and continues his travels alone. Coming across a deaf-and-dumb child, however, who, he fancies, resembles his lost daughter, he adopts her, and sends her to a school for deaf-mutes, to be educated; but she falls in love with a young man who is also deaf and dumb, and he is forced to give her up. She sails for China with her husband, but returns, after an absence of a few years, bringing with her a little daughter who can both hear and talk; and the measure of the Doctor's happiness is once more full.

Marigold, Mrs. Wife of Doctor Marigold; a Suffolk young woman whom he courted from the footboard of his cart.

She was n't a bad wife; but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away; for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret; though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a palace would try the worst of you; but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples amongst you getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide; but in a cart it does come home to you and stick to you. Violence in a cart is *so* violent, and aggrawation in a cart is *so* aggrawating.

We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside, and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging-shelf and a cupboard, a dog, and a horse: what more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside;

you hobble your old horse, and turn him grazing; you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors; you cook your stew; and you would n't call the emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you; and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out, he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it was a mystery to me: but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep; and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

At such times she does not spare her little daughter, but treats her with great cruelty. When, however, the child dies, she takes to brooding, and tries to drown remorse in liquor; but one day, seeing a woman beating a child unmercifully, she stops her ears, runs away like a wild thing, and the next day she is found in the river.

Marigold, Little Sophy. Their daughter; a sweet child, shamefully abused by her mother, but dearly loved by her father, to whom she is quite devoted. She takes a bad low fever, and dies in his arms, while he is convulsing a rustic audience with his jokes and witty speeches.

Marigold, Willum. Doctor Marigold's father; a "lovely one, in his time," at the "Cheap Jack" work.

Mim. A showman, who is a most ferocious swearer, and who has a very hoarse voice. He is master to Pickleson, and stepfather to Sophy, whom he disposes of to Doctor Marigold for half a dozen pairs of braces.

Pickleson, called RINALDO DI VELASCO. An amiable though timid giant, let out to Mim for exhibition by his mother, who spends the wages he receives.

He was a languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities. He had a little head, and less in it; he had weak eyes and weak knees; and altogether you could n't look at him without feeling that there was greatly too much of him both for his joints and his mind.

Sophy. A deaf-and-dumb girl adopted by Doctor Marigold after the death of his own daughter Sophy. She becomes greatly attached to her new father, who loves her fervently in return, and is very kind and patient with her, trying at first to teach her himself to read, and then sending her to an institution for deaf mutes, to be educated. She subsequently marries a man afflicted like herself; goes abroad with him; and, after an absence of over five years, returns home with a little daughter. Doctor Marigold thus describes their meeting:—

I had started at a real sound; and the sound was on the steps

of the cart. It was the light, hurried tread of a child coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me, that, for half a moment, I believed I was a going to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned, and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in, — a bright little comely girl with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said in a pretty voice : —

“Grandfather!”

“Ah, my God!” I cries out. “She can speak!”

“Yes, dear grandfather. And I am to ask you whether there was ever any one that I remind you of?”

In a moment, Sophy was round my neck, as well as the child; and her husband was a wringing my hand with his face hid; and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a talking, pleased and quick, and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

TWO GHOST STORIES

I. THE TRIAL FOR MURDER

[Feigned to have been written by “a literary character” whom the doctor discovers in travelling about the country, and to have been intended (as well as the tales accompanying it) for the amusement of his adopted deaf-and-dumb daughter Sophy. It purports to be an account of circumstances preceding and attending a certain noted trial for murder. The narrator, who is summoned to serve on the jury, is haunted, from the time he first hears of the deed until the close of the trial, by the apparition of the murdered man. Though seen by no one else, it mingles with the jury and the officers of the court, looks at the judge’s notes over his shoulder, confronts the defendant’s witnesses, and stands at the elbow of the counsel, invariably causing some trepidation or disturbance on the part of each, and, as it were, dumbly and darkly overshadowing their minds.

Finally the jury returned into court at ten minutes past twelve. The murdered man at that time stood directly opposite the jury-box, on the other side of the court. As I took my place, his eyes

rested on me with great attention: he seemed satisfied, and slowly shook a great gray veil, which he carried on his arm for the first time, over his head and whole form. As I gave in our verdict, "Guilty," the veil collapsed, all was gone, and his place was empty.]

Derrick, John. Valet to the haunted juryman.

Harker, Mr. An officer in charge of the jury, and sworn to hold them in safe-keeping.

Up in a corner of the Down Refreshment-Room at Mugby Junction, in the height of twenty-seven cross draughts (I've often counted 'em while they brush the first-class hair twenty-seven ways), behind the bottles, among the glasses, bounded on the nor'west by the beer, stood pretty far to the right of a metallic object that's at times the tea-urn, and at times the soup-tureen, according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents, which are the same ground-work, fended off from the traveller by a barrier of stale sponge-cakes erected atop of the counter, and lastly exposed sideways to the glare of our missis's eye,—you ask a boy so sitiuated, next time you stop in a hurry at Mugby, for anything to drink; you take particular notice that he'll try to seem not to hear you; that he'll appear in a absent manner to survey the line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body; and that he won't serve you as long as you can possibly bear it. That's me.

Piff, Miss. One of the "young ladies" in the same Refreshment-Room.

Sniff, Mr. "A regular insignificant cove" employed by the mistress of the Refreshment-Room.

He looks arter the sawdust department in a back-room, and is sometimes, when we are very hard put to it, let behind the counter with a corkscrew, but never when it can be helped; his demeanor towards the public being digusting servile. How Mrs. Sniff ever come so far to lower herself as to marry him, I don't know; but I suppose *he* does; and I should think he wished he didn't, for he leads a awful life. Mrs. Sniff couldn't be much harder with him if he was public.

Sniff, Mrs. His wife; chief assistant of the mistress of the Refreshment-Room.

She's the one! She's the one as you'll notice to be always looking another way from you, when you look at her. She's the one with the small waist buckled in tight in front, and with the lace cuffs at her wrists, which she puts on the edge of the counter before her, and stands a-smoothing while the public foams. This

smoothing the cuffs, and looking another way while the public foams, is the last accomplishment taught to the young ladies as come to Mugby to be finished by our missis; and it's always taught by Mrs. Sniff.

When our missis went away upon her journey, Mrs. Sniff was left in charge. She did hold the public in check most beautiful. In all my time, I never see half so many cups of tea given without milk to people as wanted it with, nor half so many cups of tea with milk given to people as wanted it without. When foaming ensued, Mrs. Sniff would say, "Then you'd better settle it among yourselves, and change with one another." It was a most highly delicious lark.

Whiff, Miss. An attendant in the Refreshment-Room.

II. THE SIGNAL-MAN

[The second Ghost Story is an account of an incident occurring on one of the branch lines leading from Mugby Junction. It is supposed to be related by "Barbox Brothers," who makes a careful study of the Junction and its vicinity, and communicates to his poor bed-ridden friend Phœbe the substance of what he sees, hears, or otherwise picks up on the main line and its five branches. Exploring Branch Line No. 1, he visits a signal-man who is stationed in a deep cutting near the entrance of a tunnel. He is a cool, vigilant, clear-headed, and educated man, who had been, when young, a student of natural history, and had attended lectures, but had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. Notwithstanding his intelligence, and his freedom from any taint of superstition, he is continually haunted by a strange apparition, which, just before any fatal accident, stands by the red light at the mouth of the tunnel, and with one hand over its eyes, as if to shut out the frightful scene about to take place, cries "Holloa! Below there! Look out! For God's sake, clear the way!" Twice has this occurred, and been followed by accident and death; and now the figure has been seen and heard again. The visitor goes away, hardly knowing how he ought to act in view of his knowledge of the man's state of mind; but he finally resolves to offer to accompany him to a wise medical practitioner, and to take his opinion.]

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself,—half an hour on, and half an hour back,—and it would then be time to go to my signal-man's box.

Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me passed in a moment; for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men, standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something was wrong, — with a flashing, self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had come of my leaving the man there and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did, — I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

“What is the matter?” I asked the men.

“Signal-man killed this morning, sir.”

“Not the man belonging to that box?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Not the man I know?”

“You will recognize him, sir, if you knew him,” said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head, and raising an end of the tarpaulin; “for his face is quite composed.”

“Oh! how did this happen? how did this happen?” I asked, turning from one to another, as the hut closed in again.

“He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better; but, somehow, he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was towards her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom.” . . .

“Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir,” he said, “I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed; and I knew him to be very careful. As he did n’t seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call.”

“What did you say?”

"I said, 'Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake, clear the way!'"

I started.

"Ah! it was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes not to see; and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use."]

MUGBY JUNCTION

[The hero of the story, who is also the narrator of it, is at first a clerk in the firm of Barbox Brothers, then a partner, and finally the firm itself. From being a moody, self-contained, and unhappy person, made so by the lumbering cares and the accumulated disappointments of long monotonous years, he is changed, under circumstances that awaken and develop his better nature, into a thoroughly cheerful man, with eyes and thoughts for others, and a hand ever ready to help those who need and deserve help; and thus, taking, as it were, thousands of partners into the solitary firm, he becomes "Barbox Brothers and Co."]

Barbox Brothers. See JACKSON, Mr.

Beatrice. A careworn woman, with her hair turned gray, whom "Barbox Brothers" had once loved and lost. She is the wife of Tresham.

Ezekiel. "The Boy at Mugby;" an attendant in the Refreshment-Room at Mugby Junction, whose proudest boast is, that "it never yet refreshed a mortal being."

Jackson, Mr. A former clerk in the public notary and bill-broking firm of Barbox Brothers, who, after imperceptibly becoming the sole representative of the house, at length retires, and obliterates it from the face of the earth, leaving nothing of it but its name on two portmanteaus, which he has with him one rainy night when he leaves a train at Mugby Junction.

A man within five years of fifty, either way, who had turned gray too soon, like a neglected fire; a man of pondering habit, brooding carriage of the head, and suppressed internal voice; a man with many indications on him of having been much alone.

With a bitter recollection of his lonely childhood, of the enforced business, at once distasteful and oppressive, in which the best years of his life have been spent, of the double faithlessness of the only woman he ever loved and the only friend he ever trusted, his birthday, as it annually recurs, serves but to intensify his ever-present sense of desolation; and he resolves to abandon all thought of a fixed home, and to pass the rest of his days in travelling, hoping to find

relief in a constant change of scene. It is after three o'clock of a tempestuous morning, when, acting on a sudden impulse, he leaves the train at Mugby Junction. At that black hour he cannot obtain any conveyance to the inn, and willingly accepts the invitation of "Lamps," an *employé* of the railway company, to try the warmth of his little room for a while. He afterwards makes the acquaintance of "Lamp's" daughter Phœbe, a poor bed-ridden girl; and their happy disposition, strong mutual affection, peaceful lives, modest self-respect, and unaffected interest in those around them, teach him a lesson of cheerfulness, contentment, and moral responsibility, which the experience of years had failed to impart.

On a visit, one day, to a distant town, he is suddenly accosted by a very little girl, who tells him she is lost. He takes her to his hotel, and failing to discover who she is, or where she lives, he makes arrangements for her staying over night, and amuses himself with her childish prattle, and her enjoyment of her novel situation. The little one's mother at last appears, and proves to be the woman he had loved, and who had so heartlessly eloped with his most trusted friend years before. She tells him that she has had five other children, who are all in their graves; that her husband is very ill of a lingering disorder, and that he believes the curse of his old friend rests on the whole household. Will Mr. Jackson forgive them? The injured man — now so changed from what he once was — responds by taking the child to her father, placing her in his arms, and invoking a blessing on her innocent head. "Live and thrive, my pretty baby!" he says, — "live and prosper, and become, in time, the mother of other little children, like the angels who behold the Father's face."

"Lamps." A railway servant employed at Mugby Junction, father of Phœbe. He is a very hard-working man, being on duty fourteen, fifteen, or eighteen hours a day, and sometimes even twenty-four hours at a time. But he is always on the bright side and the good side. He has a daughter who is bed-ridden, and to whom he is entirely devoted. Besides supplying her with books and newspapers, he takes to composing comic songs for her amusement, and — what is still harder, and at first goes much against his grain — to singing them also.

Phœbe. His daughter; crippled and helpless in consequence of a fall in infancy. She supports herself by making lace, and by teaching a few little children. Notwithstanding her great misfortune, she is always contented, always lively, always interested in others, of all sorts. She makes the acquaintance of Mr. Jackson ("Barbox Brothers"); and her pure and gentle life becomes the guiding star of his.

Polly. Daughter of Beatrice and Tresham ; a little child found by "Barbox Brothers" in the streets of a large town.

Tresham. A former friend of "Barbox Brothers," who advances him in business, and takes him into his private confidence. In return, Tresham comes between him and Beatrice (whom "Barbox Brothers" loves), and takes her from him. This treachery after a time receives its fitting punishment in poverty, and loss of health and children; but "Barbox Brothers," whose awakened wrath had long seemed inappeasable, is made better at last by the discipline and experience of life, and generously forgives those who had forced him to undergo so sharp a trial.

NO THOROUGHFARE

Bintrey, Mr. A lawyer, made a trustee of his business by Walter Wilding, when he surrenders his position to find the person who should have had his money.

Defresnier & Co. A Swiss wine-house.

Goldstraw, Mrs. *See* SALLY.

Ladle, Joey. Cellarman to Wilding & Co.

Marguerite. Half-niece to Obenreizer, and loved by George Vendale.

Obenreizer. A Swiss, agent for Defresnier & Co., wine merchants.

Sally. Nurse at the Hospital for Foundling Children. Afterward Mrs. Goldstraw.

Vendale, George. Wilding's partner, and the real Walter Wilding.

Wilding, Walter. A foundling, bearing the name of a real Walter Wilding, who had preceded him and been adopted. He afterward is a wine merchant, of Wilding & Co.

HARD TIMES

OUTLINE

BOOK THE FIRST: SOWING

Chapter "In this life we want nothing but facts, sir ; nothing but
I facts." So spoke Mr. Thomas Gradgrind to the schoolmaster, and the government inspector. Then Mr. Gradgrind proceeded

II to examine the scholars ; and it appeared that Cecilia, or "Sissy" Jupe, the horse-rider's daughter, a pretty, sweet-faced girl, was unable to give the scientific definition of a horse ; whereas Bitzer, a sandy-haired, freckled-faced lad, knew that this animal is graminivorous, that he has forty teeth, and numerous other facts of a like nature.

III The inspection ended, Mr. Gradgrind started homeward, thinking of his own two children, Louisa and Tom, — model children, thoroughly crammed with facts, and perfectly ignorant of fancies or fairies. But on the way he passed a circus-tent, and was horrified to find that his model children were both down on the ground trying to peer through a hole in the tent ; — and Louisa was fifteen years old ! Mr. Gradgrind rebuked them severely, and to Louisa he said, "What would Mr. Bounderby say ? What would Mr. Bounderby say ?"

IV Now Mr. Bounderby was a pompous, bustling, thriving manufacturer in Coketown, a friend of Mr. Gradgrind's. His boast was that he had come up from the gutter by his own exertions, and that he was a practical man with no nonsense or fancies about him, — a man of facts. Mr. Bounderby's advice was to

V remove Sissy Jupe from the school, as being a contaminating influence ; and he, with Mr. Gradgrind, sought her father's abode. It proved to be a poor, shabby place where Jupe,

VI the clown, lived with Sissy and with Merrylegs, the performing dog. Poor Jupe had not been doing well of late ; he had been hissed in the ring ; and that very day he had disappeared, taking Merrylegs with him. This being the case, Mr. Gradgrind (who was really a kind-hearted man at bottom) offered to take Sissy into his family, if only, as he remarked to Bounderby, as a warning to Louisa. So Sissy said good-by to all the company,

including Sleary, the proprietor, a stout, wheezy, brandy-drinking, but kindly old soul.

VII At first she was taken to Mr. Bounderby's house, which (Bounderby being a bachelor) was presided over by Mrs. Sparsit, — a hook-nosed, highly connected old lady, whose mother was a Powler. Bounderby was very proud of having this aristocratic person in his train, the more so because he — so at least he said — was born in a ditch, and his mother was probably the worst woman in the world, with one exception, namely, his drunken old grandmother. Thence Sissy Jupe went to the Gradgrind mansion, partly as an attendant upon Mrs. Gradgrind, a querulous invalid.

VIII There was a kind of feeling in the family that Louisa was destined to marry Mr. Bounderby. She disliked him; but Tom, who was now in his office, hoped that she would marry Bounderby, in order to make matters easy for him; and Tom was the only thing in the world that Louisa cared about. Sissy Jupe,

IX though of course she said nothing, thought it a horrible fate for Louisa. Poor Sissy, by the way, was very backward in learning the facts that were taught in the Bounderby school.

X Among the workmen in Mr. Bounderby's factory was one Stephen Blackpool, an honest, industrious man, who had been made miserable for many years by a vile, drunken wife.

XI Stephen went to his employer to inquire if he could get a divorce; and Bounderby in his usual polite and sympathetic manner told him that he could, by special act of Parliament, and at the price of £1500, or perhaps double that amount. Stephen went off in despair, for he loved Rachael, a good, virtuous girl.

XII On his way home Stephen met a queer old lady, very neatly dressed and respectable, who asked him many questions about Mr. Bounderby with a strange air of interest. When

XIII he arrived at his poor room, there sat Rachael, nursing his wife, who was ill from dissipation, as tenderly as if she were the best-beloved of women. Louisa had now become a

XIV young woman, and, at her father's suggestion, she agreed to marry Bounderby. Sissy Jupe pitied her, and Louisa felt

XV this and tacitly resented it; and yet she was an object of pity to herself. So they were married, and Mrs. Sparsit, who per-

XVI sisted in regarding Mr. Bounderby as a victim, retired to comfortable quarters at the bank where Tom Gradgrind and Bitzer, the light-haired, freckle-faced lad, were employed.

BOOK THE SECOND : REAPING

Chapter One evening a handsome, languid young man of five

I and thirty called at the bank and asked the way to Mr. Bounderby's house. This was Mr. James Harthouse, a member of Parliament, who had come down to Coketown on political business. That evening he dined with the Bounderbys, and Mr.

II Bounderby took the occasion to dilate upon the hap'orth of stewed eels which, at eight years old, he had purchased in the streets, and upon the inferior water, specially used for laying the dust, with which he had washed them down. To Mr. Harthouse, Louisa was a puzzle. Her features were handsome, but their natural play was so locked up that it was impossible to guess at their genuine expression. She was perfectly cold and indifferent. Will nothing move her? thought Mr. Harthouse. Yes, there was something. Tom appeared. She changed as the door opened, and broke into a beaming smile. Yet he was a sullen whelp, and ungracious even to his sister. But Mr. Harthouse entertained the

III whelp in his room at the hotel that night, and, with the help of brandy and strong tobacco, got from him a full account of Louisa, and of her reasons for marrying Bounderby. Very soon

IV poor Stephen had another trouble on his hands: all the work-people, excepting himself, resolved to strike for higher pay; and, when he refused to join them, he became a solitary outcast, an object of hatred to his former friends and associates.

V Mr. Bounderby sent for him, and interrogated him as to the plans and designs of the striking workmen. Stephen refused to betray them; and thereupon Bounderby turned him off. Taking

VI his way sadly from the Bounderby mansion, Stephen met both Rachael and the queer little old woman already mentioned, and they both went with him to his room for a farewell cup of tea; for Stephen was obliged to seek work elsewhere. While they were there Louisa came in to express her sympathy with Stephen, and to offer him money. Tom was with her; and he took Stephen aside, and asked him to hang about the bank for an hour or two, after his work was done, on the few days that remained before his departure. Tom represented that he might want some service of Stephen; and Stephen accordingly, but with reluctance, haunted the bank after dark, but nothing came of it.

VII Mr. Bounderby had now acquired a handsome suburban residence, and Mr. James Harthouse was there a great deal, laying siege to Louisa. He managed to become a confidant of Tom (who had lost money in gambling), and of Louisa,—so far as her relations with Tom were concerned.

While affairs were in this state there came an explosion: the bank was robbed; and Stephen Blackpool, who had left town, and who had been seen lurking near the bank, was thought to be the robber.

IX After the robbery Mrs. Sparsit, whose nerves were much shaken, removed to the Bounderby mansion, where, by continual insinuations, she brought Mr. Bounderby to think that he was a much abused and neglected man. Poor Mrs. Gradgrind, who, since her marriage, had never been much alive, now faded out of existence, nursed and comforted by Sissy Jupe, on whom the whole family had come to depend, notwithstanding the lamentable deficiency in her facts.

X The robber of the bank remained undiscovered, but Tom strongly opined that it was Stephen. Mr. Harthouse agreed with him, as did most people, and the old woman who had been seen at his house was suspected of complicity. Mrs. Sparsit watched with eager eye the growing intimacy between Harthouse and Louisa; and she continued to stir up the muddy depths of Bounderby's selfish nature. "Sir," she would say, "there was wont to be an elasticity in you which I sadly miss." At last, her watching of Louisa

XI was rewarded. One evening (Bounderby being away), Harthouse came to see her, his wife. They met in the garden; and Mrs. Sparsit saw that he had his arm around Louisa's waist, and she heard him tell Louisa that he loved her. Then Louisa dismissed him, and half an hour later, although now it rained in torrents, Louisa, secretly followed by Mrs. Sparsit, left the house alone, walked to the railroad station, and took a train for Coketown,

XII where Mrs. Sparsit lost her. But Louisa went, not to her lover, but to her father's house. "Father," she cried, "your philosophy and your teaching will not save me. Save me by some other means."

BOOK THE THIRD: GARNERING

Chapter Louisa took to her bed, and was taken care of by Sissy

I Jupe, who also saw Mr. Harthouse for Louisa, and, with a quiet confidence which he could not resist, asked him to leave the town. Mr. Gradgrind began to think that perhaps, after all,

II his theory of bringing up children on facts exclusively was imperfect. Mr. Bounderby, however, had no misgivings. Mrs.

III Sparsit told him that Louisa had fled with Harthouse; but when he learned the true state of affairs, he demanded that Louisa should return to his house instantly or never. She

IV remained with her father. Both Louisa and her father began to fear, though they did not say so to each other, that Tom was the thief who had robbed the bank. Rachael declared that

Stephen was innocent, that she had written to him, and that he would be back within two days to clear his name. A week passed, and still he had not come.

V And now Mrs. Sparsit distinguished herself again by capturing the mysterious old woman, and whom should she prove to be, greatly to Mr. Bounderby's shame, but his own mother, who had brought him up well and given him an education. He

VI had kept her in the background in order that he might brag about raising himself from the gutter. The next day was Sunday, and Rachel and Sissy Jupe, walking in the fields, found Stephen Blackpool lying at the bottom of a pit in which he had fallen on his way back to Coketown. He was mortally hurt, and

VII soon after he had been rescued by a gang of men, died in Rachael's arms. But first he had said to Mr. Gradgrind (he and Bounderby and many others were present): "Sir, yo' will clear me an' mak' my name good?" "How can I do so?" asked Mr. Gradgrind. "Yo'r son will tell yo' how," was the reply. Thereupon, at a hint from Sissy, Tom fled, she having given him a letter to Sleary, whose company were performing at a neighboring town. There Louisa and her father and Sissy (who had come by different routes) found him the next day, disguised as a negro groom. But while they were concocting measures Bitzer appeared, and arrested

VIII Tom. Sleary said that he could not undertake to protect Tom, but secretly he arranged with Sissy a plan for rescuing him. Sleary, with Tom and Bitzer, started to drive to the railroad, the horse being one of Mr. Sleary's best performers. They were accompanied by a learned dog, whom Mr. Sleary had instructed to keep an eye upon Bitzer. When they had gone half way, the horse (at a private signal from Sleary) stopped, and began to dance. At this moment there happened along (very strangely) Mr. Childers, one of Sleary's people, driving a very fast pony, also a professional. Tom, at a hint from Sleary, jumped down, got into the pony cart, and was driven off at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. Bitzer tried to follow, but the dog pinned him, and he was glad enough to get back in the wagon. It was a long while before the horse would stop dancing; then he went to sleep, and Sleary and Bitzer did not get back till next morning; and in the mean time Tom had escaped in a steamer from Liverpool.

IX Five years later Josiah Bounderby died in a fit. Louisa did not marry again, and Rachael never married; but Sissy Jupe's children were Louisa's pets; and Mr. Gradgrind, a white-haired, decrepit man, henceforth made his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity.

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Bitzer. A light-haired and light-eyed pupil of Mr. M'Choakum-child's, in Mr. Gradgrind's model school; crammed full of hard facts, but with all fancy, sentiment, and affection taken out of him.

His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes, which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth; namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

After he leaves school, Bitzer is employed as light porter and clerk at Mr. Bounderby's bank. When Mr. Gradgrind's son, after robbing the bank, endeavors to escape, he starts in pursuit, and pounces on him just as he is about to leave his father's house for Liverpool.

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down, and miserably submissive to him, "have you a heart?"

"The circulation, sir," returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, "could n't be carried on without one. No man, sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart."

"Is it accessible," cried Mr. Gradgrind, "to any compassionate influence?"

"It is accessible to reason, sir," returned the excellent young man; "and to nothing else." I: ii, v; II: i, iv, vi, viii, ix, xi; III: vii-ix.

Blackpool, Mrs. Wife of Stephen Blackpool. Soon after her marriage she takes to drinking, and goes on from bad to worse, until she becomes a curse to her husband, to herself, and to all around her. I: x-xiii; III: ix.

Blackpool, Stephen. A simple, honest, power-loom weaver, in Mr. Bounderby's factory. A rather stooping man, with a knitted brow, a pondering expression of face, and a hard-looking head sufficiently capacious, on which his iron-gray hair lay long and thin. His lot is a hard one. Tied to a miserable, drunken wife,

who has made his home a desolation and a mockery, and for whom he has long ceased to feel either respect or love, he finds himself unable to marry — as he would like to do — a woman (Rachael) who has been a kind and dear friend to him for many years; and he goes to Mr. Bounderby for advice.

"I ha' coom to ask yo', sir, how I am to be ridded o' this woman." Stephen infused a yet deeper gravity into the mixed expression of his attentive face. . . .

"What do you mean?" said Bounderby, getting up to lean his back against the chimney-piece. "What are you talking about? You took her for better, for worse."

"I mun' be ridden o' her. I cannot bear 't nommore. I ha' lived under 't so long, for that I ha' had'n the pity and comforting words o' th' best lass living or dead. Haply, but for her, I should ha' gone hottering mad."

"He wishes to be free to marry the female of whom he speaks, I fear, sir," observed Mrs. Sparsit in an undertone, and much dejected by the immorality of the people.

"I do. The lady says what's right. I do. I were a coming to 't. I ha' read i' th' papers that great fok (fair faw 'em a'! I wishes 'em no hurt!) are not bonded together for better, for worse, so fast, but that they can be set free fro' *their* misfortnet marriages, an' marry ower agen. When they dunnot agree, for that their tempers is ill-sorted, they has rooms o' one kind an' another in their houses, above a bit, and they can live asunders. We fok ha' only one room, an' we can't. When that won't do, they ha' gowd an' other cash, an' then they say, 'This for yo', an' that for me;' an' they can go their separate ways. We can't. Spite o' all that, they can be set free for smaller wrongs than mine. So I mun' be ridden o' this woman, and I wan' t' know how."

"No how," returned Mr. Bounderby.

"If I do her any hurt, sir, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course, there is."

"If I flee from her, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course, there is."

"If I marry t'other dear lass, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course, there is."

"If I was to live wi' her, an' not marry her, — saying such a thing could be, which it never could or would, an' her so good, — there's a law to punish me in every innocent child belonging to me?"

"Of course, there is."

"Now, a' God's name," said Stephen Blackpool, "show me the law to help me!"

"Hem! There's a sanctity in this relation of life," said Mr. Bounderby, "and — and — it must be kept up."

"No, no, dunnot say that, sir! 'T ain't kep' up that way, — not that way, — 't is kep' down that way. I'm a weaver, I were in a fact'ry when a chilt; but I ha' gotten een to see wi', and eern to year wi'. I read in th' papers every 'Sizes, every Sessions — and you read too: I know it! — with dismay, how th' supposed impossibility o' ever getting unchained from one another, at any price, on any terms, brings blood upon this land, and brings many common married fok to battle, murder, and sudden death. Let us ha' this right understood. Mine's a grievous case, an' I want — if yo' will be so good — t' know the law that helps me."

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets. "There *is* such a law."

Stephen, subsiding into his quiet manner, and never wandering in his attention, gave a nod.

"But it's not for you at all. It costs money. It costs a mint of money."

"How much might that be?" Stephen calmly asked.

"Why, you'd have to go to Doctors' Commons with a suit, and you'd have to go to a court of Common Law with a suit, and you'd have to go to the House of Lords with a suit, and you'd have to get an Act of Parliament to enable you to marry again; and it would cost you (if it was a case of very plain sailing), I suppose, from one thousand to fifteen hundred pound," said Mr. Bounderby, — "perhaps twice the money."

"There's no other law?"

"Certainly not."

"Why, then, sir, . . . 't is a muddle," said Stephen, shaking his head as he moved to the door, — "'t is a' a muddle!"

When the Coketown operatives enter into a combination against their employers, and establish certain "regulations," Stephen refuses to join them, and they all renounce and shun him. And when Mr. Bounderby questions him about the association (styled the "United Aggregate Tribunal"), calling the members "a set of rascals and rebels," he earnestly protests that they are acting from a sense of duty, and is angrily told to finish what he's at, and then look elsewhere for work. Leaving Coketown in search of employment, he falls into an abandoned coal-shaft ("Old Hell Shaft") hidden by thick grass, where he remains for some days, when he is accidentally discovered, and is rescued, alive, but dreadfully bruised, and so injured that he dies soon after being brought to the surface.

I: x-xiii; II: iv-vi, ix; III: iv-vi.

Bounderby, Josiah. A wealthy Coketown manufacturer, who marries the daughter of Mr. Gradgrind.

Mr. Bounderby was as near being Mr. Gradgrind's bosom-friend as a man perfectly devoid of sentiment can approach that spiritual relationship towards another man perfectly devoid of sentiment. So near was Mr. Bounderby, — or, if the reader should prefer it, so far off.

He was a rich man, — banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not; a big, loud man, with a stare, and a metallic laugh; a man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him; a man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face, that it seemed to hold his eyes open, and lift his eyebrows up; a man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start; a man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man; a man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty; a man who was the Bully of humility.

A year or two younger than his eminently practical friend, Mr. Bounderby looked older; his seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness. I: iii-ix, xi, xiv-xvi; II: i-xii; III: ii-ix.

Bounderby, Mrs. Louisa. See GRADGRIND, LOUISA.

Childers, Mr. E. W. B. A young man, who is a member of Sleary's Circus Troupe, and is celebrated for his daring vaulting act as the Wild Huntsman of the North American Prairies.

His face, close-shaven, thin, and sallow, was shaded by a great quantity of dark hair brushed into a roll all round his head, and parted up the centre. His legs were very robust, but shorter than legs of good proportions should have been. His chest and back were as much too broad as his legs were too short. He was dressed in a Newmarket coat and tight-fitting trousers; wore a shawl round his neck; smelt of lamp-oil, straw, orange-peel, horses' provender, and sawdust; and looked a most remarkable sort of Centaur, compounded of the stable and the play-house. Where the one began, and the other ended, nobody could have told with any precision. I: vi; III: vii, viii.

Gordon, Emma. A member of Sleary's Circus Troupe, and a friend to Sissy Jupe. I: vi; III: vii.

Gradgrind, Mr. Thomas. A retired wholesale hardware merchant.

"THOMAS GRADGRIND, sir, — a man of realities; a man of facts and calculations; a man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over; Thomas Gradgrind, sir, — peremptorily Thomas, Thomas Gradgrind; with a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication-table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind — no, sir!"

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general.

Visiting his model school in company with a government officer of the same intensely practical, utilitarian stamp as himself, he tells the teacher, Mr. M'Choakumchild, —

"Now, what I want is facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to facts, sir!"

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the school-master's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base; while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum-pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders, nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with

an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was — all helped the emphasis.

Mr. Gradgrind's residence is a very matter-of-fact place, called "Stone Lodge," situated on a moor within a mile or two of the great manufacturing town of Coketown.

A very regular feature on the face of the country, Stone Lodge was. Not the least disguise toned down or shaded off that uncompromising fact in the landscape. A great square house, with a heavy portico darkening the principal windows, as its master's heavy brows overshadowed his eyes, — a calculated, cast-up, balanced, and proved house. Six windows on this side of the door, six on that side; a total of twelve in this wing, a total of twelve in the other wing; four and twenty carried over to the back; a lawn and garden and an infant avenue, all ruled straight like a botanical account-book; gas and ventilation, drainage and water-service, all of the primest quality; iron clamps and girders, fire-proof, from top to bottom; mechanical lifts for the housemaids, with all their brushes and brooms: everything that heart could desire.

Mr. Gradgrind marries his eldest daughter, according to a mathematical plan which he has adopted, to Mr. Bounderby, another eminently practical man, who is not only twenty years her senior, but is in every respect unsuited to her. The result of this ill-assorted union is unhappiness not only to the wife, but to her father as well, for whom a still sharper trial is in store. His eldest son, whom he has carefully trained, becomes dissipated, robs his employer, and brings disgrace on the hitherto unblemished name of Gradgrind. In his sore trouble, Mr. Gradgrind is consoled and strengthened by two of the most unpractical people in the world, — Mr. Sleary, the manager of a circus, and Sissy Jupe, the daughter of a clown, both of whom he has repeatedly lectured on their utter want of worldly wisdom and practicality. Forced to admit that much of his misfortune is attributable to his own hard system of philosophy, he becomes a humbler and a wiser man, bending his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances; making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity, and no longer trying to grind that heavenly trio in his dusty little mills. I: i-ix, xiv-xvi; II: i-iii, vii, ix, xi, xii; III: i-ix.

Gradgrind, Mrs. Wife of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind.

A little thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness mental and bodily; who was always taking physic without any effect; and who, whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her. I: iv, ix, xv; II: ix.

Gradgrind, Adam Smith. A younger son of Mr. Gradgrind. I: iv.

Gradgrind, Jane. Mr. Gradgrind's younger daughter. I: iv, xvi; II: ix; III: i.

Gradgrind, Louisa. Eldest child of Mr. Gradgrind.

There was an air of jaded sullenness in . . . the girl; yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression, — not with the brightness natural to cheerful youth, but with uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something painful in them, analogous to the changes of a blind face groping its way.

She becomes the wife of Josiah Bounderby, who says to the guests at the breakfast-table, after the marriage ceremony has been performed, —

“I have watched her bringing up, and I believe she is worthy of me. At the same time, — not to deceive you, — I believe I am worthy of her. So I thank you, on both our parts, for the goodwill you have shown towards us; and the best wish I can give the unmarried part of the present company is this: I hope every bachelor may find as good a wife as I have found; and I hope every spinster may find as good a husband as my wife has found.”

The current of their wedded life does not run smooth, however. Utter incompatibility of temper, utter want of mutual love or sympathy, pave the way for a plausible acquaintance — a polished, easy man of the world — to approach her with insidious declarations of love, and to propose an elopement. Resisting the temptation, she flees to her father's house, and implores him to save her. He recommends to her husband to allow her to stay there for a while, that she may have the opportunity she so much needs for repose and reflection; but Mr. Bounderby requires that she shall return to his bed and board by the next day noon; and as she fails to do so, he refuses to have anything more to do with her, and leaves her in her father's charge. I: iii, iv, vi-ix, xiv-xvi; II: i-iii, v-xii; III: i-ix.

Gradgrind, Malthus. A son of Mr. Gradgrind. I: iv.

Gradgrind, Thomas. Mr. Gradgrind's youngest son; a selfish, ill-natured, sensual, mercenary whelp. He is employed as a clerk in Bounderby's Bank, and, being a dissipated and extravagant idler, robs it of some hundred and fifty pounds. For a time he succeeds in throwing suspicion upon an innocent factory-operative, but his own guilt is soon established, and he flees from the country to avoid arrest and imprisonment. I: iii, iv; vii-ix, xiv, xvi; II: i-iii, v-viii, x-xii; III: ii-ix.

Harthouse, Mr. James. A friend of Mr. Gradgrind's; a thorough gentleman, made to the model of the time, weary of everything, and putting no more faith in anything than Lucifer. He is "five and thirty, good-looking, good figure, good teeth, good voice, dark hair, bold eyes." II: i-iii, v, vii-xii; III: ii, iii.

Jupe, Cecilia, or Sissy. The daughter of a clown. She has been kindly permitted to attend the school controlled by Mr. Gradgrind; but Mr. Bounderby thinks that she has a bad influence over the other children, and advises that the privilege should be withdrawn. The two gentlemen accordingly visit the "Pegasus' Arms" at Pod's End, to inform her father of their intention; but they find that Signor Jupe, — always a half-cracked man, — having got old and stiff in the joints, so that he cannot perform his parts satisfactorily, and having got his daughter into the school, and therefore, as he seems to think, got her well provided for, has run off to parts unknown. Under these circumstances Mr. Gradgrind decides to take charge of the girl, and educate and support her. She accompanies him home, and makes herself very useful and companionable in his family. When Louisa is about to fall into the meshes of Mr. Harthouse, Sissy visits that gentleman, and persuades and shames him into leaving the neighborhood; and when Mr. Gradgrind's son is about to be arrested for the robbery of Bounderby's Bank, she sends him to her father's old employer, Mr. Sleary, who conceals him, and gets him safely abroad. I: ii, iv-ix, xiv, xv; II: ix; III: i, ii, iv-ix.

Jupe, Signor. A clown in Sleary's circus; father of Sissy Jupe, and owner of the "highly trained performing dog Merrylegs." I: ii, iii, v, vi, ix; III: ii, viii.

Kidderminster, Master. A member of Sleary's Circus Troupe; a diminutive boy, with an old face, who assists Mr. Childers in his daring vaulting-act as the Wild Huntsman of the North American Prairies; taking the part of his infant son, and being carried upside down over his father's shoulder, by one foot, and held by the crown of his head, heels upwards, in the palm of his father's hand, according to the violent paternal manner in which wild huntsmen may be observed to fondle their offspring. I: vi; II: vii.

M'Choakumchild, Mr. Teacher in Mr. Gradgrind's model school.

He and some hundred and forty other schoolmasters had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land surveying and

levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stony way into her Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about the water-sheds of all the world (whatever they are), and all the histories of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah! rather overdone, McChoakumchild. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more! I: i-iii, ix, xiv.

Merrylegs. Signor Jupe's trained performing-dog. I: iii, v-viii; III: viii.

Pegler, Mrs. Mother of Josiah Bounderby; a mysterious old woman, tall and shapely, though withered by time. Her son, growing rich, becomes ashamed of her, and gives her thirty pounds a year to keep away from him, and not claim any relationship with him; but the secret is at last divulged, under the most ridiculous circumstances, through the agency of the inquisitive and superserviceable Mrs. Sparsit. I: xii; II: vi, viii; III: iv, v.

Rachael. A factory-hand; a friend of Stephen Blackpool's. I: x-xiii; II: iv, vi; III: iv-vi, ix.

Scadgers, Lady. Great-aunt to Mrs. Sparsit; an immensely fat old woman with an inordinate appetite for butcher's meat, and a mysterious leg, which has refused to get out of bed for fourteen years. I: vii; II: viii; III: ix.

Slackbridge. A trades-union agitator and orator. II: iv; III: iv.

Sleary, Josephine. Daughter of a circus proprietor; a pretty, fair-haired girl of eighteen, noted for her graceful Tyrolean flower-act. I: vi; II: vii.

Sleary, Mr. Proprietor of a "Horse-riding," or circus; a stout man, with one fixed eye and one loose eye, a voice (if it can be called so) like the efforts of a broken old pair of bellows, a flabby surface, and a muddled head, which is never sober, and never drunk. He is troubled with asthma, and his breath comes far too thick and heavy for the letter "s." I: vi, ix; III, vii, viii.

Sparsit, Mrs. Mr. Bounderby's housekeeper; an elderly lady highly connected, with a Coriolanian style of nose, and dense black eyebrows. Mr. Bounderby gives her a hundred a year, disguising the payment under the name of an "annual compliment." I: vii, xi, xvi; II: i, iii, vi, viii-xi; III: iii, v, ix.

STORIES

THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY

Barker, Miss Fanny. Niece to an old astrologer, who takes Tom Grig to be pointed out by the stars as her destined husband. He describes her as having "a graceful carriage, an exquisite shape, a sweet voice, a countenance beaming with animation and expression, and the eye of a startled fawn." She has also, he says, five thousand pounds in cash; and this attraction, added to the others, inclines Tom to marry her; but when he finds that her uncle has borrowed and spent the whole sum in an unsuccessful search for the philosopher's stone, he alters his mind, and declares that the scheme is "no go," at which the uncle is enraged, and the niece is delighted; she being in love with another young man.

Emma. Daughter of a crazy astrologer who has spent fifteen years in conducting fruitless experiments having for their object the discovery of the philosopher's stone. Her father designs marrying her to his partner, "the gifted Mooney;" but he utterly refuses to take her, alleging that his "contemplation of woman-kind" has led him to resolve that he "will not adventure on the troubled sea of matrimony."

Galileo, Isaac Newton Flamstead. The Christian names of the son of the crazy astrologer who takes Tom Grig to be "the favorite of the planets." He is a tall, thin, dismal-faced young gentleman, in his twenty-first year; though his father, absorbed in chimerical projects, considers him "a mere child," and has n't provided him with a new suit of clothes since he was fourteen.

Grig, Tom. A lamplighter, who, on going his rounds one day, is accosted by one of the strangest and most mysterious-looking old gentlemen ever seen. This person proves to be a very learned astrologer, who is on the point of discovering the philosopher's stone, which will turn everything into gold. He imagines that he has found in Tom a noble stranger, whose birth is shrouded in uncertainty, and who is destined by the stars to be the husband of his young and lovely niece. He therefore takes him into his house forthwith, and introduces him to the lady. She is greatly disturbed, and suggests that the stars must have made a mistake; but is silenced by her uncle. After this, Tom accompanies the old gentleman to the observatory, where Mr. Mooney — another scientific gentleman — casts his nativity, and horrifies him by predicting his death at exactly thirty-five minutes, twenty-seven seconds, and five-sixths of a second, past nine o'clock, A. M.,

on that day two months. Tom makes up his mind, that, while alive, he had better be rich than poor, and so assents to the proposed marriage. The preliminaries are nearly concluded, when suddenly the crucible containing the ingredients of the miraculous stone explodes with a tremendous crash, and the labors of fifteen years are destroyed in an instant. Moreover, a mistake is discovered in the old gentleman's computation; and it turns out that Tom is to live to a green old age,—eighty-seven, at least. Upon this, not caring for a portionless bride who does n't love him, he utterly refuses to marry the lovely niece, whereupon her uncle, in a rage, wets his forefinger in some of the liquor from the crucible that was spilt on the floor, and draws a small triangle upon the forehead of the young lamplighter, who instantly finds himself in the *watch-house*, with the room swimming before his eyes.

Mooney, Mr., called *THE GIFTED*. A learned philosopher, with the dirtiest face we can possibly know of in this imperfect state of existence.

TO BE READ AT DUSK

Baptista, Giovanni. A Genoese courier, who tells the story of an English lady, who sees in her dreams a face which haunts her: she dreads meeting the person who bears it, meets him finally, and disappears with him.

Carolina. Maid to Clara, and on excellent terms with Giovanni Baptista.

Clara. The English lady who sees ghosts.

Dellombra, Signor. The materialized ghost.

Dodger, Ananias. An American gentleman of great wealth and mean biography.

James, Mr. An Englishman who sees the phantom of his twin brother John.

John, Mr. An Englishman who sends his phantom on an errand.

Robert. Servant to Mr. John.

Wilhelm. Servant to Mr. James.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES

Ellen. A very gloomy bride.

Goodchild, Francis. A laboriously idle man, who had no better idea of idleness than that it was useless industry.

Idle, Thomas. A passive idler, a born and bred idler, a consistent idler, who practised what he would have preached, if he had not been too idle to preach; a one entire and perfect chrysolite of idleness.

Jock. A white-headed boy attached to an inn.

Lorn, Mr. Dr. Speddie's assistant.

Speddie, Dr. Called in to attend to Thomas Idle's sprained ankle.

BIRTHS. MRS. MEEK, OF A SON

Bigby, Mrs. Mother of Mrs. Meek, and a most remarkable woman. Her son-in-law says of her, —

In my opinion, she would storm a town, single-handed, with a hearth-broom, and carry it. I have never known her to yield any point whatever to mortal man. She is calculated to terrify the stoutest heart.

Meek, Augustus George. Infant son of Mr. George Meek.

Meek, Mr. George. The narrator of the story; a quiet man, of small stature, a weak voice, and a tremulous constitution. He is made utterly miserable by the manner in which his infant child is smothered and rasped and dosed and bandaged by the nurse, aided and abetted by his wife's mother; and he is betrayed into expressing himself warmly on the subject, notwithstanding his wish to avoid giving rise to words in the family.

Meek, Mrs. His wife.

Prodit, Mrs. Mrs. Meek's nurse; considered by Mr. Meek to be "from first to last a convention and a superstition," whom the medical faculty ought to take in hand and improve.

One afternoon . . . I came home earlier than usual from the office, and, proceeding into the dining-room, found an obstruction behind the door, which prevented it from opening freely. It was an obstruction of a soft nature. On looking in, I found it to be a female, who stood in the corner, behind the door, consuming sherry-wine. From the nutty smell of that beverage pervading the apartment, I have no doubt she was consuming a second glassful. She wore a black bonnet of large dimensions, and was copious in figure. The expression of her countenance was severe and discontented. The words to which she gave utterance on seeing me were these, "Oh! git along with you, sir, if *you* please. Me and Mrs. Bigby don't want no male parties here."

THE GHOST OF ART

[A satire on the Art Exhibitions of the Royal Academy.]

Parkins, Mrs. A laundress, who invariably disregards all instructions.

A POOR MAN'S TALE OF A PATENT

Butcher, William. A Chartist; friend to John.

John. The narrator of the story; a poor man, a smith by trade, who undertakes to obtain a patent on an invention which he has been twenty years in perfecting. He succeeds in doing so only after going through thirty-five distinct stages of obeying forms and paying fees, at a cost of ninety-six pounds, seven, and eight-pence, though nobody opposes his application.

Joy, Thomas. A carpenter with whom John lodges in London.

THE DETECTIVE POLICE

Clarkson. Counsel for Shepherdson and other thieves traced out and arrested by Sergeant Mith.

Dornton, Sergeant. A detective police-officer; a man about fifty years of age, with a ruddy face and a high sunburnt forehead. He is famous for steadily pursuing the inductive process, working on from clew to clew until he bags his man.

Dundey, Doctor. A man who robs a bank in Ireland, and escapes to America, whither he is followed and captured by Sergeant Dornton.

Fendall, Sergeant, A detective police-officer; a light-haired, well-spoken, polite person, and a prodigious hand at pursuing private inquiries of a delicate nature.

Fikey. A man accused of forgery; taken prisoner by Inspector Field.

Mesheck, Aaron. A Jew, who gets acceptances from young men of good connections (in the army chiefly), on pretence of discount, and decamps with the same. He is finally found by Sergeant Dornton in the Tombs prison, in New York city.

Mith, Sergeant. A detective police-officer; a smooth-faced man with a fresh, bright complexion, and a strange air of simplicity. He is a dab at housebreakers.

Pigeon, Thomas. *See* THOMPSON, TALLY-HO.

Shepherdson, Mr. A thief, who informs detective Mith (who, under the disguise of a young butcher from the country, has gained his confidence) that he is going "to hang out for a while" at the Setting Moon, in the Commercial Road, where he is afterwards found, and is taken into custody.

Stalker, Mr. Inspector. A detective police-officer; a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman; in appearance not at all unlike a very acute, thoroughly-trained schoolmaster from the Normal Establishment at Glasgow.

Straw, Sergeant. A detective; a little, wiry man of meek demeanor, and strong sense, who would knock at a door, and ask a series of questions in any mild character you choose to prescribe to him, from a charity-boy upward; and seem as innocent as an infant.

Thompson, Tally-ho, alias THOMAS PIGEON. A famous horse-stealer, couper, and magsman, tracked to a lonely inn in Northamptonshire, by Sergeant Witchem, who, single-handed, arrests him, and takes him to London; though he has two big and ugly-looking companions with him at the time.

Wield, Mr. Inspector. A detective police-officer; a middle-aged man, of a portly presence, with a large, moist, knowing eye, a husky voice, and a habit of emphasizing his conversation by the aid of a corpulent forefinger which is constantly in juxtaposition with his eyes and nose.

Witchem. A detective; a short, thick-set man, marked with the small-pox, and having something of a reserved and thoughtful air, as if he were engaged in deep arithmetical calculations. He is renowned for his acquaintance with the swell mob.

THREE "DETECTIVE" ANECDOTES

Grimwood, Eliza, called THE COUNTESS. A handsome young woman, found lying dead, with her throat cut, on the floor of her bedroom, in the Waterloo Road.

Phibbs, Mr. A haberdasher.

Tatt, Mr. A gentleman formerly in the public line; quite an amateur detective in his way. He loses a diamond pin in a scrimmage which is recovered by his friend Sergeant Witchem, who sees the man who took it, and while they are all down on the floor together knocking about, touches him on the back of his hand, as his "pal" would; and he thinks it is his pal, and gives it to him.

Trinkle, Mr. A young man suspected of the murder of Eliza Grimwood, but proved innocent.

HUNTED DOWN

Adams, Mr. Clerk in the life assurance office of which Mr. Sampson is the chief manager.

Banks, Major. An old East India Director, who assists Mr. Sampson in rescuing Miss Niner from the toils of Mr. Julius Slinkton.

Beckwith, Mr. Alfred. See MELTHAM, MR.

Meltham, Mr. Actuary of the Inestimable Life Assurance Company. He falls in love with one of Mr. Julius Slinkton's nieces, a lovely girl, whose life is insured in his office. She soon dies from the effects of a slow poison secretly administered to her by her uncle; and Mr. Meltham, having become thoroughly assured of the villain's guilt, devotes himself thenceforth to the single object of hunting him down. Resigning his situation, he causes a report of his death to be put into circulation; assumes the name of Mr. Alfred Beckwith; takes rooms in the Middle Temple, opposite those of Mr. Slinkton, — to whom he is personally unknown, — and makes them a trap for him. Affecting to be a confirmed inebriate, he deludes the murderer into thinking that it would be an easy thing to obtain an insurance on his life for two thousand pounds, and then to do him to death with brandy, or, brandy not proving quick enough, with something quicker. The plotting, however, into which Slinkton is led, is well understood all along, and is counterplotted all along. The fitting time having arrived, he is confronted with the evidences of his guilt, when, finding himself brought to bay, he swallows some of the powerful poison he always carries with him, and falls down a dead man.

Niner, Miss Margaret. Mr. Slinkton's niece. She is saved from falling a victim to the wickedness of her uncle by the efforts of Mr. Sampson and Major Banks, who reveal to her his real character, and induce her to leave him forever.

Sampson, Mr. Chief manager of a life assurance company, and narrator of the story, in which he is also one of the actors.

Slinkton, Mr. Julius. A gentleman, educated, well-bred, and agreeable, who professes to be on the point of going into orders, but who is, in reality, a consummate hypocrite and villain. He effects an insurance for two thousand pounds on the life of Mr. Alfred Beckwith, and then attempts to poison him in order to get the money; but, being foiled in his object, he destroys himself.

In this character Dickens has drawn a portrait, only slightly idealized, of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, well known as a cox comical writer for "The London Magazine," under the pseudonym of Janus Weathercock. This monster actually poisoned a number of persons whose lives had been insured for large sums (among them his wife's step-sister and her mother); and in some instances he succeeded in obtaining the money. He was arrested, at last, on a charge of forgery, and sentenced to be transported to Van Diemen's Land, where he died of apoplexy, in 1852, at the age of fifty-seven. Lord Lytton has introduced

him into his powerful novel of "Lucretia; or, the Children of Night."

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION

Fareway, Adelina. Pupil of George Silverman, who falls in love with her, and finds his love reciprocated, but resigns her to another out of pure self-depreciation and unworldliness.

Fareway, Lady. Her mother; widow of the late Sir Gaston Fareway, baronet; a penurious and managing woman, handsome, well-preserved, of somewhat large stature, with a steady glare in her great round eyes. She presents Mr. George Silverman to a living of two hundred a year, in North Devonshire, but imposes the condition that he shall help her with her correspondence, accounts, and various little things of that kind, and that he shall gratuitously direct her daughter's studies.

Fareway, Mr. Her second son; a young gentleman of abilities much above the average, but idle and luxurious, who for a time reads with Mr. Silverman.

Gimblet, Brother. An elderly drysalter; a man with a crabbed face, a large dog's-eared shirt-collar, and a spotted blue neckerchief, reaching up behind to the crown of his head. He is an expounder in Brother Hawkyard's congregation.

Hawkyard, Mr. Verity, of West Bromwich. George Silverman's guardian or patron; a yellow-faced, peak-nosed man, who is an exhorter in a congregation of an obscure denomination, among whom he is called Brother Hawkyard. He is given to boasting, and has a habit of confirming himself in a parenthesis, as if, knowing himself, he doubted his own word. Thus he tells his ward:—

"I am a servant of the Lord, George, and I have been a good servant to him (I have) these five and thirty years: the Lord has had a good servant in me, and he knows it."

From the first [says George Silverman], I could not like this familiar knowledge of the ways of the sublime, inscrutable Almighty, on Brother Hawkyard's part. As I grew a little wiser, and still a little wiser, I liked it less and less. . . . Before the knowledge became forced upon me, that, outside their place of meeting, these brothers and sisters were no better than the rest of the human family, but on the whole were, to put the case mildly, as bad as most, in respect of giving short weight in their shops, and not speaking the truth,—I say, before this knowledge became forced upon me, their prolix addresses, their inordinate conceit, their daring ignorance, their investment of the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth with their own miserable meannesses and littlenesses, greatly shocked me.

Silverman, George. The narrator of the story; born in a cellar in Preston. He thus describes his parents:—

Mother had the gripe and clutch of poverty upon her face, upon her figure, and, not least of all, upon her voice. Her sharp and high-pitched words were squeezed out of her, as by the compression of bony fingers on a leathern bag; and she had a way of rolling her eyes about and about the cellar, as she scolded, that was gaunt and hungry. Father, with his shoulders rounded, would sit quiet on a three-legged stool, looking at the empty grate, until she would pluck the stool from under him, and bid him go bring some money home. Then he would dismally ascend the steps; and I, holding my ragged shirt and trousers together with a hand (my only braces), would feint and dodge from mother's pursuing grasp at my hair.

"A worldly little devil," was mother's usual name for me. Whether I cried for that I was in the dark, or for that it was cold, or for that I was hungry; or whether I squeezed myself into a warm corner when there was a fire, or ate voraciously when there was food,—she would still say, "O, you worldly little devil!" And the sting of it was, that I quite well knew myself to be a worldly little devil; worldly as to wanting to be housed and warmed; worldly as to wanting to be fed; worldly as to the greed with which I inwardly compared how much I got of those good things with how much father and mother got, when, rarely, those good things were going.

While still a small child, George loses his father and mother, who die miserably of a fever; is taken from the cellar in a half-starved state; and is handed over by the authorities to Brother Hawkyard, who, as it seems, has accepted a trust in behalf of the boy from a rich grandfather who has just died at Birmingham. After being disinfected, comfortably fed, and furnished with new clothes, he is sent to an old farm-house at Hoghton Towers, where he remains for a considerable time, and where he begins to form a shy disposition, to be of a timidly silent character under misconstruction, to have an inexpressible and even a morbid dread of becoming sordid or worldly. He is afterwards put to school, told to work his way, and, as time goes on, becomes a Foundation Boy on a good foundation, and is preached at on Sundays by Brother Hawkyard and other expounders of the same kidney. Working still harder, he at last obtains a scholarship at Cambridge, where he lives a secluded life, and studies diligently. Knowing himself to be "unfit for the noisier stir of social existence," he applies his mind to the clerical profession, and at last is presented by Lady Fareway to a living worth two hundred a year. Adelina, the only daughter of Lady Fareway, pur-

sues her studies under his direction; and a strong but undeclared affection springs up between them. But the young clergyman, conscious that her family and fortune place him far beneath her, and feeling that her merits are far greater than his, resolves upon self-sacrifice, and quietly sets to work to turn the current of her love into another channel. For this purpose, he introduces to her Mr. Granville Wharton, another pupil of his, and contrives, in various ways, to interest them in each other. The object is accomplished, and, in little more than a year, they come before him, hand in hand, and ask to be united in marriage. As they are both of age, and as the young lady has come into possession of a fortune in her own right, he does not hesitate to do so; but the consequences to himself are disastrous. Lady Fareway has had ambitious projects for her daughter, and indignantly charges George Silverman with taking a percentage upon Adelina's fortune as a bribe for putting Mr. Wharton in possession of it. With the old cry of, "You worldly wretch!" she demands that he should resign his living, contumeliously dismisses him from her presence, and pursues him for many years with bitter animosity. But Adelina and her husband stand by him, and at length he obtains a college-living in a sequestered place, lives down the suspicions and calumnies that have dogged his steps, and pens his "Explanation."

Sylvia. A girl at the farm-house of Hoghton Towers, where George Silverman is placed by Mr. Hawkyard, after the death of his father and mother.

Wharton, Mr. Granville. Pupil of George Silverman, and married by him to Adelina Fareway.

UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Anderson, John. A tramp, whose only improvidence appears to have been that he has spent the last of his little "all" upon soap. XI. *Tramps.*

Anderson, Mrs. His wife; a woman spotless to behold. XI. *Tramps.*

Antonio. A swarthy young Spanish guitar-player. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*

Barlow, Mr. An irrepressible instructive monomaniac, who knows everything, didactically improves all sorts of occasions, and presents himself in all sorts of aspects and under all kinds of disguises; so named from an all-knowing tutor in Thomas Day's juvenile story of "Sandford and Merton." XXXII. *Mr. Barlow.*

Battens, Mr. A virulent old pensioner at Titbull's. XXVII. *Titbull's Almshouses.*

Bones, Mr. Banjo. A comic Ethiopian minstrel, with a blackened face and a limp sugar-loaf hat. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*

Bones, Mrs. Banjo. His wife; a "professional" singer. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*

Bullfinch. A gentleman, who, having occasion to go to the seaside resort of Namelesston with a friend for the transaction of some business, proposes that they should dine at the Temeraire. They accordingly drive to that house, and order a little dinner, which is to be ready punctually in one hour. They return promptly, but try in vain to eat and drink what is set before them, and come to the conclusion that no such ill-served, ill-appointed, ill-cooked, nasty little dinner could be got for the money anywhere else under the sun. XXXI. *A Little Dinner in an Hour.*

Carlavero, Giovanni. Keeper of a small wine-shop, in a certain small Italian town on the Mediterranean. He had been a political offender, sentenced to imprisonment for life, but was afterwards released through the zealous intervention of a generous English nobleman (Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart). Desirous of testifying his gratitude to his benefactor, whom he has not seen since his liberation, he sends him by Mr. Dickens an immense

demijohn of wine, the first produce of his little vineyard. With infinite difficulty this frail and enormous bottle, holding some half-dozen gallons, is safely carried to England; but the wine turns to vinegar before it reaches its destination. Yet "the Englishman," says Mr. Dickens, "told me, with much emotion in his face and voice, that he had never tasted wine that seemed to him so sweet and sound; and long afterwards the bottle graced his table." XXVIII. *The Italian Prisoner.*

Chips. A shipwright, who sells himself to the Devil for half a ton of copper, a bushel of tenpenny nails, an iron pot, and a rat that can speak. He gets disgusted with the rat, and tries to kill it, but does not succeed, and is punished by being subjected to a swarm and plague of rats, who finally compass his destruction by eating through the planks of a ship in which he has been "pressed" for a sailor. XV. *Nurse's Stories.*

Cleverly, Susannah. A Mormon emigrant; a young woman of business. XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*

Cleverly, William. Her brother, also a Mormon emigrant. XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*

Cocker, Mr. Indignation. A dissatisfied diner at the same house, who disputes the charges in his bill. XXXI. *A Little Dinner in an Hour.*

Dibble, Mr. Sampson. A Mormon emigrant; a very old man, who is stone-blind. XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*

Dibble, Mrs. Dorothy. His wife, who accompanies him. XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*

Face-Maker, Monsieur the. A corpulent little man with a comical face. He is heralded as "the great changer of countenances, who transforms the features that Heaven has bestowed upon him into an endless succession of surprising and extraordinary visages, comprehending all the contortions, energetic and expressive, of which the human face is capable, and all the passions of the human heart, as love, jealousy, revenge, hatred, avarice, despair." XXV. *In the French-Flemish Country.*

Flanders, Sally. A former nurse of the Uncommercial Traveller, and widow of Flanders, a small master-builder. XXVI. *Medicine-Men of Civilization.*

Flipfield, Mr. A friend of the Uncommercial Traveller's. XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*

Flipfield, Mrs. His mother. XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*

Flipfield, Miss. His elder sister. She is in the habit of speaking to new acquaintances, in pious and condoning tones, of all the quarrels that have taken place in the family from her infancy. XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*

Flipfield, Mr. Tom, *called THE LONG-LOST*. A brother of Mr. Flipfield's. After an absence of many years in foreign parts, he returns home, and is warmly welcomed by his family and friends; but he proves to be "an antipathetical being, with a peculiar power and gift of treading on everybody's tenderest place;" and everybody wishes that he could instantly be transported back to the foreign parts which have tolerated him so long. XIX. *Birthday Celebrations*.

Globson, Bully. A schoolmate of the Uncommercial Traveller's; a big fat boy, with a big fat head, and a big fat fist. XIX. *Birthday Celebrations*.

Grazinglands, Mr. Alexander. A midland county gentleman, of a comfortable property, on a visit to London. VI. *Refreshments for Travellers*.

Grazinglands, Mrs. Arabella. His wife; the pride of her division of the county. VI. *Refreshments for Travellers*.

Head, Oakum. A refractory female pauper, who "would be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad." III. *Wapping Workhouse*.

Jack, Dark. A simple and gentle negro sailor. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack*.

Jack, Mercantile. A representative of the sailors employed in the merchant marine. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack*.

Jobson, Jesse, Number Two. A Mormon emigrant; the head of a family of eight persons. XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake*.

John. A boiler-maker, living in the neighborhood of Ratcliffe and Stepney, who obtains employment but fitfully and rarely, and is forced to live on the work of his wife. XXIX. *A Small Star in the East*.

Kinch, Horace. An inmate of the King's Bench Prison, where he dies.

He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children; but, like some fair-looking houses or fair-looking ships, he took the dry rot. . . . Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, "So well off! so comfortably established! with such hope before him!" — . . . when, lo! the man was all dry rot and dust. XIII. *Night Walks*.

Kindheart, Mr. An Englishman of an amiable nature, great enthusiasm, and no discretion. XXVI. *Medicine-Men of Civilization*.

Klem, Mr. A weak old man, meagre and mouldy, who is never to be seen detached from a flat pint of beer in a pewter pot. XVI. *Arcadian London*.

Klem, Mrs. His wife; an elderly woman, laboring under a chronic sniff, and having a dejected consciousness that she is not justified in appearing on the surface of the earth. XVI. *Arcadian London*.

Klem, Miss. Their daughter, apparently ten years older than either her father or mother. XVI. *Arcadian London*.

Mellows, Mr. J. Landlord of the "Dolphin's Head." XXII. *An Old Stage-Coaching House*.

Mercy. A nurse who relates diabolical stories to the Uncommercial Traveller, when a child, with a fiendish enjoyment of his terrors. XV. *Nurse's Stories*.

Mitts, Mrs. A pensioner at Titbull's; a tidy, well-favored widow, with a propitiatory way of passing her hands over and under one another. XXVII. *Titbull's Almshouses*.

Murderer, Captain. A diabolical wretch, admitted into the best society, and possessing immense wealth. His mission is matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides. XV. *Nurse's Stories*.

Nan. A sailor's mistress. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack*.

Onowenever, Mrs. Mother of a young lady (the Dora Spenlow of "David Copperfield," and the Flora Finching of "Little Dorrit") ardently loved by the Uncommercial Traveller in his youth.

It is unnecessary to name her more particularly. She was older than I, and had pervaded every chink and crevice of my mind for three or four years. I had held volumes of imaginary conversations with her mother on the subject of our union; and I had written letters, more in number than Horace Walpole's, to that discreet woman, soliciting her daughter's hand in marriage. I had never had the remotest intention of sending any of those letters; but to write them, and after a few days tear them up, had been a sublime occupation. XIX. *Birthday Celebrations*.

Pangloss. An official friend of the Uncommercial Traveller's, lineally descended from the learned doctor of the same name, who was tutor to Candide.

In his personal character he is as humane and worthy a gentleman as any I know; in his official capacity, he unfortunately preaches the doctrines of his renowned ancestor, by demonstrating, on all occasions, that we live in the best of all possible official worlds. VIII. *The Great Tasmania's Cargo*.

Parkle, Mr. A friend of the Uncommercial Traveller's. XIV. *Chambers*.

Poodles. A comical mongrel dog, found starving at the door of the "East London Children's Hospital," and taken in and fed, since which he has made it his home. On his neck he wears a

collar presented him by an admirer of his mental endowments, and bearing the legend, "Judge not Poodles by external appearances."

I find him making the round of the beds, like a house-surgeon, attended by another dog, — a friend, — who appears to trot about with him in the character of his pupil-dresser. Poodles is anxious to make me known to a pretty little girl, looking wonderfully healthy, who has had a leg taken off for cancer of the knee. "A difficult operation," Poodles intimates, wagging his tail on the counterpane, "but perfectly successful, as you see, dear sir." The patient, patting Poodles, adds, with a smile, "The leg was so much trouble to me, that I am glad it's gone." I never saw anything in doggery finer than the deportment of Poodles when another little girl opens her mouth to show a peculiar enlargement of the tongue. Poodles (at that time on a table, to be on a level with the occasion) looks at the tongue (with his own sympathetically out) so very gravely and knowingly, that I feel inclined to put my hand on my waistcoat-pocket, and give him a guinea, wrapped in paper. XXIX. *A Small Star in the East*; XXXIII. *On an Amateur Beat*.

Quickear. A policeman. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack*.

Quinch, Mrs. The oldest pensioner at Titbull's; a woman who has "totally lost her head." XXVII. *Titbull's Almshouses*.

Refractory, Chief. A surly, discontented female pauper, with a voice in which the tonsils and uvula have gained a diseased ascendancy. III. *Wapping Workhouse*.

Refractory, Number Two. Another pauper of the same character. III. *Wapping Workhouse*.

Saggers, Mrs. One of the oldest pensioners at Titbull's, who has split the small community in which she lives into almost as many parties as there are dwellings in the precinct, by standing her pail outside her dwelling. XXVII. *Titbull's Almshouses*.

Salcy, P., Family. A troupe of dramatic artists, fifteen in number, under the management of Monsieur P. Salcy. XXV. *In the French-Flemish Country*.

Sharpeye. A policeman. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack*.

Specks, Joe. An old school-fellow of the Uncommercial Traveller; afterwards a physician in Dullborough (where most of us come from who come from a country town). XII. *Dullborough Town*.

Specks, Mrs. His wife, formerly Lucy Green; an old friend of the Uncommercial Traveller's. XII. *Dullborough Town*.

Squires, Olympia. An old flame of the Uncommercial Traveller's. Olympia was most beautiful (of course); and I loved her to

that degree that I used to be obliged to get out of my little bed in the night, expressly to exclaim to Solitude, "O Olympia Squires!" XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*

Straudenheim. A shop-keeper at Strasbourg; a large-lipped, pear-nosed old man, with white hair and keen eyes, though near-sighted. VII. *Travelling Abroad.*

Sweeney, Mrs. A professional laundress, in figure extremely like an old family umbrella. XIV. *Chambers.*

Testator, Mr. An occupant of a very dreary set of chambers, in Lyon's Inn, which he furnishes with articles he finds locked up in one of the cellars, and having no owner, so far as is known to any one. He is afterwards visited, late at night, by a man considerably sodden with liquor, who examines every article, claims them all as his own, and promises to call again the next morning, punctually at ten o'clock, but who fails to do so.

Whether he was a ghost, or a spectral illusion of conscience, or a drunken man who had no business there, or the drunken, rightful owner of the furniture, with a transitory gleam of memory; whether he got safe home, or had no home to get to; whether he died of liquor on the way, or lived in liquor ever afterwards, — he never was heard of more. XIV. *Chambers.*

Trampfoot. A policeman. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*

Ventriloquist, Monsieur the. A performer attached to a booth at a fair. He is a thin and sallow man of a weakly aspect. XXV. *In the French-Flemish Country.*

Victualler, Mr. Licensed. Proprietor of a singing-house frequented by sailors; a sharp and watchful man, with tight lips, and a complete edition of Cocker's arithmetic in each eye. V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*

Wackley, Mr. A coroner; a noble, patient, and humane man. XVIII. *Some Recollections of Mortality.*

Weedle, Anastasia. A pretty Mormon emigrant, elected by universal suffrage the beauty of the ship. XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*

Wiltshire. A simple, fresh-colored farm-laborer, of eight and thirty. XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*

PLAYS, POEMS, AND MISCELLANIES

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN

Brown, Miss Emily. A young lady beloved by both Mr. Trott (the Strange Gentleman) and Mr. Tinkles, but married to the latter.

Dobbs, Miss Julia. A wealthy woman, formerly engaged to be married to a Mr. Woolley, who died, leaving her his property, free from all incumbrances; the incumbrance of himself as a husband not being among the least. Being desperately in want of a young husband, she falls in love with a certain wild and not very strong-minded nobleman, Lord Peter, who engages to run away with her to Gretna, and be married. He fails to keep the appointment, however; and she gives her hand to Mr. Trott (the Strange Gentleman) instead.

John. A waiter at the St. James's Arms.

Johnson, John. A hare-brained mad-cap enamored of Miss Mary Wilson, with whom he starts for Gretna Green, but is temporarily detained at the St. James's Arms by his thoughtless liberality to the post-boys, which leaves him absolutely penniless. A timely loan, however, enables him to continue his journey.

Noakes, Mrs. Landlady of the St. James's Arms.

Overton, Mr. Owen. An attorney, who is mayor of the small town in which is the St. James's Arms.

Peter, Lord. A sprig of nobility, very wild, but not very sagacious or strong-minded, who is in love with Miss Julia Dobbs — or her handsome fortune.

Sparks, Tom. "Boots" at the St. James's Arms.

Strange Gentleman, The. *See* TROTT, MR. WALKER.

Tomkins, Charles. A young gentleman in love with Miss Fanny Wilson. He has arranged to run away with her to Gretna Green, and meets her for this purpose at the St. James's Arms. As he has agreed not to disclose his name, she imagines that the Strange Gentleman, staying at that house, and rumored to be insane, but whom she has not seen, is her lover. When she meets Mr. Tomkins, therefore, she acts upon the presumption that he is actually

out of his head ; and her conduct seems to him so strange, that he suspects her of playing him false, and works himself up into a tempest of jealousy, which only serves to confirm her belief in his lunacy. They are both, however, disabused at last, and set off, without delay, for their original destination.

Trott, Mr. Walker, *called* THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN. A young man desirous of marrying Miss Emily Brown, but deterred by the hostile attitude of Mr. Horatio Tinkles, who challenges him to mortal combat (on Corpse Common) for daring to think of such a thing. He accepts the challenge in a bloodthirsty note, but immediately sends another, and an anonymous one, to the mayor urging that a Strange Gentleman at the St. James's Arms be forthwith arrested, as he is bent upon committing a rash and sanguinary act. By a ludicrous blunder, he is mistaken for Lord Peter, who is expected at the same house for the purpose of meeting Miss Julia Dobbs, his intended ; and who is to be seized and carried off as an insane person, in order that his relatives may not discover him. As he is being forced into the carriage, however, the lady discovers that he is unknown to her ; and she refuses to accompany him. At the same moment a letter from his rival is put into his hands, saying that the challenge was a *ruse*, and that the writer is far on his way to Gretna to be married to Miss Emily Brown. Determined not to be thus balked of a wife, Mr. Trott offers himself to Miss Dobbs on the spot, is accepted, and starts *instantly* for the same place in a post-chaise and four.

Wilson, Fanny. A young lady affianced to Mr. Charles Tomkins.

Wilson, Mary. The *innamorata* of Mr. John Johnson.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES

Benson, Lucy. A beautiful village girl betrothed to George Edmunds, a humble but worthy man. Squire Norton, a man much her superior in social station, tries to lead her astray, and for a time she coquets with him ; but before it is too late, she sees her error, rejects the elopement he urges, and returns to her discarded lover.

Benson, Old. Her father ; a small farmer.

Benson, Young. His son ; Lucy's brother.

Edmunds, George. A young man in love with Lucy Benson.

Flam, The Honorable Sparkins. Friend to Squire Norton ; fascinated by Rose, a village beauty, whom he ineffectually endeavors to lead from the path of virtue, though she is at first flattered by his attentions.

- Maddox, John.** A young man attached to Rose.
- Norton, Squire.** A country gentleman, who attempts, but unsuccessfully, to seduce the fair Lucy Benson.
- Rose.** Cousin to Lucy Benson; a lovely village maiden, whom the Honorable Sparkins Flam vainly seeks to ruin.
- Stokes, Mr. Martin.** A very small farmer with a very large circle of particular friends.

IS SHE HIS WIFE?

OR, SOMETHING SINGULAR

John. Servant to Mr. Lovetown.

Limbury, Mr. Peter. A friend of Mr. Felix Tapkins's; made furiously jealous by the attentions his wife receives from Mr. Lovetown.

Limbury, Mrs. A vain, conceited woman, who carries on a flirtation with Mr. Lovetown, for the double purpose of assisting him in curing his wife of her self-tormenting suspicions, and of teaching her husband the misery of the jealous fears he has been accustomed to harbor.

Lovetown, Mr. Alfred. A newly-married man, perpetually yawning, and complaining of *ennui*. His wife, chagrined by his seeming indifference, determines to remove it, if she can, by wounding his vanity, and arousing his jealousy. She accordingly carries on a flirtation with a gay young bachelor (Mr. Tapkins), which perfectly effects her object. Lovetown, stung to the quick, affects a passion for Mrs. Limbury, which he does not feel, and to which she never really responds, with the double motive of obtaining opportunities of watching his wife, and of awaking any dormant feelings of affection for himself that may be slumbering in her bosom. In the carrying-on of these intrigues, many amusing misunderstandings occur; but in the end mutual explanations remove all suspicions, and re-establish the confidence and affection which have temporarily been driven away.

Lovetown, Mrs. His wife.

Tapkins, Mr. Felix. A gay, good-hearted bachelor, who has a sufficient share of vanity, and who plumes himself on his gallantry. He resides at Rustic Lodge (near Reading), a remarkable cottage, with cardboard chimneys, Grecian balconies, Gothic parapets, and a thatched roof. Such a model of compactness is this house, that even the horse can't cough without his owner's hearing him; the stable being close to the dining-room windows.

THE MUDFOG PAPERS

I. PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. TULRUMBLE (ONCE MAYOR OF MUDFOG)

Jennings, Mr. A gentleman with a pale face and light whiskers, whom Mr. Tulrumble imports from London to act as his secretary.

Sniggs, Mr. Predecessor of Mr. Tulrumble in the mayoralty of Mudfog.

Tulrumble, Mrs. Wife of Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble; a vulgar, ignorant woman.

Tulrumble, Mr. Nicholas. A coal-dealer, who begins life in a wooden tenement of four feet square, with a capital of two and ninepence, and a stock in trade of three bushels and a half of coals. Being industrious and saving, he gradually gets rich, marries, builds Mudfog Hall (on something which he endeavors to delude himself into thinking a hill), retires from business altogether, grows vain and haughty, sets up for a public character and a great gentleman, and finally becomes mayor of Mudfog.

Mudfog is a pleasant town . . . situated in a charming hollow by the side of a river, from which [it] derives an agreeable scent of pitch, tar, coals, and rope-yarn, a roving population in oil-skin hats, a pretty steady influx of drunken bargemen, and a great many other maritime advantages. There is a good deal of water about Mudfog; and yet it is not exactly the sort of town for a watering-place either. . . . In winter, it comes oozing down the streets, and tumbling over the fields; nay, rushes into the very cellars and kitchens of the houses with a lavish prodigality that might well be dispensed with. But in the hot summer weather it *will* dry up and turn green; and although green is a very good color in its way, especially in grass, still it certainly is not becoming to water; and it cannot be denied that the beauty of Mudfog is rather impaired even by this trifling circumstance.

Having, when in London, been present at the lord-mayor's show, Mr. Tulrumble determines to have one of his own in Mudfog, which shall equal if not surpass it. He makes arrangements, therefore, for a grand procession and dinner; but the day of his inauguration is dim and dismal, the crowd is unreasonable and derisive, the show is a failure, the dinner is flat, and Nicholas is deeply disappointed. Getting statistical and philosophical, he exerts himself to prevent the granting of a new license to an old and popular inn, called "The Jolly Boatmen," and commences a general crusade against beer-jugs and fiddles, forgetting the time when he was glad to drink out of the one, and to dance to the other. He soon finds,

however, that the people have come to hate him, and that his old friends shun him; he begins to grow tired of his new dignity and his lonely magnificence; and at last he dismisses his secretary, goes down to his old haunt, "The Lighterman's Arms," tells his quondam companions that he is very sorry for having made a fool of himself, and hopes they will give him up his old chair in the chimney-corner again, which they do with great joy.

Tulrumbles, Nicholas, junior. Their son. When his father becomes rich, he takes to smoking cigars, and calling the footman a "feller."

Twigger, Edward, called BOTTLE-NOSED NED. A merry-tempered, pleasant-faced, good-for-nothing sort of vagabond, with an invincible dislike to manual labor, and an unconquerable attachment to strong beer and spirits. He is engaged to take part in the procession in honor of the election of Mr. Tulrumbles as mayor of Mudfog, and is to make his appearance in a complete suit of ancient brass armor of gigantic dimensions. Unfortunately, however, he gets drunk, makes a most extraordinary exhibition of himself, as well as a laughing-stock of the mayor, and has to be conducted home, where his wife, unable to get the armor off, tumbles him into bed, helmet, gauntlets, breastplate, and all.

Twigger, Mrs. His wife.

II. FULL REPORT OF THE FIRST [AND SECOND] MEETING OF THE MUDFOG ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING

Bell, Mr. Knight (M. R. C. S.). A member of the association, who exhibits a wax preparation of the interior of a man, who, in early life, had swallowed a door-key. At a *post mortem* examination, it is found that an exact model of the key is distinctly impressed on the coating of the stomach. This coating a dissipated medical student steals, and hastens with it to a locksmith of doubtful character, who makes a new key from the novel pattern. With this key the student enters the house of the deceased gentleman, and commits a burglary to a large amount, for which crime he is tried and executed. The deceased gentleman had always been much accustomed to punch, and it is supposed that the original key must have been destroyed by the acid. After the unlucky accident, he was troubled with nightmare, under the influence of which he always imagined himself a wine-cellar door.

Blank, Mr. A member who exhibits a model of a fashionable

- annual, composed of copperplates, gold-leaf, and silk boards, and worked entirely by milk and water.
- Plutb, Mr.** A member who lectures learnedly upon a cranium which proves to be a carved cocoanut-shell. *See* KETCH, PROFESSOR JOHN.
- Blunderum, Mr.** Contributor of a paper, "On the Last Moments of the Learned Pig."
- Brown, Mr.** (of Edenburg). A member.
- Buffer, Doctor.** Another member.
- Carter, Mr.** President of Section D (Mechanical Science), at the first meeting of the association.
- Coppernose, Mr.** Author of a proposition of great magnitude and interest, submitted, at the first meeting of the association, to Section B (Display of Models and Mechanical Science), illustrated by a vast number of models, and explained in a treatise entitled "Practical Suggestions on the Necessity of Providing some Harmless and Wholesome Relaxation for the young Noblemen of England."
- Crinkles, Mr.** Inventor and exhibitor of a beautiful pocket-picking machine.
- Doze, Professor.** Vice-president of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the first meeting of the association.
- Drawley, Mr.** Vice-president of Section A, at the second meeting.
- Dull, Mr.** Vice-president of Supplementary Section E (Umbugology and Ditchwateristics).
- Dummy, Mr.** Another vice-president of the same section.
- Fee, Doctor W. R.** A member of the association.
- Flummery, Mr.** Another member.
- Grime, Professor.** Another member.
- Grub, Mr.** President of Supplementary Section E (Umbugology and Ditchwateristics).
- Grummidge, Doctor.** A physician, who gives an account of his curing a case of monomania by the heroic method of treatment.
- Jobba, Mr.** Exhibitor of a forcing-machine on a novel plan, for bringing joint-stock railway-shares prematurely to a premium.
- Joltered, Sir William.** President of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the second meeting of the association.
- Ketch, Professor John.** A member, who is called upon to exhibit the skull of the late Mr. Greenacre, which he produces with the remark, "that he'd pound it as that 'ere 'spectable section [the section of Umbugology and Ditchwateristics] had never seed a more gamerer cove nor he vos." The "professor" finds, however, that he has made a slight mistake, and has displayed a carved cocoanut instead of the skull which he intended to show.

Kutankumagen, Doctor (of Moscow). A physician, who succeeds in curing an alarmingly healthy man by a persevering use of powerful medicine, low diet, and bleeding, which method of treatment so far restores him as to enable him to walk about with the slight assistance of a crutch and a boy.

Kwakley, Mr. A member who submits the result of some ingenious statistical inquiries relative to the difference between the value of the qualification of several members of Parliament, as published to the world, and its real nature and amount.

Leaver, Mr. Vice-president of Section B (Display of Models and Mechanical Science), at the Oldcastle meeting.

Ledbrain, Mr. X. Vice-president of Section C (Statistics), at the Mudfog meeting. He reads a very ingenious paper, showing that the total number of legs belonging to one great town in Yorkshire is, in round numbers, forty thousand; while the total number of chair and stool legs is only thirty thousand. Allowing the very favorable average of three legs to a seat, he deduces the conclusion that ten thousand individuals (or one half the whole population) are either destitute of any seats at all, or pass the whole of their leisure time in sitting upon boxes.

Long Ears, The Honorable and Reverend Mr. A member of the association.

Mallet, Mr. President of Section B (Display of Models and Mechanical Science), at the second meeting.

Misty, Mr. X. A member.

Misty, Mr. X. X. Author of a communication on the disappearance of dancing bears from the streets of London, with observations on the exhibition of monkeys as connected with barrel-organs.

Mortair, Mr. Vice-president of Section C (Anatomy and Medicine), at the Oldcastle meeting.

Muddlebrains, Mr. Vice-president of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the Oldcastle meeting.

Muff, Professor. A member of the association, remarkable for the urbanity of his manners and the ease with which he adapts himself to the forms and ceremonies of ordinary life. At the first meeting, at Mudfog, he tries some private experiments, in conjunction with Professor Nogo, with prussic acid, upon a dog. The animal proves to have been stolen from an unmarried lady in the town, who is rendered nearly distracted by the loss of her pet (named Augustus, in affectionate remembrance of a former lover), and avenges his death by a violent attack on the two scientific gentlemen, in which the expressive features of Professor Muff are much scratched and lacerated, while Professor Nogo,

besides sustaining several severe bites, loses some handfuls of hair. Professor Muff subsequently relates to the association an extraordinary and convincing proof of the wonderful efficacy of the system of infinitesimal doses. He had diffused three drops of rum through a bucketful of water, and given the whole to a patient who was a hard drinker. Before the man had drunk a quart, he was in a state of beastly intoxication; and five other men were made dead drunk with the remainder.

Mull, Professor. A member of the association, who criticises some of the ideas advanced by Mr. X. X. Misty in his paper on dancing bears and barrel-organ monkeys.

Neeshawts, Doctor. A medical member.

Noakes, Mr. Vice-president of Section D (Statistics), at the meeting held at Oldcastle.

Nogo, Professor. Exhibitor of a model of a wonderful safety fire-escape.

Pessell, Mr. Vice-president of Section C (Anatomy and Medicine), at the meeting at Oldcastle.

Pipkin, Mr. (M. R. C. S.). Author of a paper which seeks to prove the complete belief of Sir William Courtenay (otherwise Thom), recently shot at Canterbury, in homœopathy; and which argues that he might have been restored to life if an infinitesimal dose of lead and gunpowder had been administered to him immediately after he fell.

Prosee, Mr. A member.

Pumpkinskull, Professor. An influential member of the council of the association.

Purblind, Mr. A member of the association.

Queerspeck, Professor. Exhibitor of a model of a portable railway, neatly mounted in a green case, for the waistcoat pocket. By attaching this instrument to his boots, any bank or public-office clerk could transport himself from his place of residence to his place of business at the easy rate of sixty-five miles an hour. The professor explains that city gentlemen would run in trains, being handcuffed together to prevent confusion or unpleasantness.

Rummun, Professor. A member.

Scroo, Mr. Vice-president of Section B (Display of Models and Mechanical Science), at the second meeting of the association.

Slug, Mr. A celebrated statistician. "His complexion is a dark purple, and he has a habit of sighing constantly." He presents to Section C the result of some investigations he has made regarding the state of infant education and nursery literature among the middle classes of London. He also states some curi-

ous calculations respecting the dogs'-meat barrows of London, which have led him to the conclusion that, if all the skewers delivered daily with the meat could be collected and warehoused, they would, in ten years' time, afford a mass of timber more than sufficient for the construction of a first-rate vessel of war, to be called "The Royal Skewer," and to become, under that name, the terror of all the enemies of Great Britain.

Smith, Mr. (of London). A member of the association.

Snivey, Sir Hookham. A member who combats the opinion of Mr. Blubb.

Snore, Professor. President of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the meeting at Mudfog.

Snuffletoffle, Mr. O. J. A member present at the second meeting of the association.

Soemup, Doctor. President of Section C (Anatomy and Medicine) at the second meeting.

Sowster. Beadle of Oldcastle; a fat man with an immense double-chin and a very red nose, which he attributes to a habit of early rising.

Styles, Mr. Vice-president of Section D (Statistics), at the second meeting of the association.

Tickle, Mr. Exhibitor of a newly invented kind of spectacles, which enable the wearer to discern in very bright colors objects at a great distance (as the horrors of the West India plantations), and render him wholly blind to those immediately before him (as the abuses connected with the Manchester cotton-mills).

Timbered, Mr. Vice-president of Section C (Statistics), at the meeting held at Mudfog.

Toorell, Doctor. President of Section B (Anatomy and Medicine), at the same meeting.

Truck, Mr. One of the vice-presidents of Section D (Mechanical Science), at the same meeting.

Waghorn, Mr. Another of the vice-presidents of the same section, at the same meeting.

Wheezy, Professor. One of the vice-presidents of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the same meeting.

Wigsby, Mr. Exhibitor of a cauliflower somewhat larger than a chaise-umbrella, raised by the simple application of highly-carbonated soda-water as manure. He explains, that, by scooping out the head (which would afford a new and delicious species of nourishment for the poor), a parachute could at once be obtained; the stalk, of course, being kept downwards.

Woodensconce, Mr. President of Section C (Statistics), at the meeting held at Mudfog.

THE PANTOMIME OF LIFE

Do'em. A confederate of Captain Fitz-Whisker Fiercy, acting as his livery-servant.

Fiercy, The Honorable Captain Fitz-Whisker. A swindler, who struts about with that compound air of conscious superiority and general blood-thirstiness, which is characteristic of most military men, and which always excites the admiration and terror of mere plebeians. He dupes all the tradesmen in his neighborhood, by giving them orders for all sorts of articles, which he afterwards disposes of to other dealers by means of his confederate Do'em.

MR. ROBERT BOLTON

Bolton, Mr. Robert. A gentleman connected with the press. He was a young man with a somewhat sickly and very dissipated expression of countenance; but he had a knack of narration.

Clip, Mr. A hairdresser.

Murgatroyd, Mr. An undertaker.

Sawyer, Mr. A baker who murdered his son by boiling him in a copper.

Thicknesse, Mr. A large stomach surmounted by a man's head, and placed on the top of two particularly short legs.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN

Balim, Mr. A young ladies' young gentleman.

Barker, Young Mrs. A lady who falls under the judgment of Mr. Fairfax.

Blake, Mr. Warmint. An out-and-out young gentleman, exceedingly aggressive in dress, speech, and manners.

Brown, Mrs. The hostess who permits a mistletoe in her room.

Capper, Mr. Mr. Mincin's host.

Capper, Mrs. Mr. Capper's wife, highly praised by Mr. Mincin.

Caveton, Mr. A "throwing-off" young gentleman.

Dummins, Mr. A soul congenial to Mr. Warmint Blake.

Fairfax, Mr. A censorious young gentleman, who always means a great deal more than he says.

Fitz-Sordust, Colonel. A highly charged military young gentleman.

Greenwood, Miss. A person who often wonders about Mr. Fairfax.

Grey, Amelia. A giddy girl, subject to Felix Nixon's fascinations.

- Griggins, Mr.** A funny young gentleman.
- Hawkins, Mr.** The new member of Parliament, who is to be brought to his knees by the political young gentleman.
- Hopkins, Mr.** A bashful young gentleman, who smiles continuously to conceal his embarrassment.
- Lambert, Miss.** A gracious young lady, who is the occasion of an access of bashfulness on the part of Mr. Hopkins.
- Lowfield, Miss.** The victim of the throwing-off young gentleman.
- Marshall, Miss.** A companion in wonder with Miss Greenwood.
- Martin, Miss.** A recipient of Mr. Mincin's impartial attentions.
- Milkwash, John.** A poetical young gentleman.
- Mincin, Mr.** A very friendly young gentleman, who makes himself very much at home in his friends' houses.
- Nixon, Felix.** A very domestic young gentleman.
- Nixon, Mrs.** His mother, who lives, eats, and drinks on her son.
- Thompson, Julia.** A great favorite with Felix Nixon.
- Watson, Mrs.** One of the subjects of Mr. Mincin's impartial friendliness.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES

THE YOUNG COUPLE

- Adams, Jane.** A housemaid.
- Anne.** A housemaid at "No. 6;" friend to Jane Adams.
- Fielding, Miss Emma.** A young lady about to be married to a Mr. Harvey, who is "an angel of a gentleman."
- Harvey, Mr.** A young gentleman engaged to Miss Fielding.
- John, Mr.** A servant in the house of Miss Fielding's father.

THE LOVING COUPLE

- Leaver, Augustus.** } Two married persons, so tender, so affectionate, so given to the interchange of soft endearments, as to be well-nigh intolerable to everybody else.
- Leaver, Augusta.** }
- Starling, Mrs.** A widow-lady enraptured with the affectionate behavior of Mr. and Mrs. Leaver, whom she considers a perfect model of wedded felicity.

THE CONTRADICTORY COUPLE

- Charlotte.** } A married pair who seem to find a positive pleasure
- Edward.** } in contradiction, and agree in nothing else.
- Charlotte, Miss.** Their daughter.
- James, Master.** Their son.

THE COUPLE WHO DOTE UPON THEIR CHILDREN

Saunders, Mr. A bachelor-friend of the Whifflers.

Whiffler, Mr. and Mrs. A married pair, whose thoughts at all times and in all places are bound up in their children, and have no sphere beyond. They relate clever things their offspring say or do, and weary every company with their prolixity and absurdity.

THE COOL COUPLE

Charles. } A husband and wife, well-bred, easy, and careless, who
Louisa. } rarely quarrel, but are unsympathizing, and indifferent to each other's comfort and happiness.

THE PLAUSIBLE COUPLE

Widger, Mr. Bobtail. } People of the world, who adapt them-

Widger, Mrs. Lavinia. } selves to all its ways, all its twistings and turnings; who know when to close their eyes, and when their ears; when to crawl upon their hands and knees; when to stoop; and when to stand upright.

THE NICE LITTLE COUPLE

Chirrup, Mr. A warm-hearted little fellow, with the smartness, and something of the brisk, quick manner, of a small bird.

Chirrup, Mrs. His wife; a sprightly little woman, with an amazing quantity of goodness and usefulness,—a condensation, indeed, of all the domestic virtues.

THE EGOTISTICAL COUPLE

Sliverstone, Mr. A clerical gentleman, who magnifies his wife on every possible occasion by launching out into glowing praises of her conduct in the production of eight young children, and the subsequent rearing and fostering of the same.

Sliverstone, Mrs. His wife; always engaged in praising her husband's worth and excellence.

THE COUPLE WHO CODDLE THEMSELVES

Merrywinkle, Mr. and Mrs. A married pair, who have fallen into exclusive habits of self-indulgence, and forget their natural sympathy and close connection with everybody and everything in the world around them; thus depriving themselves of the best and truest enjoyment.

Chopper, Mrs. Mother to Mrs. Merrywinkle.

THE OLD COUPLE

Adams, Jane. An aged servant, who has been nurse and storyteller to two generations.

Crofts. A barber.

THE BEGGING-LETTER WRITER

Southcote, Mr. One of the many aliases of a professional swindler, who writes letters soliciting money for the relief of his necessities.

Southcote, Mrs. His wife.

ON DUTY WITH INSPECTOR FIELD

Bark, Bully. A lodging-house keeper, and a receiver of stolen goods, who lives in the innermost recesses of the worst part of London.

Bark is a red villain and a wrathful, with a sanguine throat, that looks very much as if it were expressly made for hanging, as he stretches it out, in pale defiance, over the half-door of his hutch. Bark's parts of speech are of an awful sort, — principally adjectives. I won't, says Bark, have no adjective police and adjective strangers in my adjective premises. I won't, by adjective and substantive! Give me my trousers, and I'll send the whole adjective police to adjective and substantive! Give me, says Bark, my adjective trousers! I'll put an adjective knife in the whole bileing of 'em. I'll punch their adjective heads. I'll rip up their adjective substantives. Give me my adjective trousers, says Bark, and I'll spile the bileing of 'em.

Black. A constable, who, with his fellow-constable Green, accompanies Inspector Field to Wentworth Street to unveil its midnight mysteries.

Blackey. An impostor, who has stood soliciting charity near London Bridge for five and twenty years, with a painted skin, to represent disease.

Click, Mr. A vagabond.

Field, Inspector. A detective officer, who accompanies the writer, by night, to the lowest parts of London, visiting Rats' Castle (a dark, close cellar, a lodging-house for thieves, near Saint Giles's Church), the old Farm-House near the Old Mint, the sailors' dance-houses, in the region of Ratcliffe Highway, the low haunts of Wentworth Street, and revealing the worst mysteries of the great city.

Green. A constable, who, with another constable, named Black, acts as an escort to Inspector Field, on his visiting Wentworth Street.

Miles, Bob. A vagabond and jail-bird.

Parker. A constable who attends Inspector Field on the occasion of his visit to the "Old Mint."

Rogers. A constable who goes with Inspector Field to Rats' Castle.

Warwick, The Earl of. A thief, so called.

White. A constable who shows Inspector Field and his visitor the lodging-houses in Rotten Gray's Inn Lane.

Williams. A constable who pilots Inspector Field and his visitor to the sailors' dance-houses in the neighborhood of Ratcliffe Highway.

OUR ENGLISH WATERING-PLACE

Mills, Miss Julia. A sentimental novel-reader, who figures also in "David Copperfield" as the bosom-friend of Dora Spenlow.

She has left marginal notes on the pages, as "Is not this truly touching?—J. M." "How thrilling!—J. M." "Entranced here by the magician's potent spell.—J. M." She has also italicised her favorite traits in the description of the hero, as "His hair, which was *dark* and *wavy*, clustered in *rich profusion* around a *marble brow*, whose lofty paleness bespoke the intellect within." It reminds her of another hero. She adds, "How like B. L.!" "Can this be mere coincidence?—J. M."

Peepy, The Honorable Miss. The beauty of her day, but long deceased.

A FLIGHT

Compact Enchantress, The. A French actress.

Diego, Don. Inventor of the last new flying-machine.

Zamiel. A tall, grave, melancholy Frenchman, with whom (and with other passengers) the writer takes a flying trip from London to Paris.

OUR SCHOOL

Blinkins, Mr. Latin-master; a colorless, doubled-up, near-sighted man, with a crutch, who is always cold, and always putting onions into his ears for deafness, and always disclosing ends of flannel under all his garments, and almost always applying a ball of pocket-handkerchief to some part of his face with a screwing action round and round.

He was a very good scholar, and took great pains where he saw intelligence and a desire to learn; otherwise, perhaps not. Our memory presents him (unless teased into a passion) with as little energy as color; as having been worried and tormented into monotonous feebleness; as having had the best part of his life ground out of him in a mill of boys.

Dumbledore, Master. A parlor-boarder; an idiotic, goggled-eyed boy, with a big head, and half-crowns without end; rumored to have come by sea from some mysterious part of the earth, where his parents rolled in gold; and said to feed in the parlor on steaks and gravy, likewise to drink currant-wine.

Frost, Miss. A school-girl.

Mawls, Master. A school-boy, with manners susceptible of much improvement.

Maxby, Master. A day-pupil, favored by the usher, who is sweet upon one of his sisters.

Phil. A serving-man, with a sovereign contempt for learning.

OUR HONORABLE FRIEND

Tipkisson. A sadler, a plain, hard-working man, and an opponent of "Our Honorable Friend," who is returned to Parliament (in preference to himself) as the member for Verbosity, — the best represented place in England.

OUR VESTRY

Chib, Mr. (of Tucket's Terrace). A hale old gentleman of eighty-two, who is the father of the vestry.

Banger, Captain (of Wilderness Walk). A vestry-man, and an opponent of Mr. Tiddypot, with whom he has a Pickwickian altercation.

Dogginson, Mr. A vestry-man who is regarded as "a regular John Bull."

Magg, Mr. (of Little Winkling Street). One of the "first orators" of "Our Vestry."

Tiddypot, Mr. (of Gumtion House). A vestry-man. *See* BANGER, CAPTAIN.

Wigsby, Mr. (of Chumbledon Square). A vestry-man, who is a debater of great eminence.

OUR BORE

Blanquo, Pierre. Our Bore's guide when he discovered a new valley in Switzerland.

- Callow, Mr.** An eminent physician who prescribes for our Bore.
Clatter, Mr. Another eminent physician who prescribes for our Bore.
Jilkins, Mr. The obscure practitioner who understood our Bore's case.
Moon, Mr. Still another eminent physician who also prescribes for our Bore.

LYING AWAKE

- Winking Charley.** A sturdy vagrant in one of her Majesty's jails, who, like her Majesty, like the author, like everybody else, has had many astonishing experiences in his dreams.

DOWN WITH THE TIDE

- Pea, or Peacoat.** A river policeman, with whom the writer goes down the Thames, at night, on a tour of inspection.
Waterloo. A toll-taker, so called, at the bridge of that name.

THE LONG VOYAGE

- Bligh, Captain.** Master of The Bounty; turned adrift on the wide ocean in an open boat.
Brimer, Mr. Fifth mate of The Halsewell.
Christian, Fletcher. One of the officers of The Bounty; a mutineer.
Christian, Thursday October. A native of Pitcairn's Island; son of Fletcher Christian by a savage mother.
Macmanus, Mr. A midshipman on board of The Halsewell, an East-Indiaman wrecked on the island of Purbeck.
Mansel, Miss. A passenger on the same ship.
Meriton, Mr. Henry. Second mate of The Halsewell.
Pierce, Captain. Master of The Halsewell.
Pierce, Miss Mary. His daughter.
Rogers, Mr. Third mate of The Halsewell.
Schutz, Mr. A passenger in the same ship.

OUR FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

- Loyal Derasseur, M.** Citizen, town-councillor, and landlord. He is an old soldier, and a stanch admirer of the great Napoleon.
 His respect for the memory of the illustrious general is enthusiastic. Medallions of him, portraits of him, busts of him, pictures of him, are thickly sprinkled all over the property. During

the first month of our occupation, it was our affliction to be constantly knocking down Napoleon : if we touched a shelf in a dark corner, he toppled over with a crash ; and every door we opened shook him to the soul. Yet M. Loyal is not a man of mere castles in the air, or, as he would say, in Spain. He has a specially practical, contriving, clever, skilful eye and hand. His houses are delightful. He unites French elegance and English comfort in a happy manner quite his own. He has an extraordinary genius for making tasteful little bedrooms in angles of his roofs, which an Englishman would as soon think of turning to any account as he would think of cultivating the desert. We have ourselves reposed deliciously in an elegant chamber of M. Loyal's construction, with our head as nearly in the kitchen chimney-pot as we can conceive it likely for the head of any gentleman, not by profession a sweep, to be. . . . M. Loyal's nature is the nature of a gentleman. He cultivates his ground with his own hands (assisted by one little laborer who falls into a fit now and then) ; and he digs and delves from morn to eve in prodigious perspirations — "works always," as he says, — but cover him with dust, mud, weeds, water, any stains you will, you never can cover the gentleman in M. Loyal. A portly, upright, broad-shouldered, brown-faced man, whose soldierly bearing gives him the appearance of being taller than he is. Look into the bright eye of M. Loyal, standing before you in his working blouse and cap, not particularly well shaved, and, it may be, very earthy, and you shall discern in M. Loyal a gentleman whose true politeness is ingrain, and confirmation of whose word by his bond you would blush to think of.

OUT OF THE SEASON

Blocker, Mr. A grocer.

Wedgington, Mr. B. A singer and clog dancer, who gives an exhibition at a watering-place, after the season is over.

THE POOR MAN AND HIS BEER.

Bacon, Friar. One of the most famous practical chemists of the age.

Dreary One, The. The writer of the sketch.

Mangel, Ralph. A member of the club.

Philosewers. The Dreary sage's companion in observation.

HOLIDAY ROMANCE

INDEX TO CHARACTERS

Alicia, Princess. The heroine of Miss Alice Rainbird's romance; eldest child of King Watkins the First, and goddaughter of the good fairy Grandmarina, who gives her a magic fish-bone, which can only be used once, but which is warranted to bring her, that once, whatever she wishes for, provided she wishes for it at the right time. The princess is a notable housewife, and is also a very motherly girl, taking sole charge of her eighteen brothers and sisters. She has great good sense, and refrains from using her magic present until some great exigency shall arise. But when, at last, her father informs her that his money is all gone, and that he has no means of getting any more, though he has tried very hard, and has tried all ways, she thinks the right time must have come for testing the virtue of her godmother's gift, and she therefore wishes it were quarter-day; and immediately it is quarter-day, and the king's quarter's salary comes rattling down the chimney. Moreover, her godmother appears, changes the coarse attire of the princess into the splendid raiment of a bride, and whisks her off to church, where she is married to Prince Certainpersonio, after which there is a magnificent wedding-feast.

When Grandmarina had drunk her love to the young couple, and Prince Certainpersonio had made a speech, and everybody had cried, "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" Grandmarina announced to the king and queen, that, in future, there would be eight quarter-days in every year, except in leap year, when there would be ten. She then turned to Certainpersonio and Alicia, and said, "My dears, you will have thirty-five children, and they will all be good and beautiful. Seventeen of your children will be boys, and eighteen will be girls. The hair of the whole of your children will curl naturally. They will never have the measles, and will have recovered from the whooping-cough before being born."

Alicumpaine, Mrs. One of the characters in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance; a little friend of Mr. and Mrs. Orange, whom she invites to "a small juvenile party" of grown-up people.

Ashford, Miss Nettie. A child of seven; pretended bride of William Tinkling, Esquire (aged eight), and author of a romance,

the scene of which is laid in "a most delightful country to live in," where "the grown-up people are obliged to obey the children, and are never allowed to sit up to supper, except on their birthdays."

Black, Mrs. One of Mrs. Lemon's pupils in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance. She is a grown-up child, who is always at play, or gadding about and spoiling her clothes, besides being "as pert and as flouncing a minx as ever you met with in all your days."

Boldheart, Captain. Hero of Master Robin Redforth's romance. He is master of the schooner Beauty, and greatly distinguishes himself by various valiant exploits, notably his capture of The Scorpion, commanded by an old enemy, the Latin-grammar master, whom he turns adrift in an open boat, with two oars, a compass, a bottle of rum, a small cask of water, a piece of pork, a bag of biscuit, and a Latin grammar. He afterwards finds him on a lonely island, and rescues him from the hands of the natives, who are cannibals; but, when he subsequently discovers him plotting to give him up to the master of another vessel (The Family), he incontinently hangs the traitor at the yard-arm.

Boozey, William. One of the crew of The Beauty, rescued from drowning by Captain Boldheart, and ever afterwards his devoted friend.

Brown. A vicious (grown-up) boy, greedy, and troubled with the gout, in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance.

Certainpersonio, Prince. A young gentleman who becomes the husband of the Princess Alicia.

Drowvey, Miss. A schoolmistress in partnership with Miss Grimmer. The opinion of their pupils is divided as to "which is the greatest beast."

Grandmarina, Fairy. Godmother of the Princess Alicia.

Grimmer, Miss. A schoolmistress.

Latin-Grammar Master, The. An old teacher and enemy of Captain Boldheart. *See* BOLDHEART.

Lemon, Mrs. The proprietress of a Preparatory School for grown-up pupils, who figures in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance.

Orange, Mr. James. The "husband" of Mrs. Orange.

Orange, Mrs. A character in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance; "a truly sweet young creature," who has the misfortune to be sadly plagued by a numerous family of grown-up "children," including two parents, two intimate friends of theirs, one godfather, two godmothers, and an aunt.

Peggy. Lord-chamberlain at the court of King Watkins the First, in Miss Alice Rainbird's romance.

Pickles. A fishmonger in the same story.

Rainbird, Alice. The "bride" of Robin Redforth, and the author of the romance of which the Princess Alicia is the heroine.

Redforth, Lieutenant-Colonel Robin. Cousin to William Tinkling, Esquire. He is a young gentleman aged nine, who assumes the part of a pirate, and affects to be peculiarly lawless and blood-thirsty. The romance which contains the story of Captain Boldheart is from his pen.

Tinkling, William, Esquire. Author of the introductory portion of the romance, and editor of the other portions. He is eight years old; and to him Miss Nettie Ashford is "married" in the right-hand closet in the corner of the dancing-school where they first met, with a ring (a green one) from Wilkingwater's toy-shop. His bride, and the bride of his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Robin Redforth, being in captivity at the school of Drowvey and Grimmer, the two young gentlemen resolve to cut them out on a Wednesday when walking two and two. The plan fails, however; and Tinkling's bride brands him as a coward. He demands a court-martial, which is granted and assembles; the Emperor of France, the President of the United States, and a certain admiral being among the members of it. The verdict of "not guilty" is on the point of being rendered, when an unlooked-for event disturbs the general rejoicing. This is no other than the Emperor of France's aunt catching hold of his hair. The proceedings abruptly terminate, and the court tumultuously dissolves.

Tom. Cousin to Captain Boldheart; a boy remarkable for his cheekiness and unmannerliness.

Watkins the First, King. A character in Miss Alice Rainbird's romance; the manliest of his sex, and husband of a queen who is the loveliest of hers.

They had nineteen children, and were always having more. Seventeen of these children took care of the baby; and Alicia, the eldest, took care of them all. Their ages varied from seven years to seven months.

White. A pale bald child (a grown-up one) with red whiskers, who is a pupil in Mrs. Lemon's Preparatory School.

PRINCE BULL: A FAIRY TALE

Bear, Prince. An enemy of Prince Bull; intended as a personification of Russia.

Bull, Prince. A powerful prince, married to a lovely princess named Fair Freedom, who brought him a large fortune, and has borne him an immense number of children.

He had gone through a great deal of fighting, in his time,

about all sorts of things, including nothing; but had gradually settled down to be a steady, peaceable good-natured, corpulent, rather sleepy prince.

Under this name the English Government is satirized, with especial reference to its bungling, inefficient prosecution of the Crimean war, and its obstinate adherence, under all circumstances, to mere official routine and formality.

Tape. A malicious old beldame; godmother to Prince Bull.

She was a fairy, this Tape, and was a bright red all over. She was disgustingly prim and formal, and could never bend herself a hair's breadth, this way or that way, out of her naturally crooked shape. But she was very potent in her wicked art. She could stop the fastest thing in the world, change the strongest thing into the weakest, and the most useful into the most useless. To do this she had only to put her cold hand upon it, and repeat her own name, Tape. Then it withered away.

A DIRECTORY OF THE INHABITANTS OF DICKENS-LAND

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II.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF PERSONS ACCORDING TO
OCCUPATION

NOTE.—The two following lists embrace a portion only of the names contained in Dickens's novels and shorter tales. Not a few names are omitted, as being quite unclassifiable; others, as belonging to persons, places, or things altogether insignificant; others again, because, if brought together at all, they could be so only under headings of very little interest or importance. Incomplete—designedly incomplete—as the lists are, however, it is thought that the groupings they present will be found to be both curious and useful for reference.

The tales in which the names occur may easily be ascertained by means of the List of Persons according to Name and Nickname.

Actors.—Master Crummles; Master Percy Crummles; Vincent Crummles; Mr. Folair; Jem Huntley; Alfred Jingle; John; Jem Larkins; Thomas Lenville; Mr. Loggins; Nicholas Nickleby; Mr. Pip; P. Salcy Family; Snike; Mr. Snevellicci; Mr. Snittle Timberry; Mr. Wopsle.

Actresses.—Miss Belvawney; Miss Bravassa; The Compact Enchantress; Ninetta Crummles; Miss Gazingi; Mrs. Grudden; Miss Ledrook; Mrs. Lenville; Henrietta Petowker; Miss Snevellicci.

Actuary.—Mr. Meltham.

Adventurers.—Mr. Jinkins; Alfred Lammle.

Aeronauts.—Mr. Green; Mr. Green, junior.

Alderman.—Mr. Cute.

Amanuensis.—Caddy Jellyby.

Americans.—Mr. Bevan; Julius Washington Merryweather Bib; Jefferson Brick; Mrs. Jefferson Brick; Oscar Buffum; Cyrus Choke; Hannibal Chollop; Miss Codger; Colonel Diver; Doctor Ginery Dunkle; General Fladdock; Colonel Groper; Mrs. Hominy; Mr. Izzard; Mr. Jodd; Silas Jonas Jorgan; Captain Kedgick; La Fayette Kettle; Mr. Norris and family; Major Pawkins; Mrs. Pawkins; Professor Piper; Elijah Pogram; Zephaniah Scadder; Putnam Smif; Miss Toppit.

Apprentices.—Noah Claypole; Mark Gilbert; Hugh Graham; Sim Tappertit; Oliver Twist; Dick Wilkins.

Architects.—Martin Chuzzlewit; Seth Pecksniff; Tom Pinch; John Westlock.

Articulator of bones, etc.—Mr. Venus.

Astrologer.—Mr. Mooney.

Auctioneer.—Thomas Sapsea.

Authors, etc.—Theodosius Butler; Miss Codger; David Copperfield; Mr. Curdle; Mrs. Hominy; Mrs. Leo Hunter; Miss Toppit; Professor Mullit.

Babies.—Frederick Charles William Kitterbell; Sally Tetterby; Alexander MacStinger.

Bachelors.—George Chuzzlewit; Nicodemus Dumps, the Single Gentleman; John Jarndyce; Michael; Newman Noggs; Mr. Saunders; Felix Tapkins; Tackleton; Mr. Topper; Watkins Tottle.

Balliff.—Solomon Jacobs.

Ballad-seller, etc.—Mr. Wegg.

Bankers.—Josiah Bounderby; Mr. Meagles; Mr. Merdle; Tellson and Co.

Barbers.—Crofts; Jinkinson; Mr. Slithers; Poll Sweedlepipe.

Bar-maids.—Becky; Miss Martin.

- Beadles.** — Mr. Bumble; Mr. Bung; Mooney; Simmons; Sownds; Sowster.
- Begging-letter writer.** — Mr. Southcote.
- Bird-fancier.** — Poll Sweedlepipe.
- Blind persons.** — Bertha Plummer; Mr. Sampson Dibble; Stagg.
- Boarding-house keepers.** — Mrs. Pawkins; Mrs. Tibbs; Mrs. Todgers.
- Boobies.** — Bentley Drummie; Edmund Sparkler.
- Boots.** — Bailey, junior; Cobbs; Tom Sparks; Sam Weller.
- Bore.** — Mr. Barlow.
- Brokers.** — Mr. Brogley; Clarriker; Fixem; Wilkins Flasher; Fascination Fledgeby; Mr. Gattleton; Frank Simmery; Grandfather Smallweed; Tom Tix.
- Burglars.** — *See* HOUSEBREAKERS.
- Butlers.** — David; Giles; Nicholas.
- Carpenters.** — Thomas Joy; Samuel Wilkins.
- Carriers.** — Mr. Barkis; John Peerybingle.
- Chambermaid.** — Mrs. Pratchett.
- Chandler.** — Tom Cobb.
- Charity-boys.** — Noah Claypole; Robin Toodle.
- Charwomen.** — Mrs. Bangham; Mrs. Blockson.
- Cheap-jacks.** — Doctor Marigold; Willum Marigold.
- Chemists.** — Thomas Groffin; Mr. Redlaw.
- Circus performers, etc.** — E. W. B. Childers; Emma Gordon; Signor Jupe; Master Kiddermminster; Josephine Sleary; Mr. Sleary; Miss Woolford.
- Clergymen, etc.** — Mr. Chadband; Horace Crewler; Septimus Crisparkle; Alfred Feeder; Brother Gimblet; Verity Hawkyard; Melchisedech Howler; Mr. Long Ears; Frank Milvey; George Sliverman; Mr. Sliverstone; Mr. Stiggins; Charles Timson.
- Clerks, etc.** — Mr. Adams; Clarence Barnacle; Mr. Bazzard; Bitzer; Young Blight; Alexander Briggs; James Carker; John Carker; Frank Cheeryble; Mr. Chuckster; Chuffey; Mr. Clark; Bob Cratchit; Mr. Dobbie; Walter Gay; Tom Gradgrind; William Guppy; Uriah Heep; Mr. Jones; Mr. Jackson; Mr. Jinks; Tim Linkinwater; Jarvis Lorry; Mr. Lowten; Mr. Mallard; Wilkins Micawber; Augustus Minns; Mr. Morfin; Nicholas Nickleby; Newman Noggs; Nathaniel Pipkin; Thomas Potter; Bartholomew Smallweed; Putnam Smif; Mr. Smith; Robert Smithers; Horatio Sparkins; John Spatter; Dick Swiveller; Mr. Tiffey; Tom; Alfred Tomkins; Mr. Tupples; John Wemmick; Mr. Wicks; Reginald Wilfer; Mr. Wisbottle. *See also* PARISH CLERKS.
- Cliffs.** — Mr. Watty; Michael Warden; Amelia; Mike.
- Coachmen, etc.** — William Barker; George; Joe; Martin; Sam; William Simmons; Tipp; Tom; Tony Weller; William.
- Coal-dealer.** — Nicholas Tulrumble.
- Collectors.** — Mr. Buffle; Mr. Lillyvick; Mr. Pancks; Mr. Rugg.
- Companions.** — Mrs. General; Mary Graham; Kate Nickleby.
- Constables.** — Black; Darby; Green; Daniel Grummer; Rogers; White; Williams.
- Convicts.** — Alice Brown; Compeyson; John Edmunds; Kags; Abel Magwitch.
- Corn-chandlers.** — Octavius Budden; Wilkins Micawber; Uncle Pumblechook.
- Coroner.** — Mr. Wackley.
- Costumer.** — Solomon Lucas.
- Cricketers.** — Mr. Dunakins; Luffey; Peter Magnus; Mr. Podder; Mr. Staple; Mr. Struggles.
- Cripples.** — Phoebe; Tiny Tim; Fanny Cleaver; Gruff and Glum; Mr. Wegg.
- Dancing-masters.** — Mr. Baps; Signor Billsmethi; Prince Turveydrop.
- Deaf-mute.** — Sophy Marigold.
- Detectives.** — Mr. Inspector Bucket; Sergeant Dornton; Sergeant Fendall; Inspector Field; Sergeant Mith; Mr. Nadgett; Rogers; Inspector Stalker; Sergeant Straw; Mr. Tatt; Inspector Wield; Witchem.
- Distiller.** — Mr. Langdale.
- Dogs.** — Boxer; Bull's-eye; Diogenes; Jip; Merrylegs; Poodles.

Dressmakers. — Fanny Cleaver (dolls' dressmaker); Miss Knig; Madame Mantalini; Amelia Martin; Kate Nickleby; Miss Simmond.

Drivers. — *See* COACHMEN, etc.

Drunkards. — Mrs. Blackpool; Mr. Dolls; John; Krook; Warden.

Drysalters. — Brother Gimblet; Verity Hawkyard.

Dustman. — Nicodemus Boffin.

Dwarfs. — Chops; Quilp; Miss Mowcher.

Editors, etc. — Jefferson Brick; Colonel Diver; Mr. Pott; Mr. Slurk.

Emigrants. — Susannah Cleverly; William Cleverly; Dorothy Dibble; Sampson Dibble, Jessie Jobson; Wiltshire; Anastasia Weedle.

Engine-driver. — Mr. Toodle.

Engineers. — Daniel Doyce; Edwin Drood.

Fairies. — Grandmarina; Tape.

Farmers. — Old Benson; John Browdie; Godfrey Nickleby; Martin Stokes.

Fishermen. — Ham Peggotty; Daniel Peggotty.

Footmen. — Mercury; Muzzle; John Smauker; Thomas Towlinson; Tuckle Whiffers.

Fops. — Fascination Fledgeby; Mr. Mantalini; Mr. Toots.

Forgers. — Mr. Fikey; Mr. Merdle.

Frenchmen. — Bebelle; Blandois (*or* Rigaud); Madame Bouclet; the Compact Enchantress; Charles Darnay (*or* Evrémonde); Lucie Darnay; Ernest Defarge; Thérèse Defarge; Monsieur the Face-maker; Théophile Gabelle; Gaspard; Mademoiselle Hortense; Jacques (One, Two, Three, Four, Five); Lagnier (*or* Rigaud); M. Loyal Derasseur; Alexander Manette; Lucie Manette; Monsieur Mutuel; St. Evrémonde; P. Salcy Family; Corporal Théophile; the Vengeance; Monsieur the Ventriloquist.

Gamblers. — Joe Jowl; Isaac List; Miss Betsey Trotwood's Husband; Little Nell's Grandfather.

Gamekeeper. — Martin.

Gardeners. — Mr. Cheggs; Hunt; Wilkins.

Gentlemen. — Mr. Tite Barnacle; Sir Joseph Bowley; Mr. Brownlow; Sir John Chester; Sir Thomas Clubber; Hon. Mr. Crushton; Sir Leicester Dedlock; The Hon. Sparkins Flam; Mr. Alexander Grazinglands; Mr. Grimwig; Geoffrey Haredale; Sir Mulberry Hawk; Master Humphrey; Sir William Joltered; Hon. Mr. Long Ears; Nicholas Nickleby; Squire Norton; Samuel Pickwick; Mr. John Podsnap; Sir Matthew Pupker; Jack Redburn; Sir Barnet Skettles; the Hon. Wilmot Snipe; Sir Hookham Snivey; the Hon. Mr. Snob; the Hon. Bob Stables; Mr. Melvin Twemlow; Mr. Wardle.

Germans. — Baron and Baroness von Koëldwethout; Straudenheim; Baron and Baroness von Swillenhausen.

Giants. — Gog; Magog; Pickleson.

Governesses. — Mrs. General; Miss Lane; Ruth Pinch.

Green-grocers. — Harris; Tommy; Richard Upwitch.

Grocers. — Jacob Barton; Mr. Blocker; Joseph Tuggs.

Groom. — Thomas.

Guards. — George; Joe.

Haberdashers. — Mr. Omer; Mr. Phibbs.

Hangman. — Ned Dennis.

Hop-grower. — Mr. Chestle.

Horse-jockey. — Captain Maroon.

Hostlers. — Bottles; Hugh; Ike; Mark Tapley.

Housebreakers. — Toby Crackit; Bill Sikes.

Housekeepers. — Mrs. Bedwin; Miss Benton; Molly; Mrs. Pipchin; Miss Pross; Mrs. Rouncewell; Peg Sliderskew; Mrs. Sparsit; Esther Summerson; Mrs. Tickit; Agnes Wickfield.

Hypocrites. — Mrs. Heep; Uriah Heep; Charity Pecksniff; Mercy Pecksniff; Seth Pecksniff; Julius Slinkton.

Impostor. — Blackey.

Invalids. — Bill Barley; Mrs. Clennam; Mrs. Crewler; Mr. Gobler; Mrs. Gradgrind; Mrs. Skimpole; Mr. Tresham.

Inventors. — Mr. Crinkles; Don Diego; Daniel Doyce; John; Professor Queerspeck; Mr. Tickle.

Irishman. — Frederick O'Bleary.

Ironmaster. — Mr. Rouncewell.

Italians. — Giovanni Carlavero; John Baptist Cavalletto.

Jailer. — Mr. Akerman.

Jews. — Barney; Fagin; Aaron Mesheck; Mr. Riah.

Judge. — Mr. Justice Stareleigh.

Juggler. — African Knife-swallower; Sweet William.

Jurymen. — Thomas Groffin; Richard Upwitch.

Laborers. — Bayton; Will Fern; Joe; Wiltshire.

Ladies. — Princess Alicia; Lady Bowley; Lady Clubber; Lady Dedlock; Mrs. Gowan; Baroness von Koëldwethout; Mrs. Merdle; Lady Fareway; Lady Scadgers; Lady Skettles; the Hon. Mrs. Skewton; Lady Snuphanuph; Lady Tippius; Baroness von Swillenhausen.

Lamplighter. — Tom Grig.

Landladies. — Mrs. Bardell; Mrs. Billickin; Madame Bouclet; Mrs. Craddock; Mrs. Crupp; Mrs. Lirriper; Mrs. Lupin; Mrs. MacStinger; Mrs. Noakes; Miss Abbey Potterson; Mary Ann Raddle; Mrs. Tibbs; Mrs. Todgers; Mrs. Whimple; Mrs. Williamson; Miss Wozenham.

Landlords. — Bark; The Black Lion; James George Bogsby; Christopher Casby; M. Loyal Derasseur; James Groves; W. Grubble; Captain Kedgick; Mr. J. Mellows; Mr. Licensed Victualler; John Willet.

Laundresses. — Mrs. Dilber; Mrs. Parkins; Mrs. Stubbs; Mrs. Sweeney.

Law-stationers. — Mrs. Harris; Mr. Snagsby.

Law-student. — Percy Noakes.

Law-writers. — Captain Hawdon; Tony Jobling.

Lawyers. — Mr. Bintrey; Sally Brass; Sampson Brass; Samuel Briggs; Serjeant Buzfuz; Sydney Carton; Clarkson; Thomas Craggs; Mr. Dodson; Mr. Fips; Mr. Fogg; Hiram Grewgious; Uriah Heep; Mr. Jaggers; Mr. Jorkins; Conversation Kenge; Mortimer Lightwood; Percy Noakes; Joseph Overton; Owen Overton; Solomon Pell; Mr. Perker; Mr. Phunkey; Mr. Rugg; Mr. Skimpin; Jonathan Snitchey; Serjeant Snubbin; Francis Spenlow; Henry Spiker; Mr. Stryver; Mr. Tangle; Thomas Tradles; Mr. Tulkinghorn; Mr. Vholes; Mr. Wickfield; Eugene Wrayburn.

Locksmith. — Gabriel Varden.

Lodging-house Keepers. — Bully Bark; Mrs. Billickin; Mr. Bulph; Mrs. Lirriper; Miss Wozenham.

Lords. — *See* NOBLEMEN.

Lunatics. — Mr. Dick (Richard Babley); The Gentleman in Small-clothes; Miss Flite.

Magistrates. — Alderman Cute; Mr. Fang; Mr. Nupkins; Mr. Commissioner Pordage.

Manufacturer. — Josiah Bounderby.

Matrons of Workhouses. — Mrs. Corney; Mrs. Man.

Mayors. — George Nupkins; Joseph (or Owen) Overton; Mr. Sniggs; Mr. Tulrumble.

Medical Students. — Ben Allen; Alfred Heathfield; Jac. Hopkins; Bob Sawyer.

Member of Congress. — Elijah Pogram.

Members of Parliament. — William Buffey; Cornelius Brook Dingwall; Mr. Gregsbury; Sir Matthew Pukper; Sir Barnet Skettles; Honest Tom; Hamilton Veneering. *See also* NOBLEMEN.

Merchants. — Barbox Brothers (Mr. Jackson); Cheeryble Brothers; Clarriker; Arthur Clennam; Mr. Dombey; Mr. Fezziwig; Mr. Thomas Gradgrind; Mr. Murdstone; Mr. Miles Owen; Herbert Pocket; Mr. Quinion; Scrooge; Walter Wilding.

Messengers. — Jerry Cruncher; Jenkinson; Mr. Perch.

Military Men. — Captain Adams; Matthew Bagnet; Major Bagstock; Captain Bailey;

- Major Banks; Captain Boldwig; Colonel Bulder; General Cyrus Choke; Major Hannibal Chollop; Colonel Chowser; Captain Doubledick; Captain Dowler; General Fladdock; Tom Green; Colonel Groper; Gruff and Glum; Captain Hawdon; Captain Helves; Captain Hopkins; Major Jemmy Jackman; Captain Kedgick; the Recruiting Sergeant; George Rouncewell; Lieutenant Slaughter; Wilmot Snipe; Lieutenant Tapleton; Captain Taunton; Corporal Théophile; Joe Willet.
- Milliners.** — Miss Knag; Madame Mantalini; Amelia Martin.
- Misers, etc.** — Uncle Chill; Christopher Casby; Anthony Chuzzlewit; Jonas Chuzzlewit; Arthur Gride; Ralph Nickleby; Scrooge; Bartholomew Smallweed; Grandfather Smallweed.
- Mistresses.** — Alice Brown; Little Em'ly; Mistress Alice; Nan; Nancy.
- Murderers.** — Jonas Chuzzlewit; Gaspard; Bradley Headstone; Mademoiselle Hortense; Captain Murderer; Rigaud; Mr. Rudge; Bill Sikes; Julius Slinkton; William Warden.
- Musical Performers.** — Antonio; Matthew Bagnet; Banjo Bones; Mrs. Banjo Bones; Mr. Brown; Mr. Cape; Frederick Dorrit; Mr. Evans; Mr. Harleigh; John Jasper; Miss Jenkins; Signor Lobschini; Miss A. Melvilleson; Master Wilkins Micawber; Lætitia Parsons; Little Swills; Mr. Tippin; Mrs. Tippin; Miss Tippin; Mr. and Mrs. B. Wedgington.
- Nautical-instrument maker.** — Solomon Gills.
- Newsmen, etc.** — Adolphus Tetterby; 'Dolphus Tetterby.
- Noblemen, etc.** — Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle; Prince Bear; Lord Boodle; Prince Bull; Prince Certain Personio; Cousin Feenix; Baron von Koëldwethout; Monseigneur; Lord Mutanhed; Lord Peter; Marquis St. Evrémonde; Count Smorltork; Lord Snigs-worth; Lord Lancaster Stiltstalking; Baron von Swillenhausen; Lord Frederick Verisoph; King Watkins the First.
- Notaries.** — Abel Garland; Mr. Witherden.
- Nurses.** — Mrs. Bangham; Mrs. Blockitt; Dawes; Sally Flanders; Flopson; Sairey Gamp; Mercy; Millers; Betsey Prig; Mrs. Prodigit; Mrs. Thingummy; Mrs. Polly Toodle; Mrs. Wickham.
- Old Maids.** — Miss Barbary; Berinthia (*or* Berry); Rosa Dartle; Volumnia Dedlock; Miss Havisham; Miss Lillerton; Miss Jane Murdstone; Miss Anastasia Rugg; Miss Skiffins; Judy Smallweed; Miss Clarissa Spenlow; Miss Lavinia Spenlow; Miss Lucretia Tox; Miss Wade; Rachael Wardle; Miss Witherfield.
- Orators.** — Mr. Edkins; Mr. Magg; Mr. Slackbridge.
- Orphans.** — Johnny; Lillian.
- Pages.** — Alphonse; Withers.
- Painters.** — Henry Gowan; Miss Le Creevy.
- Parish-clerks.** — Solomon Daisy; Nathaniel Pipkin; Mr. Wopsle.
- Paupers.** — Anny; Little Dick; Mrs. Fibbetson; Martha; John Edward Nandy; Oakum Head; Chief Refractory; Refractory Number Two; Old Sally; Mrs. Thingummy; Oliver Twist.
- Pawnbrokers.** — David Crimble; Mr. Henry; Pleasant Riderhood.
- Pensioners.** — Mr. Battens; Mrs. Quinch; Mrs. Saggars.
- Pew-opener.** — Mrs. Miff.
- Philanthropists.** — Bigwig Family; Luke Honeythunder; Mrs. Jellyby; Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle; Mr. Quale; Miss Wisk.
- Philosophers.** — Doctor Jeddler; Mr. Mooney.
- Physicians.** — Bayham Badger; Mr. Chillip; Ginery Dunkle; Doctor Grummidge; Doctor Haggage; John Jobling; Doctor Kutankumagen; Doctor Lumbey; Alexander Manette; Mr. Pilkins; Parker Peps; Doctor Soemup; Joe Specks; Doctor Toorell; Doctor Wosky. *See also* SURGEONS.
- Pirate.** — Lieutenant-Colonel Robin Redforth.
- Pickpockets.** — *See* THIEVES.
- Pilot.** — Mr. Bulph.
- Plasterer.** — Thomas Plornish.
- Poets.** — Mr. Slum; Augustus Snodgrass; Mrs. Leo Hunter.

Policemen. — Sergeant Dornton; Inspector Field; Mr. Inspector; Sergeant Mith; Parker; Peacoat; Quickear; Sharpeye; Inspector Stalker; Trampfoot; Williams; Sergeant Witchem.

Politicians. — Lord Booodle; Horatio Fizkin; Major Pawkins; Mr. Rogers; Samuel Slumkey.

Pony. — Whisker.

Porters, etc. — Bullamy; "Lamps;" Tugby; Toby Veck.

Postmasters. — Tom Cobb; Monsieur Gabelle.

Postmistress. — Mrs. Tomlinson.

Pot-boy. — Bob Gliddery.

Prisoners. — Mr. Ayresleigh; John Baptist Cavaletto; the Chancery Prisoner; William Dorrit; Charles Evrémonde; Doctor Haggage; George Heyling; Captain Hopkins; Horace Kinch; Mr. Martin; Wilkins Micawber; Mr. Mivins; Neddy; Mr. Price; Rigaud; Mr. Simpson; Smangle; Mr. Walker; Mr. Willis.

Prostitutes. — Bella; Bet; Emily; Martha Endell; Eliza Grimwood; Nan.

Pugilist. — The Game Chicken.

Pupils. — Adams; Belling; Bitherstone; Bitzer; Mrs. Black; Bobbo; Bolder; Briggs; Rosa Bud; Cobbey; David Copperfield; Cripples; George Dimple; Dumbledon; Miss Edwards; Richard Evans; Adelina Fareway; Miss Ferdinand; Miss Frost; Miss Giggles; Bully Globson; Graymarsh; Harry; Charley Hexam; Miss Jennings; Johnson; Helena Landless; Jemmy Jackman Lirriper; Mary Anne; Mawls; Maxby; Mobbs; John Owen; Miss Pankey; Miss Reynolds; Miss Rickitts; Miss Shepard; Barnet Skettles, junior; Smike; Miss Smithers; Sophia; Joe Specks; Steerforth; Bob Tartar; Tomkins; Toots; Tozer; Traddles; Granville Wharton; White.

Ranger. — Phil Parkes.

Raven. — Grip.

Receivers of Stolen Goods. — Bully Bark; Fagin; Joe; Mr. Lively.

Reporter. — David Copperfield.

Resurrectionist. — Jerry Cruncher.

Rioters. — Ned Dennis; Hugh; Barnaby Rudge; Sim Tappertit.

Robe-maker. — Mr. Jennings.

Saddlers. — Old Lobbs; Tipkisson.

Seamen, etc. — Old Bill Barley; Captain Boldheart; William Boozey; Mr. Bulph; Captain Bunsby; Captain George Carton; Captain Cuttle; Dando; Gilbert Davis; Dark Jack; Mercantile Jack; Captain Silas Jonas Jorgan; John Mullion; Job Potterson; Captain Purday; Captain William George Ravender; John Steadiman; Lieutenant Tartar.

Secretaries. — Ferdinand Barnacle; Mr. Fish; Mr. Gashford; John Harmon; Mr. Jennings; Lafayette Kettle; Jonas Mudge; Mr. Wobbler.

Servants. — *I. Male.* Benjamin Britain; Brittles; Deputy; John Derrick; Do'em; Jeremiah Flintwinch; Old Glubb; John Grueby; James; Joe (the Fat Boy); John; Littimer; the Native; Kit Nubbles; Peak; Pepper; Phil; Pruffle; Tom Scott; Sloppy; Smike; Phil Squod; William Swidger; Mark Tapley; Tinkler; Robin Toodle; Job Trotter; Tungay; Samuel Weller. — *II. Female.* Jane Adams; Agnes; Anne; Barbara; Becky; Berinthia; Betsey; Biddy; Charlotte; Clickitt; Mary Daws; Emma; Affery Flintwinch; Flowers; Goodwin; Guster; Hannah; Mademoiselle Hortense; Jane; Janet; Winifred Madgers; the Marchioness; Martha; Mary; Mary Anne; Caroline Maxey; Melia; Miss Miggs; Clemency Newcome; Susan Nipper; Mary Anne Paragon; Clara Peggotty; Mary Anne Perkinsop; Phoebe; Priscilla; Mrs. Rachael; Sally Rairyganoo; Robinson; Rosa; Tilly Slowboy; Betsey Snap; Sophia; Willing Sophy; Tamaroo; Tattycoram.

Sextons, etc. — Bill; Old David; Gabriel Grub.

Sharpers. — *See SWINDLERS.*

Sheriff's Officers. — Blathers; Dubbley; Duff; Mr. Namby; Mr. Neckett; Mr. Scaley; Mr. Smouch; Tom.

Shipwright. — Chips.

Shoe-binder. — Jemima Evans.

Shopkeepers. — Giovanni Carlavero; Mrs. Chickenstalker; Mrs. Chivery; Augustus Cooper; Ernest Defarge; Little Nell's Grandfather; Mrs. Plornish; Pleasant Riderhood; Straudenheim; Mrs. Tugby.

Showmen, etc. — Tom Codlin; Mr. Grinder; Mr. Harris; Mrs. Jarley; Jerry; Mim; Vuffin.

Shrews. — Mrs. Bumble; Mrs. Joe Gargery; Mrs. MacStinger; Mrs. Marigold; Miss Miggs; Mrs. Raddle; Sarah; Mrs. Snagsby; Mrs. Sowerberry; Fanny Squeers; Mrs. Squeers; Mrs. Varden.

Smiths. — Richard; Joe Gargery; Dolge Orlick; John.

Spaniard. — Antonio.

Spendthrift. — Edward Dorrit.

Spies. — Roger Cly; Solomon Pross.

Sportsman. — Nathaniel Winkle.

Statisticians. — Mr. Filer; Mr. Kwakley; Mr. X. Ledbrain; Mr. Slug.

Stenographer. — David Copperfield.

Steward. — Mr. Rudge; Job Potterson.

Stoker. — Mr. Toodle.

Stone-mason. — Durdles.

Straw-bonnet maker. — Jemima Evans.

Street-sweeper. — Jo.

Student. — Edmund Denham.

Sugar-baker. — Gabriel Parsons.

Suitors in Chancery. — Richard Carstone; Ada Clare; Miss Flite; Mr. Gridley; John Jarndyce.

Surgeons. — Mr. Knight Bell; Mr. Dawson; Mr. Lewsome; Mr. Losberne; Doctor Payne; Doctor Slammer; Allan Woodcourt. *See also* PHYSICIANS.

Swindlers, etc. — Blackey; Mr. Bonney; Do'em; Fitz-Whisker Fiercy; Alfred Jingle; Mr. Jinkins; Alfred Lammle; Mr. Merdle; Rigaud; Zephaniah Scadder; Montague Tigg; Job Trotter; Captain Walter Waters; Mr. Wolf.

Tailors. — Mr. Omer; Mr. Trabb; Alexander Trott.

Tapster. — David Crimple.

Taxidermist. — Mr. Venus.

Teachers, etc. — Cornelia Blimber; Doctor Blimber; Mr. Blinkins; Old Cheeseman; Mr. Creakle; Mr. Cripples; Amelia and Maria Crumpton; Mr. Dadson; Miss Donny; Miss Drowvey; Mr. Feeder; Miss Grimmer; Miss Gwynn; Bradley Headstone; Betty Higden; Latin-Grammar Master; Mrs. Lemon; Mr. M'Choakumchild; Mr. Marton; Charles Mell; Miss Monflathers; the Misses Nettingall; Nicholas Nickleby; Emma Peecher; Professor Piper; Mr. Sharp; Wackford Squeers; Doctor Strong; Miss Tomkins; Miss Twinkleton; the Misses Wackles. *See also* GOVERNESSES.

Temperance Reformers. — Anthony Humm; Jonas Mudge; Brother Tadger.

Thieves. — Charley Bates; Bet; Tom Chitling; Noah Claypole; John Dawkins (the Artful Dodger); Doctor Dundey; Aaron Mesheck; Nancy; Mr. Shepherdson; Bill Sikes; Tally-ho Thompson; Earl of Warwick.

Toadies. — Mr. Boots; Mr. Brewer; Mr. and Mrs. Camilla Mrs. Coiler; Mr. Flamwell; Georgiana; Mr. Pluck; Sarah Pocket; Mr. Pyke.

Tobacconist. — Miss Chivery.

Toy-maker. — Caleb Plummer.

Toy-merchant. — Tackleton.

Tramps. — John Anderson; Mrs. Anderson.

Turner. — Mr. Kenwigs.

Turnkeys, etc. — Mr. Akerman; Bob; John Chivery; Young John Chivery; Solomon Pross; Tom Roker.

Umbrella-maker. — Alexander Trott.

Undertakers. — Mr. Joram; Mr. Mould; Mr. Omer; Mr. Sowerberry; Tacker; Mr. Trabb.

Usurers. — Anthony Chuzzlewit; Arthur Gride; Ralph Nickleby; Grandfather Smallweed.

Vagabonds, etc. — John Anderson; Mr. Chick; Bob Miles; Edward Twigger; Winking Charley.

Valets. — See SERVANTS.

Verger. — Mr. Tope.

Vestrymen. — Mr. Chib; Captain Banger; Mr. Dogginson; Mr. Magg; Mr. Tiddypot; Mr. Wigsby.

Walters. — Archbishop of Greenwich; Ben; Christopher; Ezekiel; Jack; John; Miss Piff; William Potkins; Mrs. Sniff; Thomas; Miss Whiff; William.

Watermen. — Dandy; Jesse Hexam; Mr. Lobley; Roger Riderhood; Tommy.

Weaver. — Stephen Blackpool.

Wharfinger. — Mr. Winkle, senior.

Wheelwright. — Mr. Hubble.

Widowers. — Mr. John Dounce; John Podgers; Tony Weller.

Widows. — Barbara's Mother; Mrs. Bardell; Mrs. Bedwin; Mrs. Billickin; Mrs. Bloss; Mrs. Brandley; Mrs. Briggs; Mrs. Budger; Mrs. Clennam; Mrs. Coiler; Mrs. Copperfield; Mrs. Corney; Mrs. Crisparkle; Lady Fareway; Mrs. Fielding; Flora Finching; Sally Flanders; Mrs. General; Mrs. Gowan; Edith Granger; Mrs. Gummidge; Mrs. Guppy; Mrs. Heep; Mrs. Jiniwin; Mrs. Markleham; Mrs. Maplesone; Mrs. Mitts; Mrs. Nickleby; Mrs. Nubbles; Mrs. Pegler; Mrs. Skewton; Mrs. Sparsit; Mrs. Starling; Mrs. Steerforth; Mrs. Taunton; Lady Tippins; Mrs. Tisher; Mrs. Wardle; Mrs. Woodcourt.

III.

NAMES OF PLACES, CORPORATIONS, SOCIETIES, AND LITERARY PRODUCTIONS

Church.—Little Bethel.

Corporations, etc.—Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company; Circumlocution Office; Eden Land Corporation; Human Interest Brothers; Inestimable Life Assurance Company; United Grand Junction Lirriper and Jackman Great Norfolk Parlor Line; United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company. *See SOCIETIES.*

Literary Productions.—Considerations on the Policy of removing the Duty on Beeswax; Last Moments of the Learned Pig; Ode to an Expiring Frog; Speculations on the Sources of the Hampstead Ponds, with some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats; the Thorn of Anxiety.

Newspapers.—Eatanswill Gazette; Eatanswill Independent; New York Rowdy Journal.

Places (various).—Ball's Pond; Borrioboola Gha; Chinks's Basin; Chumbledon Square; Cloisterdam; Dingley Dell; Dullborough; Eatanswill; Eden; Great Winglebury; Grogzweg; Haven of Philanthropy; Mill Pond Bank, Chinks's Basin; Mugby Junction; Muggleton; Namelesston; New Thermopylæ; Oldcastle; Old Hell Shaft; Old Mint; Pavilionstone; Plashwater Weir Mill; Pocket-Breaches; Pod's End; Poplar Walk; Port Middlebay; Princess's Place; Rats' Castle; Stag's Garden; Stiffun's Acre; Tom-all-alone's; Tucket's Terrace; Verbosity; Wilderness Walk.

Political Parties.—Eatanswill Buffs; Eatanswill Blues.

Public Houses.—Black Boy and Stomach-ache; Black Lion; Blue Boar; Blue Dragon; Boot-jack and Countenance; the Bush; the Crozier; Dolphin's Head; Golden Cross; Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity; Great White Horse; Holly-Tree; Jolly Bargemen; Jolly Boatmen; Jolly Sandboys; Jolly Tapley; Lighterman's Arms; Marquis of Granby; Maypole; National Hotel; Nutmeg-grater; Original Pig; the Peacock; Pegasus' Arms; Pig and Tinderbox; St. James's Arms; Saracen's Head; Setting Moon; Six Jolly Fellowship Porters; Slamjam Coffee-House; Sol's Arms; the Temeraire; Three Cripples; Three Jolly Bargemen; Traveller's Twopenny; Valiant Soldier; White Hart; White Conduit House; White Horse Cellar; Winglebury Arms.

Residences, etc.—Abel Cottage; Amelia Cottage; Blunderstone Rookery; Boffin's Bower; Chesney Wold; the Den; the Elmses; Fizkin Lodge; the Growlery; Gumtion House; Harmony Jail; Hoghton Towers; Manor Farm; Mudfog Hall; Norwood; Oak Lodge; Rose Villa; Rustic Lodge; Satis House; Stone Lodge; the Warren; Wooden Midshipman.

Schools.—Dotheboys Hall; Minerva House; Nuns' House; Salem House; Westgate House.

Sciences.—Ditchwateristics; Umbugology.

Shop.—Wooden Midshipman.

Societies.—All-Muggleton Cricket Club; Finches of the Grove; Convened Chief Composite Committee of Central and District Philanthropists; Glorious Apollos, Infant Bonds of Joy; Ladies' Bible and Prayer-book Distribution Society; Master Humphrey's Clock; Mr. Weller's Watch; Pickwick Club; 'Prentice Knights; Social Linen Box Committee; Superannuated Widows; United Aggregate Tribunal; United Bull-Dogs; United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association; Watertoast Association of United Sympathizers.

Vessels.—The Beauty; the Cautious Clara; the Family; the Royal Skewer; the Scorpion; the Screw; the Son and Heir.

A CONDENSED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS

BASED UPON THE FULL BIBLIOGRAPHY PREPARED BY RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD

1833-1835

STORIES AND SKETCHES contributed to *The Monthly Magazine, or British Register of Poëtics, Literature, Art, Science, and the Belles Lettres*. New Series. London: published by A. Robertson; afterwards by Cochrane and Macrone, and by James Cochrane and Co. Vols. xvi. to xix.

A Dinner at Poplar Walk. — December, 1833.

Republished under the title of "Mr. Miuns and his Cousin."

Mrs. Joseph Porter, "over the way." — January, 1834.

Horatio Sparkins. — February, 1834.

The Bloomsbury Christening. — April, 1834.

The Boarding House. — May, 1834.

The Boarding House, No. II. — August, 1834.

The Steam Excursion. — October, 1834.

Passages in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle. Chapter First. — January, 1835.

Ib. Chapter Second. — February, 1835.

SKETCHES OF LONDON (signed "Boz"), in the *Evening Chronicle*. 1835.

Hackney-Coach Stands. — Saturday, January 31.

Gin Shops. — Saturday, February 7.

Early Coaches. — Thursday, February 19.

The Parish. — Saturday, February 28.

"The House." — Saturday, March 7.

London Recreations. — Tuesday, March 17.

Public Dinners. — Tuesday, April 7.

Bellamy's. — Saturday, April 11.

Greenwich Fair. — Thursday, April 16.

Thoughts about People. — Thursday, April 23.

Astley's. — Saturday, May 9.

Our Parish. — Tuesday, May 19.

The River. — Saturday, June 6.

Our Parish. — Thursday, June 18.

The Pawnbroker's Shop. — Tuesday, June 30.

Our Parish. — Tuesday, July 14.

The Streets — Morning. — Tuesday, July 21.

Our Parish — Mr. Bung's Narrative. — Tuesday, July 28.

Private Theatres. — Tuesday, August 11.

Our Parish. — Thursday, August 20.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS (signed "Tibbs"), printed in *Bell's Life in London*, 1835.

Seven Dials. — September 27.

Miss Evans and "the Eagle." — October 4.

The Dancing Academy. — October 11.

Making a Night of it. — October 18.

Love and Oysters. — October 25.

Entitled in the collected "Sketches," "Misplaced Attachment of Mr. John Dounce."

Some Account of an Omnibus Cad. — November 1.

The Vocal Dress-Maker. — November 22.

Entitled in the collected "Sketches," "The Mistaken Milliner."

The Prisoners' Van. — November 29.

The Parlour. — December 13.

Entitled "The Parlour Orator" in the collected "Sketches."

Christmas Festivities. — December 27.

Entitled in the collected "Sketches," "A Christmas Dinner."

1836

THE SAME.

The New Year. — January 3.

The Streets at Night. — January 17.

The Tuggs's at Ramsgate (with two illustrations by Seymour). — A Little Talk about Spring, and the Sweeps (with an illustration by R. W. Buss). — *The Library of Fiction, or Family Story-Teller; consisting of original Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character.* London: Chapman and Hall.

SKETCHES BY "BOZ." New Series. (*Morning and Evening Chronicle.*)Meditations in Monmouth Street. — *M. C.* Saturday, September 24.Scotland Yard. — *M. C.* Tuesday, October 4; *E. C.* Wednesday, October 5.Doctors' Commons. — *E. C.* Wednesday, October 12.Vauxhall Gardens by Day. — *M. C.* and *E. C.* Wednesday, October 26.**SKETCHES BY "BOZ;" ILLUSTRATIVE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE AND EVERY-DAY PEOPLE. In Two Volumes.** Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: John Macrone.

SUNDAY UNDER THREE HEADS. As it is; As Sabbath Bills would make it; As it might be made. By Timothy Sparks. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN. A Comic Burletta. In Two Acts. By "Boz." First performed at the St. James's Theatre, on Thursday, September 29, 1836. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES. A Comic Opera. In Two Acts. By Charles Dickens. The Music by John Hullah. London: Richard Bentley. 1836.

1837

SKETCHES BY "BOZ;" ILLUSTRATIVE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE AND EVERY-DAY PEOPLE. The Second Series. London: John Macrone.

IS SHE HIS WIFE? OR, SOMETHING SINGULAR! A Comic Burletta. In One Act. By "Boz."

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. Being a faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by "Boz." With forty-three illustrations by R. Seymour, R. W. Buss, and Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"). In twenty monthly parts, commencing April, 1836, and ending November, 1837 (Parts 19 and 20 forming a double number). London: Chapman and Hall.

1837-1839

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY," 1837-1839. London: Richard Bentley.

Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble, once Mayor of Mudfog. January, 1837.

Stray Chapters by "Boz." Chapter 1. The Pantomime of Life. March, 1837.

Stray Chapters by "Boz." Chapter 2. Some particulars concerning a Lion. May, 1837.

Editor's Address on the Completion of the First Volume, signed "Boz," and dated "London, June, 1837."

pp. 397-413. Full Report of the First Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything. October, 1837.

Address, dated "30th November, 1837."

Mr. Robert Bolton, the "Gentleman connected with the Press." August.

Full Report of the Second Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything. September.

Familiar Epistle from a Parent to a Child aged two years and two months, signed "Boz." February, 1839.

1838

THE LAMPLIGHTER. A Farce.

Only 250 copies privately printed (1879) from the manuscript copy in the Forster Collection at South Kensington; each copy numbered.

OLIVER TWIST; OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS. Commenced in the second number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in February, 1837, and concluded in March, 1839. Published in three volumes, post 8vo, in October, 1838, six months in advance of its completion in the *Miscellany*, with twenty-four illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Richard Bentley.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Dedicated to the Young Ladies. With six illustrations by "Phiz" (H. K. Browne), small 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI. Edited by "Boz." With twelve illustrations by George Cruikshank. In two volumes, post 8vo. London: Richard Bentley.

1839

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. With 39 illustrations by "Phiz;" and portrait of the author after Maclise, engraved by Finden. In twenty monthly parts, demy 8vo, commencing April, 1838, and ending October, 1839, — parts 19 and 20 forming a double number. London: Chapman and Hall.

Notice of Mr. John Gibson Lockhart's pamphlet, "The Ballantyne Humbug handled." — *Examiner*, March 31.

1840

SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES. With an urgent Remonstrance to the Gentlemen of England (being Bachelors or Widowers) on the present alarming crisis. By the Author of "Sketches of Young Gentlemen." With six illustrations by "Phiz" (H. K. Browne). London: Chapman and Hall.

Notice of Hood's "Up the Rhine." Printed in *The Examiner*.

1840-1841

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. With illustrations on wood by George Cattermole, H. K. Browne, George Cruikshank, and Daniel Maclise. In eighty-eight weekly numbers, imperial 8vo, commencing April 4, 1840, and ending November 27, 1841, and in twenty monthly parts, — forming three volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.
BARNABY RUDGE began at p. 229 of Vol. II and ended at p. 420 of Vol. III.

1841

The Fine Old English Gentleman. New Version (to be said or sung at all Conservative dinners). — *Examiner*, Saturday, August 7.

The Quack Doctor's Proclamation. — *Examiner*, Saturday, August 14.

Subjects for Painters. After Peter Pindar. — *Examiner*, Saturday, August 21.

The Lamplighter's Story. — Printed in *The Pic-Nic Papers by various hands, edited by Charles Dickens*. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Henry Colburn.

1842

Circular Letter on International Copyright with America, dated "Devonshire Terrace, July 7, 1842," and signed "Charles Dickens."

Prologue to Mr. Westland Marston's Play, "The Patrician's Daughter." Written by Mr. Charles Dickens, and spoken by Mr. Macready. — *Sunday Times*, December 11.

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION. By Charles Dickens. In two volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.

1843

To the Editor of *The Times*. — Letter dated "Devonshire Terrace, Sunday, Jan. 15," *The Times*, Monday, January 16, 1843.

In contradiction of a misstatement made in a criticism of "American Notes" (by the late James Spedding), published in the *Edinburgh Review* of January, 1843.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. With illustrations by John Leech. London: Chapman and Hall.

1844

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT — HIS RELATIONS, FRIENDS, AND ENEMIES. Comprising all his wills and his ways: with an Historical Record of what he did and what he didn't; showing, moreover, who inherited the family plate, who came in for the silver spoons, and who for the wooden ladles: the whole forming a complete Key to the House of Chuzzlewit. Edited by Boz. With 40 illustrations by H. K. Browne. In twenty monthly parts, demy 8vo, commencing January, 1843, and ending July, 1844, — parts 19 and 20 forming a double number. London: Chapman and Hall.

A Word in Season. Printed in *The Keepsake* for 1844, edited by the Countess of Blessington. London: Longmans.

Letter to the Committee of the Metropolitan Drapers' Association, dated "Devonshire Terrace, March 28, 1844." Printed in *The Student and Young Men's Advocate, a Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art*. London: Aylott and Jones.

Threatening Letter to Thomas Hood, from an Ancient Gentleman. By favour of Charles Dickens. Printed in *Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany*. May.

Evenings of a Working Man, being the occupation of his scanty leisure. By John Overs. With a Preface relative to the Author, by Charles Dickens. London: T. C. Newby.

1845

THE CHIMES: a Goblin Story of some Bells that rang an Old Year out and a New Year in. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Maclise, Doyle, Leech, and Clarkson Stanfield. London: Chapman and Hall.

1846

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. A Fairy Tale of Home. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Maclise, Doyle, Clarkson Stanfield, Leech, and Landseer. London: Bradbury and Evans.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "DAILY NEWS:"—

The British Lion. A New Song, but an Old Story. Signed "Catnach."—Saturday, January 24.

Crime and Education. Letter, dated "Wednesday morning, Feb. 4, 1846."—Wednesday, February 4.

The Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers.—Saturday, February 14.

Letters on Social Questions—Capital Punishment. Three letters.—Monday, March 9, Friday, March 13, and Monday, March 16.

PICTURES FROM ITALY. The Vignette Illustrations on wood, by Samuel Palmer, pp. 270. London: Bradbury and Evans.

The substance of this volume appeared originally in the *Daily News*, from January to March, 1846, under the title of "Travelling Letters. Written on the Road. By Charles Dickens."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE. A Love Story. Illustrated by Maclise, Doyle, Leech, and Clarkson Stanfield. London: Bradbury and Evans.

1848

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON, WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION. With forty illustrations by H. K. Browne. In twenty monthly parts, commencing October, 1846, and ending April, 1848, — parts 19 and 20 forming a double number. London: Bradbury and Evans.

Notice of "The Drunkard's Children," a Sequel to "The Bottle," in eight plates, by George Cruikshank. — *Examiner*, July 8.

Notice of "The Rising Generation," a series of twelve drawings on stone, by John Leech. — *Examiner*, December 30.

THE HAUNTED MAN AND THE GHOST'S BARGAIN. A Fancy for Christmas Time. With frontispiece and title engraved on wood after John Tenniel, and fourteen other woodcut illustrations by Stanfield, Leech, Frank Stone, and John Tenniel. London: Bradbury and Evans.

1849

To the Editor of *The Times*. — Two Letters on Public Executions, Wednesday, November 14, and Monday, November 19.

1850

THE PERSONAL HISTORY, ADVENTURES, EXPERIENCE, AND OBSERVATION OF DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE YOUNGER, OF BLUNDERSTONE ROOKERY. Which he never meant to be published on any account. With forty illustrations by H. K. Browne. In twenty monthly parts, commencing May, 1849, and ending November, 1850, — parts 19 and 20 forming a double number. London: Bradbury and Evans.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HOUSEHOLD WORDS:"—

A Preliminary Word. — March 30.

A Child's Dream of a Star. — April 6.

The Begging-Letter Writer. — May 18.

A Walk in a Workhouse. — May 25.

The Ghost of Art. — July 20.

The Detective Police. — July 27. August 10.

Three Detective Anecdotes. — September 14.

A Poor Man's Tale of a Patent. — October 19.

A Christmas Tree. — December 21.

What Christmas is, as we grow older. — Printed in the extra number for Christmas, 1851.

1851

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY. A Farce, in One Act. London, 1851. Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars. (Privately printed.)

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HOUSEHOLD WORDS:"—

Births. "Mrs. Meeks of a Son."—February 22.

A Monument of French Folly.—March 8.

Bill Sticking.—March 22.

The Guild of Literature and Art.—May 10.

On Duty with Inspector Field.—June 14.

Our English Watering-Place.—August 2.

Whole Hogs.—August 23.

A Flight.—August 30.

One Man in a Dockyard.—September 6. Written jointly by Charles Dickens and R. H. Horne.

Our School.—October 11.

1852

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HOUSEHOLD WORDS:"—

A Plated Article.—April 24.

Our Honourable Friend.—July 31.

Our Vestry.—August 28.

Our Bore.—October 9.

Lying Awake.—October 30.

Trading in Death.—November 27.

The Poor Relation's Story } Christmas number.

The Child's Story }

To be Read at Dusk. Printed in *The Keepsake*, edited by Miss Power. London: David Bogue.

1852-1854

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Vol. I. England from the ancient times to the death of King John. 1852.

Vol. II. England from the reign of Henry III. to the reign of Richard III. 1853.

Vol. III. England from the reign of Henry VII. to the Revolution of 1688. 1854. London: Bradbury and Evans.

Divided here into thirty-seven chapters, but originally into forty-five, which appeared at irregular intervals in *Household Words*; the first chapter in the number for January 25, 1851, and the last in the number for December 10, 1853.

1853

BLEAK HOUSE. With forty illustrations by H. K. Browne. In twenty monthly parts, commencing March, 1852, and ending September, 1853. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1853.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HOUSEHOLD WORDS:"—

Down with the Tide.—February 5.

The Noble Savage.—June 11.

Frauds on the Fairies.—October 1.

The Schoolboy's Story } Christmas number.

Nobody's Story }

The Long Voyage.—December 31.

1854

HARD TIMES. For these Times. By Charles Dickens. London: Bradbury and Evans.

Originally published in weekly instalments in *Household Words*, commencing April 1, and concluding August 12, 1854.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HOUSEHOLD WORDS:"—

The late Mr. Justice Talfourd.—March 25.

Our French Watering-Place.—November 4.

The Seven Poor Travellers.—Christmas Number.

1855

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HOUSEHOLD WORDS:"—

Prince Bull: a Fairy Tale.—February 17.

By Rail to Parnassus.—June 16.

Out of Town.—September 29.

The Holly-Tree.—Christmas Number.

1856

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HOUSEHOLD WORDS:"—

A Nightly Scene in London. — January 26.

Proposals for a National Jest-Book. — May 3.

Out of the Season. — June 28.

The Wreck. — Christmas Number.

Child's Hymn, printed in "The Wreck of the Golden Mary." — Christmas Number.

1857

LITTLE DORRIT. With forty illustrations by H. K. Browne. In twenty monthly parts, commencing December, 1855, and ending June, 1857, — parts 19 and 20 forming a double number. London: Bradbury and Evans.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HOUSEHOLD WORDS:"—

Curious Misprint in the Edinburgh Review. — August 1.

The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices. — October. [With Wilkie Collins.]

The Perils of Certain English Prisoners. — Christmas Number.

1858

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HOUSEHOLD WORDS:"—

Personal. — June 12.

This is the statement which Dickens thought it necessary to publish respecting his separation from his wife, and the groundless rumors that were abroad in connection with it.

A House to Let. — Christmas Number.

1859

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. In Three Books. By Charles Dickens. London: Chapman and Hall.

Published in weekly instalments in *All the Year Round*, commencing in the first number, April 30, 1859, and ending in the thirty-first, November 26, 1859.

The Poor Man and his Beer. — *All the Year Round*, April 30.The Blacksmith. A Trade Song. — *All the Year Round*, April 30.A Last Household Word. — *Household Words*, May 28.

HUNTED DOWN. A Story in Two Portions. — Printed in *The New York Ledger* of August 20 and 27 and September 3, 1859.

Leigh Hunt. A Remonstrance. — *All the Year Round*, December 24.

In reference to the current and not altogether unfounded idea that Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House."

The Haunted House. — *All the Year Round*. Christmas number.

1860

A Message from the Sea. — *All the Year Round*. Christmas number.

1861

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. London: Chapman and Hall.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. In Three Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.

Originally published in weekly instalments in *All the Year Round*, from December 1, 1860, to August 3, 1861.

To the Editor of *The Times*. — *The Times*, London, Saturday, January 12.

Refers to a dramatized version of his Christmas story, "A Message from the Sea," announced for performance without his sanction at the Britannia Theatre.

The Election for Finsbury. To the Editor of the *Daily News*. — *Daily News*, London, Saturday, November 23.

Tom Tiddler's Ground. — *All the Year Round*. Christmas number.

1862

Somebody's Luggage. — *All the Year Round*. Christmas number.

1863

The Earthquake. — To the Editor of *The Times*. — *The Times*, Thursday, October 8.Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings. — *All the Year Round*. Christmas number.

1864

In Memoriam: W. M. Thackeray. — *Cornhill Magazine*, February.Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy. — *All the Year Round*. Christmas number.

1865

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. With 40 illustrations by Marcus Stone. In 20 monthly parts, commencing May, 1864, and ending November, 1865, — parts 19 and 20 forming a double number. In two volumes. London : Chapman and Hall.

Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions. — *All the Year Round*. Christmas number.

1866

LEGENDS AND LYRICS. By Adelaide Anne Procter. With an Introduction by Charles Dickens. London : Bell and Daldy.

History of "Pickwick." — *Athenæum*, March 31, April 7.

Respecting Seymour and his illustrations of the first two numbers of *The Pickwick Papers*.

Mugby Junction. — *All the Year Round*. Christmas number.

1867

The late Mr. Stanfield. — *All the Year Round*, June 1.

To the Editor of *The Times*. — *The Times*, London, Wednesday, September 4.

Referring to the erroneous reports current about his health.

No Thoroughfare. — *All the Year Round*. Christmas number. Written conjointly with Mr. Wilkie Collins, in nearly equal portions. The only portions furnished exclusively by Dickens were the "Overture" and the "Third Act;" Mr. Collins contributing to Acts First and Fourth, and writing the whole of the Second.

NO THOROUGHFARE. A Drama, in Five Acts and a Prologue. By Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. As first performed at the New Adelphi Theatre, London, December 26, 1867. New York: Robert M. de Witt.

1868

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. By Charles Dickens. With illustrations. London : Chapman and Hall, 1868. pp. 172.

Contains eleven new papers from *All the Year Round*, besides those published in former edition.

George Silverman's Explanation. In nine chapters. — *The Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, January, February, and March, 1868.

Holiday Romance. In Four Parts. Printed in *Our Young Folks, an Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls*, Boston, January, March, April, and May, 1868. With four full-page illustrations drawn by Sir John Gilbert, and initial-letter illustrations to each part by G. G. White and S. Eytinge, junior.

1868, 1869

NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES. Printed in *All the Year Round*, New Series.

Aboard Ship. — December 5, 1868.

A Small Star in the East. — December 19, 1868.

A Little Dinner in an Hour. — January 2, 1869.

Mr. Barlow. — January 16, 1869.

On an Amateur Beat. — February 27, 1869.

A Fly-Leaf in a Life. — May 22, 1869.

A Plea for Total Abstinence. — June 5, 1869.

1869

Landor's Life. A notice of Mr. John Forster's Life of Walter Savage Landor. — *All the Year Round*, July 24.

On Mr. Fechter's Acting. — *The Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, August.

1870

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD. — With twelve illustrations by S. L. Fildes, and a portrait engraved on steel from a photograph taken in 1868. In six monthly parts, commencing April, 1870, and ending September, 1870, pp. viii. 190. London : Chapman and Hall.

1882

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF CHARLES DICKENS. With a few Miscellanies in Prose. Now first collected. Edited, prefaced, and annotated by Richard Herne Shepherd. In Two Volumes. London : W. H. Allen and Co.

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